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HOW I FOUND

My First Friend



A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

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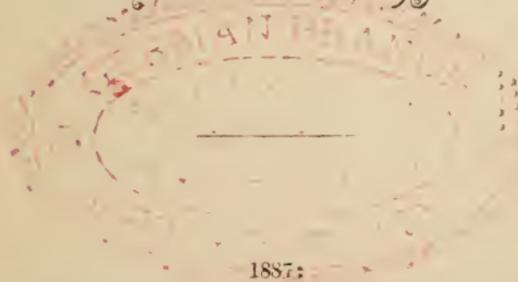
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HOW I FOUND
MY BEST FRIEND.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

By H. W. KEMPER.

LOUISVILLE, KY.



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DOWN
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DEAR READER :

The following lines give a very brief personal history of my conversion and work for Jesus. The chief object in writing these pages is to show Christian workers how much there is to do for lost souls ; how they may do that work for the Master, and how He will bless them in all such glorious work. But it is also written to lead sinners to Jesus ; to show them the devices of the devil in his work of deceiving souls into ruin ; how to escape his devices, and how the Christian may also escape his deceitfulness and temptations. Above all, may this work glorify God in time and in all eternity, is my prayer.

Your Brother in Christ,

H. W. KEMPER.

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HOW I FOUND MY BEST FRIEND.

BIRTH AND HOME.

The writer was born in Germany. My grandparents were converted people. They maintained daily prayer and lived close to the Saviour. Grandfather was a teetotaller, quite a rarity forty years ago in Germany. I received my first religious training in his home. His intention and heart's desire was that I should become a religious teacher. But my father and mother were then unconverted—though they were regular attendants at church, and members in the same—and had no taste for anything of the kind for me. I therefore received only a common education in a religious school.

At about the age of fourteen, I was confirmed in the State Church. This ceremony made me a church member, and entitled me to all the rights of such a relation to the church. I was to be no more a boy, but a young man. I could now commence smoking, drinking, dancing and card-playing. I could take in all the round of pleasures so common in that part of the country; but I was largely restrained from these pleasures by religious influence at home. Within little more

than a year from this time, both grand-parents died. Spiritual coldness prevailed in our house for some time.

My father, though a church member, was an unconverted man. He got to thinking, one day, about his soul and his future beyond the grave. He came to the conclusion that simply confirmation and church membership had not made a christian of him in accord with Bible teaching. As he seriously considered his spiritual interests, by the study of the word of God and by earnest prayer, he was powerfully converted while at his home. Mother and I were of the impression that he was losing his mind, and we watched him carefully. When he came into the full light and liberty of the Gospel as it is in Christ, and into full faith in his Saviour, and in the word of God, he commenced praying in his family. Yes, he three times a day read his Bible and prayed with his family. This was a new light and life in that home. It renewed the memory of the times when the sainted grand-parents were with us.

But father did not stop with family worship. He held neighborhood prayer-meetings and Bible-readings. From these means many poor souls found peace in Jesus, through His pardoning grace. God gave him special power and grace to work and speak against the cold, nominal christianity of the State-Church. He taught the people the necessity of the spiritual birth, as presented in John iii. 3 and 5, John iii. 5 and 7. Ours was then truly a religious home. There

were many prayers in the family and in the closet, and much study of the Scriptures.

But this was rather too close for me, as I had no desire to be converted at that time. My religious instructions in school did not lead me that way. No, I was a young man, a member of the church, and that was all I wanted. I hated the idea of being "born again," and of giving up the sinful pleasures I then loved. No! no! this would not do. I must have fun and see the world.

About that time I asked my father to give me money to go to the United States of America and make my fortune there. He consented and gave me the amount needed. But he required me to promise to come back in five years to see them again. I did this the more readily as I was willing to do almost anything to get away from home and the religious pressure that was there. The truth is, I was convicted of sin, and like Jonah, wanted to take ship for Tarshish and Joppa, to get away from the presence of the Lord. I did not fully understand it then. I see it now.

I left home in April 1857. "Felt like a bird just out of its cage, free," and away from the religious restraints of home. Yes, I would soon be all right. You see, I was building some very splendid air-castles, laying out a bright and glorious way for my life. Reached Cleveland, Ohio, in June. Had only five dollars left, but soon found employment (and more schooling,) notwithstanding the hard times then in the country.

God's blessing was with me. I was within a christian family, and was saving my money. The first six months I only spent six cents. This was not of my own choice, but a young man, a friend, persuaded me to treat to the beer.

Up to that time I had no bad habits; went to church regularly; often to young men's meetings and to Sunday-School. If I had time I would never forget my prayers. But if I did not say them I could not sleep until I got on my knees and repeated them. Still, by all this, I had no assurance of the pardon of my sins, and was not at rest within my soul. I was feeding on husks.

I would write to my home every four or six weeks. Father always answered, but his letters were purely of a spiritual nature. They talked only of conversion; giving up sin; coming to Jesus, to be made happy for this life and for the life to come. One letter made me very much trouble; could not eat or sleep on account of the impression it made upon me. I told my friends (church members) of my trouble, but they could not understand the letter or my feelings, and so could give me no help; but told me to go to my minister, and tell him all of my trouble, and show him the letter. This I did, believing he could properly advise me. When he had heard me and read the letter, he asked: "What church is your father a member of?" I told him (die alte Landes Kirche) "The Church of Germany." Said he, "that church is wrong. We here have the only true church and the pure word of God." I

could not deny but that he was right or wrong ; but one thing I did know, or believe, and that was that my father had something that I had not, and as my minister could not believe my father was in the right and I in the wrong, when I knew in my very soul that I, at least, was all wrong, I could not accept the minister's teaching. I knew my father's life was so different from my own, and from that of other church members of this Lutheran body here and in Germany, and that he was using and obeying God's word in all his daily living, and in his dealings with men ; and his life seemed to be so very consistent that I was forced to the conclusion that he was right and my minister was wrong ; was still in spiritual darkness, and could not therefore give any comfort to my poor disturbed soul. He could only tell me to "come to church every Sunday." I left him with a heavy heart. I went regularly to church ; got no rest or ease by it. For God had said : "There is no rest for the wicked." When the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch.

I still clung to my temperance principles ; to my church-going, prayers, and I loved money too well to spend it for strong drink of any kind. Good works and covetousness were all the religion I had. There was no living faith in Jesus Christ. I was blinded by the devil.

FIRST STEP TOWARD INCREASING SIN.

This downward start was caused by the persuasion of three church-members, *i. e.*, Lutheran people. One evening, in the winter of 1858, three young men came to see me—all members in the same church with me. At first we had a pleasant chat together. Finally one proposed a game of cards. I did not know one card from another, and could not play. One of the three said he could learn me in one hour's time, so I could play as good as any man. We struck a bargain. If he learned me in an hour, I was to give them a quart of whisky. He succeeded. Before the hour was up I was holding a hand in the game and helping to drink the whisky, and was on the way to the devil.

I did not feel happy, however, for I knew it was wrong, and, that my father would condemn the use of cards and the drinking of whisky. But something seemed to say to me: "May be your father is too religious in many ways; for don't you see these are good young men, religious, and members of the church?" In this way I drowned my conscience and better judgment and went on. You see it was the devil that was thus deceiving me into deeper sin. What a deceiver he is!

After this, I became a good card-player; so good that I would set a stake like the rest of the players. My first playing was always with the

so-called good people, church-members. Finally, I would not be so particular in my company, and step by step, lower and lower, I went the way with sinners. But I could not, or rather I *would not* see my condition; for I would not believe God's word. The truth was, I did not want to believe it. (See Gal. vi. 8, and Psalm i.) My wicked heart and the devil were fooling me.

May I give a word of warning to my dear reader just here. God's word says: "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away." This is true. "The Scripture can not be broken." John x. 35. But I did not accept it then. O, beware of the first step into sin. Never, never learn to play cards. Do not try strong drink—"touch not, taste not, handle not," and you will be safe from ever becoming a drunkard. On this subject please read the fifth chapter of Isaiah, for harvest time will surely come, and it did come with me bitter and sore, and it was a terrible disappointment. I reaped just what I had sowed. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. If a man sow to the flesh, he shall of the flesh reap corruption," says God's Word. I found this to be surely true in my case. You will not find it less true in yours, dear reader. Therefore take warning now. Fly from sin as you would from a pursuing fire; death is in it.

Not finding rest or peace of soul anywhere, I concluded to "go west and grow up with the country," and so make my fortune. Leaving Cleveland, Ohio, in the spring of 1860, I came

to Dearborn county, Ind. Found good work promptly. My new boss was a drinking man, using about two quarts of whisky in a day. He was liberal and not disposed to do his drinking all alone. His being so free caused him to be dangerous, because he would persuade all his men to drink. He, by his persuasion and tricks, overcame my new determination not to drink. He argued that here, in Indiana, a man must drink to keep well, and that I could not afford to be sick, here among strangers, and lose my work, and I must "do as Rome does." I remember the whisky did not taste right to me. It hurt my conscience too. But the old man's excuses for drinking helped to quiet my conscience, so I could follow his example. To make it easier, the old boss added sugar and water to the whisky, and this helped the matter considerably, as to comfort of taking it. The devil has many devices. In a month or two I was drinking like the rest of the men, perhaps a pint a day. It did not make me drunk that I know of. But a man as full as a goose is not apt to know whether he is drunk or not. He is sure to think he is all right when in fact he is all wrong. That was too often my fix exactly. I was calling that good times. You see, I was calling "evil good and good evil." My boss gave me all the whisky I used.

Still, in the midst of all this wickedness, I would attend church and take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I had regard for God's

people, but felt that I was not the young man I had been once. Sin always degrades a man.

About that time I fell in with some good Methodist people who tried to persuade me to give up sin and accept Christ. They invited me to their church. I never will forget one of those meetings. The godly man plead with sinners. The brethren and sisters would pray in good earnest for them, even for me ; for I was the black sheep among them. I was trembling under my sense of guilt, and felt ugly, uneasy ; but I would say to myself : “ Not here, no, not now.” This was only another one of the devil’s ways of holding me in sin.— “ Not now, wait a little ; just a while.”

One evening, as the good pastor was giving the invitation for sinners to rise up and be prayed for, I felt I must get up, and was just in the act of doing so, when, looking around, I saw a young lady laughing, and believed she was laughing at me. So I put it off again. O, reader, the devil is a sly fellow. He makes you believe a lie every time, if by that he can lead you into sin, or to put off seeking Christ and the peace of your soul.

Next night I took a seat on the last bench, but I felt that I must do something, so great was my uneasiness of mind and my unrest of soul. I must have rest for my soul. When the invitation came I tried to get up, and was just doing so, when some one got hold of my coat and pulled me down. However, when I looked around I could not see any one behind me, and could not understand it at that time. Now I think I see it very

plainly. It was the devil. The first time he made me believe the young lady was laughing at me. The next time he held me down by the coat tail. The meeting closed and I was no better for it, but harder in sin than ever, and with a harder heart. God's Word is "the savour of life unto life," or "of death unto death." To me it pointed towards death.

But my christian friends did not give me up. They would still pray for me, and talk to me about my poor lost soul. As a rule, I did not like these Methodists. They were too religious for me. They would not allow a fellow to take his drinks, or to have a little fun, *i. e.*, as I called it fun then. How the devil does blind us! Yes, I argued: "The good Master had made wine at the wedding, and the people got a little full; but here, these Methodists will be better than the Master." But, then, here comes before me a family, all christians, and they remind me of my father and his christian life. They have family prayer, reading the Bible, family peace and a pleasant home. I could see that God was visible in all their actions, and I had to acknowledge that there was something in these people that was more than common; at least it was not after the style of christianity I had been used to seeing in the German State Church at home, or in this country. You can here see that I experienced what every man can hardly help but own up to, *i. e.*, true christian living by christian people has in it a power for good that mere words and preaching

can not exert without such ways of living. Would to God that all christian people would remember it always and everywhere.

I was often working with a man that we called "honest John." He became a preacher, and his life was so pure that I often had a desire to be like him. But, then, here comes the old devil, in another light, in my way. (I did not know his ways then as well as I do now.) He comes to make me think that "I must not believe every wind of doctrine," conformists, members in a church. "Yes, cold christians; that will do. Yes, I will not give up my faith for all the world. Yes, born a Lutheran, I will die one. Little drinking will do no harm to any one, if he does not make a hog of himself." You see, I had been drinking with ministers many a time. And here I was again in the devil's own hands trying to get ease of mind and peace of soul, and still hold on to my wicked ways. The devil is a sharp old fellow, and will deceive us all into gaining hell by making us blind to our sins and their deadly results, if he can possibly do so.

MAKING MONEY AND SEEKING THIS WORLD'S PLEASURES.

In the year 1861, the unpleasantness between the North and the South began. Soldiers were called out on both sides. I had no desire to fight on any side. So many left for the war that few laborers were left and wages were high. Three

dollars a day for harvest hands. I worked steady and saved my money. I still drank a little, and with others, had my fun, as I then called it. Money became plenty. Now was my time to get rich at once. Commenced trading in produce and lumber; made money fast; worked day and night—even on Sundays. I did not now care for church; or, if I went, it was only to make a good trade with some one. Any way to make money, right or wrong, was all my theme now. About all the ministers I then knew were of my own church, and I could see they did not know anything of being born again, and were little or no better than many of the members who drank, played cards, etc. (But I must confess I have found since some Lutherans that have as much religion as any body.) I got to think the new birth was all nonsense. As for the Bible, I had no longer any respect for it, and would not use it; left it ten miles away in the country. That book said: "The love of money is the root of all evil," and that the course I was following was "vanity of vanities," and that did not suit me. So I would not believe it. I thought that money, many friends, and to be a free, jolly fellow, was better than religion. Yes, the devil was patting me on the shoulder, and saying: "Good fellow! good fellow! You're all right. Just go on."

Still, in my quiet hours, and alone from all others, I found I really did have no peace or happiness; no living hope; no Christ. Only money! money! and I lived only for this present life. I

tried not to care for the next life. So I rolled on in sin like a hog in the wallow, but with less comfort and less self-respect.

At the close of the war (1865), after a few hours of solemn and sore conviction of sin, I somehow longed for my old home. Had been absent eight years, from a mother's love and a father's prayers. Needing rest, I left all things here. Had a happy trip, a hearty welcome, and a happy re-union at home. But I had "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire," sure enough. Here was the same reading of Scripture. Yes, nothing but prayer! prayer! religion! religion! This was no happy home for me. I had got into the wrong pew, sure. Here, I heard not a word about money-making, not a word. It was all about saving poor souls and bringing them to Jesus. Did you ever hear of a duck on a sandy plain a thousand miles from water and one wing broken? Well, that was me. A fish out of water was nowhere by the side of my unhappy predicament. The devil was deceiving me still, and keeping me miserable, by lying to me continually.

I had heard it said: "If you will take a wicked sinner and make him dwell in the company of pure saints that it would prove to be a very hell to him. I could now realize the truth of this. I fully believe if an unconverted sinner could be transferred to heaven, it would be worse than hell to his poor soul. The purity of God and heaven would be as a consuming fire of tor-

ment to him. I did not see it all then; but I do now. What I needed was a spiritual regeneration. I needed to be born again; born of God. Then that home would have been almost a paradise to my poor starving soul. How the devil blinded me!

While there, my father prayed daily for his poor lost boy. I could not understand this. I had plenty of money, good health, lots of friends. Still he called me his "lost boy," his "lost boy." Was I not at home, under his own roof? Why lost, and how? I tried to argue with my father that secret orders, such as the Odd Fellows or Masons, were as good as any church. But his plea came from the word of God. His words were, over and over, "Ye must be born again." "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "He that climeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." "There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby ye must be saved."

It was plain that I could not, or rather would not, understand him. I was willfully blind—did not want to hear him or understand him. He prayed much for me, and talked often to me about my soul. I was under deep conviction, and the Holy Ghost was striving with my heart. I willfully resisted all loving appeals.

I want to relate here an incident in the way of answer to prayer. My cousin was to be married. We all were invited to the wedding. But he and

his bride were both unconverted, and this was to be a worldly wedding. Father said to me: "Not one of the family will go." Tried to coax me not to go. He knew it would be a worldly feast, and not a truly christian wedding, and he would not feel at home there at all. I could not see it in that light at all. "Had not Jesus made wine at the wedding feast so all would go on merrily? Yes, father was too particular in his religion, and too close for me. Yes, Sir, I'll go. This is the only weddiag I may ever see in Germany, and sure I'll go." And go I did. "Yes, Sir; I was not going to be so hide-bound as all that. Would not stand it."

