

# REVIVAL KINDLINGS

By

REV. MARTIN WELLS KNAPP



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# REVIVAL KINDLINGS.

BY

REV. MARTIN WELLS KNAPP,

EDITOR OF "THE REVIVALIST," AND AUTHOR OF "CHRIST CROWNED WITHIN," "OUT OF EGYPT INTO CANAAN," AND "REVIVAL TORNADOES."

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"I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" — JESUS.

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**Dedication.**

UNTO

**THE TRIUNE GOD,**

WHOSE LOVE IS "A GENIAL FIRE";  
WHOSE GLORY IS "A DEVOURING FIRE";  
WHO IS TO HIS PEOPLE "A REFINER'S FIRE";  
WHO IS TO THE PERSISTENTLY IMPENITENT  
"A CONSUMING FIRE"; AND  
WHO IS SEEKING TO KINDLE ON EARTH  
"REVIVAL FIRE";

**AND UNTO HIS CHURCH,**

WHICH HE HAS PROMISED TO "BAPTIZE WITH FIRE FROM ABOVE,"  
THIS VOLUME IS HUMBLY

DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

---

HE who has promised that "as thy days so thy strength shall be," has permitted the writer, who for some time has been unable to do heavier work, to prepare this book of "revival kindlings."

Its object is to help meet the need mentioned by Rev. B. E. Paddock, an evangelistic pastor, who writes as follows:—

"Such a volume, filled with facts unvarnished, clothed in appropriate language, so that the strong points are brought out, will be of inestimable value. I have greatly felt the need of such a work all through the years of my ministry. Have felt it more of late than ever before. After doing my best to forcibly present a Bible truth and make a point, I want an incident to clinch it. Such a work, well written, well arranged, and full, would be instrumental, when combined with other agencies, in bringing thousands to Christ."

The writer confidently believes that this volume will help to meet this need. He has used much of the matter in his own work, and thus tested its kindling power. The book is designed to be an arsenal, from



which the Christian soldier can draw needed illustrative supplies; a well, from which the patient toiler in the Master's vineyard can drink and be refreshed; and a guide, pointing away from superficial and spurious revivals to those which are true. It is also hoped that its "kindlings" may so ignite that it will prove a fire by whose heat unconverted readers may be melted and shivering professors so warmed that, with hearts burning within them, they will sing no more of "These cold hearts of ours."

Its multiplicity of pointed salvation incidents is designed to make it a book of great value for workers to read themselves and scatter among those whose salvation they seek, as well as a book from which to draw material for public use. It is also well calculated to supplement the other books which the writer has issued.

In "Christ Crowned Within," gospel truth is presented from an experimental standpoint; in "Out of Egypt into Canaan," from an illustrative; in "Revival Tornadoes," from a biographical; and in "Revival Kindlings," chiefly from an anecdotal.

God has condescended to use each of our other books in leading precious souls to Christ, and in the cleansing of His children and in their enduement with "power from on high." If a like or greater blessing attends this one, all the glory shall be His. Much of the matter in it has appeared from time to time in *The*

*Revivalist*, and has been thought worthy to be *arranged* and put in this more permanent form. Some has been selected from other books, but much of it appears in book form for the first time. All the articles not otherwise indicated are by the author of the book. We sincerely thank all who have aided us in gathering material for these pages ; and also earnestly desire the prayers of all who read them, that the book may be used of God to accomplish the end for which it is written, and thus help to hasten the day —

“ When not one rebel heart remains  
But over all the Saviour reigns.”

May He who only is able to make “ weak things ” “ confound the mighty,” and the “ things that are not ” “ bring to naught the things that are,” breathe, by His Spirit, upon these “ kindlings,” and fan them into a flame for His glory.

M. W. KNAPP.

*Albion, Mich.*

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# REVIVAL KINDLINGS.

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## SECTION I.

### KINDLINGS.

“REVIVE us again, fill each heart with Thy love;  
May each soul be enkindled with fire from above!”

“KINDLINGS,” according to Webster, “are the material used for causing flame or kindling a fire.”

That they may fittingly be mentioned as illustrative of facts and incidents such as are embodied in this book will be seen by a glance at a few of the points of resemblance.

The human heart is the furnace; spiritual truth the fuel; prayer the match; the Holy Spirit the fire from it; illustrative facts, anecdotes, and incidents, the kindlings; the Christian worker the fire builder. Jesus, with the Father, is the proprietor and director.

The souls of men in their sinful state are in a sad condition. They were designed to be temples infinitely grander than Solomon's, in which God Himself should dwell. Men by sin let Satan in, who put out the fire, extinguished the light, and made it the abode of those who, like himself, prefer darkness and spiritual desolation.

A divine law demands that all such despoiled structures shall be destroyed at once; but Love pleaded that man might be an exception to that statute, and an

opportunity given where he might through the divine favor, be restored to even more than his former state.

The Son of God has made this possible, provided agencies to do it; and Himself gives them all, when used as He directs, divine energy. He has declared that "He came to kindle a fire on earth," and asks, "What will I if it be already kindled?" His "word is like a fire," and His mission is to kindle a flame of holy love that shall belt this globe, burn up the dross of sin, and fit every soul temple for His own indwelling.

To do this work He has not chosen many agencies that are "great and mighty" in the sight of men, but those which are "weak" and often "foolish" in man's perverted sight. In many instances a simple word or tear or metaphor or illustrative incident has done more to kindle a fire in a cold heart than a whole ton of the cold coal of logical argument would have done. These prove spiritual kindlings the counterpart of those in the material world. Notice the correspondences, and learn thereby to wisely use such "kindlings."

*Material kindlings are a great help in building a fire.*

Fuel will not burn readily by the striking of a match, without kindlings of some kind. The furnace may be full of fuel, but will be fireless unless kindlings are procured.

Every enlightened mind contains truth enough to save it. Every cold church holds truth enough to make it glow with holy fire if only that truth were ablaze.

The great mission of revivals is to set this truth on fire. To aid in doing this, illustrative "kindlings" are of great value.

Jesus gathered such both from the history of the past and the events of the present, and then used them with a wisdom which should command both the admiration and the example of all who preach and teach His gospel.

*Kindlings, though needful, cannot be substituted for the more substantial fuel.*

A fire made of kindlings only will both flash up and go out quickly. No more can "revival kindlings" be substituted instead of the great body of Bible truth, which it is their mission simply to illustrate and enforce.

*Kindlings have to be prepared and possessed before they can be used.*

There might be an abundance of material for kindlings at hand, and yet all of it be valueless for kindling purposes, because not prepared or possessed. So with spiritual kindlings for use in revival work. The world is full of material for them, but much of it is not in shape for use; and often even that which is prepared is not in possession of the gospel worker, and hence to him is valueless.

*Kindlings not only should be prepared and possessed, but also of easy access.*

Many an itinerant, taking his "Brush College" course, has felt the discomfort caused by waiting while his host, whose hospitalities he shares after the evening revival service is over, is hunting up kindlings and preparing them for building a fire. How much needless shivering would have been saved if only the kindlings had been prepared beforehand!

Such an host is a picture of the preacher who "beats the air" or "shouts at the stars" in his sermons and personal instructions because he has neglected to

prepare and have easy of access a supply of fitting illustrations.

How often congregations have shivered spiritually under sermons that have "gone out" just because the minister had neglected to secure needed "kindlings," or was too "dignified" to condescend to use them!

*Kindlings must be placed in the furnace and brought in contact with the fuel.*

In a similar way, "revival kindlings" of fitting illustrative truth must be brought in contact with the minds of those whom it is hoped to enkindle.

*The furnace must be properly prepared.*

The ashes should be removed, the pipes and chimney cleaned, and the dampers opened.

Some people are like an old furnace with rusted damper shut, pipes and chimney completely filled with soot. Pride, prejudice, unbelief, an unforgiving spirit, worldliness, and kindred evils, are the soot which hinders, and if not removed will smother revival fires. On this account the first two weeks of a revival frequently must be spent in cleaning spiritual pipes and chimneys. On such occasion the leader of the revival must be a spiritual "chimney-sweep" or see every effort to build revival fire fail.

Blind professors sometimes insist that the minister shall light his "kindlings" and make the revival fire burn, with the church in the deplorable condition mentioned, without urging its overhauling and cleaning.

If wise he will inflexibly resist such insistence; otherwise his time and labor will be in vain, his revival end in smoke, and the blind men mentioned will say, "— is not much of a revivalist," and perhaps it will be true.



*Kindlings to accomplish their mission must be lighted.*

The furnace, pipes, chimney, fuel, and kindlings—all may be properly prepared and ready for a rousing fire; yet if not lighted, frowning Frost, instead of genial Warmth, will reign.

All now hinges on striking and applying the match. What the match's fire is to the kindlings, the Holy Spirit is to revival facts and incidents. They can be lighted from no other source. Mental, moral, or mere rhetorical fire cannot ignite them. They are to help kindle flames which will glow forever, and their source must be divine. Hence a revival or a church that ignores the agency of the Holy Ghost can at the best be but a spiritual ice-house. It may have many in it, but they will be in a freezing condition. They may listen to artistic music and archangel eloquence which may amuse for a moment. They may dance, play progressive euchre, engage in churchly frolics, festivals, theatricals, and kindred "entertainments" to try and thus "amuse themselves" and forget the spiritual chills which blight their brightest hopes; yet sooner or later, unless fire from above shall fall amid the resistless blasts of a merciless spiritual winter, they will have perished, and over them the unseen angel will be compelled to write this sad and truthful epitaph: "FROZEN TO DEATH."

*The right use of kindlings requires wisdom.*

It requires wisdom that will insist on the overhauling of soot-filled pipes, the sweeping of chimneys, open dampers, and which, when all is ready, shall apply the match.

Success with spiritual kindlings needs the higher wisdom from above, — wisdom that will use them dis-

criminatingly ; wisdom that knows how, Elijah-like, when all is ready, at just the right time, to strike the match of prevailing prayer, which will bring the fire of the Holy Spirit from above to set ablaze the kindlings which have been prepared.

A little girl tried to build her first fire by laying a match on the top of a stick of wood. It of course went out and she was disappointed. Workers who dispense with spiritual kindlings altogether, or who use them at hap-hazard, at wrong times and places and to wrong persons, are as unwise as was this little girl, and must meet a similar mortification.

The Christian worker who cannot strike this match is as out of place as a revival leader as a baby would be to lead in a battle. Such should seek at once some Pentecostal "upper chamber" and "tarry there" until this secret wisdom, which the Father delights to give even to spiritual babes, is possessed. Then, and not till then, other conditions being met, shall come the qualification to lead on to revival victory.

## FIRE IN THE WORD.

---

“And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring *fire* on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel” (Exod. 24 : 17).

“And the light of Israel shall be for a *fire*, and his Holy One for a *flame*: and it shall burn and devour his thorns and his briers in one day” (Isa. 10 : 17).

“Behold, the name of the Lord cometh from far, *burning* with his anger, and the burden thereof is heavy: his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring *fire*” (Isa. 30 : 27).

“I will make my words in thy mouth *fire* (Jer. 5 : 14).

“Is not my word like as a *fire*” (Jer. 23 : 29)?

“He is like a refiner’s *fire*” (Mal. 3 : 2).

“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with *fire*” (Matt. 3 : 11).

“I am come to send *fire* on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled” (Luke 12 : 49)?

“Who maketh his . . . ministers a flame of *fire*” (Heb. 1 : 7).

“And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of *fire*, and it sat upon each of them” (Acts 2 : 3).

## SECTION II.

### REVIVAL FIRE.

FIRE, as well as "kindlings," has its counterpart in the spiritual world.

Revival fire is gospel truth ablaze with the power and presence of the Holy Ghost. It glows in the hearts of all who welcome it.

A freezing family in a fireless dwelling, with the mercury forty degrees below zero, is a no more pitiable spectacle than a soul or a church which is destitute of revival fire.

Notice the following instructive likenesses between it and the fire of the material world:—

*A fire will not burn without fuel.*

No more can fire divine be kindled in a heart that is destitute of the fuel of God's truth.

The truth must first be placed within before the fire can be built there. This work may be done in the home, in the Sunday school, from the pulpit, by personal instruction, and by the printed page.

A few sticks or coals are enough to begin the fire with, but they must be there. Many of the heathen are entirely destitute of these, and the truth has to be translated into their language before it can be set on fire.

To simply pray for the conversion of those who have no knowledge of the gospel, without doing anything to

put them in possession of proper instruction, is as foolish as to try and build a fire in a fuelless stove.

*A fire will not burn unless it is kindled.*

No more will revival fires burn unless man does his part to build them. Whenever there has been a Saul suddenly blazing up with revival fire, there has also been some Stephen who has helped to kindle the flame. Revivals do not come independent of human effort. They must come from above, and are of divine origin, but their coming is conditioned on human action.

A man would be thought crazy if he should pray for God to keep his family from freezing, and then refuse to light a fire, on the plea that God Himself would do it "in His own good time." Yet he would act just as wisely as one who prays for a revival in his own heart or community, and then does nothing to promote it.

*A fire, when kindled, exerts a twofold action.*

Fire in one instance will warm, and in another, burn: in one, comfort; and another, pain,—the effect depending upon the attitude of the subject toward it. So with fire from above. Falling upon Ananias, persistent in perfidy, it burns him to death: but in the heart furnace of an Isaiah, a Peter, or a Paul, it glows a perpetual glory. It troubles the sinner but comforts the saint. Spiritual fire rejected is hell; received, it is heaven.

*Fire is destructive.*

Spiritual fire is a foe to sin, and seeks to destroy it: hence the ingenious and persistent efforts of Satan and his servants to put it out; hence the wisdom from above, which is needed to bring their efforts to naught.

*Fire is aggressive.*

It swiftly spreads. So does fire from above. Within

fifty years from the first Pentecostal conflagration it nearly belted the globe. Within the last century it has spread with a rapidity that has made the "gates of hell" to shake; and within the next twenty-five years it will burn in every corner of this globe, making it glow with a beauty borrowed from celestial realms.

*Fire shines.*

So does its spiritual namesake; and shining, it makes wonderful revelations of divine truth. It reveals views of God and sin and self, that startle by their awfulness. The prayer, "Lord, let the fire fall!" should be prefaced with, "Lord, help me to bear the revelations that it will bring."

*It melts.*

Hard metal under its influence becomes soft and pliable. Under the influence of fire from on high the will bends, the heart melts, the feelings flow, and, as a dear minister expressed it, "all stiffness disappears."

*Fire is a great purifier.*

In the furnace it separates the base from the precious metal, and prepares the pure gold for the impress of the governmental seal. Likewise, in God's alembic, this fire divine separates from our natures the dross of sin, and fits the purified soul for the impress of the government divine, so that by complete submission to His will it is moulded to "awake in His likeness."

*It condenses.*

This thought is not poetical, but wonderfully practical and true. As the juices of the cane and of the maple must be submitted to the fire's purifying, condensing power before they are of value, so must the soul to fire from above. Pride, envy, self-will, and kindred

gaseous vapors must be expelled, and the condensing process continued until one shall feel, "I am nothing, but Christ is all in all." "I feel awfully small," said a brother who had just passed through this process. It was the smallness that precedes greatness. When we are little in our sight, we become great in God's sight. There is danger in being too big. It was the death of Goliath, and came near being the defeat of Gideon's army. Fire condenses. When it gets burning among a people, how amazingly the old prayers and exhortations and experiences contract!

*It also expands.*

It condenses sap, but expands metal. So with fire from above: it condenses the redundant and expands the precious. Beneath its heat, peace, joy, benevolence, and all the precious metals of spiritual mineralogy are wonderfully expanded. Under its influence one man witnessed, "I don't dare stay to another meeting, for I am as full now as I can stand." It was the expansive power of fire divine that "filled" him.

*Fire inspires growth.*

Warmth and light are its children, and under their genial influence there is the seed, the plant, the flower, and the fruitage. Without it, everything freezes to death. So in the spiritual world. With it, all the seeds implanted by the Spirit in the soul germinate, and develop into flowers and trees which glorify their Maker here, and then are fitted for transplanting to brighter realms above. Without it, all are soon nipped by frosts of worldliness and frozen to death in the ice of formality, or are destroyed by the terrific blizzards that continually rage in the perpetual winter of sin.

To look for spiritual growth without fire from above is just as absurd as to expect to raise oranges in the Arctic Zone.

*Fire is the main-spring of the tornado's might.*

Its heat creates the mighty aerial currents which have formed "cyclones" that have swept over earth with tremendous momentum. So of spiritual fire are born "revival tornadoes" such as have shaken earth and made the very gates of hell tremble. Behold their history in the days of the early Church, of Luther, of Wesley, and at the present time! They are God's purifiers of the moral atmosphere, sent to banish the soul-destroying malaria that arises from the swamp of sin on earth and the pit of hell below. May they multiply until the sweet and holy atmosphere of heaven pervades this entire planet.

*Fire is an explosive of dynamite.*

Under every form of evil the messengers of the Almighty are placing the dynamite bomb-shells of eternal truth. As they pray, the Spirit descends, the fire flashes from above, and there are and shall be explosions, shaking the very dungeons of doom, and making demons turn pale with hopeless rage.

*Fire is the centre of the earthquake's power.*

It speaks the word, and from its presence legions of pent-up gasses rush against earth's crust with a fury that makes mountains reel and cities totter to the dust.

Revival fire creates spiritual earthquakes of similar might, — earthquakes which shall continue to convulse and startle the moral and the spiritual world until Greed and Lust and War and False Ambition, with all their



kindred, have been destroyed, and the temples they have reared and the shrines where they have worshipped be deserted or thrown down.

*Fire is the source of the refreshing shower.*

The heat which it sheds forth so affects the atmosphere as to create the shining dew, the morning mist, and the refreshing shower. In a similar way the same spiritual heat, of which is born the cyclone and the earthquake, also creates the dew of silent, sweet devotion, the morning clouds of praise which ascend from hearts, and also the "showers of blessings" which daily water all the trees and flowers of "righteousness" which flourish in the garden of the Lord.

*The results of fire are wonderfully diverse.*

It is the final source of both the lightning's gleam and of the rainbow's tint. In a like manner, fire from above may be the origin of judgments sudden and awful, that appall by their vividness; and also of graces sweet and winning, that entrance with more than earthly loveliness.

*Fire is a source of motion.*

It generates steam, without which many of our most important machines would be useless.

It is said that the first time that a northern pitman ever saw a locomotive, he said, — "How is it to go? There are no horses, and it is tons of weight. It will never move."

Soon it was going at full speed, when the same man, filled with wonder, declared, "It will never stop."

Seeing another train, he decided to discover the secret of its motion. He finally found it out, and said to his companion, — "Why, Jim, it's the fire that's inside her!"

A perfect engine upon a perfect track, well manned, and supplied with coal and water and all else needful, would still be perfectly powerless for the end designed, without fire. Sermons are sometimes just like such an engine. So are songs and prayers and testimonies and exhortations. The parties producing them would laugh at an engineer that would get down and push on his engine to make it go, instead of "firing up." Yet they are doing a similar thing. Some are preachers, some superintendents, some class-leaders, some stewards, some trustees, some parents, and each has a splendid engine well equipped, and a train loaded with a precious freight of immortal souls which he wishes to get safe to heaven. There is fretting and worrying, and blaming and desponding, and pushing the train, but it doesn't move. Get on board, let the *fire* fall, and like a thing of life you and your precious freight will ascend the up-grade to the skies.

*It warms our homes.*

So with fire from high : it melts the hearts of parents and children, and they flow together. All "coldness" towards each other disappears when it is received by each. A home without it is like a dwelling beautiful and nicely furnished, yet fireless. Who would live in such a house? Yet it were not half so foolish to do that as to have a home without fire from above. No wonder that multitudes have said, "I'll have it or die." No wonder that to all such the kingly Christ replies, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

"Oh that it *now* from heaven might fall,  
And all our sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee we call!  
Spirit of burning, come!"

## SECTION III.

### REVIVALS.

#### *A Revival*

Is like a thunder cloud, in that lightning leaps from it and sometimes hits to kill.

Like the sunshine, in that it sheds light and banishes darkness.

Like a hammer, in that it breaks chains and frees their victims.

Like the weather, in that it is outrageously grumbled about and cannot please all.

Like the moon; no matter how much the dogs of opposition bark at it, it moves right on.

Like a war, in that there are always two sides, and the lines are closely drawn.

Like the earth, in that it is created and upheld by an unseen power.

Like the Day of Judgment, in that both judgments and rewards attend it.

Like a charge in a battle, in that the true and the brave press to the front, while the untrue and the cowardly fly to the rear.