After the ceremony and the dinner were over, we were to have a good time in dancing, singing, telling funny stories and drinking to our hearts' desire. We were all full of glory, as we thought. But all at once I would feel uneasy and sick, and could not say what was the matter with me. I could not stay any longer, for the feeling impelled me to go home, and see what was the matter. Father met me at the door, and told me: "God has heard my prayer, and sent you home from the place of sinners." Of course I was astonished. He read the first Psalm and prayed, and I was so under conviction that I prayed too, and confessed that I was lost. I prayed like a good fellow, too. But I did not give all up to Christ. Next day, the devil said to me: "Now, if you become religious like your father, you will lose all you have and not be able

to make any more money. So you had better consider what you are doing here, making promises to the Lord that you can't and won't keep." O, he's a sly old fellow. He knew my weak spot, and just how to attack me. He knows yours, too, dear reader. Watch him. He will meet you with arguments and ways the most deceptive and ruinous to your soul. Beware of his devices.

The very next day I left home on a business plea, but I only went down to a large city to drink off the bad feelings that my awakened conscience was causing me. Soon I had no special desire to become religious. After a few days I went home again. Father told me at once that I was "driving away God's Holy Spirit, and that the devil was having his own way with me, and I would be lost; but he would pray for me, that God would yet be merciful." I did not believe him then. I do now.

One morning, in the family devotions, he asked God to remove all hindering causes that were keeping me from accepting Jesus. "If it is money, take it all away, even to the last cent." This, I thought, was a little too much. The idea that a father could pray God to take away all the money his son had made in eight years of hard work, was pretty cutting. I said to myself: "God will never answer such a prayer as that for any man. No! no! No danger of that. I'll see that that prayer is never answered any way. See if I don't." What a fool the devil makes of a sinner! How he holds him in his toils!

After a few days I left home for free America. But the words,

Suche Jesum und sein Licht,
Alles andere hilft hier nicht.

“seek Jesus ; without Him all will be vain,” continued to ring in my ears day and night for a long time. Everywhere and at all times I could hear it, and I found no rest of mind or peace of soul from my convictions. At Cincinnati I attended theater, but I could not stay, for the ringing of those words in my ears, just as plainly as when spoken to me by a godly man in Germany at my father’s house. I never once attended theater after that time, 1865.

I settled again in the business of trading as before, at Aurora, Indiana. Strange as it may seem to my readers—and strange it was to me at that time—my former good luck was turning against me. All my efforts resulted in losses. Every trade turned money out of my pocket, instead of into it. I would not then believe that this could be the answer to my father’s prayers. Now I know it was. Then I called it “bad luck, bad luck,” that was all. I felt rebellious against the idea of this being in answer to prayer, and in my rage I said “that prayer shall never be answered. Never. I won’t let it be answered.” O, what a stubborn dolt the unrepentant, deceived sinner is ! How the devil fools him ! Blinds him to his own interests.

But the time soon came when financial ruin

stared me in the face. I was run down to \$500, and this soon went by the board.

I soon became discouraged with my "luck," as I called it. Got angry with myself, with God, with father, with all good people. I did not write home for five years, to my good old christian parents. Was not that a shame? "Wicked wretch," some will say, and so I was indeed.

During all these five wretched years my money was going, friends were forsaking me, health failing rapidly. Still I would not yield to my convictions of duty towards God; I would not accept Jesus, but continued to strive all the time against the Holy Spirit, and would drink deep, in order to drive my trouble away. This only added fuel to the fire; my troubles and sorrows increased more and more. I tried many devices to keep up appearances before the world. Could not do it. I kept up my lodges, and worked faithfully in them. But that failed me too, so far as peace was concerned. A good brother in the lodge persuaded me to set up a saloon—sell whisky—and that I "would soon be able to make money enough to go into a respectable business." This was my heart's desire. If I could only make money and so disappoint my father's prayers, I would do it. At it I went. "Any way to make money! That's my ticket." But then, I knew and felt that this was not a legitimate business. To make men drunk and dishonest, and home miserable, for this is just what drinking will do for a man and his family. My

greatest pain over it all was, "O, if father and mother hear this of me they will never sleep. They will be praying for me all the time." "Our lost, lost boy," will be their continual cry. So I kept it all as quiet as I could from christian people here, so it should not reach my old home over there. To my shame and degradation I must confess to the world, that this was the lowest and meanest step I ever made in my life. I was not at rest any of the time. Trouble after trouble came. Plenty of money made but no money saved, in this, the devil's work. I knew it was the devil's work. I could fairly feel it in the air. Besides, I knew that God had no hand in selling whiskey to damn men's bodies and souls, and in bringing misery and degradation to poor innocent wives, children and parents, in homes that were once happy. I tried to make out that it was a legitimate business, however, and that I was all right. Tried with all my strength to hold up and keep on the right side of the house. But all this made only more trouble, more pain, more disgrace, and no money saved.

Five months in this devil's work was enough for me. It is the devil's business sure enough. I felt that I was working right in the very gate of hell. I would not sell out as most men do. "No, sir. I would lose it all myself. No man should follow in my wake. No, sir!" But here was a struggle in my career. Big financial loss. In it all I could see the hand of God and His promises to His children in my old, old home,

for His promises are yea and amen unto them and their children. So true are the words of the Psalmist, "I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." My father's prayer was answered, for I was now broken up.

I had one friend left yet, Mr. G. He would give all the chances he could for making money. May the Lord bless him for all this kindness to me, is my prayer. But his kind efforts were of no avail, for my "luck was gone." My faith in my own efforts was failing. My health was leaving me rapidly in many ways. "What shall I do?" I gave up all hope of regaining a foothold in this world! Would gladly have died if I only could. But this was not in my power.—Life was not mine to give or take. O, how miserable, very miserable, was my life! How dark was all my way! No hope for anything but evil! No money! No friends! All, all gone! If I could only die! This is the way the devil pays off his servants. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

One day, an old friend (a whitewashed church member), came to me saying he would gladly have me go to the mountains of West Virginia—would give me a position and good pay. That suited me. I wanted money and to get away from my so-called friends at home, for they were my worst enemies, especially to spend any change I might have. Starting in the mountains, lumbering and boat-building, where there were no drinks to be had, I still found no peace of heart or rest of mind, I stayed there one year. The

firm broke up. So I had made or saved no money. Father's prayer is still answered.

I still had desire for strong drink. "What shall I do? Die?" "Yes," said the devil, "end your life; what good are you? No one to live for, no hell to go to; better dead, and all is over." "No, I won't do that," I said, "I'll not grieve my old father that way, anyhow, and I love my life if it is miserable." Then came the thought: "Your old father, 4,000 miles away, is praying for you now in that christian home. No, I'll not end my life." But the devil persisted; "What! going back to your old home in Aurora, without money! This will not do; you had better die. Yes, death is the best; for then all is ended." But how can I commit self-murder? for God's Word says: "Thou shalt not kill." O, this terrible battle within and without! If I could only get away from myself! The old devil was giving me my harvest now. What sowing! what reaping! How sin stings the soul!

But my mind is soon made up. "I will go back to my old stamping ground and do better or the best I can." But "O, this terrible appetite for strong drink is still on me the same and more powerful than ever before." I soon found I had no power over myself. As soon as I got a dollar in my pocket, "O, what a time until it was gone." The devil made my money too hot to hold. It had to go for drinks. But my friend Mr. G. bore with me. Step by step I went down in sin, until I had neither money, help or hope. "O, if I

were only dead, I would be out of my misery and all trouble ended." My friend Mr. G., said to me one day: "Your luck is gone. I have done all I could for you, and you have done all you could, and," said he, "I do not know what I would do if I was in your fix; but I think I would take a revolver and blow my brains out." This was from my best friend. What a Job's consolation that was! When my best friend advised self-murder, the case, you see, had become a hard one indeed. "No, I'll never do that, though the temptation to do it is almost beyond my power to control." How the devil did press me to it, and tried to blind me into it. How could I ever break my old father's heart, for he would receive the sad news if I should do this vile deed. Mother had been dead now for a year.

Here I was in a miserable plight of mind and body. This was Nov. 23, 1875. A dark day to me. If I could have died without self-murder I would have been glad to do it. "Yes, all light is gone out; not one little spark left. Dark! dark! dark! Money gone! friends gone! character gone! hope gone! all is gone but misery, sin, degradation and the devil. They are my constant companions, and stick as close to me as my own head." What a harvest I was reaping now from the seed I had long been sowing! What wretched pay the devil was giving me for all my faithful service to him. Reader, he will do the same for you, unless you escape to Jesus for safety. *O, escape, escape! Stay not in all*

the plains of sin, lest the fires of hell consume you for ever and ever. Jesus is the only safe Refuge.

MY CONVERSION.

This was, at last, in answer to the prayer of my father in his home, 4000 miles away.

Nov. 23, 1875, was the blackest day in all my history. So far as my hope for this world was concerned I had none. Egyptian darkness was never blacker. Gloomiest of the gloomy days was that one. Evening came, but no better outlook for any light. Appetite for supper all gone. Only desired a little stimulant to keep up appearance. 7 o'clock came and I retired to my little room to think over my past life and present wretched unhappiness. Heaven or hell was not in this day's order of thoughts. Only could I get one more start in this life, financially. That was what I wanted. I had failed, but clung to the idea of a new deal in the matter.

As I was meditating on this question, that seemed so important to me, I seemed to hear, as though it had been a voice, saying: "You will never get to be a green twig again. Your best friend has left you, and no one will help you any more. You had better die; yes, hang yourself." Then there passed before me the vision of the little stable near by, in an out of the way place, where I could do this awful deed and no one would find me very soon. The old devil tried to

make me believe nobody would ever know I had done it; and my old father would not hear of it. That old deceiver! That sly old soul-ruiner! He would deceive the very elect if possible. O, reader, keep an eye open for him always and on every side. He will approach you and deceive you in a thousand ways. Pray God to keep you, for if you attempt to resist him in your own strength, you are gone sure. Trust in Jesus, all else is vain.

But to return to my case on that sad, sad evening. While I was thus thinking of suiciding, all at once I saw my life of sin rise up and pass before me like a fearful panorama, from my early boyhood up to that very hour. What a leprous picture it presented to me! Just at that dreadfully dark moment I seemed to hear my old christian father praying for me. He was 4,000 miles away, in Germany. I knew that, yet I seemed to hear him as plainly as I ever did in all my life. His prayer was in the old German language, all for me, as I had heard him ten years before, while I was at home around his own family altar. These words came as if from him too: "Yes, if you do not give yourself to the Lord Jesus at this time you will be lost for ever." At hearing these words I fell out of my chair on the floor, and commenced crying for mercy. It seemed to me that my father had probably just died, and his spirit had come by this way to give me the last warning I should ever have, and I should now have no one to ever pray for my poor, lost, for-

lorn soul. O how the Holy Spirit was pressing me to forsake sin and give up to Jesus. How awful my sins appeared.

Now, the only words I could utter were, "Lord have mercy on me, a sinner." I gave many loud cries; so much so that I was disturbing the people in the hotel. So Mr. G. called on me to be calm and quiet, for, said he, "you will raise the whole house and neighborhood." I promised I would, but I had pain that I could not tell any one how great it was. O that burden of sin! I was in the slough of despondency sure enough. I could only tell my trouble to the Lord God. To Him I was talking and crying bitterly for help. I could not bear the burden of pain, and keep still, so great and burning was it in my soul. I seemed on a very fire of hell, in my conscience and soul. "O, if this is like hell! If this is a taste of hell, what must be its reality?" "God be merciful to me, a sinner, a sinner."

The burden was as real to me as though the whole house was upon me, and I was left without help. I could hardly breathe, so great was my agony of soul, and that agony became greater every moment. I heartily wished I had never been born. I could well and heartily adopt the language of Job: "Let the day be cursed when it was said a man-child is born." "If I could only die without killing myself." "O, I am lost, lost, lost! No help for me; no friend to advise me or comfort me in my distress; none to pray for me." I could not pray for myself. I could

only cry and groan in my pain. Into my mind now comes a young man, a worker in the Y. M. C. A. I believed him to be christian. His home was close by me. I left my room to go and see this christian young man; asked him to go with me to my room, as I had some important matters to communicate to him. He came with me. I told him of my feelings and the prayer of my father; told him I was a lost sinner, and asked him to pray for me in my room at once. He refused to do so. I believe he thought I was drunk or crazy, and I expect I was a little of the former and much of the latter. You see, I had been such a wretch, he did not believe I was serious. I certainly was in too much agony of heart and soul to act calmly and quietly. So I do not blame him so much after all, for we all make mistakes. When one's life has been such that a christian man refuses to pray for him because he thinks him to be a poor drinking fool, then you see it is a pretty tough case, and no mistake. This young man told me to "pray for myself, and in due time it would be all well with me; say, perhaps, by the morning."

I could not help feeling the poverty of such comfort to my poor lost soul, when I could not pray, and could only cry for mercy, mercy! I felt that God's promises were not for me. God had forsaken me, surely. Besides, I could not think of any of His promises, and I had left my Bible and Testament in the country, ten years ago. I thought then I did not have any more

need of them. "But now, here I am in deep trouble, clear over my head. The fires of hell, too, seem burning all about me, and no one to help me, guide me, or lead me." Why did I not get hold of some of the sweet old promises, such as "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Or, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Or, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c. But nothing of this kind came into my thoughts. But all was dark and bitter agony of soul. "Lost! lost!" that was all. I was truly shaken over the fires of hell and the pangs of the pit got hold of me. I had a taste of the sorrows of the damned. Bitter, bitter, burning and suffering it was too.

There I was again in my little room, alone with myself and God. What shall I do with this increasing weight of sin upon me, and the burning eye of a just God also upon my soul? I felt I could not live long in this fix. "O, this fire in my soul!" An impulse and thought came upon me, saying to me: "You go and get you a strong drink, for you are nervous and excited; It will do you good, and you will soon be all right again." I thought, "may be this is so. I am weak and excited. I'll go and try it." I only had to go a square to a saloon. When I reached the door I heard voices in there and I thought they were talking about me, and how I had been crying for mercy, and if I should go in they would make light of me. So I had not the boldness to step in for the drink.

I returned at once to my room, and the same old awful burden of sin came upon me again. I cried for mercy and forgiveness, but no help came to me; no relief to my poor dying soul.

Again the temptation came, saying, "Go and get a good drink, that will help you." I said yes, I believe it will, and started again for one. Reaching the saloon, all was quiet, and as I was taking hold of the knob to open the door, a voice seemed to say to me: "Remember your father." I replied, "yes, I will, I'll not forget his prayers for me." So I left the spot at once without a drink. Getting back to my room in some miserable way, I locked the door. The same old burden of sin; the same crying for mercy came on me again. I had always scouted the idea of a Methodist mourner's bench, and here I was making my whole room a mourner's bench. I felt that I was lost, and must be saved now or never. O, it was a night never to be forgotten by me—never! A night of bitter agony—of repentance.

Next morning I had no feeling of any kind, no burden, no pain. I can not describe my condition. It seemed incredible that such a sinner as I was had been pardoned. My evidences were not clear to me, or I did not understand them. Had God left me indeed? I had no desire for strong drink, no appetite for food, but a mighty longing and craving for peace, for pardon, and for faith in Jesus. But there was no one to enlighten me, none to advise me or direct me, and

I had no Bible then. Not even my christian friend of the Y. M. C. A. would come to see me. I was friendless, like the prodigal, left to herd and feed the devil's hogs in a strange land. Still in this forsaken condition I would pray continually for deliverance from sin and Satan, and for light and life in Christ Jesus.

This day was mostly spent in prayer. When night came I still had no feeling of weight, and burden of sin, or anything; did not fully realize just how it was with me; slept well all night, but next day was the same—no light, no hope, gloomy, dreary and dark. Spent the day in prayer for light and the Holy Spirit to lead me aright. Prayed also for faith, that I may be accepted as a child of God, and have the evidence of it. All this day went without eating or drinking, except water. My friends told me I looked more like a dead man than one alive. I suppose I did, for while the great crushing weight was gone from me, still all was dark as Egyptian night. I realized that I was still lost in sin, away from God, and without hope of eternal life. Lost! lost! lost! that was my feeling now. After spending the day in prayer, and doing all I could, having prayed, cried, lamented over my sins and over my lost, dreadful condition, I retired, leaving all to the Lord, as I could do no more than that after all. "I'll just leave it all to the Lord, and He will settle my fate in the way that will be best." I had a good, sweet night's sleep. That was just the place to leave it. No

soul ever really repented of sin and then left all to the Lord but that he found peace and great joy in the Lord.