Like a forest fire, in that when it gets under headway it spreads rapidly and destroys all dead material.

Like all other great blessings, in that all glory for the good it brings should be given to God alone.

*A Revival Spirit*

In a church makes it like a magnet, in that it draws people to itself.

Like an oasis in the desert, in that it affords to the perishing, spiritual shade, food, and drink.

Like a strong ship, in that it is able to triumph over both wind and waves.

Like an impregnable fortress, which defends its inmates and is a terror to their enemies.

Vivifying, enlightening, and purifying, it is like the sun when it goeth forth in its might; and like heaven, in that its subjects are both useful and happy, and God Himself dwells with them.

*A Church*

Which is destitute of a revival spirit is like a storm-cloud in the time of a drought, which brings no rain.

Like a lamp with a wet wick, which sputters for a moment and then goes out.

Like a stove with soot-filled pipes and wet wood, that gives no heat.

Like an empty table to a man who is starving.

Like a dried up fountain to a man that is dying of thirst.

Like a lighthouse whose light is put out.

Like a home where there is no love.

Like a Polar winter.

Like a ghastly corpse.

He who commanded "Come forth" to Lazarus, is able to resurrect even such a church as this.

*Absolute Necessity of Revivals.*

"I could prove to a demonstration that without revivals the world will never be converted, and that in a

hundred or two hundred years, without revivals, Christianity will be practically extinct. It is a *matter of astounding arithmetic*. In each of our modern generations there are at least thirty-two million children. Now add thirty-two millions to the world's population, and then have only one or two hundred thousand converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? Never—absolutely never!”—TALMAGE.

*Motives for Revival Effort.*

1. God commands it.
2. He always abundantly blesses all who rightly engage in it.
3. The great majority of converted people were saved through revival efforts.
4. Sinners by the million are sinking down to an eternal hell.
5. Sin is an insult to God.
6. Revivals make joy in heaven.
7. Formalists, hypocrites, saloonists, and the devil, all hate them.
8. Spiritual people in all denominations bid them God speed.
9. To refuse to aid in them is to become cold, dead, and perhaps lost forever.
10. To work in them is to win soul gems that will be of infinite value when banks have all broken, and all but God's saints have gone into eternal bankruptcy.

“ Long and loud the Master calleth,  
 Rich reward He offers thee.  
 Who will answer, gladly saying,  
 ‘ Here am I ; send me, send me. ’ ”

***There must be a Revival.***

It is possible for a person to live and be happy without a home, and in poverty and hunger ; but if destitute of a revival spirit he is a spiritual invalid, weak, sick, and miserable, if not already dead.

It is *possible* for a church to thrive without a building, without a choir, without a preacher, but without a revival it is like a house in the winter without any fire.

Towering mountain high, above all other needs, educational, political, or financial, is the need of a revival to all who are destitute of its power. Let the voice of each church and individual unite with the voice of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in the cry for a sin-consuming, heart-cleansing, soul-filling revival of religion.

***Revival Catechism.***

What is a revival of religion ?

It is such a cleansing and quickening of believers as leads to the conversion of sinners.

Why do some church members oppose revivals ?

For various reasons. Some because they are unconverted, others because they have been prejudiced against true revivals by their knowledge of spurious ones, and others still because they are holding on to some sin which they feel sure that they would be pressed to give up should there be a genuine revival, and others still because they are not willing to make the sacrifice upon which the coming of a revival is conditioned.

What are the conditions upon the meeting of which a revival may be expected ?

Prayer, faith, and personal work on the part of those pleading for it.

Why is it that so many prayers for revivals are not granted?

Because they are not offered with pure motives from pure hearts. God says, "If a man regard iniquity in his heart the Lord will not hear him." A prominent and successful soul saver has told of an official member who sought a baptism of revival power. He did not receive it. He inquired of a wise man what the reason could be. Was asked his motive in thus praying. Answered, that he might be happy. Was told that the devils in hell might pray with as pure a motive as that. He went away enraged, but soon came back with the glad tidings that when he began seeking it not that he might be happy, but that *he might win souls*, the baptism came. Selfish prayers fall back to the earth like lead.

#### *Revivals or a Winding up.*

Three hundred thousand divorces in this country the last twenty years! Then you say there isn't any need of revivals and outpourings of the Holy Spirit. If our nation rushes on in sin as it is going now, I do not wonder the Adventist says the world is coming to an end shortly. If the brakes are not put on, and there are not general revivals in the cities, and a much deeper work of grace upon the hearts of God's people, and they turn to the Lord, there will be a winding up of all things here.—REV. JOSEPH COOK.

#### *Revival Opposition.*

He who opposes scriptural revivals, or any other divine movement, is like a man who would stop and knock his head against the corner-stone of a big church every

time he passed it. The church could stand it all right, but it would be hard on the poor man's head.

Some by opposing holiness and resisting revivals have acted thus foolishly. The holiness temple still stands in all its stately grandeur, and revivals sweep on like a resistless Niagara, but the "heads" of opposers are in a sad condition.

Such should be pitied and prayed for. Many already have seen their folly and fully yielded both hands and hearts to Him against whom in "ignorance and unbelief" they sinned.

#### *Revivals a Remedy for Divisions in the Church.*

"Go, and I will be with you and give you success," was the substance of the message that God gave me as I decided in response to Pastor S's invitation to conduct revival services with him.

I soon found that Satan had things there about to suit him.

At the last two meetings many of the members had withdrawn from the church, and very few had favored the pastor's return that year.

Only a few came to the meetings at first, but God heard prayer, blessed our labors, and soon the work revived. It shortly reached the disaffected members. What tears of penitence! What mutual forgivenesses!

"If you are willing to take me into the church again, I'll come back on probation," said one in public; and nearly all who had withdrawn felt the same way, and came back into the church.

Nothing so unites people as receiving the Spirit, which makes all one in Christ Jesus.



*Revivals a Sure Cure*

For spiritual colds. Many people have foolishly exposed themselves in the damp, foggy lowlands of disobedience, or amid the blizzards that are continually raging on the bleak hill-tops of unbelief, which brings a spiritual cold that causes wrong views of Jesus and His work. Sometimes it affects the heart, so that there is little or no charity for others. This condition is often attended by a high fever of variance, strife, and contentions, in which the patients become so spiritually delirious that they harbor hard feelings toward others, and do not forgive others as they want God to forgive them. Sometimes it settles on the lungs in such a way that it is very difficult to speak or pray, and it often causes spiritual respiration to cease altogether, ending in spiritual death.

A genuine revival will banish the cold and bring the dead to life. Glory to God!

*Revival Excitement.*

There are two ways of destroying icebergs. One is to pound them to pieces, and the other is to melt them. The latter method is thus described by Talmage, in "The Boy Preacher."

"Did you ever hear that there was a convention once held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole ice-field would break up and flow away; so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel smote

on the table of ice, calling the convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice-fields began to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was, '*Resolved*, That we abolish the sun.' But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater, until after a while the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was, 'Too much excitement! Order! Order!' Then the whole body, the whole field of ice, began to flow out, and a thousand voices began to ask, 'Where are we going now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces.' By this time the icebergs had reached the Gulf Stream, and melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. The warm sun is the eternal Spirit; the icebergs are frigid Christians; the warm Gulf Stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God."

#### *Judges and Lawyers Convinced*

I have always found that when the gospel was properly presented, they were the most accessible class of men. I have never to my recollection seen a case in which judges were not convinced of the truth of the gospel, where they have attended meetings in the revivals I have witnessed. I have often been very much affected in conversation with members of the legal profession by the manner in which they would consent to propositions to which persons of ill-disciplined minds would have objected. — From *Finney's Autobiography*.

*True and Sham Revivals.*

True revivals are born from above.

Sham revivals, from below.

True revivals proclaim the whole gospel.

Sham revivals skip the terrors of the law, the doom of the damned, the depravity of the soul, assurance of conversion, and the claims of heart holiness, and substitute instead a sickly sentimentalism.

True revivals proclaim the truth fearlessly, no matter whom it hits.

Sham revivals, for fear of Esquire Consequence, or Trustee Hypocrisy, either touch very lightly, or else let entirely alone, any needed truths that would offend them.

True revivals not only command men to repent, but teach them what to repent of.

Sham revivals are silent on the subject of repentance for fear of hurting men's feelings.

True revivals urge their children not to rest until they *know* they are converted.

Sham revivals take it for granted that men are saved because they weep or come forward or rise for prayers.

True revivals are deeply concerned over the quality of conversions.

Sham revivals, over counting the so-called converts.

True revivals change the nature, and not only get their converts into the Church, but register them in the "Book of Life."

Sham revivals do not affect the heart at all, and get the name no farther than a slip of paper.

True revivals bring the sanctifying baptism of the Holy Spirit to the hearts of believers, as well as the kiss of pardon upon the brow of the penitent.

Sham revivals are as afraid of sanctification as the devil is said to be of holy water.

True revivals are awake to the fact of formality and worldliness among professors, and seek the conversion of sinners who are in the Church, as earnestly as sinners without.

Sham revivals shut their eyes to the fact of unconverted professors, and take it for granted that all who belong to the churches are saved.

True revivals always bear some permanent fruit.

Sham revivals leave a church and community in a worse condition than before.

True revivals are a dread to the persistently wicked, but the joy of the children of God.

Sham revivals are insipid to the wicked, sickening to the saints, disgusting to God, and delightful to no one but the devil.

True revivals are like refreshing showers to the thirsty earth.

Sham revivals are like blasts from the desert, which blight and destroy.

May the true abound!

#### *Revival Hints.*

The leaders of course must seek, claim, and retain the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The road to this indispensable qualification is through the valleys of Confession, Self-Abasement, Entire Consecration, and Complete Trust.

This alone "drew" surging throngs at Pentecost and will in many places. It is also proper and often needful to scatter the notices of the meeting, visit from

house to house, call at shops and other places where men are, put up big posters, announce startling themes, hold street meetings, or do any other rightful thing to get the attention of the people from things ordinary to the meetings and things eternal.

Then the truth must be placed before them and they be vehemently urged to embrace it at once.

Sermons must be fervent and to the point.

If saved people are in the congregation their testimony is a power which often can be utilized.

No expedient for committing people has been more highly honored of God than the altar service.

A band of workers should be organized to press penitents to the altar in the after meeting.

It is usually wise at the close of a preaching to permit all to go who are not in earnest about the salvation of themselves or others.

The aisles should be kept open, even if the people have to go away.

Let the Holy Spirit notify penitents when they are converted.

Praise God whenever there is a conversion.

Seek out those under conviction, after the service is over, and if possible persuade them to yield.

Give God all the glory.

### ***A Revival Spirit and a Worldly Spirit.***

Either will show itself.

The first by a desire to save men.

The second by indifference.

The first by self-denial.

The second by self-indulgence.

The first by a love for spiritual things.  
 The second by an aversion to them.  
 The first will find its joy in God's service.  
 The second, in the world's amusements.  
 The first will seek to rescue men.  
 The second, to amuse them.  
 The first will devote its energies to edify.  
 The second, to entertain.  
 The first is ambitious to please God.  
 The second, man.  
 The first aims to be like Jesus.  
 The second, like "other folks."  
 The first loves holiness.  
 The second hates it.  
 The first will buoy up to heaven.  
 The second will sink down to hell.  
 Reader, which have you?

#### *The Revival Needed.*

If God should let a red-hot, sanctified, John Brown sort of a man, burst upon society, — a man that would strike as much terror to the dead pulpits of the Church as the dens of iniquity, — it would be the thing we need. . . . Many of these revivalists held the ruinous error, that depravity is never extirpated from the soul, but only covered up by the imputed robe of Christ's personal holiness. That doctrine has no earthquake power in it. It is a poetical device of the devil; for he loves to be covered over with the borrowed costume of Christ, provided he can retain a niche in the heart. Oh, no! In the revival I mean, the carnal mind is never repressed under borrowed garments, but torn

out root and branch; a revival in which no one ever rises for prayers, but where they fall and pray for themselves, and weep and mourn, and make the doctor think they are insane; a revival that will make preachers forget their manuscripts, and burst out and weep in the pulpit; a cyclone of mysterious omnipresence that, when it strikes a church or community, will make people awfully mad or awfully happy.

I declare in the presence of God and his hosts, I am ready for just such a moral scene. Nothing is so alarming as the utter absence of alarm in the churches. Nothing is so dreadfully terrific to my mind as that sinners have no terror. Oh that God would so baptize with fire a thousand people as to render them incomprehensible amazements of power! Oh for a few men so dead to all things but God, and so filled with Him as to make them more than a match for the rest of mankind! O Thou triune God of Sinai, Calvary, and Pentecost! art thou not now nursing, under the horizon, the lightning and thunder and rain of an amazing holiness revival? Lord, let it come! Let it strike our nation! Though it may blow the steeples of our abominable church pride in the dust; though it may thrust our philanthropic fairs and festivals in the gutter; blow the French music out of our choirs and the feathers out of our bonnets; though it should confound all the wise ones, and be understood by no one but Thy divine self, let it come!—  
REV. G. D. WATSON.

### *The Coming Revival.*

As the lightning falls from above when certain atmospheric conditions are met, so the revival will come

when the atmosphere of the Church shall be sufficiently charged with hope and faith and prayer.

It will melt the ice of formality and wordliness in which multitudes have frozen to death, and will form Mississippies of saving grace, upon which all the world may float out into the gulf of full, free, and eternal salvation.

It will make saints feel a joy a million times deeper than soldiers for their country, or college boys over pugilistic victories.

It will cremate tobacco, snuff, opium, and their kindred, liberate their victims, and cleanse them from filth without and from sin within.

It will transform hovels into Christian homes. It will make hypocrites howl with rage and saints sing with rapture.

Its mighty spiritual electric currents will throw such vivid light on Error that, frightened at her own hideousness, she will "writhe in pain, and die amid her worshippers;" will so "shock" the devotees of fashion, folly, and formality that they will faint for very fear. In characters of flame, a million times more vivid than those which frenzied voluptuous Belshazzar, it will blazen words of doom upon ball-rooms; brothels; saloons; legislative halls that license them; nunneries; so-called churches, that have become training schools for the theatre; and all other haunts where sin, masked or otherwise, seeks to hide his grimy head. It will shake all earth with a mighty moral earthquake that will topple, as though they were children's play-houses, principalities, powers, kingdoms, empires, republics, and ecclesiastical systems moss-covered with decay of ages.



Like a stupendous avalanche it will first warn, then startle, then appall, and then "grind to powder" "the great men and the mighty men and the chief captains" who have oppressed the poor, withstood the truth, and serving self instead of God have persisted in their wrong.

Like a black storm-cloud, with gleeful fury its lightnings will leap upon false professors and professed ministers of Christ whose lives and lips belie the profession which they make,—the "generation of vipers" of this nineteenth century, who by crying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and by either silence or words of cheer have said amen to that which God condemns. Like Jesus in the temple, in spite of plea of proud Pharisee or cowardly priest, its "whip of small cords" will snap amid the frolics, the feastings, and the stage performances of modern churchly worldlings.

Like a mighty tidal wave its flood will sweep through the souls of men, cleansing from inborn depravity, filling with perfect love, and perfecting them in that holiness without which none can see the Lord.

It will so completely annihilate pride within the human heart that all her signboards which she hangs out on the bodies of those in whom she dwells will drop off like dead leaves when the buds burst in spring-time.

Like the shower, it will refresh and revive all that is of God, and leave the spiritual atmosphere pure and sweet.

Like the sun, it will banish darkness, illuminate the whole earth, and fill it with the light of the knowledge and glory of God.

Brother, do you work, watch, pray, and look for such

a revival as this? As true as God has spoken, it's *coming*! COMING! COMING!

VARIANCE VANISHES. — Where true revival fires are burning, petty strifes, envies, and jealousies vanish. Let these fires be kindled all over this land, and the Devil of Discord would be cast out, and the Angel of Peace would wave her white banner over every inch of the soil of the world's great republic. — *Nashville Christian Advocate*.

REVIVALS A CURE FOR CRIME. — In many instances in these revivals, restitution sometimes to the amount of many thousand dollars was made by those whose consciences troubled them, either because they had obtained the money directly by fraud or by some selfish overreaching in their business interests. — C. G. FINNEY.

SURE CURE FOR FALSE "ISMS." — I have learned, again and again, that a man needs only to be thoroughly convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost, to give up at once and forever, and gladly give up, Universalism, and Unitarianism. — C. G. FINNEY.

A NEW START. — The "revival" that would be hurt by a sermon on any fundamental doctrine of the Bible, or by a collection for any worthy object, needs to take a new start on a better line. — *Nashville Christian Advocate*.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS are the life of the world. As Nature would die with continued winter, so the world would utterly perish in wickedness if God did not display His saving power. — REV. JAMES H. POTTS.

REVIVALS AN ANTIDOTE FOR MORMONISM. — The Methodist revival now in progress in Salt Lake City is

capturing many Mormon converts from Scandinavia who have recently entered Utah. — *Selected.*

FORMALITY is spiritual ice ; a revival will melt it. Worldliness is spiritual treason ; a revival will banish it.

ALL live Christians desire revivals, and all dead Christians need them.—REV. JAMES H. POTTS.

## SECTION IV.

### REVIVAL PREPARATION.

“TARRY ye . . . until ye be endued with power from on high.”—  
JESUS.

#### *Begin at Home.*

WISE are they who heed the truth found in the following extract from an old revival tract:—

“Let us seek a revival in our own hearts first. It is only hypocrisy to talk about the low state of religion among our neighbors, unless we begin at home. But when we have humbled ourselves before God, and besought Him to revive His work within us, we may then look out upon the Church and world around us, and plead for them. Pray for your ministers; pray for your fellow Christians; pray for the world, perishing in its sins. ‘O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.’”

#### *Revival Dynamite.*

“Ye shall receive power.” This word “power” is a translation of the same word from which the expressive one “dynamite” is derived. The kingdom of God shall come in power,—dynamite. The power—dynamite—of the Lord was present. It is in the spiritual world what dynamite is in the material world. The truth may

be preached, the word declared, the Bible read, and personal work performed; but if this power does not descend, nor accompany the work, nor touch the people, the arm of salvation is shortened. This power is repeatedly promised. Its importance is emphasized.

It is the one necessary gift, which must precede any extensive work of grace.—HENRY W. BENNETT.

### *Conditions of Revival Success.*

Revival methods will vary with different times, places, and people; but the conditions, like those of life, growth, and fruitage, are always and everywhere the same. Pentecost is a graphic pen-picture of the meeting of these conditions and of the revival results which may follow.

1. They realized the imperative importance of the baptism of the Holy Spirit to fit them for the work.
2. They met to pray for this.
3. They claimed the fulfilment of the exceeding great and precious promises which assure of his coming.
4. They were inflexibly determined to prevail, and tarry until they did, were it ten days or longer.
5. They met the fixed conditions of self-abandonment and trust upon which the promise is conditioned.
6. They were of "one accord" as to the object, motive, and time of the answer of their prayer.
7. As is always the case when these conditions are met, victory was given.

If we meet like conditions, God will come to us, and that coming will be a revival; and whether the people repent and are converted as under Peter, or resent and persecute as under Stephen, victory will be the result.

*Revival Inquiries.*

Have you received the gift of the Holy Spirit since you were converted?

In the early part of their experience Christ's "disciples" "were not of the world," had "left all" and followed Him, and their names were written in heaven; yet they had not received the "gift of the Holy Ghost" until the convention in the Pentecostal chamber. Cornelius was a devout, liberal, praying man in the early part of his religious experience; but it was only after deep heart-searchings and earnest seeking, and the instructions of Peter the holiness evangelist, that he knew what it was to be filled "with the Spirit."

These and other instances show, —

(1) That one may be a believer and not know what it is to have the baptism of sanctifying power.

(2) That it may be received instantaneously in answer to the prayer of faith.

(3) That it is a gift to be received, not a state to be "grown into" nor a possession to be purchased. One might, with just as much sense, talk of growing into a Christmas present or New Year's gift as of thus possessing the gift of pardon or of the Holy Ghost.

Beloved, are you now in the conscious possession of this Pentecostal endowment, without which it is impossible to do the most effective revival work?

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

*Spiritual Icebergs.*

A revival in which young converts are brought into the church without the church being revived, is like pour-

ing hot water on an iceberg in the Frigid Zone. The water soon congeals and becomes a part of the iceberg. The scriptural way is to float the whole church out into the "gulf stream" of divine love and power, where, under the sunshine of revival grace, it will become so melted that it will assimilate the showers of young converts that seek union with it.