Morning came. I was awake at 5 o'clock. It was Thanksgiving day. I arose early, and lo! all was new to me. Now I could sing the songs of Zion. They were a joy to my soul. I could now praise God for his great deliverance of me, a poor sinner. The stars seemed to shine more brightly, the very air seemed balmy, as though I had been transported to a new country. When the Sun came up, O how bright it was! Can it be the same Sun? All things seemed new. Friends around me were so kind. Their actions to me seemed more friendly than ever before. At breakfast the food tasted better than ever before. My friends asked me, "Are you feeling better?" "O, yes," I answered. Still I did not, and I could not tell them all the Lord had done for my poor soul, and how He had made of me a new creature in Christ Jesus. This Thanksgiving day was the beginning of a new era to me. All such days before this one had been spent in eating, drinking and making merry, living as the children of this world live, and giving thanks to self and fortune rather than to God. Now I could praise God and give thanks for His love and mercy to me.

Here begun a new revelation to me. I realized that I had been pardoned of my sins and accepted by God; that I was a new-born babe in Jesus Christ; that I must give up my old sinful habits,

and as to my old companions, I must "come out from among them" and "work the works of righteousness." Before this my ways and feet took hold of the paths of death and hell. Now they must take hold of the paths of heaven and everlasting life. My feeling was, "let it cost me what it will, I will give them all up for the sake of Christ, who has saved my soul and done so much for me when I was lost and undone." "Yes, I'll do it, freely and gladly, God helping me."

I had counted the cost of this change, and said: "Yes, it will pay; I'll do it." I had found the devil, my old master, was a poor pay-master, indeed. He fed me on the firebrands of misery and damnation. He wanted to add to my deep, shameful degradation the ignominy of self-murder, after all my faithful service to him. I had thus been led to realize that if we "give the devil the little finger he will soon demand the whole body." I had, in his vile service, lost my money, my health, my character, my friends, my everything worth having, and then the old deceiver tried hard to induce me to commit the deed that would give him my soul and body to torment for ever, and mock me in my eternal misery. I had truly measured that word of God: "The wages of sin is death," and "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I had sowed to sin, and had gathered its fruit in a blasted hope, and in the torments of sorrow that grew therefrom. I verily had tasted the fires of hell, while yet

living on earth. O, the mercy and love of God, to save me from the doom I had so richly deserved and earned! Riches of grace alone in Christ Jesus came to my repenting soul and saved me. Let God be for ever praised for His wonderful mercy to me.

Upon making a close inventory of profit and loss in this new change I found that I—with all christians—was a thousand times better off with no worldly goods in hand, and Jesus Christ as my Saviour, than with all the world in possession and Christ left out. This is a truth both for this life and the life to come. “Godliness is profitable for this life and the life to come.” We have the promise of the good of “the life that now is and of that that is to come.” “The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” I could now feel myself no longer the devil’s slave and the slave of sin, but a free man in the Lord; for, “whom the Spirit makes free is free indeed.” Blessed freedom to be clear of the bonds of eternal misery, and to be given eternal life and joy in the Saviour. Only the soul born of God can understand this, and know its solid peace.

Four days passed in this joyful state, and during that time I had told only one christian man of my new found peace and joy. Monday evening came. I had an invitation to attend the Y. M. C. A. gospel meeting. I had promised I would. This will be my first attendance on a gospel service for years. Went to the hall. All seemed

new and strange. Not one of my old associates in sin was there. Not found in such places. At first I felt lost. I was among those who were strangers to my former ways of sin. All the ministers of the city were there, and many christian men and women. Hall full; not even standing room. This interest I could not understand. I edged my way into a corner, like a coward will do. I was afraid some of my old friends might see me, or the leader might call on me. You see the devil was following me just as he does all christian people, to try what mischief he can do them or lead them to do. Finally, the meeting opened with singing, reading the word of God and prayer, followed by a few remarks from the leader. Then it was open for any to speak who would do so. By that time my feeling of fear had all left me. I was at home in that place. Almost before I realized it, I was on the floor addressing the people, and telling them what the Lord had done for my poor soul in the last week, and of my intention to live a godly life all the remainder of my days on earth, the Lord being my helper.

I must confess that by this time I felt like the floor was giving away, and I would soon be landed in the cellar below. Only those who have passed through their first public confession of Christ can realize how this is. I now believe that most of the people would not have been more surprised if a bombshell had burst in their hall among them than they were to hear me make

such a statement. Some, no doubt, thought, "Well, I'll give him a week to fall away." Some, "I'll give him a month." One whitewashed church member said, "K., I will give you six months to go back to the world." Another said, "I'll give you three." Cold comfort was all this, and coming from professed Christians, it was like pitching me out of a hot bath into a snow bank. But on the other hand I received a "God bless you, K." These did me, O! so much good and added strength to my weakness. For I was dreadful weak yet; weaker than I knew at that time.

I want to say right here that those whitewashed church members that said they would give three and six months, are now living in sin, out of the church, and are doing the devil's work. They were never truly born again, and so "they went out from us because they were not of us." More is the pity. But, by the grace of God, I am up to this day still serving the Lord, and a member of that same M. E. Church where I first joined, now more than ten years ago; and I trust I am an umble follower of the Lord Jesus. I had been a very great sinner and had found a great mercy, a great pardon, and a great Saviour, having laid hold of "One who is mighty to save." I shall never forget those good people who gave me so much encouragement to go on serving the Lord. They will get their reward for giving help to one of God's feeble little children. A cup of cold water is not forgotten by our blessed Lord. But

I was greatly pained to meet with christian people who would give me no encouragement at all. I feel that such cool treatment of young christians by older ones greatly stunts the growth of those who are really born again, and prevents the spiritual birth of many who are trying to seek the Lord. God have mercy on these christian icebergs and snow-banks. They are more like an ice-cold blanket than the reflected sunshine of God's warm love. O, let me plead with older christians—with all, indeed—to treat young converts kindly, and helpⁿ them into a richer love of Jesus, of His people and of His Church. It will do you good, and you are helping others also.

Where I expected help and sympathy from some of these people, I got none. Still I trusted my Saviour, and remained close to Him, and in Him I continued to work out my salvation in fear and trembling, being determined to do only the Lord's will. I had no bad company now, for I would not keep it, although christian people were not with me as much as I wished. Some of my old friends made light of me for a while, but when they saw my sticking quality they soon ceased. They did not see that I was sealed to the Lord's people by His own precious blood. Had I depended on myself I should have fallen into old ruts again, but my Lord held me, and I trusted Him. That was the secret of my perseverance in His service. So it is of all, indeed. Even the wicked finally and often said to me: "Go on, K., you are in the right of it." Thus

they practically testified that "Our rock is not as their rock, they themselves being the judges."

I soon found out that the devil was not dead yet. No, sir! He was then, and is to this very day, a pretty lively corpse. He it was that deceived me for quite a while, to try to live out of the church. But I discovered his foul trick after a while, for I found that a sheep could not live in the camp of the wolves, and I must get into the church with the Lord's people, and dwell among the lambs of the Shepherd's own flock, for my own safety and to do the Lord's work. I must belong to the army by regular enlistment, and not be a spiritual bush-whacker, subject to the attacks of the Lord's people and of the devil too. You know, they kill bush-whackers on both sides of the line in time of war. So I found my position would not do. I must have the Lord's banner of the cross over me, or I could not do the Lord's service, or get the great blessings of christian associations in the church. I was losing many blessings that I greatly needed. I could not get them in my isolated standing.

So, one day, a good, godly brother said to me, "Come, go to the revival meetings now going on in the M. E. church, held by Rev. R. R. B., pastor." This was still at Aurora. I went. As the meeting was very spiritual, I felt at home, and as the pastor gave the invitation for uniting with the church I gave him my name. I had already given God my heart. This good man set me to work and looked after my soul's welfare. I soon

got a class in the Sunday-school, and became a great lover of class and prayer meetings. My lines were now in pleasant places.

The pastor made a new class for the new converts. Of this, Brother S. of our church, was leader. Only a few continued to attend it. In this I was always ready, willing and glad to do my part, and to testify for my Master and of His love. This became a great means of spiritual strength to me, as it will be to any who will use their opportunities in this way.

Still, after this, I had a great deal of temptation to strong drink. The devil was alive yet, and tried me very often. Many old besetting sins would arise in their power to overcome me. Often in passing a saloon the temptation to enter and see old friends and have a drink was fearful to endure. What a struggle. Two or three times, to my shame and sorrow, I yielded. But after great and strong crying to God for help, He heard my prayer and taught me to rely on the Lord's strength and not on my own weakness. As He said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I found this was my source of power and of sure safety from Satan.

I read my Bible daily, carried my Testament with me to my work, prayed often, and attended on all the means of grace in the church and at home. I secured many good books. These became a source of great spiritual strength to me, also of great pleasure, and helped to fill up, with much profit, many hours in my little room, that

would otherwise have passed less pleasantly and profitably. Just let me say right here that truly good books, well read or studied, are a great boon to the christian heart. By them he increases his knowledge of God's dealings with His children and with the wicked. By them he is made stronger in Christ and better able to meet the adversary of his own soul, and to meet evil men in their attacks on Christianity. By them he is enabled to pass many happy and profitable hours when off from his work of evenings and on Sundays that will otherwise be droned or sinned away. Many souls are made mighty for God by good reading, and especially by reading the Bible and by private prayer. Vile literature, of which we see so much in many bad books, in weekly and in daily papers that are filled with passion-inspiring, debasing, sensational novel reading, love and murder stories, are the devil's own weapons of destruction for poor souls. An editor that issues such reading to the public is doing more harm to the race of men than the common saloon keeper, and will have the weight of a multitude of souls upon him in hell at last. News stands that sell sheets of this vile and vicious reading are serving the devil well, for every sheet is a full dose of the most ruinous moral poison to whoever reads it. Strong drink and vile, yet attractive literature, are two of the devil's surest and strongest weapons for evil. Thousands of respectable parents allow their children to read this kind of literature, not know-

ing or realizing that they are permitting their loved ones to swallow the seeds of moral ruin; of eternal misery and damnation, to be endured in the midst of hell-fire forever. The devil knows his power with bad reading, and he uses it but too effectually.

But pardon this digression. In due time the business panic that was now on the country caused scarcity of labor. No work was to be had; none could I get. I believed the Lord would help if I asked Him to do so. I took the matter to Him. I looked daily for work and prayed also. Sunday came around as usual, but this time it was especially precious to me, and I felt satisfied to leave the work I wanted to the Lord. I had a joyful day serving the Saviour that I loved. Monday came, but no work with it. In the evening I went to Y. M. C. A. Hall as happy as anybody could be, and still leaving the work question to the Lord, I said, "this Y. M. C. A. work is the first thing at hand; I'll do that." I had no money now to live on, but felt that all would be well in some way. I had just got into the hall when a brother called me to the door to meet a gentleman that wished to see me. There I met Mr. H., who asked, "Would you like a position in the nail mill, to work?"

"Yes sir, that is just what I want; work."

"This job," said he, "will not pay much now, but it will pay better after a while."

"Very well, I'll take it any how."

"Then come in the morning. Good night."

“ Good night, Mr. H.”

Here was answer to my prayer and trust. It came from an unexpected quarter. We had an excellent meeting that night. Next morning I presented myself at the nail mill and went to work. I found the position one that paid \$75.00 to \$125.00 per month, according to how steadily the run of the mill would be. This, I thought, was fine indeed, and would help me to recruit my wardrobe again, and live more like a man should do. God's richest blessings were with me. Health had improved and prosperity ruled the hour. Many were my hours of thanksgiving to God and of rejoicing in His goodness and mercy to me, a poor sinner. “ O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!” Ps. cvi. 8.

I feel that I would not be doing my duty unless I should say that I did not hoard all my money, for the Lord's work needed much and got some from me very often, and I rejoiced to have the spirit to give it. “ God loveth the cheerful giver.”

Things went on thus with me, working in the nail mill, in the Y. M. C. A., the church and the Sunday-school, until 1878. Then, a Brother S. moved into this city, who was intent on christian work. We met in the hall, and in the mission S. S. Also in cottage prayer meetings. I soon learned to honor him, and we were much together. Almost daily I went to his office, and we

had much religious conversation that was a wonderful help and comfort to us both.

This Brother dearly loved to seek after souls, and to bring them to Christ, and I soon had a great hunger for them too. We started a mission Sunday-school at the outskirts of the town, and held meetings there of Sunday evenings, and we found the Lord's blessing was with us in all this work, and we thought some good was done by our efforts, for souls came from there to be added to the different churches in the town.

About this time—summer of 1878—I made a plan of work, and it served well. I promised myself to see and speak to one or more souls every week, and invite them to church and to the prayer meeting, and to try if possible to get new S. S. scholars, as many as possible. The Lord was with us in this too. The result was not so visible in the prayer meeting; but in the S. S. I gathered into my class sixteen boys in three months; a full new class.

After this, I decided to speak every day to some one about their soul's salvation. This has been done every day to this present time. Still, I was not perfect. No; not by very much. I had carnal appetites and many inclinations that I now see were wrong. The fight with the flesh and the devil went on in hot earnest every day. See Romans, seventh chapter. Paul tells how it is.

One day, a good sister in the church said to me: "Brother K. you have need of holiness. I

was once in the possession of that rich blessing, but I have lost it, in a great measure. It will be a great help to you in all your work and life." I became a subscriber to the "Guide to Holiness," and the "Christian Standard." These became food for my soul. They brought the Bible closer and closer to me every day than it was before. Many times I went to Cincinnati to the Wesley Chapel, for they had holiness meetings once a week, and they were blessings to my soul when I could attend them.

One day, I said: *Now, Lord, lead me and I will follow.* This was a new consecration to my God, and my heart meant it all. I received His promises by *faith*. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin. 1. John i. 7.

"Faith is not what we feel or see;
It is simple trust
In what the God of love has said
Of Jesus as the Just.

"What Jesus is, and that alone
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with sinful self,
No righteous self in me.

"It tells me I am counted dead
By God in His own Word;
It tells me I am born again
In Christ my risen Lord.

"If He is free then I am free
From all unrighteousness;
If He is just, then I am just;
He is my righteousness."

Read John, xvii, 16 to 20.

At this time the Holy Spirit commenced at me to renovate in and about me the appetite for strong drink which was at once now all removed. I had also been a free user of tobacco, both in smoking and chewing. About the time referred to above, I had, one Saturday evening, just bought me a plug of tobacco for Sunday. As I was going home, and was just going to take a chew, I was impressed as by one addressing me audibly: "Throw that away, the same Spirit that took away the appetite for strong drink and other evils, will take away this appetite also." I looked around. No one was near me. I believed the impression was from the Lord, and said, "Lord, I will believe." By this time the plug of tobacco was in the middle of the street, and I asked God to help me. That appetite for tobacco was gone at once, and I have not had it from that day to this, now seven years ago. I still smoked, however.

The next Sunday came and I was going to the country with some brethren of the Y. M. C. A., to hold a gospel meeting. Before they came I was lighting a cigar and delighting in a smoke. But here, near by, was a very small lad smoking an old stub. This looked very badly to me. But why worse for the boy than for me! If I and other men did not smoke then the boy would have no such example to lead him to do so. Just then the words of Isaiah came to me: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Sure enough, this is not bread.

Guess I had better quit. It must be wrong for a christian to smoke. Still that cigar was sweet to me. The next Wednesday evening, after prayer meeting, on my way home I smoked and went to my room smoking, and commenced to read my Bible. The smoke blinded my eyes so I could not read well. All at once the instance of the little lad smoking and all the scenes and impressions of last Sunday came before my mind with much force. I now understood that God was speaking to me, and so, opening the window, I landed my cigars all out in the yard. Then I went upon my knees to ask God to take this appetite away too. All glory to His name, He did so. That appetite never bothered me any more after that, nor have I ever smoked since that time.

The next that troubled me was my quick temper. Under the same power this was also taken away from me entirely.

But now comes something that was dear to me ; a matter of honor and money, and this must be given up. You may well ask : " Now, what? What is all this about? " It is no more nor less than secret lodges. These are places where I have paid my money, often resorted to for pleasure and to meet friends. These lodges were very dear to me. But God comes here with His word, and teaches me what I must give up for His sake. Week by week, as the time goes by, I have trouble to sleep at night. The lodge is ever before me, and here is God's word : See 2. Cor. vi. 17, 18, " Wherefore, come out from among

them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

I had been paying a good sum into these lodges, and especially had received benefits when I was sick, and prospectively benefits for old age. This was a battle to give it all up. But then it must be done.

So one day I told one of my brethren of my trouble. I then paid up, took my card and was happy. One is always happy when he does right. It never fails. Try it.

My greatest reason for quitting the lodges lay in the fact that there is little distinction of character in their membership. There are many good men, and christian men too, in these bodies. But there are also in them the drinkers, the licentious, the profane, and the vulgar, yes, saloon keepers.