### *Relation of the Holy Spirit to Revival Work.*

As great central suns are said to have thrown off other lesser worlds which revolve around them, so He is the source from whence all other true evangelist's power springs.

He has labored incessantly for centuries, and yet is as "mighty in labors" as in the beginning.

Although infinite in wisdom and in love, yet wherever He labors He provokes the bitterest heart hostility both towards His methods and Himself. When His councils are followed, souls are saved; otherwise His work is an apparent failure.

He may be "vexed," and then becomes "an enemy" whose might is awful. He knows all that is in man, and often brings to light the "hidden things of the heart" with Judgment Day vividness.

He is a terror to wordlings and formalists and hypocrites, and they treat Him just as they did Jesus when He was on earth.

He is the only person in the universe who has the authority to tell people when their sins are forgiven, and He always does this when they are and can make the subject feel as certain of it as of existence. He has no fixed salary, and will go just as quickly to a poor charge

as to a rich, and pleads with a single individual as readily as with a multitude.

He makes people weep for grief and then shout and laugh for joy.

People have fallen like dead men under His power, and some of His meetings have been so noisy that it was reported that His converts were "drunk with new wine." The worth of His work, however, is not to be measured by outward demonstrations so much as by the faith, hope, love, patience, gentleness, liberality, self-denial, and boldness that possess all who receive Him.

Cowardice, fear, unbelief, pride, envy, revenge, and their kindred hate him with a bitterness born of the pit, and He has been known to drive them all from a soul in an instant. He always meets his engagements on time to a second, and would be glad to enter on an aggressive campaign at once with every person and church in the land.

All desiring His presence will address the Father in the name of Jesus. His name is the Holy Spirit.

### *Try Holiness.*

A minister had gone to a new circuit, where he expected to find marked religious earnestness ; but to his great disappointment, he was met by apathy and formality. The minister's heart became sad, having made many ineffectual efforts to rouse the church. In a most discouraged state of mind, he wrote to a friend, saying, "I have tried nearly everything to bring about a better state of things, and am now about at my wits' end. Last night, however, while pondering over the state of matters, it came to my mind as if a voice spoke to me, 'Try



holiness ; get the people nearer to God, and lead them to seek a higher Christian life.' ” When we have witnessed the many ineffectual methods employed to increase the spiritual interest of the church, such as lectures, concerts, sociables, literary entertainments, etc., and all the while the church growing sicker, we have felt like exclaiming in thunder tones, “Try holiness ! Appoint a Pentecost, and see what that will do. Tarry in some chamber until you are all filled with the Holy Ghost. That will give power and fire, and saved people will be added to the church. Try holiness ! ” — *Selected.*

### *The Natural Order.*

For the Christian worker, peace, work, power, the only possible natural order.

The great work must not be done in the energy of the flesh.

1. Regeneration.
2. Sanctification.
3. Anointing. Must have them all, to do effective work for Christ.

Many Christians have never so much as heard of the Holy Ghost. Finney was so anointed by the Spirit that a glance brought a scoffing sinner to deep conviction of sin and led to his conversion.

Our Lord never preached until he was anointed by the Spirit. — DR. PIERSON.

### *Wesley Speaks.*

John Wesley said, “When Christian perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God, and little life in the

members. Speak, and spare not. Let not regard for any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press the believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival."

### *An Unfailing Revival Recipe.*

"The following, from the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* is worthy of prayerful thought: "Much has been written and much said as to the methods and manners of a revival. That a thorough, profound, and wide-reaching revival is the remedy for our spiritual ills, we believe. A true revival is nothing more nor less than God coming to His Church to destroy the evil and to advance the good. Finances, brotherhood, the grace of giving, of praying, and of living, are all established and mightily helped by the revival. Organization, fellowship, finance, singing, praying, orthodoxy, experience, discipline, — everything was in fine order the day after the Pentecost revival. The presence and power of the Holy Ghost helps things at both ends mightily.

"The Christian Church needs that her machinery be well lubricated by the Holy Ghost. Nothing takes the starch and stiffness of the world out of the Church like a genuine revival.

"The Methodist 'Discipline' has one unfailing, universal receipt for this revival. We reproduce it to refresh and emphasize. It is the words of our vow when standing on the threshold of our full itinerant life. Before bishop and conference we make this solemn asseveration in that solemn hour: —

"'Are you going on to perfection?' 'Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?' 'Are you groaning after it?'

“Hidden in these simple, familiar, incisive questions are the germs of every deep and genuine revival.

“If the preachers, bishops, connectional officers, presiding elders, preachers in charge, and editors would begin in dead earnest to meet the obligations of that itinerant vow, couched in the above words, and would reduce the history to a practice and the vow to an experience, such a revival as has never been known would visit and bless our Zion, and it would be so thoroughly impregnated by divine grace and power that it would stand in the ages to come as the bulwark of spiritual Protestantism in this country. May God hasten the day !”

#### *Revival Preparation.*

The following burning words from the lips of Bishop Pierce will prove an inspiration to every true revival worker :—

“Now, then, I beseech the preachers to set their hearts upon this general baptism of the Spirit ; arrange all your plans to this end. Adapt your sermons to this result. Enlist the laity in the activities of the Church. Give the women something to do for Christ and human salvation. Interest the children, and make the Sunday school auxiliary do the work. Do not be contented with good meetings and partial, scanty results. Aim at great things, ask for great things, expect great things. You, my brethren, are doing good in many ways, but this is incidental,—a work by the way ; your first chief business is the conversion of sinners.

“Let not the erection of churches divide your mind or delay your steps. The parsonage ought to be built, the collections all taken, every duty done ; but do not

stop short of a revival among your people. Let nothing satisfy you but success. 'Make full proof of your ministry.' 'Do the work of an evangelist.' Travail in soul for those for whom Christ died. Hunt the lost sheep. Persuade the prodigal to return to his Father's house. Pluck the brand from the burning. Be instant in season, out of season. By all means save some.

"Let us all pray and work for another Pentecost. Oh that we too may count our converts by the thousand. Why not double our membership this year? Is this extravagant, presumptuous, absurd? Why so? You never saw the like, never read of it, never heard of it? Well, well! is that the measure of your faith? Are your hopes bounded by what you have seen, read, and heard? Is there nothing better? Are we to live forever at this poor, dying rate? God forbid! Is the Lord's ear heavy that He cannot hear? Is His hand shortened that He cannot save? His promise is given: let us prove Him. His power is sufficient: let us test it. Oh that Zion may travail. Let every member go into his chamber and pray three times a day, 'Thy kingdom come.' Let every preacher ascend Mount Carmel, and pray till the little cloud rises from the sea, and then in the spirit of prophecy announce to the Church that he hears the sound of abundance of rain.

"'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye become endued with power from on high.'"

*When a Revival may be Expected.*

1. When it is desired above everything else.
2. When the church unitedly prays and plans for it.
3. Where the church seeks to save the people, instead of

entertaining and amusing them. 4. Where a number unitedly pray and exercise faith for it.

“If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.”

### *Victory.*

I was converted at twenty and entered the ministry at the age of twenty-six. During all this time I was experimentally ignorant of the nature of the gift of the Holy Ghost. Surely it was offered in the Word, but I was ignorant of it. Reading books in my conference studies, Wesley on “Perfection” and Foster’s “Christian Purity,” and meeting some laymen full of the Holy Ghost, I was convinced of my need. My dearth of soul was further manifest in the little fruit borne for the Master. I searched the Scriptures as the only rule for faith and practice. I saw there the believer’s inheritance or privilege, as well as necessity, the gift of the Holy Ghost. I saw it as the need of all Christians, and before obtaining it myself wrote a tract reminding Christians of their privileges. I sought earnestly, as I thought now. I presently found myself convicted on the line of giving. I had given five to twenty-five dollars per year to the Church. I now felt moved to give at least one-tenth of my income. I found rest on that line. I believe the withholding more than is meet is a great cause for the spiritual poverty of many. There was one appointment on my circuit which gave me much trouble. Dissensions abounded. Wrath was found where love should dwell. I would have left the place only for the

duty of continuing the work. I still prayed for the baptism of power. I performed all the duties presented to me, but instead of getting more power I seemed to be losing what I had. At this place of trial, in the class meeting, God came in the person of the Holy Ghost, and filled my soul, until in my weakness I cried unto Him to stay His hand. I knew its meaning. A new life was begotten in my soul. Then came days of rejoicing, with the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." In a short time the appointment I would have willingly left, and where I received the baptism, was the scene of a glorious revival, and sixty were converted to God.—REV. G. W. THOMPSON, *Livingston Manor, N. Y.*

#### ***Sanctification Essential to Permanent Results.***

The necessity of the sanctification of the Church in order to insure permanent revival results is forcibly illustrated in the following extract from Finney's "Lectures to Professed Christians:" "When I was an evangelist I labored in a church that had enjoyed many revivals, and it was the easiest thing in the world to get the church to go out and bring in sinners to the meetings; and the impenitent would come in and hear, but there was no deep feeling and no faith in the church. The minister saw that this way of proceeding was ruining the church, and that each revival brought about in this manner made the converts more and more superficial; and unless we came to a stand, and got more sanctification in the church, we should defeat our object. We began to preach with that view, and the church members writhed under it. The preaching ran so directly across all their former notions about the way to promote

religion, that some of them were quite angry. They would run about and talk, but would do nothing else. But after a terrible state of things, many of them broke down, and became as humble and teachable as little children."

### *Revival Recipe.*

The following plan, recommended by Mr. Moody, is doubtless one of the best. He says, "The best way is for the pastor to say he wants to see all who desire the work of revival. Don't let any one else come. Then get down on your knees and pour out your hearts, asking God to revive yourselves. Don't be in a hurry to pray for your friends; hold the people to themselves; you never see an anxious church without souls being saved. Don't wait for the whole church to move. Get two or three, and soon there will be six or seven. Form a praying band; pray for the work, and the blessing will come. That plan never failed yet."

### *A Sanctification that led to Two Hundred Conversions.*

The following experience of Bro. T. L. Adams of St. Jo, Tex., illustrates the truth of the adage that one believer fully sanctified is equal to ten conversions:—

"When a boy, preparing for the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, I went home from Vanderbilt University to spend vacation and recuperate purse and health. At Milan, Tenn., I met a presiding elder of the Memphis Conference, who needed a preacher to fill a vacancy made by an aged minister failing in health. After thinking and earnestly praying over the matter, I was satisfied God led me to go to this work. Arriving on the work the (Decaturville circuit) I found

that though I had religion I was in no revival spirit. I betook myself to prayer. Went on through the first meeting of eight or ten days, with no satisfactory results. The second meeting came on by this time. I began to realize I, though from a university, was not in a condition to save sinners. I spent most all my time now, not required in the services, in earnest, agonizing prayer to God for help. Going out one evening before sundown, I began in wrestling prayer, Jacob-like; and, a little after nine o'clock, while in deep agony, all alone out there in the woods, I felt that 'my prayer had prevailed,' and I had the victory. The next day, the fifth day of the unsuccessful meeting, I preached; and though not conscious of extraordinary power, the power came, and amidst weeping penitents, rejoicing converts, and shouting Christians, sixteen made clear professions of faith in Christ, and in three days between forty and fifty were happily saved. And the power didn't stop there, but everywhere on my circuit that I preached, the power was present to save, till near two hundred souls were brought from darkness to light.

“‘Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee’ (Ps. 51 : 12, 13).”

#### *How a Texas Preacher Received Power from on High.*

This summer, during a camp meeting near here, I was conversing with a young preacher who was hungering and thirsting for all the fulness of God. He had never heard the second blessing explained fully. All ministers with whom he had spoken on the subject gave him



no encouragement, and he was almost in despair, and felt that he was not prepared for the work of the ministry, without a second work. I gave him "Out of Egypt into Canaan" to read, when he returned home. When he finished reading it he made a complete surrender. He wrote me this week that the Lord was blessing his labors abundantly. He is only eighteen years of age.—  
KATIE LORD, *Cuero, Tex.*

*From the Plough to the Pulpit.*

When a pastor, I became acquainted with a man who was brightly converted in early life, and who for some time had felt that he was called to the ministry. He was reticent, and, feeling unqualified, had been hesitating about heeding the call.

During our meetings he came into a clear experience of justifying grace. He then sought and received the gift of sanctifying, fear-dispelling, joy-bringing power, without which none are qualified for soul-saving work.

What a change! From a "crooked path" professor, who had about all that he could do to breathe spiritually at all, he became first a faithful steward, then a zealous exhorter, then an efficient local preacher, and now he is a successful evangelistic pastor, yearly winning souls to Christ.

The turning point in his life as a soul-winner was when he fully consecrated all to Christ, and sought until he received the "gift of the Holy Ghost."

His life, like that of many others, is an illustration of the truth of that statement of an eminent divine, that, "One person fully sanctified is equal to ten conversions." The philosophy of the truth of this statement lies in the

fact that one such person will, like this brother, bring about many more than ten conversions.

*How a "Scientist" Became a "Revivalist."*

Blessings you may count by the hundreds and thousands. Thank God, we have showers of blessings in this land of constant sunshine, but we have two grand crossings, the Red Sea and the Jordan, we never can forget. The two memorable departures commemorated by Calvary and Pentecost as far transcend the ordinary blessings as the moon and sun eclipse the stars.

Each of these blessings developed wonderful revolutions in my life. Till my conversion at sixteen the physical predominated. My great delight was in wrestling, foot-racing, ball-playing, etc. Conversion at once destroyed all my appreciation of these physical exercises, and I entered the intellectual period. I took the greatest delight in all sorts of hard study, went through the collegiate course, ransacked the world for books, delighted in dead languages, mathematics, the sciences, philosophies, and the hardest studies. Meanwhile, pursuant to an early call, I preached fifteen years with all my might, committing the awful blunder of substituting my education and intellect for the Holy Ghost, as I knew nothing about preaching with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. (1 Pet: 1 : 12.)

After nineteen years, sanctification came. Then I entered the spiritual period of my life, which will sweep through the gates of death and continue through all eternity. To my unutterable surprise, God made me what people call a "revivalist," which I had never dreamed of. God came and swept away all the rubbish

of science, literature, philosophy, mathematics, and theology, and gave me the sweet, simple story of Jesus and his love to go and tell to all the world.

In the physical period I walked in utter darkness, though a church member with an irreproachable character; in the intellectual, I enjoyed the twilight of salvation; for the last nineteen years I have walked in cloudless day. Hallelujah forever! — GODBEY.

### *How Received.*

It is not bestowed on a favored few, for God is no respecter of persons. But there are conditions upon which its outpouring depend. Every incident I have examined, and the lives of those workers who have had it, agree in a few things concerning this, such as a belief in this gift; consecration of life, and fasting and prayer for it. Somebody, and at times many persons, with one accord, were in prayer for this special blessing. There were fastings, great travail for souls, long vigils of prayer, and a mighty faith. One man, Rev. William Bramwell, had the habit of praying not less than six hours a day. In the case of Rev. Dr. Edwards' great meeting, some believers had "spent the whole night preceding that sermon in agonizing prayer." Pentecost was preceded by ten days' prayer meeting. I believe that the Church does not do enough knee work. God will be inquired of concerning this thing. He will not hear the half-hearted prayer. He will not hear if we regard iniquity in our hearts. We must be in earnest. John Knox on his calloused knees, with a breaking heart, cried, "Give me Scotland or I die." — HENRY W. BENNETT.

*The Secret of Soul-saving Success.*

I now come to the most important part of my experience, so far as relates to the results of my ministry. The question has been discussed in preachers' meetings; it has been mysticism to wordlings and sinners, and sometimes even to believers, — the full assurance of faith and its results. "How is it, Mr. Harrison, that everywhere your labors are crowned with such overwhelming success? If you could preach like Dr. Vernon, it might be attributed to the powerful preaching; but sometimes you don't even exhort at all, and yet you seem to draw people by a power that is magnetic. Where is the secret? How is it that in June weather, with the mercury up to ninety, two or three thousand people crowd the church, and hundreds stand outside the door begging for admittance? Why is it that for thirteen weeks one of the largest churches in Methodism is packed from pulpit to vestibule, week after week? How is it that Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Christian churches all catch the heavenly spark, and the whole city and State are aglow with the glory of God's saving power?"

I will tell you. I will make it plain to everybody. "The full assurance of faith." I was a student at Dr. Talmage's Lay College in Brooklyn, and in his family, seeking for preparation for some work of usefulness. I did not know where. I concluded I would go and see an old friend at Long Plains. I told my mother I would be back early Monday morning. This was Friday night. I intended to be back on Monday, but you shall see how God led me. I reached my destination. On meeting my friend at Long Plains, he said to me, using the old college name, "Harry, anticipating your coming, I

have sent out circulars for eight miles around, that tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock and at night you are to hold revival meetings." I said to him, "My dear friend, what possesses you?" They were as cold as death in my church in Boston, had had no revivals for years; even I was not converted at their altar, but in a snow-bank. I said to my friend, "You have made a mistake. I do not know anything about revivals." I only knew what I enjoyed in my own heart. Said he, "Harry, it's out." Said I, "Well, let us go to your room and pray over it." We went to his room and prayed. He prayed and I prayed, and when the time came I went into the pulpit and took a text and preached, and had a good time myself whether the people had or not; and at the conclusion of the meeting they came crowding around and shook hands with me, and I felt happy. About five o'clock, after supper was over, my friend said to me, "Harry, I want to pray." "So do I," I said; "let us go into your room, by the fire, and pray together." "No," said he, "I want to go behind the church, into the woods, and pray there. Father or mother or the children might come in and interrupt us in my room." So we went out through the snow, into the woods, behind the church, and we came to a tree that held its foliage all the winter through, and there was a green spot under it where there was no snow, and we knelt there and prayed. He prayed and I prayed for about twenty or thirty minutes, till we got all enthused with faith and zeal for God, and it came to be more like July than December, for we had got ourselves warm inside and hot outside. My friend rose up, with his face shining with a great victory, and the tears of joy

rolling down his cheeks, and he said to me, "Harry, we are going to have a great revival to-night." I stood still and looked at him a moment, and I said, "My friend, what is the matter with you? talking about a revival? What do you mean?" Said he, "I mean just what I say; we are going to have a great revival to-night." Said I, "What makes you think that?" Then I saw the light; then I realized the blessing; then I comprehended the power; then I saw God as I had never seen him before. I saw the fulness of power, — the power of the Holy Ghost that God can give to those who believe. Here is the secret of the power that God has given me, and which has led, under God, to the salvation of more than seventeen thousand souls. Said I, "Why do you think that?" And the answer was, "I have asked God, and I believe Him." I grasped his hand in mine; I put his arm in mine; my soul met his; my faith kissed his. "Amen!" My heart's desires met his. "Amen!" I said, "I see it; I see it. Glory to God!" I nearly lost my strength under the weight of glory that filled my soul when I saw the willingness of God, the ability of God, and the present power of God to give the blessing. I received the "full assurance of faith" under the power of God in that boy who said to me, "Harry, I have asked God, and I believe Him." Heaven help all the people here to get on that line to-night. Your churches would all be all aflame with the power of God.

It will not do to ask of God, and limit Him by our lack of faith in His answers to prayer. Oh, put away the milk of the Word, and stand up in the full measure of manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus, and say, as that boy said to me, "I have asked God, and I believe Him."

I entered the pulpit that night. The church was packed from the chancel to the entry! Curiosity was on tiptoe, to see what such a boy would say. I opened the old hymn-book; I was very happy. I said, "We will sing to-night a hymn expressive somewhat of my own feelings, and I will line it for you, as some may not have books. If you prefer sitting you may do so, but I hope everybody will sing with me." The organ played the tune, and as God led me, I commenced with the first line, "Oh for a thousand" — I stopped. I said, "I will read the hymn, Oh for a thousand" — I tried it again. "Oh for a" — I did not go as far as I did before. If I had kept on a little longer I would only have been able to say "Oh!" I was then, as now, as nervous as a man can be and live. I was not so careful as ten years of experience have made me. I did then what I would not do now. I never said a word to the minister, but got right down, and out over the altar-rail, and went straight to a young man who was crying as if his heart would break, and whispered in his ear, and said to him, "My dear friend, if you must cry, please cry to yourself; cry so that I will not hear you; I would like to read my hymn;" but he did what the man did in the Scriptures when the disciples told him to be still: "he cried so much the more." I went back, and again commenced to read the hymn, but had not uttered two words till I heard back by the third window a strange noise, and I said I must see to that, sure. I started, and went back there, and found a large, stout man crying like a baby. Said I, "My friend, excuse me; but I would like to be able to read my hymn. If you have to cry, please cry quietly." But, just like the other man, he cried all the more. About that time I

got back to the altar-rail, when I saw a young lady sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. I got half way to her and stopped, and said to myself, "You must be careful here; it is a lady." I took another look at her, and I said to myself, "Oh! what is this?" Her face was very pale, her dress black, her bonnet black with white inside. I said, "I'll not go to you; I will let you cry." I went back to the pulpit, and I said, "I cannot read my hymn while you are sobbing that way. If you have to cry, please cry quietly." But when a man is crying to God for mercy you cannot stop him. You might as well try to stop a stream of water with your hands. They cried only more and more. I thought to myself, "Well, here I am in a pretty situation, to be sure. I haven't got a chance to make my exhortation, or read my hymn, or even take up the collection. What shall I do? Why are all these people sobbing and crying?" I made up my mind to find out. I went first to the young man of nineteen who had been crying by the window, and said, "What are you crying for? Nothing has been said to cause you to cry." He said, "Oh, I wish I was a Christian!" I went then to the man down by the third window, and he said to me, "I wish I was saved." I said I would go to that lady who was crying so, and I went and asked her, "What are you crying for?" Said she, "O Mr. Harrison, I am in great trouble! My mother died a few weeks ago, and I so wish I was prepared to meet her." I went into the pulpit, and asked the minister what I should do. Said he, "I don't know, Brother Harrison, but pray do something quick."

I looked at the four or five seats alongside the pulpit and said, "These seats will be vacated, and I am going



to have a word of prayer with those who may wish to seek God ;” and in an instant, from the first pew to the door, they bowed their heads, and sobs and groans almost shook the church. I said, “If any here desire to be helped by faith and prayer, come and kneel,” and every seat was packed in two minutes. I said, “Clear these front seats.” They filled the two front pews in less than three minutes. Then I said, “If you want to be saved, kneel right where you are.” And they fell to the ground all over the church ; and that night from half past six to eleven o’clock, God shook that place, and instead of my going home on Monday, I have not been home since to stay. — I stayed there twenty-nine nights, and God saved nearly the whole town.

“I have asked God, and I believe Him.” There is the secret of power. There is “mesmerism.” Take it. There is “electricity.” Get it. There is the power to throw a “spell” over a congregation and make them do what you will. You may have it. Men say they don’t understand me, and can’t understand me ; that I have a magnetic power in my body. They tell “stories,” every one of them. It is faith in God. It is faith in God. I want the reporters who are here to-night to put it down in big letters and underscore it. I want it to go out from Indianapolis to this State and all other States that the real secret of power at these revivals — the foundation, the superstructure, and the crowning point of all is faith in God ! “I have asked God, and I believe Him.” Since that hour, God has given me seventeen thousand souls as the reward-answer of faith.

It is Pauline, Scriptural Methodism to the last letter. Have faith in God, and you can unloek the treasure-

house of God's glory and have all you want. Have faith in God, and you can get hold of the Eternal Throne. — THOMAS HARRISON in the "*Boy Preacher.*"

I FIND that no preaching does good but that which properly presses the use of the means, and urges holiness of heart. These points I am determined to keep close to in all my sermons. — BISHOP ASBURY.

## SECTION V.

### REVIVAL PRAYER.

“Revive thy work.”

#### *David's Revival Prayer.*

Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence ; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. — *Bible.*

The above inspired prayer clearly teaches that to be fitted for soul-saving work one should have : —

- (1) His sins forgiven.
- (2) A clean heart.
- (3) A right spirit.
- (4) The divine presence.
- (5) The joy of conscious and complete salvation.
- (6) The indwelling guidance and upholding power of the Holy Spirit.

#### *Prayer for Revival Victory.*

A true revival, whether it be in the heart of one person or throughout an entire community, begins in the

secret chamber of earnest prevailing prayer. Anything, therefore, that hinders this is a foe to revivals. Workers that are strangers to knee work may work up a temporary excitement, but never will be able to secure the copious outpourings of genuine revival power. If

"Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees,"

what must be his consternation when a score or more, not of spiritual weaklings, but of strong men and women of God, together plead with a holy persistency, that will not take no for an answer, for revival victory. In order for one to pray effectually for a revival, the following conditions must be met:—

1. All sin must be given up.
2. He must pray with pure motives.
3. He must be willing that God shall use him as He may will to aid in the revival.
4. He must persist in pleading until he feels sure that God hears and answers.
5. He must make humble confession, and, when in his power, restitution, where he may have wronged others.
6. He must be free from an unforgiving spirit. God has expressly declared that he will not heed the prayer of an unforgiving person, and to offer it were as foolish as for a rebel to ask for a pardon while in the act of killing government soldiers.
7. He must be ready to do what Christ would under similar circumstances, to seek a reconciliation with any who may have trespassed against him.
8. He must pray in faith, "nothing wavering."

9. He must be willing to give all the glory to God, not to his prayers or personal work or exhortation or sermons. He who prays for a revival, meeting these conditions, will have one in his own heart as quickly as the Spirit of God can speed there on the wires of promises immutable and divine. And then, other conditions being met, it will quickly spread until a whole community is in a blaze of revival glory.

### *Knee Work.*

Dr. James A. Duncan, had, on an important occasion, delivered a sermon of wonderful intellectual and spiritual power. He was asked, "What is the secret of such a sermon as that?" He replied, "The secret of that sermon is thirteen hours' consecutive prayer." Charles H. Spurgeon when asked for the explanation of his success, said, "Knee work! knee work!" David Livingston on two occasions preached a sermon of wonderful power. At each time five hundred persons were convicted. Both sermons were preceded by a whole night spent in prayer. C. G. Finney, after spending a whole day in the woods, fasting and praying, preached at night to a phenomenally irreligious congregation. The sermon was accompanied by such divine power, that the whole congregation, except one man, an elder in the church, fell prostrate upon the floor, and voiced their agony under conviction in such loud outcries that the preacher was forced to stop. — *Selected.*

### *How They Conquered.*

William Bramwell, who to this day stands out as one of the most eminent of Methodist evangelists, spent six hours a day in secret prayer. Few could imitate him

now, but how very few even approach him ! It is said of David Stoner, that if all the time could be calculated which he spent in this duty, it would amount to no inconsiderable portion of his life. Of "Uncle John Vassar," the Tract Society colporter, successful almost beyond comparison in his personal dealings with men, his pastor says : "He absolutely prayed day and night — prayed about everything, prayed over everything, prayed for almost everybody, and prayed with almost everybody he met. He prayed when he went out and when he came in. He prayed before every religious service, and then prayed all the way through it. I have occupied the same room with him night after night, and rarely went to sleep without hearing him at prayer, or awoke without finding him at prayer." — *Selected.*

#### *Conquered by Prayer.*

The following incident, illustrating the mighty power of prayer to overcome revival opposition, is taken from the Autobiography of C. G. Finney : —

Some young men encouraged by influential persons in the community "seemed to stand like a bulwark in the way of the work." "We therefore retired to a grove and gave ourselves up to prayer until we prevailed, and we felt confident that no power which earth or hell could interpose, would be allowed permanently to stop the revival. On Tuesday morning of the same week, the leader of these young men came to me in the greatest distress of mind. He was all prepared to submit, and as soon as I came to press him, he broke down like a child, confessed, and manifestly gave himself to Christ. Then he said, 'What shall I do Mr.

Finney ?' I replied, Go immediately to all your young companions, and pray with them and exhort them at once to return to the Lord. He did so ; and before the week was out, nearly if not all that class of young men were hoping in Christ."

### *Power of Family Prayer.*

Not many years since, in south-western Kentucky there lived a very estimable Christian lady (the Widow Star). Her affections were wooed and won by an infidel lawyer.

Hers had been a very active Christian life, and her best friends felt that she was about to make a great mistake in wedding one so different in life and character. However, they were married ; and the first evening they spent together in their home, before retiring, the good bride placed her family Bible on the table, and asked her husband to conduct the family devotion. He was so astonished that he was speechless. He knew that she was acquainted with the fact that he was an avowed infidel. He had even taken pains to inform her as to his peculiar views in regard to the Bible and Christianity.

After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to respond to her request, she opened the Bible and read a few verses, and said, "Let us pray." The burden of that first prayer with her husband was that God would lead him in the way of all truth. He did not kneel with her, but quietly retained his seat while she prayed. This continued for some time ; no direct opposition, but silent indifference. At length she was encouraged to greater zeal and earnestness by his kneeling with her ; and a short time after he began to kneel he was happily

converted at the family altar while she was praying. He soon felt that he was called to the ministry, and entered the Louisville Conference, and was a faithful and efficient worker to the day of his death. His faithful and consecrated wife was ever at his side to comfort and assist him in all his labors until God called her to her home above.

He ever praised God for using her to show him the way from darkness into light ; and after her decease he wrote : --

“ Green be the sod above her,  
 Wife of my better days ;  
 None knew her but to love her,  
 Or named her but to praise.”

—REV. G. M. HUMPHREY.

[N.B.—While the above is a forceful illustration of the results which sometimes follow such faithful discharge of duty on the part of the wife, yet it should not be taken as a warrant to marry unbelievers, and thus transgress the Scripture, which commands, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”]

### *The Revival at Tough Town.*

It came on this wise. Sister Pleader, with two other faithful members, had prayed for it for a long time. Matters, however, seemed to get worse. Pastor Big Head had been sent there for head trouble, and he did not believe in revivals and hated evangelists. He belonged to a number of secular societies, but even these, in Tough Town, would not support him, because of the head difficulty mentioned.

Many thought his heart was affected, as well as his head, and that a heart difficulty was at the bottom of



all his trouble. Things got in such shape that very few would come to hear him read his "weakly" essays, and the prayer meeting was abandoned by all but the three-mentioned sisters. Even the pastor neglected them, because they were attended by none but these three, whom he called cranks.

He became so secular that even the unconverted and backslidden members of the church were disgusted, and were about to prefer charges against him for inefficiency and neglect of the means of grace. His salary was clear behind. At this juncture a great revival broke out in a neighboring town, and some of the citizens of Tough Town went and were converted. They joined their prayers with Sister Pleader's, and all felt that they, too, must have a revival.

Brother Big Head by this time was brought so low that, in the hope that it would stir the people up so that they would do something on his salary, he consented to it.

Sister Pleader continued to pray, and a great revival at once began. Pastor Big Head at first was very jealous because the evangelist was so successful where he had failed, but he soon saw his folly, and humbled himself before God, and was reclaimed. Strange as it may seem, his head was perfectly cured; and ever after, he went by the name of Big Heart. He never alludes to the revival but that he says it came in answer to Sister Pleader's prayers.

#### *A Luxury to Kneel.*

While engaged in evangelistic work in Central Michigan, a ministerial friend from a neighboring charge attended frequently, aiding as best he could in the work.

From that charge I went to his. I had just received a new and most blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the fire soon began to burn.

The pastor wanted the work to be thorough, and sought first of all the fulness of the Spirit's power for himself.

He passed through a severe struggle, but came off conqueror in Jesus' name.

He said afterwards that he felt that Brother Knapp had something which he did not, and that he must get it. "I did think," said he in public, "that he kept people on their knees too much, but now I've got where it is a luxury to be on my knees."

Heart union with Jesus makes duty a delight. Praise God!

#### *A Stubborn Husband Conquered.*

While holding a revival service on the Montrose Charge, Dakota, in the winter of 1886, a man was brought under very deep conviction, but was determined not to yield. We appointed a prayer meeting at his house; he told his wife that if we came there to pray he would drive us out of the house. His wife being a very devoted Christian and a member of the Baptist Church, reasoned with him, and said it would be a disgrace to do such a thing. Finally, he said he would leave home for a week if the Methodists had a prayer meeting at his house, and she could get along the best she could with the large family of children. We held the prayer meeting and he, good to his word, left home on Sunday morning; the prayer meeting was held Sunday afternoon. The saints all called upon God for his conversion, and Monday evening, just as we gave an invitation for sinners

to come to Jesus, he opened the school house door and made a rush for the altar. Falling prostrate, he began to call upon God for mercy, and for Christians to pray for him. It did not take very long for that hungry soul and Jesus to come together, and when peace came, what a change; his neighbors, and even his wife were surprised, for he shouted so he could be heard easy one-half mile. As he was naturally very quiet and not at all demonstrative, some thought those Methodists had made him crazy. Well, four years have passed, and he is still shouting, and nobody thinks of taking him to the insane asylum. Praise God for converting and saving power. — O. H. HARPEL.

### *Praying for a Revival.*

In the town of W., Conn., one hundred and ten years ago, there was not a single church, there was not a Christian society. The inhabitants numbered four hundred, scattered over a farming territory. Somehow, three women found out that they professed to be Christians. A woman advanced in years, lived in the centre of the town; a woman in middle life lived three miles away; and another, a young woman, lived three miles the other way.

They had moved into the town at different times, and had found out that they were Orthodox Christians, members of the church. The old lady said to herself: "I have not long to live; have I done my duty? My husband and family know that I have been faithful, but have I done my duty to the rest?" She invited the others to come to her house, and they came and prayed about it, and talked about it, and finally decided to meet

the next Thursday afternoon at one o'clock, at the school house, and have a meeting. The old lady said to the young woman, "You can sing; Will you sing?" "I will." She said to the middle-aged woman, "You can read; Will you read a few chapters from the Bible?" "I will." The old lady said, "I will pray." So they came, one three miles from the east; another three miles from the west. The young lady sang, and the middle-aged lady read, and the old lady prayed. A man going by with a load of wood, seeing the door open, thought to close it. He went up to the door, and heard the old lady praying. It was a new revelation to him. He listened till she said, "Amen." Then she asked, "Shall we come again?" "Yes, let us come next Thursday, at one o'clock." He got on his load, and told everybody he saw. The next Thursday, at one o'clock, the three women arrived there, and found the house full. They found three chairs provided for them. They went in. The young woman said, "I am too diffident to sing before all these people." The old one said, "You must sing." The other woman said, "I cannot read before all this company." The old woman said, "You must read." So the young woman sang, and the other woman read, and the old woman prayed; and there was sobbing all over the house. In a few days they sent for a minister. There stands to-day, where that school house stood, a little white church. I have preached in it — the result of the revival prayed for by those three women. They not only prayed in their hearts at home, but they came together and prayed; "Lord, wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" — *Zion's Herald*.

*A Sister's Prayer Prevails.*

In December, 1889, where I was holding revival meetings in Pike Co., Ill., one night when many were coming to the altar, a girl who had been converted a few nights before, was seen weeping in her seat.

An inquirer found that she was crying because her sister would not go to the altar. She was told to, "Just kneel down and pray for her," and with heart overflowing with love, she knelt by her side, and soon the dear one broke down and went to the altar where she found peace to her soul. Surely her example is well worth following. — W. T. CARLEY.

*Prayer Defeated by Wrong Motives.*

I was the guest at the place of a Mr. B——, one of the elders of the church, and the most intimate and influential friend of the minister. One day as I came down from my room, and was going out to call on some inquirers, I met Mr. B—— in the hall; and he said to me, "Mr. Finney, what should you think of a man that was praying week after week for the Holy Spirit, and could get no answer?" I replied that I should think he was praying from false motives. "But from what motives," said he, "should a man pray; if he wants to be happy, is that a false motive?" I replied, "Satan might pray with as good a motive as that;" and then quoted the words of the Psalmist: "Uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." "See!" said I, "the Psalmist did not pray for the Holy Spirit that he might be happy, but that he might be useful, and that sinners might be converted to Christ." I said this and

turned and went immediately out; and he turned very short and went back to his room. I remained out till dinner time; and when I returned, he met me, and immediately began to confess. "Mr. Finney," said he, "I owe you a confession. I was angry when you said that to me, and I must confess, that I hoped I should never see you again. What you said," he continued, "forced the conviction upon me, that I never had been converted, that I never had had any higher motive than a mere selfish desire for my own happiness. I went away" said he, "after you left the house, and prayed to God to take my life; I could not endure to have it known that I had always been deceived. I have always been most intimate with our minister. I have journeyed with him, and slept with him, and conversed with him, and have been more intimate with him than any other member of the church; and yet I saw that I had always been a deceived hypocrite. The mortification was intolerable; and," said he, "I wanted to die, and prayed the Lord to take my life." However he was all broken down then, and from that time became a new man. — *Finney's Biography.*

#### *How an Elder Suspended a Revival.*

When I was laboring with Bro. Patterson I recollect that, for two or three days, at one time, there seemed to be something in the way. The work seemed to be in a measure suspended; and I began to feel alarmed lest something had grieved the Holy Spirit. One evening at prayer meeting, while this state of things was becoming manifest, an elder arose and made a confession. He said, "Brethren, the Spirit of God has been grieved,

and I have grieved Him. I have been in the habit," said he, "of praying for Bro. Patterson, and for the preaching, on Saturday night, until midnight. This has been my habit for many years,— to spend Saturday night, till midnight, in imploring the blessing of God upon the labors of the Sabbath. Last Saturday night," he continued, "I was fatigued, and omitted it. I thought the work was going on so pleasantly and so powerfully, that I might indulge myself, and go to bed without looking to God for a blessing on the labors of the Sabbath. On the Sabbath," said he, "I was impressed with the conviction that I had grieved the Spirit; and I saw that there was not the usual manifestation of the influence of the Spirit upon the congregation. I have felt convicted ever since; and have felt that it was my duty to make this public confession. I do not know," said he, "who beside myself has grieved the Spirit of God; but I am sure that I have done so."—*Finney's Memoirs.*

#### **"Victory or Death."**

The following incident from the life of Mrs. Maggie Vancott, that princess among women evangelists, copied from *The Harvest and Reaper*, shows the power of prevailing prayer.

Another Sabbath passed; but the hard and flinty hearts were not yet melted, and she felt her strength of body giving way under the continued mental anguish. On the following Monday morning, after family prayers, she remarked:—

"Sister Palmer, I am going in the parlor to settle this church matter with the dear Master. Please do not allow any one to come near me. If I do not come out

in time for dinner, do not call me. If I am not with you in time for the afternoon meeting you may call in the friends. I shall, in the name of God, have victory or death."

It was a bitter cold day in February, and no fire had been kindled in that room all winter, and the frost was thick on the window-panes. She wrapped a large shawl around her and bowed before God, and presented the promises covered with the blood of the Saviour, and in them there could be no failure. "Ask and ye shall receive," stood before her as characters of living fire. Also, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." It was the same voice that awoke slumbering chaos, and new-made worlds teemed with life glorious and grand. An hour passed, — another followed, — she had grappled in with God's Word, and, in the anguish of her spirit, as she afterward declared, she could, in a certain degree understand the Scripture, where it describes the Master's agony in the garden, when he sweat great drops of blood. In those hours of the most intense struggle of spirit, the great drops of sweat rolled from her brow. The tempter suggested, "Give it up; God will not give the answer to-day." "Then to-day on this spot, I die," was her answer. The agony increased — the prayer became a struggle as for life. "I will not let thee go. Thy word is truth. Thou hast said, 'Now is the time.' O God, now send the answer; *now*, my Father, hear me, for the sake of souls — for the *two hundred*; Christ



has paid the price of their redemption. I plead His merits—I will not yield—I will not move—I will not let go my hold—Thou canst not turn me away. Behold, Thine own dear Son pleads—the Spirit intercedes. Give, O give the answer.” A sweet zephyr of peace floated over her soul, and soon shouts of rapture flooded her spirit. She arose, left the room, and found the family awaiting her coming for dinner.

Brother Palmer said, “Where have you been?”

“Glory to God! I have been in ‘the secret place of the Most High,’” she replied.

“I should think you had, for your face shines.”

“Not half so brightly as my soul shines; bless the Lord! And as He liveth, two hundred souls *are* converted. The answer has been given; I feel, and *know* it.”

That night God honored the Word spoken; and when the invitations were given, twenty-five persons bowed at the altar of prayer. The church was aroused at the sight, and, though heretofore weak in faith, it now came up nobly to the work. In less than five weeks from that time, *two hundred and thirty-five souls* professed faith in Christ. One hundred and fifty-four united with the society here, and others found homes elsewhere.

### *Prayer Mightier than Revival Opposition.*

One Friday afternoon, before presbytery adjourned, a clergyman arose and made a violent speech against the revival, as it was going on. What he said greatly shocked and grieved the Christian people who were present. They felt like falling on their faces before

God, and crying to him to prevent what he had said from doing any mischief. The presbytery adjourned just at evening. Some of the members went home, and others remained over night. Christians gave themselves to prayer. There was a great crying to God that night, that He would counteract any evil influence that might result from that speech. The next morning this man was found dead in his bed. — *Finney's Biography*.