But worse than all, the devil deceives these poor lost souls into the belief that because they are Oddfellows, or Masons, or whatever lodge it may be, therefore they will be saved if they only live up to its rules. This mistake is fatal to eternal life. No lodge teaches the necessity of "repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." God says plainly, "Except ye repent ye shall perish," Luke xiii. 3. "Except ye be born again (born from above), ye can not see the kingdom of God." "Marvel not that I said unto

you, *ye must be born again.*" John iii. 3, 7. These lodges, good enough in their moral teaching and in their intentions, nevertheless become the means of deceiving men into the loss of their souls, because they make them excuses for not turning from sin and wickedness and turning to the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus to many souls they become real devil-traps. Good in their moral teaching, only evil in being thus made excuses to the loss of souls to endless ruin in hell.

Now comes a time of growing in grace and in the love of the Lord, as I had never done before in all my christian experience. I had peace and happiness by day and by night. I may call it a new light and life in all my ways. I may say with Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Thus I had now received Christ first, middle and last. He is "all in all" to me. The Lord was blessing me every day in my life, and in all my labor, and using me as a daily witness for His cause, and my christian work is increasing step by step.

Just let me say here that every christian's work for Jesus will increase in this same way if he will cheerfully perform each duty and fill each opportunity as it comes to hand, and moreover, it will become a source of growth in spiritual strength and grace to him and a source of protection against temptation and idleness. Work for Christ is a protection against the devil's devices as sure as you live. If you are tempted to do wrong, go out and hunt up something good to do, and you

will come back happy, and the temptation will be gone, especially if you ask Jesus to help you.

In the work that came to hand and in performing it the best I could, and in trusting the Lord to lead and help me, I saw much of God's power to save souls. "It was made manifest in many ways that He can "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Jesus Christ," and that He will sustain and keep His dear children all the way along this life. The more we trust and obey Him, the more we shall realize this truth. He has said: "I give unto them eternal life, and no man shall be able to pluck them out of my hands." Glorious promise! Many were the promises that came to me. Still I had my daily cross to bear, and temptations to fight. Who, that is a christian, does not have a similar experience?

STREET PREACHING AND GOD'S HELP.

The devil gets mad when extra efforts are made to advance the Lord's cause.

One summer Sunday evening, in 1879, while walking down one of our streets, knowing that all the churches were closed, because it was said to be too hot (?) weather for the pastors to preach or the people to turn out, I noticed that it was not too hot for the devil to carry on his work, in leading souls to hell. O no, he is used to a hot place! All the saloons were open in full blast. It was not too hot for these servants of the devil to shut themselves up in screened and closed saloons,

and drink, swear, lie, gamble and all that. Not a bit of it. But the Lord's poor, feeble, delicate, starved servants could not stand the heat on Sunday evenings, even in the large, open, airy audience-rooms of our ample churches. Poor, tender children of the Lord.

These considerations made a deep impression on me as a member of one of these leading, yet closed, churches. While in meditation on this sad situation, I was impressed again as plainly as if by some one speaking to me: "This is the place to speak and to work for poor lost, deluded souls" I recognized this as a call from the Lord, and said: "Yes, Lord, if the churches are closed next Sunday evening, I will speak here on the corner." But next Sunday evening one of the churches was opened for services. I went to the church to worship, but did not feel easy over it, although I had kept my promise. I was in trouble of spirit. Felt like Jonah must have done, when he tried to run away from the Lord. I wanted to get into a corner of the church somewhere and take a sleep. You know Janah slept in the hold of the ship, while souls above him were likely to perish.

This time, the work passed by undone. Another year goes by, to July, 1880. No church bells called to service. Saloons were in full blast. Streets full of loafers, and those parading and violating the Lord's day. I too walked out on the street. As I came to the same corner as one year before—corner Main and Second streets—

the same impression came heavily upon me again, saying: "This is the place to speak and to work for the Master, to save poor lost souls." I said again: "Yes, Lord, if the churches are not open for service next Sunday, I will try and speak here on this corner." All at once, there swept over my memory the promise of the year before, and it so weighed me down that I stood trembling. I could see how it is that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light."

I went home and prayed for divine help. Next Sunday came. (*Time and death wait for no man.*) The churches were not open for any services. The devil's churches and doors to hell were all open. Not too hot for him to work. This was not according to my wishes, for I had earnestly hoped that some of the good ministers would preach in their churches that night. Disappointment often falls to our lot, when we want to play the coward.

In the meantime I had asked one of the ministers if he could not have services that night: but his arrangements had been so made that he could not do so. I kept my own plans to myself, for I had made a bargain with the Lord, and it must be kept inviolate.

Supper-time came; but no supper for me. I must pray for grace to help me in this time of need and human weakness. The time, 7:30 P. M., came, and no help to give my work to. Yes, I have promised the Lord, and must and will be obedient to this call. He has done so much for

me, as a poor sinner, and I must serve him gladly. Took my Bible and started for the street corner, as I believed God had told me. As I came to it my heart almost failed me. But here is no time or place to hesitate. The hour for service is here. The street is full of people taking their evening walk, but not one of my special christian friends are here to help me, or to sing for the service.

I took a dry-goods box, rolled it to the corner lamp-post, and commenced singing :

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

Before I was through singing, my soul was on fire with God's love to me and to lost men. About 200 persons had gathered around to see what was going on. After singing I had prayer for God to help me, for the churches, for christian people and for lost sinners. I especially prayed that God would lead the churches to see their danger in closing up at such an important time as that was. I prayed also for the poor lost saloon keepers and their customers, who were on the hell-bound road, going rapidly to eternal fire and ruin. Then I read the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel, and spoke of the duty of christian people to poor lost sinners, who are in the broad road to hell. I said many things about this work. But most of all condemned the churches for closing their doors on account of hot weather, while over thirty of the devil's churches—saloons—were all open ; were left wide open, and in full operation.

In them at that hour could be found our boys, young men, old men, and children with beer buckets to carry this strong drink of damnation home to fathers and mothers. All this, as they could see, was going on all around us, while so-called christian people were at ease and asleep. Pulpit and pew asleep, while souls are dropping continually into hell right under their noses. I also gave them some details of the saloons' workings. You see, in other years I had been much in them, and I knew all their ways and tricks only too well, and knew they were doing the devil's work in the most approved manner. I wanted to set the people to thinking about what was going on in our midst, and the dangers we were in from these open doors of hell.

At the close of my talk, I told the people if the churches were not open the next Sunday evening, I would meet them there on that same corner, and speak to them again. I now found I had an elephant on my hands. However, I believed God was in this work, and was my Leader and Commander. It was His work, not mine. Had He not ordered it at my poor hands? I trusted Him to do all things well, in His own good way and place. One thing I could plainly see; the devil would oppose me in some way with all his power. I expected this, and got ready for it, asking God at every step to lead me aright. And more; I trusted in His promise: "Not one hair shall fall from your head without His knowledge." If He cares for the sparrows He will care for me surely.

More than that, I knew that the Lord was stronger than the devil and all the Dearborn county whisky-ring, who were indeed the devil's allied forces for action here.

Monday came. All people of all classes now had plenty to talk about. Of course I was misrepresented. One of the pastors was told how I had greatly insulted his dignity—had abused him and some of his good flock. Yes, sir, I had done an awful, terrible thing, to slander this pastor and christian people, at a public meeting on the street corner. Many people in the churches got bitter mad at me for this. I knew I had slandered no one, and felt a clear conscience in that respect, and this was only a trick of the devil.

I soon learned, however, that God was overruling all for the best. Amidst sour looks from some so-called christians, I got a "God bless you" from others whose hearts were for any good work for the Master. Next thing, a friend said to me: "You had better not attempt to have any meeting on the street next Sunday night, for I am in possession of information that makes me know they will make it very unpleasant for you."

I simply told him that I would pray over the matter. Next came a good godly brother in my own church, telling me the same thing, and that the saloon-keepers were making a plan to clean me out of the street if I preached, or to drive me from the town. I said: "That is all right, brother. I am praying over this matter, and will trust God to lead me. My faith in Him is strong."

Sunday evening came again. No churches open. I took my stand at the same street corner, on a box. This time I could see many good christian and temperance friends, and people were now at my side, ready to help me, in the Lord's name, to fight this battle against the devil and his whisky allies. Many, I found, were and had been praying for this undertaking and for me. Service commenced with a song. Had help to sing this time. After prayer, commenced speaking. I was insulted much. This was mostly by a saloon-keeper and an ex-saloon-keeper. Also by others who had come there full as ticks, made so on whisky freely given them for the purpose of disturbing the meeting. I read the first Psalm. As I spoke, there was before me such a scene as I had never witnessed before and hope never to see again. Here now came a crowd of men, all seemed to be drunk, walking up to me, and in their rear were some of the saloon-keepers and some of their families. They were whooping and making a great noise to disturb me in my talk. I found grace and strength to keep my place, and to speak on the best I could in my poor way. Some of these were too full to stand well, and sat down on the curbstone. By this time there were around me all classes of citizens, and a goodly number of christian people. The only pastor in town, who was at home at the time, was also present. At the close of my talk I called on this pastor to close the meeting with prayer. He made an excuse, and said call on Brother S— ;

I did so. He had enough courage and of the Holy Ghost in him to face that crowd, and he did so promptly. He mounted the box and talked very plainly to these people of their wickedness, folly and madness, in thus rushing on down to hell. His principal words centered around the words of God, which are these, viz.: "Fools make a mock of sin." After his brief talk, which was quietly and very respectfully listened to, he closed the meeting with prayer.

Some of the drinking men that had come to clean me out, now spoke to me very abusively, and tried to make trouble. I had no words with them at that time. Others of the same class said to me: "Come back, K., next Sunday night, and we'll stand by you." Here was victory for the Lord. Now all the God-fearing people came over to my side, and not a man dared to lay hands on me. A great crowd was here now, gathered about me, and many a "God bless you" was pronounced to me, and sayings, "Come next Sunday night, and we'll come too."

Next morning, I was beset by many to indict the disturbers, but I said: "No; I will indict no body. That is not the gospel plan. I only want to lead souls to Jesus Christ by His gospel." However, a young man, who was there, did indict and prosecute the leaders in the disturbance, and they were very heavily fined. The good people, now somewhat aroused, got up a petition to close the saloons on Sunday, and this was done at once; and they were kept closed only while the

good people watched. After this we were given the protection of law by the mayor of the city and his officers, and we continued to have meetings every Sunday evening until the churches were again opened for regular services. I believe much good resulted from this effort. After this these street meetings were kept up four years by the pastors during their summer vacations, and there was never any further disturbance of them. For all this, and for God's help and protection in the hours of trial, and for the good that has come from these meetings, my heart sings, "All glory to His great Name," for my soul was made happy and glad in all this trouble and work for the Master, and in fighting the devil and his helpers from the saloons. A Universalist said to me: "There are many devils, and you will find one in every bar-room in this city." I believe so too, and besides these, many in the street are their allies, and his grand head-quarters of camps and supplies is found in the distilleries and breweries of the land. How any man who makes and sells this fire of hell, to ruin and damn his fellow-men, can yet hope for other than the fires of hell for his own portion after death, is not easy for me to see. The devil has deceived and is deceiving them, and leading them blindly to his own hot lair, seasoned with eternal sorrows and burnings of soul. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord." After such sowing, what will be the reaping?

I was once thus deceived, but God, by His

grace, led me out of the horrible pit, and has set my feet on the Rock of Ages, and has established my going. All praise to His holy name, for ever more. O, that men would see His goodness and mercy, and receive them to their soul's salvation.

LEAVING THE NAIL-MILL TO WORK FOR
THE LORD.

In the summer of 1880, I began to feel the call of the Lord to leave my work at the nail mill and spend all my time in mission work of some kind for the Lord. I had much prayer over it for some months, and many talks about it with a christian brother. I often prayed for direction as to what work to take up. I had not long to wait. A call came from the American Tract Society to work for them.

In the nail-mill I made \$75 to \$100 per month, and on a good run more than that, sometimes \$125 per month. But I had not asked God as much for money as I had to lead me in the work He wanted me to do, without regard to money. Only to serve Him in doing good if He wanted me to work for Him in any field, to save lost souls. This the Lord gave me. Friends and ministers gave me good recommendations to the American Tract Society, and soon here came \$200 worth of books, tracts, &c., to commence on, and a commission from them, giving me \$30 per month for services. Out of that \$30 I paid

all of my own expenses. I confess it looked small in my eyes at first, but I remembered my prayer to God, and this His answer had come. So I went cheerfully and courageously to this work, and had great joy in it.

One day I met Rev. W., who said: "Brother K., have you received your commission yet?"

"Yes, Bro. W., I have just received it, and have resigned my place in the nail-mill to go to work at this. I'll soon be at it."

"But, Bro. K., how much do they pay you for your services?"

"Thirty dollars a month, and I pay my expenses out of that."

"O, Bro. K., don't go."

"Why not?"

"O, in the first place, you will not like the work. It is very hard work. Then, your pay is too small to make a decent living. Stay where you are. You will do better there, for your pay is three times as much there now."

This coming from a preacher of some note, was quite a temptation to me. I thought, "what shall I say to him?" "I'll say nothing now." For I was thinking of my prayer to God to lead me into His work, where and how he pleased, and I had not asked for pay, but to serve Him. He has heard my prayer. I'll not be a coward, and back out before I commence this work. So I only said: "Good day, Bro. W.," and on my way I went, feeling a little heavy.

Soon after this I met Bro. D., pastor of the

Baptist church, a godly man, full of God's love and of good works. After a few questions he said: "Bro. K., I am so glad your commission has come, and that you will soon be at a good work." Said he; "I have been praying for you for the last two years, that God would give you work, and take you out of that nail-mill, and now I thank God for this good news. But, Bro. K., I don't know how much you get in this work, but I know it will not be much, for the Tract Society can not pay much for colporteur work. But let me tell you, the devil will try to make you believe you can not live on that small sum of money, but don't you believe it, for God will provide, and He will bless you too in the work."

No one knows how much good these words did me. His words: "God will provide," has many a time been a great help to me. From then until now I have tried to be a living, faithful witness for the Saviour, and He has provided for me in all my ways, and met all my needs. All glory to His name. He has blessed my poor feeble efforts in leading many lost souls to salvation. I have at different times had many obstacles come in my way. The Lord has removed every one of them. I have found many good christian people in every town and city. Some have made it much more pleasant for me than others. In the city of Madison, all the good ministers of the gospel of Christ gave me their prayers and a helping hand. I worked with many in revival meetings, and God's rich blessings were with us. In New Albany, it

was of a like character. The good christian men and women helped me greatly in words and work, even in street meetings. I will never forget the godly man, Rev. H., thirty years pastor of one church. He prayed for me and for my work, and "may God bless you and your work," was often said by him. In that city, I must say that through the influence of personal invitations, many poor souls have accepted Jesus. Some were led to Him by the good tracts that were distributed.

In another town, I found four churches. Two preachers were living there. But there were very few families there that had family worship. In one of my street meetings I promised to give the best family Bible I had to any one who would give me the names of twelve families that had regular daily family worship, in that town, of four churches and two preachers and about 1200 inhabitants. One of the pastors said to me one day: "I am going to get that family Bible." I told him: "All right; I'll give it on the conditions named." Later he said: "Well, K., I'll give it up. They can't be found." I labored there for some time, but left that town of B. with the impression that there was very little religion in it. Professed christians there are asleep on the walls of Zion, while sinners are being lost.

In the town of S. I commenced revival meetings. Only three good faithful brethren promised to stand by me and pray for the success of the work and of the meetings. On the second night

eleven promised the same. The meeting continued three weeks, during which time one hundred and twenty souls confessed Christ. Of these sixty-one united with the M. E. Church, as these three godly men testified to me afterwards when I met them. The good old pastor in this place did not offer me much aid and comfort, however. His actions were opposed to this way of working.

I remember with great joy also the town of P. I was helping the godly pastor in a meeting, and while there, made my home with him. He was full of the Holy Ghost. Twenty-six souls in two weeks came to Christ. This people were so kind to me that I will never forget them. I found many good people and places to work for my Master, while in this Tract Society work.

However, it was not all smooth sailing, many opposed me, some would not listen to me, some would slam the door in my face, some would try to insult me, or swear at me fiercely.

COLPORTAGE.