***The Way the Primitive Church Treated Revival Opposition.***

“Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleavened bread.) And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people.

“Peter therefore was kept in prison *but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.*

“And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door, kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying Arise up quickly. And his chains fell from off his hands.

“And Herod was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon: but they came with one accord to him, and, having made Blastus the king's chamberlain their friend, desired peace; because their country was nourished by

the king's country. And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

“And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.

“But the word of God grew and multiplied.”

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD. — At the beginning of what proved to be the great revival at Liberty, Mich., under Rev. William Mosher, some skeptics told him that if they felt conviction on the subject they would think there was something in religion. He wisely refrained from arguing with them, but said, “If that is what you want you shall have it,” and abruptly left them. Hurrying to his place of prayer, he pleaded for the Holy Spirit to do His office work. Prayer prevailed, and these men were soon in a tidal wave of convictive power, which swept away all their doubts and excuses, and continued to increase until they yielded all to God, and were happily converted.

Moral: God, through the Holy Spirit, in answer to the prayer of faith, will convict the most obdurate.

MOTHER DOBSON'S PRAYER. — What moved me more than anything else was Mother Dobson's prayer. She prayed that sinners might have no peace until they were converted. I went home and tried to sleep, but could not. I rolled and tumbled, and finally told wife that I guessed Mother Dobson's prayer was being answered. The next night it was just the same. Then I made up my mind I would go forward. I did so, but did not fully yield the first time. After a few days I

did, and then put up my family altar and was made conscious that my sins were all forgiven.— *Class Leader, Liberty, Mich.*

DOWN UPON YOUR KNEES. — I wish I had the power to reach every Methodist on the round earth. I would say, "Cease living on the heroism of your fathers; quit glorying in numbers, sacrificing to statistics, and burning incense to the General Minutes; down upon your knees, and seek and find yourself the secret of the power of the fathers,—a clean heart and the endowment of power from on high; and then arise and unfurl the banner of salvation free and full, and a common sense theology." — REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D.

PRAYER FOR PASTOR. — It was once the custom at every household altar to pray, definitely and fervently, for the pastor. Is the custom going out? Do we hear the heart-warm petition offered for the minister, that his work may be blessed, his hands strengthened, his endeavors abundantly prospered? If not, we who love our Church do not love as we ought those who are its ordained priests. In the delicate duties of his office your pastor should be sustained by your prayers.— DR. ROLAND.

THE SECRET OUT. — Mr. Harrison was once asked in the midst of one of the great victories God was giving, "How do you account for such a wonderful work?" — "I do not account for it at all; it is the work of God." — "You must do a great deal of fasting and praying to obtain much power." — "Ah! there you have it; that is the secret," was the answer. — *The Boy Preacher.*

FINNEY'S EXPERIENCE. — In regard to my own experience I will say that unless I had the spirit of prayer I could do nothing. If even for a day or hour I lost the spirit of grace and supplication, I found myself unable to preach with power and efficiency, or to win souls by personal conversation.

A REVIVAL PROPOSITION. — “If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land” (2 Chron. 7: 14).

## SECTION VI.

### REVIVAL WORKERS.

“WORKERS together with him.”

#### *How to Help the Revival.*

PRAY for it and for special individuals. Pray persistently. Talk about the revival, noting particularly the encouraging tokens.

Be right, both with God and your neighbors.

Talk with people about preparation for life, death, judgment, and eternity. Tell them your experience. Pray with them. Urge them to immediate decision. Never dispute with them.

Get them to come with you to the public meetings.

If you are in the country, come with the big wagon and bring a load. When there, invite them to come with you to the altar. Invite persistently.

I heard of a man who asked a person for a church subscription, but was flatly refused the first time. He went again and again, and on the fifth application received one hundred dollars. Let the same persistence appear in soul-saving work.

Remember that personal persuasion is one of the mightiest agencies which the Spirit uses to convict and convert men.

**Revival Hindrances.**

Professors of religion greatly hinder a revival and sometimes stop it by doing the following things:—

Neglecting to pray for it.

Declining to do personal work with the unconverted.

Unsteady attendance at the public revival services.

Engaging in acts, tempers, or amusements which are contrary to the teaching of the Word, and inconsistent in true Christians.

Criticising the methods of those conducting it.

Siding with the unsaved in their opposition to it.

Complaining of the plain preaching.

Taking the wrong side of the temperance or other great moral questions.

By neglecting to get the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and by not being led by Him.

Any professing Christian who does any of these things, actually, though perhaps not intentionally, pleases Satan, grieves the Spirit, and hinders a revival.

Such an one is like a broken rail on a railroad, or a defective wheel in a watch, and must be mended or removed, or great harm may result.

**Revival Work First.**

When God summons a church to engage in special revival work, from pastor to humblest layman that work should be placed first.

It is so when a general summons his soldiers to a decisive battle; and at such a time all minor matters must be, as far as possible, laid aside. Study to economize time. Get plain meals—soldiers often live on hard-tack; and the same principle applied to revival

work will save hours. Avoid all needless visiting on worldly themes. Postpone other gatherings and meetings until after the battle is won. Lectures, society meetings, temperance gatherings, all right at the proper time, should give way when revival begins. We have known revivals to be greatly hindered by members leaving the meeting to attend to other gatherings which were not aiming directly for the salvation of souls. Ministers sometimes make this mistake to the injury of the revival. "Let the decks be cleared for action" should be the order at the start, and then each should vie with the other in keeping them cleared.

Jesus puts revival work first, the Spirit puts it first, and the church, to succeed, must put it first. Be "filled with the Spirit" and "led by the Spirit," and it will be your joy to do this, and verily your reward will be great.

*"Drifting with the Tide."*

It seems that Satan has succeeded in blinding the eyes of many to the fact that "popularity" is not necessarily prosperity. He who is popular with the world cannot at the same time please God, any more than a general could at the same time be popular with the enemies of his country and true to its best interests. A "popular preacher" is sometimes only another name for a "man-pleasing preacher."

Popularity, in the sense that the word is often used, means "drifting with the tide." Jesus was not popular in the sense of the term under consideration, and warned of the danger of it when he said, "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another?" Dryden says, "A popular man is, in truth, no better than



a prostitute to common fame and to the people"; and a greater than Dryden has said, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"

### *Fishers of Men.*

Do you still look back longingly to your "nets"? Do you wonder how you are to be provided for? Do you fear to take your staff, and nothing with you or before you but divine guidance, protection and provision? Imitate the disciples. "Straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him." Hence arose the primitive church. Here began the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God. Here was inaugurated that system of soul-saving that has filled the church on earth, and will crowd the church in heaven with redeemed men.

"Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." Have you dropped the net? Are you now coming? Will you keep close to His loving heart? You shall be a fisher of men. — *Christian Standard.*

### *Just in Time.*

The other Sabbath I was more than ever impressed with the importance of urging an immediate surrender at each service. I was dealing with two men in the back of the tent; they were under deep conviction. I urged them to accept Christ, but they said, "Not now." They finally gave me their word that they would make a start in the afternoon. I left them and went to the altar, but was impressed that it was their last chance. I went back to them, and finally persuaded them to come to the altar. They were soon rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. One of them had just reached

home when he was taken very sick. The doctor was called. His case was pronounced dangerous, but he looked into eternity happy in the love of Christ. We never know but what we are talking to sinners for the last time. — G. D. CARDINAL.

**“Over-Urging.”**

There are few things that Satan dreads more than to have saved people persistently and personally urge others to forsake their sins and yield at once to Christ. Hence he is ever stirring up the unconverted, and those who are universal in God's way of dealing with souls, against urgent personal warning and invitation. Under his influence the unconverted sometimes say, “If you would let me alone I might yield, but now, never.” This is always a ruse of the enemy. This class of people would always have some other excuse if they had not this one. Where one is harmed by injudicious over-urging, probably a thousand are jeopardized by neglect. “If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand” (Ezek. 33 : 8).

**“Dismissed.”**

The following suggestive incident is from Finney's “Revival Lectures.” “I knew a minister who had a young man laboring with him in a revival. The young man preached pretty plain, and the wicked did not like him. They said, ‘We like *our* minister, and we like to have *him* preach.’ They finally said so much that the minister told the young man, ‘Mr. S., that gives so much towards my support, says so and so. Mr. A. says so.

Mr. B. says so. They think that it will break up the society if you continue to preach, and I think you had better not preach any more.' The young man went away, but the Spirit of God immediately withdrew from the place and the revival stopped short. The minister, by yielding to the wicked desires of the people, drove him away. He was afraid the evil would drive *him* away from his people, and by undertaking to satisfy the devil, he offended God. And God so ordered events that in a short time he had to leave his people after all. He undertook to go between the devil and God, and God dismissed him."

### *Sound the Alarm.*

The following, from the pen of Mrs. Booth, should startle all who are slumbering the fatal sleep of religious indifference. She says:—

"They do not recognize the fact as they ought that Satan has got men fast asleep in sin and that it is his great device to keep them so. He does not care what *we* do if he can do that. We may sing songs about 'the sweet by and by,' preach sermons, and say prayers, and go the jog-trot round and round, barrel-organ fashion, till doomsday, and he will never concern himself about us if we don't wake anybody up; but if we wake anybody, he will gnash on us with his teeth. This is our work—to wake people up. That is your responsibility, you Christians. If that man with whom you are coming in contact dies, and is damned in his sleep, and you never went the common-sense, reasonable way to wake him, God will demand his soul of you. Wake him! *Wake him!* Remember, sinners are indifferent."

*Adaptation.*

Much of revival success lies in the skill to produce just the right truth at the right time, in the right way, to the right persons. While nothing but the truth should ever be spoken, there are persons who are not prepared to receive certain truths, and times when it is not wise to proclaim them.

Jesus recognized this principle when He said to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

There are few persons who cannot be reached by the gospel if just the right cords in their being are struck. Wisdom to do this can be gained only from God.

"Fairly sought, some point of contact  
There must be with every mind;  
And, perchance, the closest compact  
Where we least expect to find.

"Dialects of love are many,  
Though the language be but one;  
Study all you can, or any,  
While life's precious school hours run.

"Closed the heart-door of thy brother,  
All its treasure long concealed?  
One key fails, then try another, —  
Soon the rusty lock shall yield."

*Help in Time of Need.*

I had received an invitation to assist the pastor of a large church in conducting a revival. Like Moses, I trembled and said, "Who am I, that I should go?" In my weakness I went to God in earnest prayer. As I knelt I saw, lying on the bench before me, a card,

dropped, probably, by a Sunday school scholar, bearing the following words: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41: 10).

Do you say, "only a strange coincidence"? May be it was, but I knew that I was strengthened and helped. Without a fear or tremor I went to my appointed field, and multitudes were saved. "Lo, I am with you," is the promise. — REV. W. L. BARTH.

***Woman, "Take Thou Authority to Preach the Gospel."***

The following, from the pen of the author of "Victory", who uses "exclusively the original tongues in studying Scripture," indicates something of the strength of the Bible argument favoring woman's work in proclaiming the gospel of Jesus:—

"Rom. 16: 1, where Phebe is called a servant of the Church, the Greek says she was a deacon; i.e., an ordained minister of the gospel. The New Testament as well as the Old plainly reveals that women preached the gospel side by side with apostles and prophets. Ps. 68: 11, Revised Version, 'God giveth the word, and the women who publish it are a great host.' The Hebrew, 'an army of women,' is a plain allusion to the Salvation Army and other grand uprisings of holy women going forth preaching the gospel. In this passage an everlasting stigma rests upon the escutcheon of King James' translators for concealing the feminine gender, which is actually unmistakable; *oth* being the Hebrew feminine termination, *basaroth* in the

Hebrew positively and unequivocally meaning preaching women. Glory to God for this prophetic vision of hosts and armies of women going forth preaching the gospel to all nations! The fulfilment of this vision is to bring the millennium."

### *A Word Fitly Spoken.*

In 1874 I went to Nashville, Tenn.; to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the Vanderbilt University. I was sent to the Bottle House for entertainment. Although it was the last of April, the weather was cold, and many were gathered around the stove in the reception room. A young man came in, evidently of a good family, and intelligent, educated, and witty, but greatly under the influence of the soul-destroying rum. He began to make sport for the company, addressing first this one and then that, trying to turn every short conversation into a laughter.

He seemed to be taking the round, talking to every one. The thought occurred to my mind, What shall I do if he comes to me? The first impulse was to tell him to go away; that I did not want to be troubled by a drunken man. Then the Spirit said, "Speak kindly." Just at this moment a chair by my side was vacated, and the young man reeled into it and began to talk to me. I laid my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Have you a mother?" At the name of mother the wild, rollicksome inebriate became as quiet as a lamb.

He said, "No, I have no mother; my mother is dead."

"Was your mother a praying mother?" I asked.

"Yes, she has prayed for me a thousand times," he replied.

“Why do you trample upon her prayers, and throw yourself away in this way as soon as she is gone? Promise me that you will never touch another drop of that that will intoxicate.”

“I cannot promise,” was his sad reply.

“Why, for the sake of your praying mother and your own soul can you not promise me never to drink again?”

“No, I have promised so often that I would quit, and have broken my promises, that I will not vow again.”

While he made this answer, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he trembled like a leaf.

Just then the gong sounded for supper, and I left the young man to his thoughts.

He did not go in to supper, but lingered until I returned. When I came out he took me by the hand and said with great emotion, “You are a stranger to me, but I want to thank you for your kindness”; and turning, he hastily left the room.

When I retired that night I felt so thankful that I had spoken so kindly to the poor unfortunate young man.

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” — C. M. HUMPHREY.

### *The Little Preacher and the Rich Sinner.*

In my early ministry a duty presented itself of calling on a godless man of great wealth and high social position and conversing with him in regard to his soul and eternity.

I went twice for this purpose, but he was gone. The third time he was at home and received me very

kindly, conversing very freely. He listened to my words of warning and entreaty, kneeled with me in prayer, but would not yield to Christ.

In his dying hours, however, he called on God for mercy, and said there were two ministers in whom he had confidence. One was Rev. —, and the other was the little preacher who had courage to call and pray with him.

Surely when Jesus sends "his sheep forth," He "goes before them," and then cares for the seed which they have sown.

#### *A Willing Sacrifice.*

Some years ago a minister was called to see a little girl seven years old, who was dying. She lived in a back street. When the minister got there a woman showed him where the child was, and he sat down and talked with her.

"What do you want, darling?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to see you before I died."

"Are you dying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you not like to get well again?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Why not?"

"O sir, ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to church, and he won't come; and I think if I die you will bury me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, I have been thinking if I die father must come to my funeral; then you will be able to preach the gospel to him, and I should be willing to die six times over for him to hear the gospel once."



She died, as she had expected, and just before the time she was to be buried the minister was himself taken sick and could not attend the funeral. But some time afterward a rough-looking man called upon him and held out his hand.

“You don’t know me?”

“No, I don’t.”

“I am the father of Mary, — the father she died for. I heard as how she said she would die for me six times if I could only hear the gospel once. It nearly broke my heart. Now I want to join the inquirers’ class.”

He did join, and became a true friend of Christ. That little girl was truly walking in the footsteps of Jesus, because she was willing to die, even, in order that her father might be saved from his sins. If we do not need to die for others, we should at least try to be like Jesus in living for them and in doing all that we can to lead them to be Christians. — *Sunday School Times*.

### *Pounding in the Dark.*

Long openings of meetings, long prayers, and long testimonies and long sermons, are unerring indications of a lack of the Holy Spirit. It does not take long to start an engine when the steam is up; one stroke of a pump in constant use will bring water. So it does not take a long time for one who is filled with the Spirit to get things moving in the congregation. It was a short sermon which Peter preached when “the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word” (Acts 10: 44). It was a short prayer he made when Jesus, stretching out His hand, took him safely across the yielding waters to the ship. Pray more in secret,

and you will not need to pray so long in public. A man may pound in the dark without hitting a nail, and when he does hit it, he is more likely to spoil it than he is to drive it ; but he who works in the light can, with a stroke or two, drive the nail in a sure place. Go to the people from directly communing with God, and then you can speak short and to the point and with power. — *Selected.*

#### *Convicted on the Street.*

Under the wise leadership of Evangelist William Barth, we held a street service prior to the evening meeting last Sunday, at Litchfield. A number of prayers were offered, and short addresses made. A crowd gathered, and, as usual on such occasions, gave most respectful attention. Presiding Elder Wightman, in true Methodist style, had endorsed the proposed meeting at the morning service, and the pastor, Bro. Paddock, gave it his support, and many of the members were present. The large tent to which we passed from the street was crowded, and a solemn hush of conviction was upon the great congregation. At the close of a short address by the writer, and an earnest appeal by Bro. Barth, four persons yielded to God, and gave evidence of conversion. Two of these were young ladies who, after coming forward and passing through a severe struggle at the altar, professed faith in Christ. One of them afterwards said that she had no idea of yielding when she started for the meeting, but was brought under deep conviction at the out-door meeting.

What soul trophies might be won for Christ if His professed followers would heed His command, and “go

out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in" !

Beloved, the King has commanded this, and when the Spirit so leads, we must do it or be guilty of the blood of souls. We cannot leave it to the Salvation Army. If we do, the Master's "well done" will be theirs, his censure, ours. To feel above such work is to feel above what Jesus, the apostles, Wesley, and kindred spirits found delight in doing.

Oh for an abiding baptism of the Spirit upon all of God's people, that would take away all the starch and stiffness and spurious ideas of dignity, and fit them to follow gladly wherever Christ commands and the Holy Spirit leads !

#### *Minister Murderers.*

A minister, some years since, was laboring where there was a revival, and was visited by an elder of a church at some distance who wanted him to go and preach there. There was no revival there, and never had been, and the elder complained about their state, — said they had had two excellent ministers: one had worn himself completely out and died, and the other had exhausted himself and got discouraged and left them, and they were a poor and feeble church and their prospects very dark unless they could have a revival; and so he begged this minister to go and help them. He seemed to be very sorrowful, and the minister heard his whining, and at last replied by asking, "Why did you never have a revival?" "I don't know," said the elder. "Our minister labored hard, but the church did not seem to wake up, and somehow there seemed to be no revival." "Well, now," said the minister, "I see what you want; you

have killed one of God's ministers, and broken down another so that he had to leave you, and now you want to get another there and kill him, and the devil has sent you here to get me to go and rock your cradle for you. You had one good minister to preach to you, but you slept on, and he exerted himself till he absolutely died in the work. Then the Lord let you have another, and still you lay and slept, and would not wake up to your duty. And now you have come here in despair, and want another minister, do you? God forbid that you should ever have another while you do as you have done! God forbid that you should ever have a minister till the church will wake up to duty." The elder was affected, for he was a good man. The tears came in his eyes, and he said it was no more than they deserved. "And now," said the minister, "will you be faithful, and go home and tell the church what I say? If you will, and they will be faithful and wake up to duty, they shall have a minister, I will warrant them that." The elder said he would, and he was true to his word; he went home and told the church how cruel it was for them to ask another minister to come among them, unless they would wake up. They felt it, and confessed their sins, and waked up to duty, and a minister was sent there, and a precious and powerful revival followed. — *Finney's Revival Lectures.*

#### *How an Invalid helped start a Revival.*

A pure-minded invalid sister was exceedingly anxious for the salvation of her wicked brothers. She invited them around her dying bed, and besought them to come to Christ for salvation. One of them was deeply affected, and in a few days he sent a letter to the ringleader of

the company of wicked men he mingled with, asking for a private interview. The letter was answered in person; and after inquiring as to the great secret for which he sent for him, he was surprised to find that he was sent for because his friend was in earnest for the salvation of his soul, but did not want to go forward for prayer without having his companions go with him. After hearing his simple story he said to his friend, "I am glad for you. I hope you will go on with your good purpose. I do not know what I shall do; but we will write letters of invitation, and have a meeting in my parlor." The letters were sent, and some fifteen wicked men met to decide what they would do in relation to the salvation of their souls; not a Christian among them. But they had told a Christian man to be ready if they should call for his help. They discussed this great subject till nine o'clock at night.

There was a noted drunkard among them, who had made his home more like hell than heaven. He arose and said, "Boys, you all know me, and you know what a wicked man I have been, and how miserable I have made my family. I have decided that it is time for me to change my course of life. I am going to the Union Square Church, and am going forward for prayers, if I have got to alone."

This settled the matter with eight more, and they all, nine, went to the church to seek salvation. The pastor had expected them all the evening, and met them at the door of the church, and made a way for them to go to the altar. They pursued their way through the crowd, and cried mightily to God for mercy, and found salvation, — *The Boy Preacher*,

**Why She "Couldn't."**

A lady once besought Mr. Moody to pray for her unconverted husband and try to lead him to Christ.

"How long have you been married?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Twenty years," she replied.

"What have you done to bring him to the Lord yourself?"

"I have talked to him, I have prayed for him. I have tried to get him to join the church."

"And you have been his wife for twenty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"There must be something wrong somewhere," said the evangelist, shaking his head. "You ought to have got him to the Lord before this time. Have you always lived like a Christian before him?"

"I'm afraid not always."

"Have you ever got out of humor with him, and said spiteful things?"

"Yes, very often."

"And what did you do then? Did you apologize, and tell him you were sorry for it?"

"Oh, no; I never did that. I couldn't."

"Well, then, right there is where the trouble is. It is not your husband that I ought to pray for, but yourself. When your heart once gets right and makes your life right, it won't be long before God will get into the heart of your husband."

And it wasn't long afterward until the prediction was fulfilled. The heart of the wife became full to overflowing with the love of God, and her husband was soon after converted. — REV. E. P. BROWN.

*Faithfulness Rewarded.*

Some years ago, during a revival meeting at Conersville, Ind., a very timid lady felt moved to go and speak to a couple of young men whom she saw in the back part of the church. It was a great cross to her to do it, but in the name of Him who had worn the crown of thorns for her, she arose and started. When she came to them, and began to talk about Jesus, they burst out laughing in her face. Utterly crushed and humiliated to the lowest degree, she went back to her seat and sat down in sorrow. She felt that her mission had failed, and almost resolved that she would never again speak to anybody about salvation. It happened that those two young men were room-mates. In the small hours of the night, one of them heard the other sobbing.

“What’s the matter, Ed? Are you sick?” he asked.

“No, but I despise myself for the way I insulted that dear old lady. It was a dreadful hard thing for her to come to us as she did, but she wanted to do us good; and to think that I was mean enough to laugh in her face makes me hate myself. I never would have believed that I could have been so mean. If anybody should insult my mother in that way I should thrash him if it was the last thing I ever did.”

“That’s just my case exactly,” responded the first speaker. “My heart looks blacker to me than it ever did before. I begin to wish I was a Christian.”

It wasn’t long until those boys crawled out of bed and began to hold a prayer meeting. The result was that they were both converted before morning, and they have remained that way ever since. They have both

been valiant workers for God from that day to this, and have done great good in His service. The timid little woman, who was laughed at that evening for Christ's sake, was made almost too happy to live the next day when the joyful tidings came to her.—ELIJAH T. BROWN.

### *Hints to Local Workers.*

Advise much, if you can, with your pastor.

Keep very humble. "For even the Son of man came not, to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Urge all whom you can influence to be present at the regular church services.

Always begin services at the appointed time, to the second. We have begun that way with but two or three present, held service, and dismissed, and gone home before the regular congregation came. They were on hand the next time. "As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard" to him that waits for him.

Vary your services. Keep out of ruts. Always have prayer and the Word; and sometimes begin with prayer, and again with song, and perhaps again with testimony, as the Lord may lead.

Frequently press salvation, — pardon for the sinner, and complete cleansing and endowment of power for the believer, — and urge meeting the conditions upon which these are offered at once.

Keep as sweet as John, and at the same time as bold as Peter after the Pentecostal baptism.

Let your character combine the innocence and meekness of the Lamb of God, and, at the same time, the aggressive fearlessness of the Lion of Judah.



Endeavor every day to speak to some one about eternal things.

Attend all the meetings of the church, and cheerfully and promptly discharge every duty.

If possible be on time at every service. To come in late or to linger in taking part is to be like a gun that "hangs fire."

Should you do anything wrong confess and forsake it.

Be persistent in your personal efforts with the unsaved. "Win and warn" until the will walls crumble.

Don't get discouraged if it takes months or even years. Remember how it was with yourself.

"Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks."

Keep "filled with the Spirit."

### *How a Revival Began.*

During a revival of religion a young lady was deeply convicted for heart purity. She was often at the altar as a seeker, and prayed earnestly for the blessing, but to no purpose. Satisfied that something was in the way, the minister asked, among other things, "What is your occupation?" "I teach school," was the answer. "Do you pray in your school?" he continued. "No, sir." "Do you not think it is your duty to do so?" With deep emotion, she replied, "I do, and would gladly do it if I could; but the trustees allow no one to pray in the school I teach. To attempt it would turn me out of the school, which is my only means of support." She was urged to do

duty and take the chances, assured that God would provide. After more vain attempts to secure the blessing in neglect of one plain duty, she said, "O Lord, I yield; I will pray in my school if I go through the poorhouse to heaven." Then the blessing came in all its fulness.

She went to her school happy in God, and redeemed her pledge. As was expected, the following day she was called on by one of the trustees, who said, "I understand you have introduced a new study into our school." "Not that I know of," was the answer. "Well," said he, "you read the Bible and pray in school, do you not?" "Not in school hours," she answered; "but after teaching the time demanded, I pray with the scholars." "You must quit it," he said, "or quit the school. We did not hire you to teach our children religion, and cannot allow it." "I am sorry," said she, "to leave the school, but I stand pledged to God to pray with the children so long as I teach it, and dare not break my vow. When must I leave?" "Well," said he, "you may go on till Saturday,"—doubtless hoping by that time she would recant. She prayed fervently each day, and when her time was out told the children she must leave them because she prayed in the school. Then, after a season of prayer, in which some of the scholars joined, she bade them farewell, and went to her boarding place.

One little girl,—a daughter of the said trustee,—who had manifested great religious feeling and had prayed earnestly for salvation at their last gathering with the expelled teacher, on meeting her father, conversed with him about as follows: "O pa, you don't

know what a good meeting we had with the teacher after school to-night! She prayed for us, and then we prayed for ourselves; and while thinking how much Jesus loved little children I got very happy, and I am very happy now. You don't know, pa, how happy I am since Jesus blessed me. And He wants to make you happy. If you will only pray to Him, and just think as I did how He loves little children, you will be happy as I am. Come, let us kneel down and pray."

This was a new preacher, and such preaching as he had never heard before. It touched his heart, and, after much persuasion, partly to satisfy the anxious child, he fell on his knees, and she began to pray for him most earnestly. Conviction deepened until he began to groan. Finding she had a hard case on hand, and not knowing what more to do, she said, "Pa, shan't I call the teacher? She can pray better than I can." "No!" he said with emphasis. The daughter prayed again for help, and the old man began to cry for mercy, and finally said, "Daughter, call the school teacher quick; I am afraid I shall be lost." The teacher was soon on hand, and, after confessing his sin in turning her out of school, he begged her to pray for him. She did so, and after quite a struggle the man came out a clear convert, and his wife also sought and found the Lord.

The other trustees who had opposed praying in school, on hearing the news, commenced praying, and a glorious revival followed. The school, of course, went on, and the teacher who feared that duty might take her to the poorhouse, found herself in God's great storehouse, as do all faithful souls. — *Sunshine.*

*The Noble Boy who died to Save Another.*

S. F. Swift in "All the World" makes poetical mention of the following touching incident which occurred at the Forest Gate fire:—

The fire broke out near midnight New Year's eve, 1889-90.

A building containing over six hundred pauper children was consumed. Some of them perished in the flames. Among the number was a little boy named Jack, who lost his life in an effort to save a friend.

It is said that, as he bravely rushed into the flames, intent on saving life, the last words which he was heard to utter were:—

"I'm going back! He's in there, is Tommy! I'm going back if I do give my life up." And in he dashed to what proved certain death.

This is a faint picture of what Jesus did to save a lost world. Jack died for a friend, but when we were His foes Jesus laid down His life for us.

Are we willing to dare as much to rescue souls from eternal flames as this boy was to rescue his friend from a burning building?

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

SPIRITUAL WORM WEBS.—"Oh, you are destroying the tree; if you keep on in that harsh way you will utterly ruin it!" shouted the inmates of a worm's nest, as the faithful nurseryman applied the torch to a worm's web that was threatening the life of one of his favorite trees. "It is not me, but you, that are killing the tree. My work will save it, but yours would ruin it," he replied;

and with another application of the torch, the vermin were all destroyed and the tree saved.

The tree is the Church; the worms the formality, worldliness, and hypocrisy that seek a home in its branches; and the nurseryman the true gospel preacher, whose severe messages are directed not to the destruction of the Church, but to that of the self-conceited worms who are sapping its very life.

A HARD CASE.—I heard of a man who was going up into the lumber regions of Michigan, to be gone for a month or two on business. Before he started, a friend said, "You'll have a hard time of it up there, John, after those lumber men find out you're a Christian. They're a hard set, and they'll make it very trying for you. You'll need a good deal of grace while you're up there."

After he got home again, his friend said, "Well, how was it, John? Didn't you find it just like I told you? What did those fellows do after they found out about your being a Christian?"

"Found out!" said John, "found out that I was a Christian! Why, they never once mistrusted that I was!"

WHICH ARE YOU LIKE?—It is said that two men were journeying on a very cold day, themselves in danger of death by freezing, when by the way they found a poor man who was helpless and nearly frozen to death. One of the travellers, with warm heart, stopped and aided the freezing man until his life was saved and he was able to journey on. In doing this he became warm himself, and thus his own life was saved, and he also had

the sweet consciousness of having saved another. The other traveller said that he had all that he could do to take care of himself, and in this selfish spirit passed on and *froze to death*.

Moral: In saving others we ourselves are saved and blessed. If we refuse to aid them we ourselves will perish.

TRUTH SHORN OF ITS POWER. — “But he preaches the truth,” the enemy sometimes whispers, apologizing thus for the barrenness of the ministry of some who are not true. He seeks to blind our eyes to the fact that the gospel is shorn of its power —

(1) When the truth is preached, but at the same time mingled with error.

(2) When the truth is preached, but only such sections of it as will not offend the listener.

(3) When the whole truth is preached, but in a listless, frivolous manner which creates the impression that the speaker himself does not believe it.

The fruits of such preaching are either no converts, or, what is worse, worldly ones.

FATAL FOLLY. — He who uses pen or voice against genuine revivals is like an old Indian in stupidity, foolhardiness, and peril, of whom it is said that he made up his mind that he would lasso an express engine. He got his rope all ready, tied it around his waist, sought a convenient place, congratulated himself on his anticipated conquest, and, when the engine appeared at the desired point, with dexterity he threw the noose over the smoke-stack, and in an instant was snatched and crushed beneath the train. The engine moved on, but it was death to the Indian.

Similarly sad will be the fate of all who knowingly withstand the work of God in any of its departments.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE. — The following from the *Pacific Advocate* shows that meetings which the world may look upon as failures may at the same time, in God's sight, be crowned with great success.

“Results are not measured by numbers. That meeting in which only a colored man and flaxen-haired boy were converted one-half century ago was not set down as much of a success. But that boy was Bishop Simpson; and measured by that fact, the meeting was one of the most successful of the last hundred years. When the garnering time comes at the end of the world we shall read our history as it is written unseen between the lines that are seen. We can wait.”

SOUL MURDERERS. — The gospel invitation and the gospel warning should never be divorced. When the invitation is rejected the warning should be given. To neglect this is to be guilty of a spiritual crime that brings an awful penalty. God Himself has declared and it has never been revoked, “When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; *but his blood will I require at thine hand.*” Surely nothing short of atoning blood and power from on high can qualify so to live that this command will not condemn, when we shall stand in final judgment.

ONLY TEN YEARS. — According to the *Messiah's Herald*, at a recent missionary convention in London, Dr. Taylor, son of the missionary, J. Hudson Taylor,

the report says, "went on to make the calculation that, if every one of the million and a half of the truly converted servants of God were to be the instrument of one conversion yearly, and if this rate of progression went on for *ten years*, every living soul would be brought to the saving knowledge of Christ." — *Selected.*

**STRIKE.** — We must not only strike the iron when it is hot, but strike it till it is made hot. Great occasions must not be waited for, but we must make use of ordinary opportunities as they may offer. Should a great occasion again offer, make the best use of it in your power. It is easy to hammer out iron when it is hot; but if circumstances are nothing more than ordinary, repeat the blow and strike with power, nor give over till sinners are broken to pieces all around you by the power of God.—REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

**REVIVAL SUCCESS.** — Satan, if he can, will get revival workers to be content if they have plenty to do, good congregations, some interest, and seekers at the altar. The true soul-saver, however, never will rest until believers are being fully saved and sinners fully converted. He will fast, pray, search his own heart, and plead the promises with resistless desperation, getting lower and lower until salvation comes. "As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children." "Ask, and ye shall receive."

**A MISTAKEN IDEA.** — It is sometimes said that if we had equal power as at Pentecost there would be equal results. That such would seldom follow may be seen from the fact that there are few such gatherings as at Jerusalem at that time. Devout Israelites from all over



the Jewish world in great multitudes were then gathered there. They were expecting the Messiah and were prepared to receive the Holy Spirit. It was a specially prepared occasion as well as a specially prepared church, hence the results.

**A NEW RELIGION.**—The following in regard to the great religious reformation in Whitefield's day is true of every genuine revival. A certain baronet said to a friend, "After all that has been said, that Whitefield was truly a great man—he was the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir!" was the answer. "Yes," was the reply; "what do *you* call it?" "Nothing," said the other, "but the old religion received with energy and heated as if the minister really meant what he said."

**MOODY ON MADNESS.**—It was said of Jesus, "He hath a devil, and is mad." Mr. Moody says, "In my opinion no one is fit for God's service until he is willing to be considered mad by the world. They said Paul was mad. I wish we had many more who were bitten with the same kind of madness. As some one has said, 'If we are mad, we have a good Keeper on the way and a good asylum at the end of the road.'"

**POWER OF PERSONAL PERSUASION.**—Five minutes' private personal entreaty will often accomplish more in winning souls to Christ than five months' public preaching. Close action is effective. A pistol at a man's breast is more dangerous to him than a hundred cannon thundering at him two miles away. The preaching may mean any one or no one in the crowd; but when you talk to me, you mean me. — H. L. HASTINGS.

“DRUNK ON NEW WINE.” — Referring to the charge of “excitement” and “fanaticism” some times made by the enemies of revivals; Albert Barnes says, “The friends of revivals should not be discouraged by this; but they should remember that the very first revival of religion was by many supposed to be *the effect of a drunken frolic.*”

ADVICE FOR THE “LENGTHY” FAMILY. — If Brother and Sister Lengthy would just take their great long prayers and testimonials and have them printed and distribute them as tracts, in this way, it may be, they would do great good. At any rate, it would help the printer and relieve the meeting.

SPIRITUAL MIGHT STRONGER THAN PHYSICAL. — A policeman in a turbulent part of a great city said to two women workers whom he knew were endued with “power from on high,” “Would you kindly come out another night if there is a row? You can quiet them better than we can.”

CONTEMPTIBLE. — Hell is before me; millions of souls are shut up there in everlasting agonies—millions more are on the way. Jesus Christ sends me to proclaim His ability and love. I want no fourth idea. Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence; every fourth idea is contemptible. — CECIL.

SAD, MAD, GLAD. — Revival truth received makes men glad; rejected it makes them sad or mad. Under Peter it was received, and the converts rejoiced and joined the church; under Stephen it was rejected, and they “gnashed their teeth with rage and killed him.”

STYLISH CHRISTIANS. — Two little girls were playing church. One says, “Now we are going to have prayer. You kneel down and be a real Christian: I’ll just sit down, and put my hand up to my face; I’m going to be one of the stylish Christians.”

POWDER AS WELL AS BULLETS. — If you wish to kill a man you must have powder behind the bullet. So preachers of God must have the Holy Spirit behind their words to have them take effect. — *Selected.*

HOW THE REVIVAL BEGAN. — “These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication.” “And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.”

THE EVANGELIST’S COMMISSION. — “Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.” — PAUL to TIMOTHY.

TRIFLING. — A pastor who allows a neck-tie social or lecture to break in upon his revival services trifles with the destiny of souls. — *Michigan Advocate.*

“GOOD,” “BETTER.” — Gaining knowledge is a good thing, but saving souls is better. — “Methodist Episcopal Discipline.”

## SECTION VII.

### REVIVAL METHODS.

“HE that winneth souls is wise.”

#### *Methods Vary.*

METHODS must vary with people approached. A modern David will not be called upon to assault an artillery brigade with a stone and sling, although by divine help he may be enabled to achieve victory by means equally as simple.

The modern John the Baptist or John the Methodist would stand by the banks of ice-bound Jordans and call in vain for the people to repent. The result would be rheumatism or bronchitis to John, and disgust to the people.

David is a failure with the “sword and armor” method, while Saul can do no better with the sling.

The success of revival methods depends greatly upon the energy and wisdom with which they are operated and the soil which is worked. Silus Indolence, Demus Proudheart, or Ego Ignorance, with the best of opportunities and methods, will still utterly fail.

#### *Revival Measures.*

The measures should be both ordinary and extraordinary. There should be revival preaching. The sermons should be short, followed by definite altar and personal

work. Present salvation should be preached. Free salvation should be preached. Salvation from all sin now should be preached. Preaching and personal work must be direct. Beware of superficial and unworthy methods. The preaching should be in demonstration of the Spirit and power. — From *Holy Fire*.

### *Personal Work in Revivals.*

It is seldom that more pointed, practical truths are found in the same space than in the following extract from the pen of one of the most earnest soul savers of the present day.

“The success of this work does not rest solely upon the preacher nor the people. There must be revival preaching and labor on his part, united to personal work on their part. Not that we can ever expect, or really need, to secure the undivided interest of all the members, but most of them must be interested, and a faithful few must be united to labor, suffer, and pray. There must be ‘two or three agreed,’ — a ‘Gideon’s band.’ Against these the gates of hell cannot prevail, and whatsoever they ask in faith God will give it. On these few will rest the ‘burden,’ the travail of soul, and earnest toil.

For them it is essential and vital that they be clearly saved and sanctified. They cannot be led of the Spirit unless they have been sanctified by the Spirit. They cannot lead others where they have not been themselves. They cannot say the right word at the right time unless directed by the Holy Ghost.

What they attempt will do more hurt than good unless moved by an earnest, kindly, loving spirit, and melted in the fires of tender sympathy for souls.

“They must look to Jesus only. The mass of Christians are easily turned aside from this one thing. They get to criticising other folks; and if Satan can get the church to bothering over side issues, troubling about what other members are doing, and talk, talk, talking about one another, he has broken up the revival.

“They must not look to one another.

“Peter asked Jesus what John should do, and the Master replied, ‘What is that to thee? follow thou me’ (John 21: 22). We must not be asking why other people do not work, — why other Christians and other preachers do not unite and labor with us. Enough for a good soldier to obey his own orders; and those who devote themselves wholly to their own marching orders will have no time nor occasion to meddle with others. The spirit of fault-finding and criticism is death to a revival.

“This personal labor for souls, to win men to God, must be patient, persistent, and faithful. To be patient we must plead and invite and urge until they surrender. If ninety-nine times don’t bring him, perhaps the one-hundredth will. Men may rebuff, repel, and fairly insult you, but, like the blessed Saviour, we must endure such contradiction of sinners against us (Heb. 12: 3); and after he is converted he will declare to you his highest regards for your patient, urgent labors of love. But be persistent. Tell him you do not propose to give him up or let him go until you see him saved and happy in Jesus. To be faithful is to be full of faith; and, having faith in God and your work, you will be invincible, you will ‘overcome.’ God rewards such faith. God moves by His Spirit on his soul every time

you ask him to come to Jesus. The Spirit stirs his very soul to its centre, and the tear, the lump in the throat, the husky answers show how God is moving his heart.

“When a convicted seeker ‘goes forward,’ he needs still, and more than ever, faithful, persistent prayer in his behalf, at the altar, that he may surrender and trust Christ. Nothing on earth so helps and cheers and comforts a seeker as to hear and feel the loving tones of importunate prayer in his behalf. Earnest and melting entreaties to give up all to God, to accept Jesus as Saviour now, while the penitent soul is weeping and confessing his sins, will assist him to find salvation through faith in the blessed Saviour. If he is soundly converted, you will be greatly blessed, and a peculiar affection will always exist between yourself and the man you led to Christ.”