The Colporteur is verily the one who, with his Bibles, Tracts, Sunday school work, religious conversations and preaching, goes out into the highways and hedges and invites everybody whom he meets to come into the kingdom of God and enjoy its blessings here and hereafter. He carries the word of God from house to house,

from shop to shop, from man to man, from woman to woman, everywhere he can reach them. No home is too grand for him to enter, nor any hovel too low. He goes everywhere, scattering the seed of the gospel of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. This work has been greatly blessed by the Lord, to the redemption of multitudes of souls. Often when the colporteur reaches a home, he finds that the Spirit of the Lord has been there before he came, and has fully prepared the way for his labors. The colporteur, unless he is possessed of a mighty and over-riding faith in Jesus, will often have many gloomy hours or days. He will meet with ridicule and defiant abuse; he will be cursed by men, have doors slammed in his face, be ordered from homes where he has a right to expect better things. But God is with the faithful colporteur, and will give him much reason for rejoicing in meeting with kind christians, and in leading souls to Jesus. These will more than repay in this life for all sad and sorrowful seasons, to say nothing of the great joy in heaven when souls brought to Jesus by means of this work, shall be brought in. O, what a day of rejoicing that will be!

For my part I would not exchange places with any man for merely better pay. Only a few months ago, a gentleman, knowing me and my work,, and that I was not then under pay, said to me: "Bro. K., will you not take \$200 a month, and work for me this summer?"

I said: "Bro S., yours is not religious work,

and I must decline the acceptance of your kind offer this time, for the good Lord has given me work and I have no right to lay it aside for the privilege of making more money."

The devil may and will often tempt us to leave the Lord's work for better pay, especially if we will only work against the Lord's cause. I am sorry to know that so many give heed to his temptations and so leave the active labor for the Lord. They bring great sorrows upon themselves in the way of burning conscience, spiritual starvation and final loss and desolation of the soul forever. If the devil can firmly plant in the heart a strong, over-ruling love for wealth, or fame, he has gained a very strong footing, where he can operate for the ruin of the soul. This is one of his fascinating, deceitful traps. He is a tricky, sly demon.

In the American Tract Society work as colporteur, I distributed by sale 2,298 volumes; granted to the poor 280 volumes, and gave away thousands of tracts. All of these were of a high religious character. I also held 365 public and prayer meetings. I found, of Protestant families habitually neglecting evangelical preaching, 2,008; families conversed and prayed with 4,380. Total number of families visited, 4,493. This is a part of one year's work. But words and figures fail to cover all that was done or that was wrought out for good in the Master's cause.

I will give the reader one day's work as it is recorded in my book. This was done in a village.

of 400 inhabitants, in Indiana, where there were three churches and three resident clergymen. There had not, however, for more than a year been any Sunday-school in that village. In one day, I found twelve families destitute of the Bible and many without the Testament. Religious books were seldom found, and there was no desire to buy them.

1. In the first family I visited, only the mother was a member of any church. No Bible.

2. Mother a church-member, very cold spiritually. The father and children were not professors.

3. A widow and seven children. She alone was a professed christian.

4. An aged mother in the church, smoking her pipe *manfully*.

5. Father and mother, living as christians, and maintaining daily prayer in the family.

6. Parents and children, all out of Christ. No Bible.

7. Father and mother in the church, but cold and indifferent in religious matters.

8. Mother once a professor, but is now a backslider. Father and children all out of the church. No Bible. Spiritually, a dark, gloomy home.

9. All of the family are out of the church and out of Christ.

10. Same.

11. A widow, a church-member, but has no Bible.

12. Father and mother in the church.

13. Parents and children, all out of Christ. No Bible.

14. Father and mother in the church.

15. A preacher and family.

16. Father and mother, both infidels.

17. Same.

18. Parents and children, all back-sliders.

19. Father a whisky dealer, mother and two children once in the church, but now cold. No religion at home.

20. Mother in the church, father and children not.

21. Saloon-keeper. No Christ; no religion.

22. Mother in the church, but no evidence of Christ in the heart. Others all indifferent about religion.

My sales for that day amounted to \$1.15; very small; but it was a happy day for my soul, for my Lord was with me all the day.

About July, 1884, after being up to that time in the above society's work, the American Bible Society called for me to come to Louisville, Ky., to do its colporteur work in that city. The call had been entirely unsought, and I believed it was from the Lord. I therefore accepted the call. His blessings also followed me in this great work. He was with me in this great wicked city. His grace has always been sufficient for me in all my work. Many poor homes were made happy by the word of God, left with them or sold to them, in this blessed work. In the first year of my work many accepted Christ.

In a service of 328 days I visited 10,417 families, found 1,484 families without any Bible. Sold or donated 1,306 Bibles.

Now I will give a day's work as colporteur in the Bible Society in the city of Louisville. January 13, 1885. This is among the poorest class of the people, just like we may find in any large city in the land.

1. Club-room; found three young men playing cards.

2. Family; father and mother in the church, but none of the children, though all are grown.

3. Two old people; one in the church, but have no Bible or Testament in their house. Gave them a Testament with large print.

4. Father and mother once in the church, but not so now. Been seven years in the city. No Bible or Testament. Gave them one and had prayer with them. They promised they would again attend church regularly.

5. Catholics; had Protestant Bible.

6. Father Catholic, mother in no church. No Christ, no Bible. Gave them one and had prayer with them.

7. Protestant, in the church.

8. Protestant, in no church. No Christ, no Bible. Sold them one and had prayer.

9. Old lady, aged 83. No Bible, but had a Testament. Had prayer with her.

10. Mother in the church. No Bible or Testament. Father in no church. No christianity here. Sold a Bible and had prayer.

11. Catholic. No Bible. Sold one for half-price.

12. Protestant; no Bible; slammed the door in my face.

13. A christian family, but not just now in any church. Had prayer.

14. A woman; saloon-keeper's wife. No Bible or Testament. Gave her one. Promised to buy one soon, and also to attend church and live a christian life.

15. Catholic; no Bible; sold one. The wife attends church, the husband saloons.

16. Mother Catholic; father Protestant, but no religion.

17. Protestant, in the church. Spiritual life low.

18. Catholic.

19. Catholic; no Bible; sold them one.

20. Protestant, in the church.

21. Catholic; no Bible; sold one for half-price.

22. Saloon; seven men in it that made light of me, of my work, of churches and christians.

23. Catholic; but the good old lady claims that the American Bible Society and the Protestant Bible are the devil's work, and that I was the agent, doing his work. She therefore ordered me from the house in short metre.

24. Catholic, and good family; had no Bible. Sold one; had prayer with them. They invited me to come again and have religious talk with them.

25. Protestant; no Bible; in no church; have

no Christ. Sold Bible for half-price, and had prayer with them. They promised me they would accept Christ and attend church services.

26. Catholic ; no Bible, (drunken husband).

27. Protestant lady ; backslider ; husband a drunkard.

28. Catholic ; no Bible ; sold one for half-price, and had prayer with them.

29. Saloon ; three infidels therein. These ridiculed me and the Lord's work and people.

30. Jewish family ; Bible, Old and New.

This is a fair sample of the needs of mission work in our midst. Most of the rich and well to do people have Bibles, but how much or how little they are used I will have to leave the reader to judge. The great God will judge some day, that is sure. But this is also true, if all who are really christian people would do their whole duty to their neighbors there would be no spiritual poverty, starvation and desolation within our borders. Then a colporteur would not be able to find 1,484 families without the Bible in one year of his work.

I have found the greatest obstacles to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ to be the fact that so few professed christians are willing to live consecrated, godly lives ; to do the work as it comes to hand ; to work in their own neighborhood, their own families, and their own churches. Many perhaps might work if they could choose their own way and work. But our Master knows best what is needed and where we should work,

and if we let Him lead and we follow Him intently, doing all He points out to us, we shall be happy and useful instruments in his hands for good.

Another great shame to so many christian families is, that they have no family worship, no reading of the Bible, no blessing at the table. Only a very small per cent. of church members have family prayer or secret devotions, or reading of the Bible with any regularity. They do not know how much comfort they are losing by such neglect of duty.

I was once in a Sunday-school, and the secretary came to the Bible class and asked: "How many chapters in the Bible each one had read during the week!" Some said one each day; some said part of a chapter; some, none at all. Then she came to the pastor; "How many have you read?" "None at all," was his reply. I thought, "Well, well, what a preacher!"

How can we expect God's blessing, if we neglect His Word and fail to call upon Him for help? These are the christian's means of growth in grace, *i. e.*, Bible study, prayer and attending God's sanctuary to worship with His people, and family devotions. If we neglect them we shall die spiritually, and as surely as one will starve without eating. Such souls have no desire or power to work for God at all. Every spiritual effort is a burden to them. If a man has pure religion in his heart, he must have

it also in his family in some way, and by that we shall know them and how they stand with God. Family worship is very, very often blessed to the conversion of the children and of those who may visit or be employed there.

CARD PLAYING.

One day, as I was going from house to house, at one place a young lady came to the door and invited me in. She was kind and pleasant to me and seated me in the parlor. I stated my calling, but she knew me and of my work. We had a very pleasant talk. But there was something in that room that does not belong to a christian family. I asked her, "What is your standing and that of the family in relation to the church? Are you members of any church?"

"O, yes, all of us belong to — church."

"Then you claim to be a christian too?"

"To be sure, I do."

"But my good lady, I see something here that does not belong in a christian home."

"Why, Bro. K., what do you mean by that?"

"Simply this, here is a deck of cards on the center table, and there lays your family Bible down in the corner. Now let me tell you what has happened. Last night you came home from church with your young friend. Then some one took the Bible from the table and laid it there where it now is. Then you had a game of cards, and that on Sunday evening, too. I can also

safely say that before you retired that Bible was not read; nor was it read this morning, and it may be you could not or did not say your prayers before you retired."

"But, Bro. K., what harm is there in card playing? Hosts of church members do it, as you very well know."

"Yes, but that does not make it right; some church members do some very wicked deeds, but because they are professed christians that does not make the deeds right."

"Well, why is card playing wrong?"

"It's associations in connection with saloons, gamblers and wicked people ought to be enough to forever condemn it. But the trouble is also that it leads our young people directly into a terrible temptation."

"I do not see just how."

"Well, there was your young friend, who played with you here last night. Why should it be any more harm for him to play in some hotel or bar-room than right here. Certainly if it is good enough for your parlor it is good enough for those places. Well, here he might not be tempted to gamble. There he would surely be tempted to try a stake, if he is easily led. Soon he becomes a real and regular gambler."

"But he never visits those places."

"Does he love the game much?"

"Yes, sir. He is very fond of it."

"Then when he can not get this amusement in somebody's parlor, he will get it some where

else. Mark what I tell you. He is in danger now, as sure as you live."

"You may be right, I never looked at it as a leader to such places."

"Another thing, Miss ——, You may call to your mind every professed christian whom you know to be a card player, and you will not find one of them that is possessed of any considerable spiritual consecration, or that is noted for his spiritual works, or liberality in the church or out of it; or one that has family worship in his home, and very probably not one that ever takes any part in public worship. Now, how far have I missed it among your acquaintances?"

"You have hit it quite well, but then —"

"More than that, such christian professors hinder the work of Christ in the world. They become stumbling blocks and lead young men to gambling hells, saloons, and on down to the pit. Their influence is all that way."

"You are very cruelly hard on us."

"I hope the Lord may have mercy on you and lead you out of this great danger to your soul. May I bid you good day, and if you quit this you may yet be lead to Christ."

"Good day, sir."

Such cases make my heart ache. Card-playing, dancing, betting and drinking church-members are the devil's own laughing-stock. They are spots and ugly blotches on the fair banner of the cross. They are those "who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and to go to hell

in, and no mistake. The devil deceives them, and gilds the way for them, making them think wrong is right and right is wrong, even as Isaiah, in the fifth chapter of his prophesy has said thirty centuries ago.

I give another instance of one class of so-called christians I meet with. One day I came into a house. The lady of the house was there. After some talk, I learned they had no Bible at all, but were church-members and the husband a Sunday-school teacher.

“Will you buy a Bible? I have different styles and prices. None are very costly, you see, but all are very well bound and clear print.”

“None of those are good enough. I want a better looking Bible.”

“Well, I will bring you a gilt-edge and better looking style to-morrow, then.”

“All right,” she said.

On the next day, I took the Bible worth \$1.50, cost-price. I found her music teacher there. I had noted that her parlor and rooms were very well furnished. On entering I said: “I have brought you that Bible, as I promised. Will this one do?”

“Yes, that will do, but I have no money, to-day. I must pay my music teacher.”

“I will trust you, if you will tell me when you will have the money, so I can get it.”

“I can not say when, and will not set a time for you to come for it.”

“Then I can not leave this Bible, but I will

give you one of our common Bibles, if you accept it."

Now there was trouble. She said: "I can buy one, sir. I've got more money than you have, I believe."

Here was the old devil showing his horns, sure enough. Poor, miserable woman! What shall I do with this poor soul? Too proud to receive a Bible as a gift, and not willing to pay for one. Even now she has tried to insult me for offering her one. After a moment's consideration I said: "Good lady, I must tell you one thing before I leave you. You say you are a member of —— church and that your husband is a Sunday-school teacher."

"Yes sir, I doo."

"Well, in these two rooms, I believe, there is not less than \$800 worth of furniture and fixtures, and not a Bible or Testament in the house. Now the Master has said 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If we may judge by the standard our Lord thus set up, I then am made to believe that you and your husband have not one spark of true christian religion in your hearts."

Now there was an explosion, fire and tow fly-ing all around everywhere, and her reply reminded me very much of a cat when you step on her tail, "You! you! you! &c." I was expecting every moment to be landed in the street. But I stood my ground, Bible in hand, pleading the threats and promises of God's Word. How can such people be real christians?

These are cases that cause me very great sorrow. For such people can only be false lights, that lead souls to wreck on ruinous breakers. To be a church-member and yet not a christian, *i. e.*, not converted; not “born again,” is to stand on false ground and within the devil’s lines. “He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.” Whoever is not “born again” is not saved, whether he be a church-member or not. The devil allures many souls to ruin through these false professions. O, dear reader, in the church or out of it, look well to your standing with God. Seek the unfailing evidences of regeneration, and be satisfied with nothing less. Then all will be well. If you are a true christian you will not be satisfied out of the church, for that is God’s own fold. If you are not converted, and yet are in the church, fly from your false position, for the devil will only lull you to a dangerous sleep there, if he possibly can do so. Jesus said, “Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again.”

Hoping this little book may be a profit to christians in quickening them to the work of the Master, and may be a help to others to guide them out of the ways of Satan into holy living, I will close this part of it by saying: the way to fight the devil successfully is to follow the teachings of the Scripture promptly and thoroughly, and thus to seek and follow Jesus. Also, when you have found Him, then do all that the Word of God and the leading of the Spirit prompts

you to do, and you will conquer him, in the Lord's name, and come off victorious every time. Try it, reader, try it for yourself. God will not fail you. "The Scripture can not be broken."

INCIDENTS IN THE WORK FOR THE AMERICAN
TRACT SOCIETY.

The following are a very few of the interesting incidents that occurred in the duties that fell upon me as colporteur for the A. T. Society. They are not given so much to exhibit what I have done as to show my readers that they, too, may accomplish great things for the Master. I do not mean great, as men count greatness, for I am but a poor, unworthy sinner, saved by His grace, working in the Master's vineyard to help gather His vintage. This work is humble, difficult and trying; often testing a man's mettle and grace to the very utmost. But it is great in view of eternity. If one soul is of more value than all the material world we live in, then to be the means in God's hands of saving one soul is better than to be a Roman conqueror, an Alexander, a Napoleon or a Wellington. The divine victory, won in leading a soul to Jesus Christ, will shine on in the ceaseless ages of eternity; but a military achievement and its glory will perish when time ends with us here.

1. One day, I gave a small tract to a christian young lady. She was corresponding with a

young man in the far west. She sent the tract to him in a letter. He replied to her: "Miss —, I thank you for that tract. It fit my case exactly. It came just at the right time too. I was sick, and so I took time to consider its contents. It has led me to believe in and accept Christ as my Saviour. I will offer myself to the church as soon as opportunity is afforded. Again, I thank you for that little tract." Reader, see how exactly the Lord met this young man with the means of saving grace just in the right time. If you will seek Him, He will meet you also. Then you, too, if not already a true christian, can also find Jesus precious to your poor soul, and you may lead others to Him.

2. In the city of M., I was passing through a carpenter's shop, giving every man a tract, and asking them if they were christians. None of them could say they were. Some were backsliders. About a week later, one of the young men of that shop came to me and said: "That tract has caused me a great deal of trouble since you gave it to me." I asked him to explain how that could be. Said he: "I was once a good church member, but I have not been in any church for over eight years."

"So, you have forsaken the Lord."

"Yes, that is about it."

"Very well. The Lord says, 'Return unto me, and I will return unto you.' His promises are sure to all who will follow Him. Can't you do that?"

“Well Sir, I don’t know. I’ll try.”