#### *Holiday Revival Hints.*

There is no more fitting time than Christmas, which commemorates God’s great gift to us, to give ourselves anew to Him and urge others to do likewise. There can be no more fitting Christmas present and New Year’s gift than souls rescued from sin and presented to our Lord. Then let holiday revival plans be made, prayers offered, and faith exercised. Look for the Holy Spirit rather than Santa Claus, and if both cannot come by all means honor the Spirit. Thus you may have such a wave of revival power as shall sweep away frivolity and revelry, and leave joy, exultation, and all the attendants of salvation. Let the church be as wide awake to plan to have Christ’s interest placed first at

this time as worldlings are to plan for pleasure, and she will be amazed at the stupendous results.

“Call upon me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not” (Jer. 33 : 3).

### *Revival Watch-Night Services*

Are profitable for the following reasons : People at that time naturally review the past, regret its failures, and profit by its victories. They anticipate the future and feel the need of divine help to meet it. They are forcibly reminded of the rapid flight of time. Also of past vows and of present obligations. More advancement can often be made in Revival work in one such night than in a week of ordinary meetings.

We began a precious Revival meeting last year with a watch-night service. Brother Kellogg had wisely planned for it, and it was owned of God. Evangelist Weber always utilizes this service, and great results have followed.

Thomas Harrison was converted as the bell of a watch-night service tolled out the old year and in the new. “Watch therefore : for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.”

### *Pen and Press Preaching.*

What are the three most effective ways of preaching the gospel?

First, with our lives ; second, with our lips ; third, with the pen and press.

The last mentioned is by no means the least effective. With our lives and our lips we can speak while we live and where we are. With the pen and press we can



preach to multitudes far beyond the reach of our personal presence, and also for centuries after "our poor lisping, stammering tongues lie silent in the grave."

God has clearly and definitely called some to this pen proclamation of His truth through tracts, papers, and books. Others are just as definitely called and fitted to circulate them.

The fear of being thought "secular" or a "book agent" has tempted some thus called to avoid this work.

God sets His seal upon it in a wonderful way. It is said that over five hundred have professed conversion through the reading of "Billy Bray." "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" has probably helped tenfold more people spiritually than any living preacher.

"Out of Egypt into Canaan," "Christ Crowned Within," and "Revival Tornadoes" are being wonderfully used of God and His people in this way. Many have found Christ and complete cleansing under God through their instrumentality. Tracts, also, have awakened thousands that seemed inaccessible to other agencies.

A band of earnest "fire kindlers," who shall circulate soul-saving literature before the revival and during its progress, is a mighty agency to help promote it.

### *Saved,*

Sanctified, and preparing for the ministry through reading "Revival Tornadoes." Rev. H. W. Sanderson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hawley, Minn., writes, "A young man to whom I sold a copy of 'Tornadoes' last winter was converted and sanctified through reading one of Bro. Weber's sermons, and is now preparing for the ministry."

Mrs. C. Brace, Star City, Mich., ordered three copies of "Revival Tornadoes," and writes, "It is a glorious book. I have read it through, and would not do without it in my house. It has been the means of converting my husband to Christ."

An earnest western worker, referring to "Christ Crowned" and "Out of Egypt," writes, "I see the good work of my 'six preachers' very often. Seven of God's children have testified in our meetings here at home that they were led into the light by them."

### *The Question of Expense.*

The following wise words on this perplexing question, by Evangelist C. H. Yatman, are worthy of careful thought. Bro. Yatman has had much experience and great success, and is now, with his usual energy, helping to "turn the world upside down."

"Many a pastor and committee is held back from aggressive soul-winning work by what this question brings up, 'How shall we meet the expense?' To my mind it is one of the least important, because of being the easiest met. You ask, "How so?" I answer as follows:—

"Say to the congregation frankly, 'The people who profit by the services should pay the necessary current expenses, such as light, heating, advertising, printing, and the car fare and hotel bill of the leader. Whatever you give from night to night will go toward this. Let your offerings be liberal and all the bills will be promptly paid.'

"Never has this failed to meet all the obligations, and it did the people good, and they were taught sound doc-

trine by thus doing. In my opinion a few rich and liberal men ought not to do all the paying for the crowd. It is not scriptural. Then, at the close of the meetings, let a little 'free-will offering' envelope be given to everybody, with another frank and plain statement that whatever they feel disposed to put therein will be given to the evangelist as his remuneration for the service rendered unto them.

"There can be no question of the rightness of this. The rich can give their dollars, and the poor are not kept from their hearts' desire to give their dimes, and the sum total will be full and ample to him who has conducted the meetings, if he has served them as the Lord's messenger and given them the pure gospel."

### *Revival Testimonies.*

One of the mightier revival agencies is the testimony of saved people. He who ignores it grieves the Holy Spirit and hinders the work.

As Mrs. Booth has said, "The Lord is going to demonstrate in this land that He is not going to evangelize it by finished sermons and disquisitions, but by the simple testimony of people saved from sin and the devil by His power and by His grace. He is going to do it by witnessing, as He began."

An evangelist had preached a number of nights with no apparent results. He agreed to stay one more, and if no one was converted it was to be the last.

A little colored boy came to the altar and was brightly saved. The next night a leader in the community came with a number of others and yielded to Christ. He afterward declared that he was convicted not by the

preaching from the pulpit, but by the experience of the little colored boy.

“Ye shall be witnesses unto me.”

*“Getting Men Saved.”*

The following instructions on the above subject by one of the most successful soul savers of any age is worthy of careful thought.

“What is the ordinary condition of sinners when you meet with them ?

“Preoccupied, that is, taken up with the things of the world ; rebels against God, and condemned to everlasting death.

“What is your business with them ?

“To secure their attention, to persuade them to submit to God, and then to accept pardon through the blood.

“How do you go about accomplishing this ?

“By talking to them publicly in the open air and indoors about their own sin, ingratitude, and death ; about judgment, hell, and heaven ; the love of God, and the voluntary suffering and death Jesus Christ endured on their behalf ; concerning their influence on others, and other similar topics.

“What do you do then ?

“Go among them in the after-meetings, or wherever you can find them, and converse with them personally. Press the truth home, if only a little moved ; convict them further. Make them feel ; have no pity on them until they are willing to give up all and submit to God.

“But suppose they are not willing to yield, although feeling much and admitting all you say ?

“Oh! find out, if you can, what is the hindrance, and press them to give it up. Show them that it is better to cut off the right hand than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched.

“Well, supposing they are willing to give up and be saved; what then?

“Bring them out to the penitent form before the people and so test them further, and pledge them publicly; and when there, offer them mercy, and pray with them.

“But if they do not obtain salvation, what then?

“There is still something in the way; or it may be, as it frequently is, simply their unbelief; in which case, encourage and instruct and help them. Give them texts and explanations and illustrations and songs and, above all, a lot of sympathy. Make them pray aloud for themselves. Sing words having faith in them. Make them look at the blood, and trust the loving, dying Christ. Push them into the fountain.

“If they don't get satisfaction, what must be done next?

“Never tell them they are saved if they don't think so. When a man gets saved, God will tell him about it, and then he will not need you to tell him so. But encourage him to go on seeking; urge him to go and deal with God alone, and come again. Get his address; have him visited. Go after him yourself.

“What are you to do next if he gets saved?

“Give God all the glory, and get everybody in the place to help you to do it.”

### *Spurgeon Speaks.*

The following statements, made by Mr. Spurgeon some years since, have been wonderfully verified in the

work. They promise, however, to be still more marvelously verified in the mighty revival efforts to reach the people, that are now in progress in the churches.

He says, "It is my firm belief that the salvation of London will not come from our colleges and seats of learning, but from her dens and haunts of poverty. I look for an army of converted sinners from St. Giles and Whitechapel, — men whose fury in sin will be energy in righteousness, whose gratitude for pardon will endow them with hearts of fire, and whose acquaintance with the language of the masses will give them tongues of fire. Books may educate ministers for the polite : only experience and study of men can prepare a man to touch the hearts of the masses. We need preachers who will study, not their shelves, but the streets and lanes ; not paper and printing alone, but human nature in all its varied developments. The division between the ministry and the people is far too wide ; they will never be moved by professional skill ; the orator of the masses must be bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. My own success under God is due to a sympathy with humanity, and an observant eye which delights rather to view man than man's works. This is not attainable by any amount of research among the learned schools. We must walk the hospitals if we would be surgeons, and we must mingle with the people if we would reach their hearts ; the language of the class-room is not the speech of the people ; and if we would be understood, we must leave our high stilts behind us, and talk on their level, thinking and speaking as one of themselves. Only Thou, O Lord, put to Thy hand ! Do not imagine that I depre-

ciate a regular education ; on the other hand, I own its utility ; but for the vast mass something else is needed, and I have tried to indicate it."

### *Saved by a Card.*

Recently it was reported in the columns of a New York daily paper that a man stepped into a horse-car in New York, and, before taking his seat, gave each passenger a little card, bearing the inscription, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying."

One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it into his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver, "Sir, when you gave me this card I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live, but this ticket has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good day, and God-bless you!"

All this is no imaginary story, taken from a religious novel. It happened on a Fulton Ferry car, on a day in March, 1878, and the man who distributed the cards was Mr. James Huggins, the proprietor of a Pearl Street printing establishment. — *Selected.*

### *"Dumb Dogs."*

"They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark" (Isa. 56: 10). Such was the divine description of a faithless ministry. Faithful dogs, when their master's interests are endangered, growl, bark, and, if needful, even bite. Faithless dogs, instead, are dumb and slink away, leaving the interests they should guard at the mercy of an enemy. Christ is the minister's Master, and we are

commanded to bark at everything which endangers His kingdom. If, for fear of offending or of losing reputation or position or support, we refuse to bark at wrong, then the Bible declares that we are "dumb dogs." If anyone objects to the bluntness of this figure, their quarrel is not with the writer, but with the Holy Ghost who coined it. It is the "D.D." with which God Himself titles all ministers who refuse to bark at the sins which hinder His kingdom.

The following sins, without doubt, are among that number :—

All violations of the ten commandments.

License or any sanction of the liquor traffic.

Licentiousness under the cover of unscriptural marriages or otherwise.

Worldliness, which is spiritual treason, both in the church and out of it.

Covetousness, which is idolatry.

Unscriptural ways of raising money to run the church.

Opposition to Bible holiness, whether open or underhanded, from high or low, from devil or titled divine.

The laying of more stress upon the gaining of an education than upon receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Private vice as well as public wrong.

The exaltation of "churchanity" above Christianity.

Not warning of the awful danger of the sinner's eternal ruin.

Not preaching of the present peril of those who say they love God but, "keep not his commandments."

Also against the danger of resting in a mere theoretical holiness which is devoid of a genuine heart experience. The folly and sin of making the Church of Christ a



social club to "entertain" people instead of a power to save them, and, in fact, everything that is contrary to the Word.

God's blessing rest upon the spiritual heroes who, undaunted by derision, with the perfect love that casts out fear, persist in heeding God's commandment to "cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins"!

### *Revival Preaching.*

"He that winneth souls is wise." "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade" — not drive — "men."

Some seem to think if they can only make the truth "cut," no matter how or where the gash is made, they have proved themselves "workmen that need not be ashamed." As well conclude that every man who can make deep cuts with edged tools is a good mechanic! In such matters, some seem to exercise almost every kind of sense but spiritual and common sense. Gospel truths are sharp, and should be used by skilful hands.

Some see nothing but compromise in a sermon, however persuasive and effective, which fails to make people mad. They forget that rough, harsh sermons may involve compromise. A compromise is an effort to adjust differences by mutual concession; and the devil will always concede one's right to preach the whole truth who, in return, will concede his right to dictate the manner of doing it. If a man will condescend to preach the gospel "as if the devil were in him," he makes a compromise as fatal as though from worldly policy he suppressed or misapplied truth.

To be useful, a minister must not only keep to the line of truth laid down in the written Word, but keep right under the melting, saving power of the Spirit who inspired it. He who attempts to divorce these in his preaching does it at his peril and that of his hearers. "He that goeth forth and weepeth," — not scoldeth, — "bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." — REV. E. T. OWEN, in "Sunshine."

*Revival Devices to gain Men's Attention.*

In order that the truth may save souls, it must come in contact with them.

Either they must be induced to come where it is proclaimed or it must be carried to them.

The miracles which Christ and the apostles wrought, and the fact that the gospel was then a "new doctrine," made it needless for them to devise other means to draw and hold congregations.

That "the preaching of the gospel" alone is always able to accomplish this end, as some have mistakenly affirmed, is seen from the fact that it was when Jesus preached His most spiritual sermon that many went back and walked no longer with him.

That there are many bells which it is lawful for the gospel herald to ring to call the people together, it would be foolish to deny; that some would rather preach to empty seats than to ring them, is a painful fact.

In some places, because of lack of vital piety in the church, its past bad record or former revival failures, or other causes, the need of new expedients is more needful than in others.

The following are among the bells that may be rung with profit for the purpose under consideration: —

Let the minister be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Let the workers all be endued with the same power.

Find and unmask the particular sins that are destroying souls where you are.

Have spirited singing.

Announce themes that will excite curiosity, such as "The Unpardonable Sin," "Fools," "The Lost Man's Lawyer," "Sobertown Lunatics," and many others which, if properly handled, will not only bring crowds, but will help to hold their attention and convict them.

Scatter, far and wide, striking handbills, announcing the meetings and inviting to them.

Abruptly dismiss, announcing the next night to close the meetings unless the people come in greater numbers.

Induce as many as you can of those who do come to bring others with them.

These are a few among many similar devices which have been successfully used to get the attention of the unsaved. It requires skill to select and use proper means to this end, as what would be fitting in one place would be a failure in another.

#### *Altar Work.*

Some preachers and workers preach straight and plain, but after all they do nothing but skim the surface. If they were skimming milk they would get the cream, but salvation is just the reverse. It is never

found on the surface, but always down on the bottom rock.

If your altar work is shallow your entire work will be a sort of a milk and water mixture, and you have made the field of labor more difficult for thorough workers. I would rather plough a field in the first place than plough after some one who has let the plough run out of the ground half of the time.

The great trouble often is that many workers are not where they can get hold of God for penitents. Many are totally ignorant of God's dealings with seekers. They have no spiritual discernment to determine where a seeker stands before the Lord. They tell him to believe, when they do not know whether he needs faith or to make confession or restitution. Like a quack doctor giving medicine to a patient when he does not know either the effect of the medicine or the nature of the disease, he is just as liable to kill as cure, and more so. You can safely urge seekers to pray and repent, but never tell them to believe unless you thoroughly understand their case and are really burdened for them. You will find it very seldom that you need to talk faith to penitents, for the hardest thing for them to do is to repent and yield up to God; and at the very moment they give up all, God gives them saving faith (I mean faith that can bring salvation), and about ninety-nine per cent of them are very glad to exercise it. I notice those who are so ready to cry, "Believe, believe," are the ones that get burdened the least, and know very little about the travail of soul it costs for Zion to bring forth children. If the children of Israel had been troubled with some of this class, they might

have believed that Egypt was Canaan and had settled down in bondage; but they had a man who dealt faithfully with them. People invariably have more faith than obedience, and to believe over unwillingness is nothing but presumption. — *Selected.*

### *The Altar.*

The following are some of the reasons why it seems wise to invite seekers of salvation to come to the altar:—

That thus they may publicly renounce the world.

That their cases may be learned, and suitable instructions given.

That they may be intelligently prayed with.

Meeting such a test strengthens their decision.

It throws a barrier between them and return to the world.

It has a powerful influence on others who have not decided.

God's seal has rested in a remarkable way upon this expedient to aid souls that are making their decision.

Evangelist James Caughey says, "That God could convert them in 'any other part of the chapel' we do not deny; but nineteen out of twenty of those who get saved in this blessed work of God have thus come forward to be prayed for publicly. If the revival be of God, this is a part of it which He has evidently acknowledged. But to inquire why more are converted at the communion rail than in other parts of the house of God, would be as wise, perhaps, as to question the propriety of the angel passing by all the streams and pools of Palestine and honoring only Bethesda as a place for healing the impotent folk."

REVIVAL SINGING. — In meetings for the salvation of sinners, care should be taken in the selection of hymns. The singing should be adapted to the work that is to be done. The singing of some hymns, instead of bringing conviction to hearts, will have a direct tendency to do away with conviction. The hymns should be in harmony with the subject that is to be preached upon. Both preaching and singing should be calculated to awaken the lost. A steady line of separation should be carried on, on this line, until there is a revival of religion. Too much singing is death to soul saving. The spirit of prayer and travail of souls for sinners is the very opposite of a spirit of singing. When under a burden it is usually painful for workers to sing. — *Selected.*

SUMMER REVIVALS. — Many pastors are convinced that the custom of confining revival services almost exclusively to the winter months is a mistake.

The climate in the fall and spring is much more favorable than in winter, and the cost of caring for the building much less. The infirm and distant can then come with much less effort, and facts demonstrate that the Spirit of God, when revival conditions are met, works as readily at one time as another.

With the aid of tents the summer season is becoming the most attractive for this work of all. As the revival wave keeps rising we shall soon be able to keep the enemy in hot water the year round. Oh that the Church may be as persistent and artful to save men as Satan is to ruin them!

TARDY THOMASES. — A dragging opening begets a spirit of lassitude which it is difficult to overcome

through an entire service. The Holy Spirit is always on time, and His agents should emulate His example. "But Thomas, . . . called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came." The result was, he lost a great blessing and suffered from rheumatic doubts, when he might have been shouting glad hallelujahs upon the summits of Mount Assurance. Modern Thomases, be warned by his example. Absence from one service may cost you even more than it did him.

A MIGHTY REVIVAL AGENCY. — Thousands have thus been aroused and brought to reflection and to repentance by tract distribution. A ticket agent at a railroad station gave a tract with each ticket. Twenty-two persons wrote him that they had been converted by means of his tracts.

A servant was once reading a tract very intently when her mistress entered the room unnoticed. Wishing to know what could so interest the servant maid, she glanced over her shoulder, and was awakened and saved by one word, "Eternity," which was the title of the tract.

TWO TRIBES SAVED THROUGH A TRACT. — The following incident is related by Rev. Bronson, a Baptist missionary :—

"A native of India found a piece of a Testament with just one verse on it, — the wonderful sixteenth of St. John.

"He took it to a missionary and had it explained, was clearly converted, and hastened home to tell with joy the tidings to his people of salvation through Christ. As a result two whole tribes were converted to God."

CONVICTED BY A POSTER. — At White Pigeon, Mr. Weber had large posters put up with, "Are you saved?" "Are you prepared to die?" printed in large letters upon them. These were placed in the stores, when in came a travelling man, and these words at once caught his eye. He said, "I am thinking how to live instead of to die." At this he began to show his samples, but could not keep his mind from the poster, and would talk about it, and before he left the store he was converted. — From "Revival Tornadoes."

THE GOSPEL WORKER'S "GUARANTEE" OF SUPPORT. — "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land . . . for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 1: 19, 20).

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6: 33).

MANIFOLD METHODS. — The instrument of conviction is the truth, with God on one side and man on the other. It finds expression through the sermon, the prayer, the exhortation, the testimony, the tear, the look, the song, the printed page, and many other ways effectually reaching the sinner's heart.

IMPORTANCE OF WISE METHODS. — In the good days coming, a knowledge of literature, arts, and sciences, valuable as it is, will be esteemed as a flickering tallow candle in the presence of the concentrated radiance of ten million suns, compared with the mastery of the best methods in soul saving work.

A MISTAKE. — Some have vainly thought it impossible to have a revival until every member is in working



order. Were such the case, salvation's chariot would always remain stationary.

**BETWEEN MEETINGS.** — How can one have the best influence over others in revival meetings? By living right with God and man between such meetings as well as in them.

**RELIGIOUS APES.** — Imitating the oddities of others will not help but hinder in revival work. A human ape is a failure anywhere.

**A DIFFERENCE.** — A revival spirit and an unforgiving spirit can no more dwell together in the same heart than fire and water can unite.

## SECTION VIII.

### REVIVAL RESULTS.

“FEED my Lambs.”

It is one thing to build a fire and another to keep it burning.

It must be replenished with proper fuel and the draughts properly regulated, or the best fire will soon go out. Revival fires are subject to like laws.

Sometimes revival results do not appear to be permanent. Why they are not is often attributed to the methods of the leader, but in many instances the fault lies elsewhere.

That the scattering of his converts does not prove the unfaithfulness of a pastor or evangelist may be seen in that those of Jesus reached a point where “many walked” no longer with Him, and that Paul and Wesley both lamented sad backslidings. Their spiritual death may be caused—

(1) By the church in which they are being a spiritual ice house, so that at birth “they catch such a cold that they never get over it.” Because a child placed on an ice-berg freezes to death does not prove that it was not properly born; yet some local churches thus freeze their converts, and then charge the pastor or evangelist with the work not being thorough. It is an

easy way to shift responsibility, but there will be a fearful reckoning to face at the judgment.