We had further words as to duty, repentance, faith and God’s loving promises. Next night, he was with me at church, promised to serve the Lord. He did so, too, as long as I knew him after that.

3. In the same city, I handed two gay young ladies each a tract. They made light of the tracts and of me also. A christian lady who saw me give them these tracts testified as follows: “A young man came that way pretty soon; he was an intemperate fellow. He would not attend any church, and his character was about of the same stripe as that of the two young women. One of these said to him, ‘John, here is something for you. Read it; it will just suit your case.’ He took the tract, read it and became a regular attendant at church from that time on as long as she knew him.”

4. In the same city I went one day, in my rounds, into a saloon. Found two men there; gave to each one a tract, and asked them to quit their evil way of living and come to Jesus Christ for the salvation of their poor lost souls. Next day one of these men came to me, and thanked me for the tract and for what I had said, stating, “I will live a better life hereafter. I will give up these saloons; serve the Lord, and seek to make heaven my home.” He had been a gross back-slider. I hope his return to the Lord was real and forever. He was better for the time at least.

5. In the town of N. V., one day Brother S. sent to me a dollar, saying, "Use the worth of this in tracts for free distribution, wherever it seems best to do so." I had a meeting in the M. E. Church at night. After the close of the meeting I took about thirty cents' worth of tracts and went to the saloons to give them to whoever I might find there. It was Saturday night about 9 o'clock. A good time to find saloons full of customers, and for mission work among them in these dens of sin. The first saloon had only two customers in. The second had about thirty-five men and boys drinking, playing cards, smoking and talking as only men in such a devil's hole can talk. They call it, "having a good time." Really, it is only fitting themselves for a bitter hell for all eternity. O, if men could only see the outcome of such a life! I gave to each one a tract, saying, as I did so, "Please read and may God have mercy on your soul." After quoting a few words from the Bible, I left them. All treated me very kindly there.

As I left that saloon, a good looking and well-dressed man followed me out, saying, "That tract you gave is just fit for me. I have a good christian mother, and she has been praying for me these many years. But you see I am a bad man and a great sinner. Can I be saved? Will God ever forgive me for all my awful sins?" By this time the tears were pouring down his cheeks, and he choked up too full to speak any further just then. I gave him God's word of promise to

save any and all who would come to Him repenting of and forsaking their sins; that He would not reject any who would thus come unto Him. He thanked me and promised to accept Christ and live a christian life. Whether he fully did so or not, I can not tell. But this shows the power, under God's Spirit, of these little tracts and few words from the Bible, to move very wicked men even in the midst of these dens of hell. How wonderful is God's love and grace to reach after poor sinners, even when far gone in sin.

6. In the same town I observed a crowd of men gathered together. On approaching I saw two men were in a quarrel and likely to fight, and this crowd was bullying them on and watching to see the fight. They called it "fun." Taking a package of tracts and getting at the two men who were the chief actors in this fiendish work, I handed to each of them a tract, saying, "Please read; here is something very important and perhaps new to you." I then gave one to each and every man in that crowd. All commenced reading them. They had no fight. This plan broke it up. But one man cursed me roundly, and the tracts too. He said, with abundant oaths, "You have spoiled all our fun in upsetting this fight." I was glad, of course, and made very happy at such a prompt and good result.

7. In 1881, while in the small town of D., in Indiana, I met a Mr. Show, a lumber dealer, from Pennsylvania. He was full of the love of God and of good works. Seeing my work and

the method of work, he said to me one day: "Brother K., I will send you some tracts suitable for distribution in saloons, on the railroads, and among the poor people." He did so. I think he has sent to me about \$50 worth of tracts, all of which I have distributed free in this work. They have done very great good many times, and some have been led to believe in Jesus and to lead better lives by them.

Apropos to the foregoing. I was introduced in the city of S. to a gentleman, by one of my friends. "O, yes," said he, "I remember you very well. On the 6th of last June you gave me a tract at the depot."

"Did I," said I. "I hope it was all good and right for you then."

"Yes, sir, that tract just hit me where I lived. It was good and fit my case to a dot. It hit me pretty square, you see."

"Glad of that, I am sure, and thank the Lord for it, too."

"Well, sir, I sent that tract home to my wife, in Washington, and what do you think she said about it?"

"I could not tell. Same as you say for yourself now, I hope."

"That's just it, exactly. She writes me, 'It is good, and has done much good to me.' I wrote to my wife to send it back; but she said she could not do it, for she gave it to two young ladies, and they gave it to their young gentlemen friends."

That tract, you see, did much good in passing

from hand to hand. It was a long leading tract. Many keep it, and some are led to conversion by it. See how God meets men on the way of life, by His kind providence in giving them just the right word or means to lead them to salvation just when they need it, and are in the mood to receive it. He meets every man thus many times in this life, but the trouble with many is, as Jesus says: "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life." "The devil catches away the seed."

8. I met a drunkard in the street one day, and gave him a tract, saying, "please read this." He did as requested, not only once but several times, over and over. Presently he said: "Yes, this is just suited to me." The tears were now streaming down his cheeks. He promised me he would henceforth lead a sober life, and accept Jesus Christ as his Helper and Saviour. I met him some time after this, and he had kept that promise to remain sober up to that time, but I do not know that he became a christian. Here was at least temporary good done.

In five years I have distributed over 200,000 tracts on railroad cars, steamboats, in churches, school-houses, saloons, in private families and everywhere I have gone, where I could find human beings to give them to. God's richest blessings have been upon many of them, in many hundreds of instances, and some—very many, I think—have thus been led to know Jesus as their personal Saviour, to the joy of their souls. For all this I shall ever sing: "All

glory to God, for all His goodness to me and to those thus led into the way of life.”

9. I am well acquainted with a very excellent, Godly Pastor, who was much interested in the conversion of two young ladies in his neighborhood and congregation. He selected two tracts and gave one to each, and his prayer for God's blessing on them. In a few days he had the pleasure of receiving both of them into the church upon very decided evidence of their conversion. With them also came a third young lady and was also received. This was several years ago. All these three have been active workers in the church and Sunday-school ever since, and are so still. One of the young ladies attributed her first serious impression to the tract this pastor gave to her.

10. I know another pastor, who, about the same year, was holding a protracted meeting. He was much interested in the salvation of a young lady, who was a servant at the home of a most excellent but worldly family. He had very little opportunity to speak to her personally, but gave her a tract, suited to her case. In a few weeks he had the pleasure of accepting her into his church on very clear evidences of conversion. The little tract had great power with her. Recently he saw her again, *i. e.* five years after her conversion, and although she is mistress of a home in a wicked place and has an unconverted husband, she is still living as she states a consistent christian life.

11. In another instance, more recently, that same pastor had in his congregation a man who was, or had been, quite a skeptic. Great effort was made to move him out of his error, and many private prayers were offered for his conversion. During a protracted meeting there the Pastor had given a little girl, who had been recently converted, a tract to give to one of her classmates at school. She somehow was constrained to give it to the gentleman above referred to. It was an appeal based upon God's love for lost souls. It seemed to fit him exactly. He was already under conviction. The little tract seemed to be the very means needed to turn the scale. After reading it and pondering about the love of God to save him, he decided to accept salvation on God's own terms of divine love, and did so at once, to the great joy of his own soul and that of his friends.

Cases like the foregoing might be greatly multiplied, but these are enough to show how God honors such humble means of grace to lead souls to salvation in Jesus Christ.

THE EFFECTS OF THE READING OF GOOD BOOKS.

In the town of P. was a young lady who was seeking peace for her soul. She was one of those who was governed by feeling rather than by believing. (This is another one of the devil's tricks. He makes every body, if he can, believe that they must feel so and so, in order to be saved ;

when he knows well enough that God's Word does not say anywhere that "you must feel so and so." But it does say you must believe. Reader, look out for this trick of the devil. He will fool you right there if he possibly can.) Well, in this way, the young lady could find no peace to her soul, no rest for her mind and conscience. It was all feeling, feeling. "I don't feel as I ought in order to be a christian."

I gave her the little book entitled "The Blood of Jesus." She promised me she would read it and pray over it. In a few days from that time she got up in the prayer meeting and said: "I have learned that it is not feeling so and so that makes me a christian, but it is believing in Jesus as my Saviour that makes me one." She confessed Christ then and there as her individual Saviour, and was indeed a converted soul. That little book has done a world of good in leading souls to Jesus.

In the town of M., I sold a good many copies of the "Life of Uncle John Vassar," or "The Fight of Faith." Before I left there the B. church called a minister. He was a godly man, full of love for lost souls. He commenced a revival meeting at once, but the church was cold. The Sunday-school was small, about 100 to 110 pupils. About a month after that time, Bro. B. wrote me these words: "Bro. K., I have just closed our revival meeting with seventy additions to the church. The Sunday-school has 180 to 200 pupils. Prayer meetings are good. Uncle John

Vassar (that book you sold) has done very much good here. It is a most excellent book, and well calculated to move sinners and quicken the spiritual life of believers who will read it."

I met a brother in the church, a Mr. S., in the town of W., and as I was talking to him about his soul's condition, I found he was very cold in religion. He indeed confessed the same freely, and that he was not enjoying the presence of his Saviour as he had done in other times. Said he: "I can not sleep good at night for this trouble." I advised him to read this book, "Uncle John Vassar," and it would help him out of his spiritual trouble. He bought it. A week later, I saw him again. He said; "Uncle John is a good book, and it has done me good to read it." After some talk about it and his improved spiritual state, I said to him: "I have another book that will suit you well, and if you follow its teachings it will lead you into a happy spiritual life."

"Ah, so. Well, what have you got now?"

"The title is 'The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.'"

"Good name, sure enough. I'll take it, I believe, and see if it is as good as 'Uncle John.'"

About a month later, I met him again. He was a new and happier man. Said he: "Bro. K., I can sleep good now, and my health is very much better, and more than that, I thank you very much for selling me those books. I would not take \$500 for the good experience I got out of those books."

“Then you got the worth of your money?”

“O yes, many times over too.”

“I am happy to hear it, and rejoice with you.”

Two years later, I met him again, and said :

“Bro. S. how goes it now with your soul?”

“O, pretty well.”

“Do you remember those two books yet?”

“Yes, indeed. I have not finished thanking you for them yet. They have done me a world of good right along, since I read them. I have had a happy experience ever since, by reading them and following their teachings.”

In my work of colporteur I have had many experiences with cold christians, back-sliders and sinners, in inducing them to read good books of some kind. Back-sliders have been reclaimed and sinners have been converted. The Bible has been brought nearer to them, and they have set their faces towards the God of Zion.

To the young, the reading of good religious books lays a solid foundation on which to build the future life and hope of usefulness. I know a man well who said: “I read, when a boy, the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and its wholesome lessons have been a help to me all along my life.” I know another who read the life of “Headley Vicars,” many years ago, when but a youth, and he became so impressed with the character and christian example of that godly man, that he never forgot its good impressions and always felt its tendency to lift him into a much better life. It is now thirty years since he read it, and he feels

its power for good yet. The tide of life for good and for usefulness has been turned in the right direction thousands of times by the use and reading of good books. The Bible is the prince of all books for good to our souls.

The reverse of this is true of evil literature. It is the very poison of hell. It is the strong device of the devil to catch unwary souls. It is the power of evil that stands next to intemperance, in the ruin of our fellow men. It vitiates the mind, ruins the conscience, destroys the soul in hell, and that without remedy, while the practice is continued. A bad book or paper is one of the worst companions any one can have to lead them into folly and sin. It is the devil's seed of desolation to souls.

One day, as I came home from my work as colporteur, a man about 45 years old, met me and asked:

“Can you tell me where I can get the little book entitled ‘The Peep Of Day?’”

“Yes sir, I can; I have it for sale now.”

Said he, “That is fortunate. When I was a boy I read that book and I was so taken up with it that I believed it to be about the best book that ever was written.”

“So, so; and now you want it again?”

“Yes, Sir; I have asked about every bookseller I have met about that little book, but have not been able to get it so far.”

“I will furnish it to you.”

“All good. I want it for my children, and hope

it may impress them as it did me for leading a better life.”

Now we see, here was a little book that had so impressed its teachings for good upon this man's life and character, that it was in a large measure the making of him in point of usefulness, as he acknowledged to me in our conversation. O, if parents could only see how their children's readings do impress them for good or evil, they certainly would be more careful as to the quality of all literature that comes into their homes, and would see to the high moral and religious tone of all that their children read. Bad literature in a family, read by the sons and daughters, is the leaven of deadly poison that will ruin the whole life and soul. It is a real devil-trap.

Not long since a pastor whose eyes are open to such evils, found the photograph of one of our distinguished infidels on the center table of one of his christian friends. He was surprised and pained at this little pointer, which indicated the probability that literature of that kind was being read by parents and the young men of the family, of whom there were several. That pastor was not surprised to find this brother very loose in his christian habits, loose in his talk, loose as to Sabbath-keeping, church-going, Bible doctrine and all that ; nor was he surprised to find that the boys—young men—were looser still, having little or no respect for the christian religion or the gospel, and going to the bad but too rapidly. Such is the way the devil edges himself into our

christian homes, and if we will allow him he will soon drive all love of pure religion out of heart, out of life and out of home, and carry us to hell at last.

THE BIBLE IS THE BOOK OF ALL BOOKS.

More homes are made happy and pure by this one Book than by all others. Yes, more than that, I will say, and truly I believe, that whatever power any book has to make the race of men better, and to lead souls to a truly happy life, that power is derived from and sustained by the teachings of the Bible. True liberty, freedom from idolatry and oppression have their source in the Bible. Serfdom for the masses, and all the cruel devices of the darkest ages of the world would be upon us now and here, and all over the world, but for the purifying, elevating, enlightening and christianizing power of the Word of God.

About the year 1881, I came into the town of N. M. Here I found two families without the Bible. One of these families was very poor. Had not a line of religious reading matter in the house. They claimed to be too poor to send any of their children to Sunday-school. Father and mother out of Christ and away from the church. I gave them a Bible, which they promised to read. They also said they would send their children to Sunday-school.

A year later, I came to that same town, and this is the testimony of a lady Sunday-school

worker. She said: "Brother K., your work has done much good in our midst. Do you remember the two families to whom you gave Bibles, and they promised to read them and go to Sunday-school!"

"O yes, Ma'am, I remember them well."

"Those children have attended Sunday-school the year through, and never missed once."

"No, not so good as that," I said.

"Yes, sir, just that; and their homes are more like homes, too, than they were before."

"That," said I, "is just what the Bible does for all people who will use it as they ought. All glory to God for his blessed Word."

In 1882, I found a family that had a Bible, but the old man said: "I have not read a word in it for twenty years. Before that time I used to read it, but as I could not understand it and it gave me much trouble, I made up my mind not to read it any more, and so I just laid it up there in the cupboard."

I asked the wife as to her spiritual standing.

"O, I am with my husband. I could not understand it, and so quit reading too. No use to read what we could not see through."

Dear reader, do you see here what a sharp trick that old devil was playing on these two souls. He had lulled them to sleep, and would have them kept there until he could drag them down to hell. He was doing here what he is doing for thousands and thousands more. It is a trick of his to deceive and to decoy souls into his hot lair,

only to laugh at them for their folly when they find it is too late to help themselves or too late to call on God for help. Do not allow the devil to make a fool of you in such a way as this.

But before I left that house I got down that old neglected Bible, read a chapter and talked to them of its simplicity and ease of being understood. They promised me they would try once more to read and understand it. Before two weeks were gone by the mother and her daughter claimed to have found peace with God. The father was reading and seeking in the good old way. He, with wife and daughter, before long realized its truth, and the statements made in Psalm xix, 7, 10, became true with them also, as well as with David: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the dropping of the honey comb."

This "Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. i. 16.

One day, in my rounds, I came to a man drunken, bloated and filthy. He had no Bible or Testament in his home, but was willing to read

one if I would give it to him. He claimed to be too poor to buy any; so I gave him a Testament with large print. About four weeks later, I met a christian lady who lived near him. She said: "Brother K., I have good news for you."

"Glad to hear that. What is it?"

"Do you remember that family you visited near us—the poor bloated drunkard?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I do."

"You gave the man a Testament, I think."

"Yes."

"That old man was one of the worst drunkards and the most profane man I ever saw. He would come home drunk every night, and curse and raise a great racket, to the discomfort of everybody in that neighborhood."

"Yes; I know he was a hard one. But how is it with him now? Is he dead?"

"O no. My news is good, not sad. Indeed, he is quite a new man, and vastly different from what he was before you gave him that Testament. It has been salt to him so far, I am sure."

"That is good news, certainly."

"Yes, and I thought I must tell you of it, as it might encourage you to do better work and more of it; for I know you are treated rough sometimes, especially when people slam doors in your face."

Yes, dear reader, this is an example of what the Bible will do for a man who will take it and read it and live by it. "It is the power of God unto salvation" to *you, if you will believe and practice its teachings.*

The story is told by one of our missionary workers in Asia, of a woman who was converted to God by hearing the preaching of the gospel by one of our missionaries. She desired to become a member of the church. Her husband, who was a heathen idol-worshipper, told her she should not, and he would kill her if she did confess Christ and forsake her gods. Time went on apace. She could wait no longer. So, at last, she was received into the church. On her return home, as soon as her husband found it out, he gathered his butcher knife and chased her through the streets of Mulmain to kill her. She escaped him, however, and he was restrained from his murderous deed.

When he became pacified, he took her to his home again. The good woman lived out the teaching of the gospel so tenderly, kindly, patiently and persistently, that her husband was constrained to acknowledge that there was something in its power after all, that was not found in his heathen religion. He began to heed the Scriptures and to listen to them, then to read and study them, and soon he was led into the church, as gentle as a lamb. Just so the Bible is the power to lead souls upward toward God, whenever they will heed its teachings. "If any man will do the will of God, *he shall* know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak this of myself." John vii. 17.

A FEW INCIDENTS IN PERSONAL EFFORTS WITH
THE BIBLE AND FAITH IN GOD'S GRACE
TO SAVE LOST SOULS.

In 1881, as I was engaged in the colporteur work, of visiting from house to house, talking of Jesus to the people, reading and praying with them, I found great pleasure in it, and met many good people, and some also who opposed me bitterly, even abusing me roundly.

In one family, I was reading the Scripture and praying with an old father and his daughter. The man of the house came in and ordered me away in no very polite terms, and with many angry words. This man was a church member too, but as he confessed, was not converted. I visited him at his place of business day by day for a week. Had much conversation with him about his lost condition; about the love of God for his soul; and of the Saviour who died and arose again that he might be saved. He finally turned from his evil ways, looked to Jesus for help, and was, I think, converted to God. He became a warm and loving friend to me and to the work I was engaged in. He and his family were thus made happy by the great change in him.

The devil makes many mistakes and often overdoes himself in the abuse of the Lord's children and church, just as this man did, and when common sense and decency assume the throne again, they swing over to the Lord's side and stay right

there, because they see it is much wiser, happier and better for them in this life and the life to come to be with the Lord, than to serve the devil and be lost in hell for ever.

In the town of B. I was holding a meeting, one Sunday night. At the close of the service, a christian lady came to me and asked me to visit her home before leaving the place. Said she resided about a mile out of town. I promised I would do so. Next day, I made my promise good. After a pleasant talk, reading and praying with her and her mother, I was in the act of leaving. Just then a young lady came into the room. I asked—after proper introduction and a few words of conversation—“Are you, too, a follower of Christ?”

“I am sorry to say I am not.”

“Have you a desire to become one !”

“I would gladly be one if I only could do so.”

I read a portion of Scripture suited to her case, had prayer again, and we had further conversation about the way to seek and to find Jesus. I told her that Jesus loved the sinner, and was waiting to receive her as his own child, that she had only to trust Him implicitly as her best Friend and Saviour, believing in Him with all the heart ; also to forsake sin, and she would find the peace she seemed to crave. Before leaving that home she gave her heart to the Lord and was made happy in Jesus' love. Afterwards I received a letter from the pastor of the church there, Rev. M. He wrote me: “Brother K., I think you

will be glad to hear that sister R. has united with the church here. She is a good christian lady. Dates her conversion from your visit to her home, and from that very day. May the Lord bless you in all your work." Praise the Lord.

In 1882, in the little town of O., I found a young man who was very sick. He was not a believer in Christ. The family were all skeptics or infidels, not believing in any God, heaven or hell. This young man gave me the opportunity to talk, read the Bible and pray with him. About a year after that time I was in that town again. That time I made my home with Rev. H., a godly minister in the Baptist church. He said: "Brother K., you were here about a year ago, and visited, in your work, a young man that was sick, but not a christian. His father was an infidel, not believing in the teachings of the Bible. Do you remember such a case here?"

"Yes, sir, I do very well."

"After you left here that young man said to his father: 'You have made me believe that there is no hell and no reality in the christian religion. But the Bible says there is, and I have made up my mind to follow Jesus as my Saviour, and to believe the Bible.' He sent for me. I found him soundly converted to the Lord. He was truly happy and trusting in Jesus. He thanked God for sending you to him, to lead him in the way of light and life."

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Here was only a small thing for me to do.

God blessed it. The light kindled there will doubtless shine in heaven for all the ages of eternity to come. Such evidences of God's blessings on this work give me strength to labor on for Him. Reader, if you are one of God's humble servants He will bless your efforts too. Try it. Sow the seed, then watch and wait for it to grow.

One day, while I was helping Rev. L. in a revival meeting, a brother came to me saying :

“My neighbor is sick. He is not a christian. You must come and see him before you leave this place.”

I said to him : “I can not do so, I think.”

The same day another came to me saying :

“Brother K., my neighbor, Mr. C., is sick and not converted. You must go to see him. As he is a German you can better talk to him than we can.”

I said : “I could not go then, but I will yet try to see him if I can.”

Saturday came. Brother L. made an appointment for me that Sunday at M. This brought me about three miles from the sick man's home. This was in February. A deep snow was on the ground, roads very bad ; but I must go and see the sick man. Reached his house about 10 A. M. Told him my name and calling. He was glad to see me ; found that he came from the same place in Germany that I had. I told him I had come there on purpose to lead him to accept Christ and to conversion if possible. He had been baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran

Church, and was in good standing with that body, but he could not understand my talk to him, or what I meant by conversion or being "born again." That portion of God's Word that speaks of these things was all a riddle to him. His belief was that honest living and church attendance after confirmation was all that was needed to save the soul. We read the Bible and had prayer with him and his family. This was something new to him. He was not used to hearing prayers. He promised me he would try and pray to God for the Holy Spirit to enlighten him in this matter, and to read some every day in the Bible. So I now left him in the hands of God.

In September of that same year I came home to Aurora feeling a little gloomy. But the Good Lord knows all these feelings. I soon met a good lady who said: "Brother K. I have good news for you. Last month Bro. C. died. But he was very happy, trusting in Jesus. I have heard him thank God many times for sending you to him, so as to lead him to conversion and to a saving knowledge of Christ." I could but say, "all glory to His name," for we are co-workers together with Christ, and our labors are not in vain in the Lord. Yes, He will bless all we do for Him in trying to save poor souls, if we labor in humble trust.

In 1885, while in the line of my duty, I stepped into a saloon. I found four men there playing cards; asked if any of them would buy a Bible.

One replied: "The cards are our bible, and we don't care for any other one."

I told them what their so-called bible was doing for them and for many men and families; that it "would make them homeless, friendless, moneyless and Godless; that it would cause the loss of their souls most unfailingly; that it could be only the devil's work; that they were doing his work faithfully, and he would reward them according to their works." I then told them what the true Bible would do; what it had done for poor souls, and the benefit it is to any poor soul who will believe it and practice its teachings. But one of them said: "The Bible is man's work. It is not the word of God at all. The churches are all humbugs. All these preachers and fellows like you are just preaching for money." He further said; "I am just as good as any man, if I do play cards."

I gave a tract to each one and left them. Just a week from that time, as I came home from my day's rounds at my work, I met this same man again. He said: "I am looking for you. I could not sleep that night, and I have come to beg your pardon for insulting you."

"O," said I, "my friend, I forgave you before I left the room that day. But you must ask God to forgive you also. It is against Him you have sinned."

He replied: "I have done that, but I must have yours too."

I gave it freely; but I asked: "What will you

do now ; live a better life and never play any more?"

He handed me his card after we had talked for some time, and invited me to come and see him. I could see he was melting, and was under conviction. So I gladly promised to do so. Five days later I found time to redeem my promise. Asked him then how it was with his soul. He replied : " Last night I joined the church, and am determined to strive to live a better life ; but pray for me, that I may be blessed and saved." As I left him he said, " come and see me again." In a few days I visited him at his home with his family. We had a pleasant hour. Had reading of Scripture and prayer, and he seemed to be happy with his family. Was he converted? I trust he was and believe he was.

On another occasion a godly sister, Mrs. S., directed me to a sick man. I went to his little room. He was very poor in this world's goods. Asked him of his standing with God, and of the pardon of his sins. He replied :

" I am not a christian, but would like to be. But I have been such a great sinner. Do you believe God will forgive such a wicked man as I am now and have been?"

I read him God's promises to the " weary and heavy laden ;" that " the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth from all sin ;" " Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out ;" and many more sweet gospel passages. We had prayer with him also. But he could not have faith in

Jesus, nor in God's Word. All was dark to him.

A few days later I visited him again, and found him still without hope of salvation. But I had faith in the power of God's Word to lead men to Jesus. I therefore read Romans v. 1: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Also the 8th verse: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." We had considerable talk and prayer before leaving him. He then and there found grace to believe in Jesus and found great peace and joy to his soul in believing in Him as his Saviour. O, the peace of soul he now had! How sweet.

He now desired to be baptized. I arranged to have Rev. B. to do this for him, and while this was being done his wife was also happily converted. This was in May. In August this man died in a happy faith in Jesus to save him. His temporal wants, while he lived, were attended to by a brother W., on whom I pray that God's richest blessings may descend for thus caring for one of the Lord's poor. He will not lose his reward. The cup of cold water is not forgotten.

While I was at my work in L., I went into a saloon and found two young men—one was the bar-keeper. I asked them to read Isaiah, the fifth chapter, pointing it out to them, saying "I am going up stairs to visit the family, and will be back here soon." As I returned, one of the young men asked: "Is this for me?" pointing to the

Bible. I said "Yes, sir; will you please give me your name?" They both did so. I remembered their families in M., and said: "Your mothers are good christian women, members of the M. E. Church in M."

"Yes, sir, that is so, and we are members here, too.

"No."

"Yes, sir, we are, but we are not living as christians at all. You can see that."

"Yes, I am sorry to say I do. You are on the very nearest route to hell." We had quite a talk over the situation. They promised me to pray over the matter. This was on Thursday. The next Monday I met the same two again in the street. One of them said: "Mr. K., I have quit my place in that saloon, and am going home to my mother. I shall do better hereafter, and I thank you for your kind words and prayers."

Mothers! fathers! have you a son away from home, or in some devil-trap and on his way to ruin? O, look after them, and look after those around you, too. Just what you do for some poor prodigal near to you, somebody will also probably do for your poor son if he ever needs it. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

While out visiting families in my work, a young lady met me and said, "O, Brother K., you have been the means of leading my sister to conversion and into the church, and I can not thank you enough for it. May the Lord bless you in your labor."

One day I stepped into a house where a colored family lived. The old lady said, "We are all members of the church but this young man here." I asked him, "Do you have any desire to be saved?"

"Yes, sir, I have; but somehow I don't feel right to be saved."

"It is not how we feel about it that saves us, but it is believing in Jesus as the Saviour of the soul, that saves us."

"Well, I don't believe then, I suppose."

"That is just it, exactly. Now let us read some of God's Word suited to your case, and see if God will not lead you to the Light of Life."

I read and prayed with him, and as he came to understand the Word he accepted Jesus at once by believing in Jesus Christ and His Word. I gave him a little book entitled, "The Blood of Jesus."

Four weeks later, as I entered the same place, the old lady said, "O, Brother K., my son has gone home, he died last week."

"How sudden and how very sad," I said.

"Yes, but he died happy, trusting in Jesus. While he was sick he would have us read from that little book every day to him, and he talked every day about you and your visit, and how you had led him to be saved."

This was joy to my soul. O, that christian people would work more to save the lost in sin, all around them everywhere.

Last month, while in the town of D., I met a

friend of mine. I told him all the good news from the "old country," from his father and mother. I told him, "Your father and mother are still praying for you." Then spoke to him some of the words of God to lost souls. Next morning he said to me, "K., I could not sleep last night. Your words made for me very much trouble. I feel that I must do something. I will give up my bad habits and do better."

"Yes," I said, "but you must accept Jesus too. It is well to reform, but you must give your heart to Jesus and be converted, or you can not be saved. Just doing better will not save you. Good works don't save the soul."

"I can see you are right again, and I am going to do as you say and follow out the guidance of this Bible."

Four days later I saw him again, and asked, "How is it now with your soul?" "I have given up all my case into the hands of Jesus and, Brother K., I am happy now in doing so, and I am going to try my best to serve God hereafter. I believe in Jesus as my Saviour."

As I was visiting from house to house one day, in L., a little girl stopped me by the way, and said: "Mr. K., can't you come and see my mother?"

"Why so? Does your mother wish to see me?"

"Yes, sir; she is very sick, and she told me she would like to see you, if she could find you."

"Where is your home?"

"On Clay Street, No.—, Don't you remember; you gave us a Bible last year?"

“Yes, I think I do. I will try to come and see you both soon. When will it be convenient for you to have me come?”

“O, any time. Right now, if it suits you. Then I’ll show you the way.”

I went. This was a very poor family. The father was a drinking man, and the mother but little better. She was not a christian; could not read a word. Satan was ruling the house. When I gave them the Bible and after some conversation with them as to their danger of eternal ruin, and need of salvation, they promised me that they would try to do better and to believe in Jesus. Said they “would go to church and seek to do right.”

One year had rolled by, when the little girl accosted me on the street. I went to her home, and found her mother prostrated in a sad illness, with little hope of recovery. After a little conversation, I asked her: “Have you kept your promise that you made to me, that you would accept Jesus as your Saviour? You remember the promise you made when I was here, do you not?”

“Yes, sir, I remember it, but I have not kept it.”

“Then you are not a christian.”

“No, sir. I attended church nearly every Sunday, until I took sick, but some how I could not believe. And then, Mr. K., how could I live as a christian ought to do? My husband won’t go with me, and you know his failing. I

do the best I can under the circumstances, I think. Won't that do?"

"But you just said that you could not believe. Don't you know the devil is deceiving you into that notion, and will keep you out of believing in Jesus as long as he possibly can? "Except ye believe ye shall perish," saith the Lord."

"No, I didn't know that at all."

"Well, that is one of his old tricks. You can live a christian life anywhere, if you fully decide to do so, and rely on God for grace to sustain you, and have full faith in Christ."

I read the Scriptures, had prayer, and she renewed her promise to try and seek Jesus. In a week, I visited her again. No apparent progress had been made. So it went on for about four weeks. At that time I discovered that the little girl was in the full light and soundly converted to God. She could read the Bible to her mother, and was now a very happy little lady.

I now took a new turn, and had the mother promise me she would ask every one who came to visit her to read the Bible to her and to pray with her. She was very slow to promise, but did so at last. Very few visitors came, however, for they were poor, husband a drinking man, and so they had few friends that could pray. What a sad situation! Yet this is the natural result of an evil and intemperate life. Afterwards she said to me: "I have asked them all to read and pray with me, as you told me to do, but they *all have made excuses* that they were

not christians, or not good enough to pray for some one else. So they have not done so."

I could but see the truth of this, for if people do not read the Bible in their homes and pray in their own families, how can they be fit to pray for others away from home. The poor woman concluded there were but few christians in the world. Knowing a good christian lady near by, I asked her to see and pray with this poor woman as often as she could. She did so. In a few days all was new in that home. The mother had found Jesus precious to her soul, by fully believing in Him and she was happy in the Lord. She said also: "I believe my husband is a better man too. He is so different, some how, from what he was before."

The little girl said: "Mother is so different too. She is so happy now all the time, and she don't scold me any more at all. I tell you, I am just too glad you came to see us and give us that Bible."

I could with all my heart praise God for His blessed grace bestowed on this poor family. Here were two and perhaps three souls all led to a full salvation in Christ Jesus. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me."

About a year ago I found a family where the mother was sick. There were four children. Both mother and husband believed that this sickness was unto death. He was in sore distress and wept as he spoke of it. The saddest part

of all was, that neither of them believed in the Saviour. All the family were out of Christ and the church. I read the Bible and prayed with them. After considerable conversation as to his desolate spiritual condition, he said: "If God will spare my wife, I will turn to Jesus and live a christian life." I asked the mother: "Will you make to God and to me the same pledge your husband has? "I will and do so promise now, solemnly."

I was in that home in a few days again. The Lord had heard my prayer. The mother was improving rapidly, and she said: "From the time you was here and prayed with us I have been getting better."

"Then let us praise the Lord for His goodness."

"I am weak, but improving."

I read and prayed with them again. Nearly a year later, in a little prayer meeting I met this same family, husband and wife.

"Have you indeed found Jesus." I asked.

"Yes, Bro. K., we have. We kept our pledge and are happy in a Saviour's love."

"Then you have a happy home now."

"Yes sir, and we feel greatly indebted to you for your visits, prayers and teachings."

"Glad to hear you speak so. Have you added yourselves to the church yet."

"O yes, of course we have."

I lead that meeting myself and called on this Brother C., to pray, and must say, he offered a

very humble prayer of faith in Jesus. His wife also clearly testified of the mercy of the Lord in "lifting her up from her illness and blessing her with His pardoning love." They are both active members of the M. E. Church and good workers for the Master. This was indeed a happy little prayer meeting, and will long be remembered by those who were present, for the Lord was there and filled us with joy unspeakable.

One day, in my round of work, I met in her home a pale, sickly looking lady. It was evident that she was very poor in this world's goods. Asking her standing with the Lord, she said, "I am not a christian."

"Have you any desire to become a true child of God?"

"I would gladly be one, if I only could, but —"

I saw she was in trouble, and read John iii. 1-18, and had a short prayer for the Holy Spirit to lead her soul into the light and truth of the gospel in Christ Jesus. Before I left she said she would try to seek the Lord and believe in Christ as her Saviour.

In a few days I was in that home again and asked, "How is it now? Have you read that Bible and prayed for your soul's salvation?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! But what is this? Do you read this novel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you like novel reading, and read them a great deal?"

“Yes, sir.”

“Then you don’t love the Bible?”

“O, I don’t know. Yes, I think, I do.”

“Well, let me tell you one thing; you will never find Jesus or be saved, while you prefer that kind of poison to His pure Word.”

“Do you think so really?”

“I do. Now will you quit the novel-reading and try to seek your Saviour?”

“Mr. K., I will not quit reading this novel.”

“Then you will never be saved. God will not permit you to drag sin of any kind into His Kingdom.”

“Well, that may be so; but I’ll read that novel through, any how, and you can not make a christian of me if I don’t want to be one.”

“But you told me you did wish to be one. Now excuse me, but my good lady, if you really choose to go to heaven and earnestly desire to serve Jesus, you can, and so be saved. If you fully choose to go to hell, you can go there, too. I believe God has led me here to warn you and to lead you to Him if you will but seek Him. I think I have done my duty, and leave you to choose life or death, as you will. No, I can not make a christian of you against your will, nor while you hold on to some pet sin. To be saved you must give up all for Christ’s sake. I will not come again unless requested to do so. May God be merciful to you. Good day, madam.”

About eight weeks after that a good christian lady said to me, “Bro. K., do you remember

Miss —— of —— street, where you had the plain talk about the novel?"

"Yes, madam, I do very well."

"She is dead."

"Poor woman! Did she do any better after I saw her last?"

"O, yes. She threw away her novel; became greatly concerned about her soul, and I think sought the Lord and found Him. I think the woman died happy and in full faith in Jesus."

"You almost surprise me, but I am rejoiced to hear this. *God be praised!*"

"She greatly desired to see you. We sent for you, but could not find you at all, any where. You must have been away from the city."

"I was gone for some days, about that time, I suppose."

"This is another evidence that our 'labor in the Lord shall not be in vain.' But it is also another demonstration of the fact that one must be willing to give up all manner of sin, however dear it is, in order to successfully seek Jesus and find His saving grace."

"Yes, Bro. K., it certainly is. But, oh, how many will not see it so, and thus yield to His love."

"That is too true. Multitudes fail to appreciate fully that they can not carry sin of any kind into God's Kingdom with them, and that they must forsake the sin or they will finally be forsaken by the Lord."

"By the way, I have a friend—a minister—

who relates a case like this. While holding a protracted meeting, a young lady was very greatly exercised about her salvation for days, and finally seemed to fully consent to yield to the needed conditions. A friend (?) advised her not to do so, that he had tried this religion and there was nothing in it. Poor deceived man! She greatly honored this mistaken friend as her affianced husband, and refused to act only as he advised. She is still in an unsaved condition and honoring this friend—if one would dare to call him such—more than she honors Christ. In this condition she can but be lost sure. Another case, a young man, was led to see his need of a Saviour. He visited the pastor of the church and seemed to make up his mind to become a follower of Jesus. But before taking the step he saw and talked with ‘his girl’ about it. She was furious against it, although she professed to be a christian, or was at least a church-member. He stopped just there, and clung to the young lady rather than to give himself to Jesus. He, too, is still in the ‘broad way’ to destruction. I suppose you, too, know of such cases.”

“Yes, sir. They are very sad cases. Especially so, when we see them led to spiritual ruin by those false christians and false spiritual lights—persons who have simply joined the church without having any vital religion; never being born again. O, I tell you, Bro. K., to be a stumbling block to those seeking Christ is awful.”

“That is frightfully true. Yet each soul must

forsake all for Christ, or at the last, by virtue of his own choice, he be all forsaken by Him.”

One day, while visiting a sick young man, I was told of a sick lady in that neighborhood. I visited her the next morning. She had been told that I was coming that day, and had said, “I will not see him if he comes.” This part was all unknown to me. As I came into the house, after some formal introduction, I asked her as to her spiritual standing. “Have you fully accepted Jesus as your Saviour?”

“No, sir. I am not a christian at all.

“Have you any wish to be such?”

“Yes, sir. I have many times felt that I ought to be, and desired to be, but I have not moved in the matter, I know.

“Do you recognize that you are a great sinner in God’s sight, and are lost on account of your sins?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you feel sorry for your neglect in not seeking pardon and in not seeking the love of Jesus for yourself?”

“Yes, I have often felt so, and been sad to think about it, but I —” she hesitated.

“Have you prayed for pardon, with all your heart?”

“No, sir, I can not pray.”

“O, yes; I think you can pray easily, if you will but once earnestly try, and before you will ever be saved you must pray for pardon. Jesus hears the earnest prayer for pardon always.”

“I can not pray. I can not believe what you say. I do not know how to begin or what to say.”

“Well then I will try to help you learn.”

I then read a part of God's word to her, and then said, “Now we will pray. You say you can't pray. Then you repeat this prayer after me: ‘Father, give me Thy Holy Spirit to see myself, to lead me in all truth for Christ's sake. Amen.’” As I began this prayer I was kneeling by her bedside. She was looking dark and gloomy, and fearing I would really make her pray. With my Bible in hand, and faith in God and His word, I began this prayer. She could not or would not repeat these words. I insisted that she must pray and so I repeated it four times over slowly and earnestly, before she made any effort for herself. Then she uttered the words in a clear, round, full voice, just as I had said them, “Father, give me Thy Holy Spirit to see myself, to lead me in all truth, for Christ's sake. Amen.” I then commenced praying to God to answer and bless that prayer. I had only fairly begun, when she clasped her hands saying, “I am made happy. My sins are all taken away from me.”

She began praising God in a loud, clear voice, and could now give the prayer of thanksgiving at last.

The point with her was in yielding to pray with all her heart. In yielding fully she found light breaking over her soul, where only the clouds of

sin had hitherto kept out the light of the Son of Righteousness, peace, life and pardon.

This work with this poor woman led to the conversion of her husband, and three others of the family connection, and to that of an old lady living in the same house. Five souls were brought to Jesus by this effort. Praise the Lord for ever more, for His great blessing upon our poor, feeble efforts to help save lost souls. The soul that honestly and earnestly seeks the Lord will surely find him. Those who seek to win souls to Jesus will not go unrewarded in time and in eternity. This prayer was very short and simple, but it was direct and to the point, honestly uttered and quickly answered by a loving Father.

Reader, if you are out of Christ, O try humbly, penitently and honestly to thus call on God for pardon and salvation. God will hear *you* too. The trouble with unsaved souls is that they will not earnestly use the means of grace, *i. e.*, reading the Scriptures, prayer, honest, careful self-examination, forsaking sin and seeking pardon. Therefore they are left out of the ark of safety.

Four years ago (1882) I was working in the city of M. I visited the saloons on Saturday nights to distribute tracts and to try to lead men out of the awful sin of intemperance. Almost every week I found a certain young man in one of the saloons with many others. A few of those with whom I met accepted my invitation to come to the church and to quit this evil habit of drinking. But most of them refused my warning and went

on in the ways of destruction. But to show you, dear reader, that God still blesses our work in due time, I will relate the following: Last week I was in that city again, holding a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. One young man, the one above referred to, got up and said, "Brethren, four years ago Brother K. was trying to pull me out of the saloons. To-day, I am trying to pull other young men out of the same places. I am thankful to God that I have found salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and that this new christian life is a much happier life than the one I lived in sin. I live much better and happier than I did before."

In that same meeting another young man got up and said: "Four years ago, as I and some other young men were in a house one day where we had a game of cards, we saw Bro. K. coming in. We did not wish to be caught. So we stopped playing, thinking he would not say much to us, and would soon leave us. But he seemed to take the hint, and spoke to us about playing cards, the evils of it, of drinking and of base sins. He gave us his own experience in these lines while out of Christ, and of the happy difference one finds in serving Jesus instead of serving the devil. We did not like it then. Indeed, such talk was hateful to us. But to-day, I thank God for that talk he gave us. I have found something better than playing cards and living in sin, and with God's help I, too, will try to work for lost souls, and will follow Jesus all my days."

I could give you many instances like this, where God has blessed the seed of the gospel which was sown in other days, years ago. God says: "Sow ye beside all waters." This we all ought to do faithfully, and He will pour out His grace upon it to the salvation of the souls of our fellow-men. I fully believe that the honest, earnest worker for Jesus will find many souls in heaven that have been led there by his efforts in the highways and hedges, some of whom he had afterwards quite forgotten. God never forgets, and always blesses. "Go, labor in my vineyard," saith the Lord, "and whatsoever is right that will I give thee."

About two years ago I was trying to hold a revival meeting in the town of P. But the devil seemed to be ruling matters, and I thought also he ruled some of the church members. The acceptance of Christ was greatly hindered. But a very few souls found Jesus precious to them. The hand of God was seen after a while in the movement. Those church members that were opposing my poor blundering efforts at that time were doing so because of sins that they would not give up, and they would not receive the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. For two years they lived with a conscious fire in their bosoms, burning day and night. Then they wrote to me to come and hold a meeting for them. As I had long been praying for this people, I looked upon this as an answer to my petitions in their behalf, and so I went as soon as I could. In two weeks forty-five

souls claimed conversion. They could speak for Christ; pray to Him; work for Him. They were not still born, but born of the Spirit. So many church members can not tell the world whether they be on the Lord's or the devil's side of this great question. These could all speak out in no uncertain tone. Yes, sir, I believe in raising the flock of my King so all the world can see where they belong and in whose pasture they feed.

Of the forty-five, above mentioned, thirty united with the M. E. Church. Others went to other churches. Many of the older members made a new consecration of their lives to Christ, resolving to come out from worldly habits and sins, putting away all uncleanness, and of presenting themselves as living sacrifices unto God for His service. Such a consecration as this, fully lived up to, will make any christian man, woman, or child, a great power for the Master in any neighborhood and church. From time to time they will be bringing souls into the garner of the Saviour for His keeping unto that day when He shall take them home in heaven. A soul thus consecrated, commits all to the hands of God for His use; time, money, character, labor, reputation, self-will, and all.

Some one will say: "What has money to do with religion?" The money we have is the Lord's money, just as much as the life he gives us is His, and if a man has plenty of this world's goods and will not do his part with it in sustaining the church and in spreading the gospel to

those who do not have it and in helping to relieve the poor in their needs, how can he expect to receive great spiritual blessings and a rich growth in the christian graces? Such growth can not take place. Stingyness and covetousness act as a desolating milldew to the soul, and sorrows are heaped up rather than joys in Christ.

If one who is a christian is too grasping for money and too stingy to be liberal towards God with it, he may find that the devil will be allowed to chain a part or all of it. A few years ago I knew a church member who was worth \$25,000 to \$30,000. But at his church he was credited with only 95 cents for himself and his wife for the Lord's cause. How could the poor fellow ever have spared so much! It is quite a wonder he did not lose his mind at the thought of such a vast sacrifice. Poor, poor soul! Too stingy to praise the Saviour that died to redeem him. I am acquainted with a man, a warm christian friend of mine, who believes that at one time he was allowed to lose quite all of a large property because he was not consecrating all his services to the Lord as he ought to have done. He speaks of a wealthy christian, who himself said, he believed he "had lost in business transactions much more than the Lord would have asked of him to establish His church in the town where he then lived." This man recognized his duty, but would not do it. Hence, his final confession. Another man in the same vicinity refused to aid the church and relieve her when in great finan-

cial distress. He, by unexpected and very unlooked for turns in business and by fire, lost more than four times what it would have required to redeem his church from loss by sale under the sheriff's hammer. "God loveth the cheerful giver," and "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

It is every man's duty to make all the money he can fairly and honestly; but it is also his duty to use of it freely to advance the Lord's cause in the earth. Too many of us seem to think and act as though the getting of honor among men and of getting as much money as possible, were the chief ends of this life; and that for these we should strive with all our powers. But such is not the real truth, and that idea is only another deceit of the devil to allure men on to hell. We should beware of a pathway through life that is lined with gold and silver. The real object for which we should aim in this short life is to glorify God and his cause in the earth. This done in full consecration to God will cause us to find ourselves at last landed safely on the shores of heaven, with an endless life, an endless joy, an endless wealth, all to be endlessly enjoyed in that home where God and the Lamb are the light and the life of it forever, and where sin, sickness and sorrow are utterly unknown and can not enter in.

In 1885, I was directed by a christian brother to go to a certain house where I would find a

young lady very sick, with no hope of recovery. I had learned her name. As I came into the house I saw she could not live very long. After some conversation and of sympathy expressed for her, I asked her :

“ Miss Rosie, do you believe there is a God?”

“ O yes, sir.”

“ Do you believe there is a Saviour, a Jesus?”

“ O yes, sir ; but not for me.”

“ Can you not believe in Jesus as your Saviour, and that he can save you from your sins.”

“ No sir, I can not.”

“ Will you please tell me why you can not accept Him as your Jesus !”

“ Too late now.”

“ O no ! Not too late, if you will fully trust Him.”

“ Too late ! too late !”

O, such a look of despair as there was on that face ! Dark, gloomy, frightfully sad. I read to her many promises, such as “ Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;” “ Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.” Matt xi. 28-30. “ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” “ Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely.” “ Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” I tried Scripture, and the best counsel I could give to lead her out of the dark valley of despair. All

seemed to fail. Then I said: "Miss Rosie, shall I pray for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you also pray for yourself? Jesus always hears the humble, penitent prayer."

"O, I can not. It is too late now."

"Will you not try? Just make the effort, and God will hear you *even now*."

"Mr. K., it is of no use now. It is too late. I might have been saved once, but I would not allow it then. *It is too late for me now!* I am too far gone."

I prayed for her the best I could, and said, "Now, Miss Rosie, you try and look to Jesus for yourself. Do not despair. He died to save you, and if He gave His life to redeem you, He will not turn away from you now if you will cast yourself upon Him. Try Him! try Him!"

She ground her teeth together, and with a frightful, despairing expression turned her face to the wall and mournfully whispered, "*Too late, now! too late!*"

I had to leave her thus. My heart was very, very sad. This was a fearful picture. O, what spiritual desolation there was in that poor heart! She had neglected her opportunity, refused the call of the Spirit and the offers of loving mercy, and now "too late" is all she can utter, as she stands on the verge of eternity. Dear reader, I pray you let not this become your fate. If you are not already a child of God—"born again"—"regenerated by the Holy Spirit"—then turn to

Jesus whilst you may. This very moment seize your opportunity, and God will have mercy upon you.

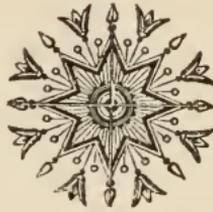
Not long after seeing this young lady she died, but with the feeling of fearful despair resting on her poor soul.

Multitudes of other instances of the power of God's Word to save under the influence of the Holy Spirit, man being the instrument used, could be given, but I presume these will be enough. I have found many souls who would not listen; some who would abuse me; some who would only say, "It's too late to try to save me." But all in all, I am happy in the work and am trusting in my God to help me on in it as long as He may wish it.

I trust that God will bless these few feeble, imperfectly constructed pages to the salvation of many souls, and to the quickening of christian people to active work in our Master's vineyard. "The harvest is great and the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send more laborers into His vineyard."

Dear Reader, "do you love Jesus?" Are you working in His vineyard to redeem souls from sin and eternal death? And, Oh! if you are yet in your sins, then fly from them with all haste. They will lead you to a certain hell. Jesus died and rose again from the dead to save your poor

soul. Shall He have died in vain for you? “Turn ye! Turn ye, for why will ye die?” “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” “Commit thy way unto the Lord and He will bring it to pass.”



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