(2) By feeding them on the husks of "lectures" and "essays," instead of giving them the "sincere milk of the word."

(3) By substituting worldly amusement for true Christian labor. I knew the result of a blessed revival to be greatly impaired by a course of "entertainments" which followed it. I also am acquainted with a church where there were hundreds professed to be saved, but where the leading members were worldly and had "card parties"; and the result was that they thus led the young converts astray, and then tried to shift the reason of their backsliding off upon the one who conducted the meeting! As Sam Jones has said, "It is difficult to get people converted above the standard of piety of the church where they are."

(4) They are not taught and urged at once to seek complete cleansing from inbred sin and to claim perfect love. President Finney says that more backslide from this reason than any other.

Some teachers have been so misled at this point that they have feared to teach the young converts entire sanctification for "fear it would discourage them."

Would the experience of perfect health discourage an invalid?

In any of the ways above mentioned the results of a revival may be destroyed and the leader of it be guiltless.

Jesus speaks on the above subject in no uncertain tones. In Luke 8, He declares what we may expect to be the result of revival efforts while the world stands.

He divides revival attendants into four distinct classes:—

1. Wayside hearers. These are those who come, but heed not the Word and remain unconverted. (See McLaughlin's "Commentary on Luke.")

2. Shallow-ground hearers. These receive the Word and are converted, but are unstable and soon fall back.

3. Thorn-choked hearers. These are represented as being truly converted, but, failing to get entirely sanctified, the inbred sin within them responds to the temptations from without and they too are lost.

4. Good-ground hearers. These are they who, in "good and honest hearts,"—hearts "from sin set free," and "pure, and right, and good,"—with joy continue to abide in Christ and bring forth abundant fruit.

Notice—

(a) That in this picture of revival results only one out of four who hear the Word remains faithful.

(b) In each instance the sower did his duty and the seed was good.

(c) That Christ throws all of the responsibility, when the church has done its part, upon the hearer.

(d) That the fourth class bring forth fruit.

(e) That Christ has no word of censure for the faithful sower, even though only one in four "holds out."

These truths should stimulate faithfulness in sowing the gospel seed, joy because some will fall on good ground and be fruitful, holy endeavor to remove whatever might hinder the growth of the seed, and perfect

trust in God that He will get the greatest possible good to man and glory to Himself from the results.

*After the Revival. No. 1.*

Form the converts into classes, and instruct them thoroughly in Bible doctrine and as to their duties as Christians.

Map out some work for each of them to do. Give the stronger the watch care of some weaker ones.

Keep them off from all "amusement" committees.

Warn the young of the peril of marrying unconverted persons.

Bear with their mistakes, and if any sin let them be reminded that "we have an advocate with the Father."

Learn the gifts of each, and then wisely utilize them.

God will call some to special work; seek to encourage such, lest they be tempted not to heed the call.

Teach them to study the Bible.

Instruct of the peril of neglecting private prayer and the other means of grace.

Let them be shown the need of at once uniting with God's people, and of promptly doing every duty.

*After the Revival. No. 2.*

Much will be gained by leading the converts to seek at once the baptism of "power from on high."

This will enable them to come off more than conquerors over the temptations which will surely beset them.

It will destroy all their relish for sinful pleasures.

It will qualify them to do well the work which each will be called to do.

It will destroy the "old man" of hereditary depravity, who would get them into trouble.

It will put and keep them into the very best possible condition to grow rapidly in grace and the knowledge of the truth.

The hearts of young converts instinctively yearn for this cleansing and enduement, and, if rightly led, they will receive it as naturally as a little bird opens its mouth to receive the food which is brought by its mother.

#### *Why they Failed.*

Some of God's children meet the conditions upon which God fully saves, but they soon fall back again.

The following are among the reasons that lead to their relapse :—

A dependence on feeling instead of a fixed faith in "changeless" promises.

Taking temptation for sin, and yielding to discouragement.

A failure to fully follow the Spirit for fear of being thought fanatical.

A failure to acknowledge the fulness of the blessing.

Yielding to acidity because of the blindness and perversity of others.

Yielding to doubtful indulgences.

Ananias like, taking back a part of the consecration.

Peter like, looking at the waves instead of at Jesus.

Restoration for all such is freely offered in Jesus' cleansing blood.

#### *He'll not Wait.*

Some months after a young man's conversion, he chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions,

who seemed overjoyed to see him, and who asked him to go with him to a neighboring bar-room. But the young man refused, saying, "I have a friend with me."

"I don't see anyone with you."

"You can't see Him, but He is here."

"Bring Him in with you."

"No, He never goes into bar-rooms."

"Then let Him wait outside."

"No, no!" was the final answer. "My friend is Jesus Christ, and if I go in with you He'll not wait."

Noble answer was this! And, like his Lord, he was delivered by it from the power of evil.

Remember, this best Friend "will not wait" outside of places of sin. Who can take His place if He leaves you? — *Crown of Glory.*

### ***Confessing Christ.***

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

A Christian man was laboring day after day in the same room with a company of unconverted persons. Revival meetings were in progress in the little village, and the meetings and the subject of religion became the topic of conversation in the room, and these things were spoken of in a trifling and sneering manner. The Christian listened to the conversation one day without paying any attention to it; but when they began on the second day to go on in the same reckless manner as they had done the day before, he felt as though he could endure it no longer. He stopped his work, and told them plainly but kindly that he was deeply pained to hear them speak so lightly of his dear Saviour and make

such ridicule of sacred things. He could not feel worse, he said, should some one enter the room and tell him that one of his little children was dead. As soon as he began to speak, every person in the room ceased work, and all listened in perfect silence, while the man, with the tears streaming down his face, frankly confessed his love for Christ, and his grief of heart at hearing the name and cause of his Master thus held up to ridicule.

The proprietor of the establishment was in the room at the time, and, although not himself a Christian, he told them that he did not wish them to rail out against Christianity in that way any more. After that the hands were more guarded in their conversation, and all treated the man with respect. Oh for more true witnesses for Christ, not merely in the house of God and on the Sabbath, but out in the busy world!—men and women pure in heart and holy in life, who, while living in the world, show plainly by their daily life and conversation that they are not of the world, and who do not hesitate, on every suitable occasion, to witness meekly but boldly for Christ. — REV. E. A. BOYNTON.

*Jesus too Good to give up.*

The following touching incident of child martyrdom is given by Eileen Douglas in "All the World." We give it in an abridged form.

Mattie was the child of drunken parents. She lived in the slums of a large city. By chance one night she strayed into a meeting. Christ was presented so lovingly and clearly that her hungry young heart was anxious to receive Him. When the invitation was given she wanted to go, but, fearing that it did not mean



her, she slyly slipped up to the leader and asked, "Does it mean me?"

When she was assured that it did, and told just what to do, she dropped upon her knees, and with closed eyes and folded hands said, "O Jesus, I've come!"

She tripped lightly home in her new-found joy. Arriving there, she poured out her story, imagining in her innocence that her drunken parents had never heard of Jesus, who would do so much for them, and only needed to be told and they would come too.

Instead of that she was cursed and whipped, and forbidden ever attending the meeting again.

The peace of God kept her through it all, saying quietly to herself, "He's too good to give up."

She went again, and this time was punished more severely than before. But nothing could quench the love in Mattie's heart, — neither persecution nor starvation nor cold. For one hour with Jesus she would brave anything; so next night saw her in her accustomed place.

Returning home she rushed up to her father: "I could not help it; I had to go! Jesus is far too good to give up!"

Giving her a furious kick in the side, from which she soon died, and muttering, "I told ye I'd kill ye," the murderer left her bleeding on the floor. During her dying hours she suffered much, and yet, in the midst of it all, she said that she was "so happy."

She pleaded earnestly for her mother's soul; and when at last the conflict was ended, and years of sin and shame had been swept away by the blood current, Mattie's power of speech failed her, and she could only lie and look with unutterable affection into her mother's face.

A little while before she passed away, she called for her mother to bring her dress and the scissors. Then she asked for the patch that was stained with her life-blood to be cut out.

She looked at it, smiled, and then handing it back, said, "Give — give — it — to him." Then she gasped and seemed to sink almost away. Then gathering up all of her remaining strength, she added, "And — say — it — was — because — I — I — loved — Him — so. He — was — too — good — to — give — up."

Then her head fell back, and her soul took its flight to be forever with the triumphant martyrs, who, having come up out of great tribulation, "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

CARE FOR THE CONVERTS. — Great wisdom and grace are needed to care for the converts after the revival. Where spiritual children are born into a church that has no spiritual fathers and mothers to nurse them, no spiritual shepherd to feed, and no spiritual fire to keep them warm, — starved and frozen, they soon present a piteous spectacle. A thorough revival strengthens the church in two ways: first, by increasing the power of those already converted; second, by adding to her numbers. It is thought wonderful when one hundred to five hundred are converted and added to the church, and so it is; but it is equally as marvellous when God's children so claim the "promise of the Father" that their power for effective work is increased tenfold, one hundred-fold, one thousand-fold, so that "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

SPIRITUAL LUXURIES. — At a preachers' meeting in Cincinnati the question came up as to what should be

done to hold the converts that were brought in through the Harrison revival from backsliding. Some suggested lyceums, amusements, etc. ; while Bro. G. D. Watson characteristically recommended that they be led on to entire sanctification, to find their luxury and delight in religion. What a grand thought ! Find their luxury in religion ! And, to the current practice and way of thinking, how strange and contradictory ! Yet it is in exact accord with the Scriptures. Take some of the Psalms, as well as many other portions, and they are prolonged outbursts of rapturous delight ; or the Canticles, and they are one continuous love song. No trysting-place of lovers ever witnessed such tokens of ardent affection as those between the soul and her Beloved in His banqueting-house. — *Selected.*

## SECTION IX.

### JONAHS.

“RETURN unto me, and I will return unto you.”

#### *Out of the Whale.*

“I’VE settled the question and am out of the whale,” joyfully exclaimed a pastor in my presence the other morning. The question settled was a very trying one, and one from which he long had shrank.

In so doing, Jonah like, he had been shorn of power, and felt that he was in the “whale” of God’s displeasure.

Many, by neglecting or refusing known duty, get into the same sad condition.

The way that Jonah got into the fish is familiar to all. How he got out is not so commonly known, and yet is clearly declared, and is a vivid object lesson which should excite every unhappy “Jonah,” Mrs. “Jonah,” and Miss “Jonah” to go and do likewise.

1. He Prayed. “I cried,” he says, “by reason of my affliction.” Instead of rebelling at God’s afflictive providence, he submitted and learned the lesson which it was designed to teach. Confinement in the fish was not an enviable place, but it was the result of his own sin and an index of God’s love ; for, had not the fish “been prepared” for him, doubtless a watery grave and hell would have been his doom.

2. He Confessed. — He acknowledged the depths to which he had sunk and the distance which he had departed from God.

3. He Looked for Divine Interposition. — As it did not at first appear, he continued to confess his lost condition and to sink still lower in his own sight. It was at this point that he confessed. "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

These "weeds" are a likeness of the weeds of error that soon enwrap the heads of all who wander from God. With some it will be the idea that they never were converted, or that only a part of the Bible is from God, or that all will be saved. With others it is an antipathy to holiness and revivals, a distaste for spiritual truths, substitution of culture for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and like errors.

The longer that Jonah looked at himself the worse he felt. The prayer, "Lord, show me myself," should be followed by, "Give me grace to bear the sight." The ghastly view of his backslidden heart so shocked Jonah that he fell into a fainting fit. (See *Jon.* 2: 7.) Then, from the very depths of despair, when he felt that no other one could save, he says, "I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee."

"When I forget Him and wander away,  
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms will I flee  
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

4. He Renounced His Sins. — He saw the deceptive wiles of the enemy which had led him to deviate from the path of duty, and in the light of them exclaimed, "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own

mercy." Instead of trying to throw the blame on his wife or pastor, he shoulders all the blame, and calls his errors by their right name, "lying vanities." Oh the lying vanities that are damning souls to-day!

Neglect of the means of grace — "Lying vanities."

Substituting amusements instead — "Lying vanities"

Looking at the waves instead of Jesus — "Lying vanities."

Going to some Joppa, when God says Nineveh — "Lying vanities."

At this point Jonah saw the great truth that the backslider forsakes God and his "own mercy" before God forsakes him.

5. He Decided to Yield to God. — Cutting loose from the monstrous weight, "I won't," which had well nigh sunk him, soul and body forevermore, he buckles on the life preserver, "I will," and shouts vehemently, I think, "I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

When he made that decision, and thus became again a conscious possessor of salvation, he was a prisoner; but at once he turned his prison into a salvation service, and God at once promoted him. The fish was as glad to get rid of him as a saloon-keeper is to see a fully saved preacher go, and so speeds with him, I suppose, toward the point of his promised revival meeting, and with no charges for either fare or rent, it is glad to let him go.

6. He Obeyed God. — No more Joppa when God points to Nineveh now. Where God leads, he follows. A succession of out-door meetings, repeated warnings

uttered fearlessly to a wicked city, multitudes in sack-cloth and ashes, crying "mightily unto God," and, through God, the once backslidden, fish-bound Jonah stands before the world the great revival preacher of his age.

There is reason to believe that there are many Jonahs buried beneath billows of God's displeasure because of failure to obey, who, within fishes of afflictive yet divinely prepared providences, are being schooled to see the folly of the "lying vanities" by which they have been deceived.

May such, with an "I will" of penitential determination, declare, "I will pay that that I have vowed"; and then, by divine power, freed from their bondage, fly on swift and joyful wings upon the soul saving errands to which, it may be, they have long since been bidden!

From Jonah's experience every revival worker may learn:—

1. Duty neglected brings trouble.
2. Affliction will sometimes move men when all other means fail.
3. The blackness of despair may precede the sunlight of salvation.
4. That deliverance does not come until broken vows are paid.
5. That God changes afflictive circumstances when they have accomplished their mission.
6. That duties men backslide over must be taken up when they are reclaimed.
7. That when God sends His servants and they proclaim His message, He will be responsible for the results.

Thus proving that, —

“When preachers are true to their glorious commission,  
Then kings sit in sackcloth and cities are won ;  
But workers, too oft, are in Jonah’s condition,  
And needs must be *whaled* ere God’s work can be done.”

### *No Credit to Me.*

“How is it that you came to preach?” I once asked of a pastor whom I was aiding in revival work.

“It’s no credit to me that I’m preaching, Bro. Knapp, but if you wish I will tell you how it came about.”

I was anxious to know, and he told me the story. May it warn others of what awaits, if they will not be obedient! I will repeat the story, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

“I was converted when young, and felt called to the ministry. I was diffident and felt that I could not obey. The impression deepened, and finally I went to college to prepare, but with mental rebellion in my heart against the call to preach. I graduated, but during my school life I had but the form of religion, with little, if any, of its real life. After graduating, instead of yielding to my convictions of duty, I plunged into business — at first with some success, but soon lost nearly all. Then a voice whispered to me, with startling emphasis, ‘Will you yield now?’ I would not.

“Then I went West, and sought and found employment there. Reverses, however, like those I had fled from, were soon repeated, and, baffled on every side, I was driven almost to despair. Again that voice which had haunted me for years asked, ‘Will you yield now?’



'No, I will not ; I will return to Michigan.' I gathered together the little I had left, and we started upon our sad and homeward journey. When we reached Chicago, my dear wife was taken with a violent fever and we could get no farther. My means were soon all gone, and, homeless among so many strangers, with the consciousness within me that it was all the consequence of my persistent disobedience, it seemed as if all the billows of the great ocean of trouble were sweeping over me. Still I was obstinate to the great question at issue between me and God. My wife's sickness grew worse, but still I would not yield. Finally the crisis came. I mounted a horse, hastened for a physician, and hurriedly returned. I dropped the bridle of the horse, took my foot from the stirrup and dismounted. My other foot slipped through the stirrup, and in an instant I saw that I was in a terrible trap. The horse was fractious, and now frightened, began to run, dragging me upon the frozen ground. Nothing but divine intervention could prevent my death. I was expecting each instant to be my last. Then came the same kind, patient, persistent voice, the voice of my Saviour who had followed me all these years, and asked me again, and I felt that it was for the last time, 'Will you yield now?' 'Yes, Lord, I will,' was my heartfelt answer.

"I don't know how it happened but some way the horse stopped and I was rescued. My body was badly battered, but soon my heart was lighter than for years. As soon as able, I telegraphed to Dr. P— of the Michigan Conference, and asked if there would be a place for me to preach in it. 'Yes, there is room for you in the Michigan Conference,' was the reply ; and soon wife

recovered, I united with the conference, and here I am ; but oh, how much I have lost !”

While telling this the tears rolled down his cheeks, and a pathos that cannot be put on paper made eloquent every word. He closed by saying, “So you see, Bro. Knapp, it’s no credit to me that I am preaching.”

### *Righting Wrongs.*

People sometimes hold “hardness” toward others, which robs their own souls of peace and greatly hinders the kingdom, just because they will not do as Jesus commands in regard to those whom they have wronged. They seem to forget that He means that they shall do just what He says (in Matt. 5 : 23, 24) where He declares, “Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee ; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way ; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.”

The Holy Ghost “court martials” all who refuse to be governed by this law of the government divine.

Thousands of dead and unanswered prayers are doubtless born of the violation of this law.

The numbers who have backslid because of refusal to comply with it, only eternity can unfold.

Christ is the Christian’s altar. Worship and labor are the “gifts” which he is to daily bring.

A worker in one of our meetings came into great distress ; she lost all power as a worker, and none of us knew how to account for it.

She finally confessed the cause. She had “remembered” that another had “aught against” her ; long

since she had stolen a thimble and never had acknowledged the theft, nor made restitution. Doubtless the enemy whispered, "It is but a trifle, and confession will hurt your influence"; but she felt that if she would have peace that she must listen to Christ and seek to be "reconciled."

Obedience to Christ in this as well as other matters is the only safe rule.

### *Seeking Reconciliation.*

When we have been wronged, Satan seeks to have us think that all advance to have matters righted must come from the party that has wronged us.

In such cases, however, Christ has spoken, and makes our duty as clear as the shining of the noonday sun. His directions are unmistakable, stated as follows in Matt. 18: 15, 16, 17: "Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

Probably nine-tenths of existing feuds never would have been had Christ's commands, as stated here and in Matt. 5: 23, 24, been obeyed.

His counsel is set at naught when, instead of heeding it, (1) we do nothing; (2) when we "go and tell" some one else the "fault" instead of the "trespasser"; (3) when it is told to "the church" before the other two steps have been taken.

The enforcement of these teachings of Christ is one of the most important and fruitful points in connection with revival work. Many times I have seen a revival take a fresh start by members practising these precepts. I was led of God to emphasize them repeatedly at one place, when the class leader came to us and said, in substance, "You are determined to crowd me to the wall; I would as soon speak to the devil as to go and speak to that man."

He was greatly excited, and spoke so as to attract attention. We did not know his peculiar difficulty, but saw that needed truth was taking hold of him, and said nothing to counteract it. For some time he continued in agony over the matter. After a restless night, however, he saw that Christ would accept of no compromise in the matter, and that he must obey, or continue a "stumbling-block" to the work, and meet the fearful consequences at the judgment.

He was a man of great decision, and as soon as his mind was made up—though early in the morning, before breakfast—he hurried to a neighbor, with whom there had been a long-standing difficulty, and in the Bible way sought a righteous settlement. He who has said, "If I send my sheep forth, I will go before them," had prepared the way, and soon all was sweetly adjusted; and after kneeling in prayer with him to whom he had thus become reconciled, he started for his home. Before reaching it, he had to pass the residence of another neighbor with whom he was also at variance. His first call had brought such a rich blessing that he could not resist the second; so in he went, and the first scene was repeated, and with joy he returned home.

Both of the neighbors called upon were old backsliders; they were now reclaimed, and the work went on with great power.

*A Backslidden Class Leader.*

In another of our meetings an old man arose, and in a very excited manner said, "No man can make me believe, after my conversion forty years ago, that I am not a Christian!" He went away unsaved, and said to the pastor as he passed out, "You told that minister all about me." He had been a class leader for years, and was too proud spirited to humble himself and seek the saving grace which his actions proclaimed him to be destitute of. I felt very sorry for him, but saw that there could be no hope for him until he would acknowledge his real state and repent. I therefore held him right to it to the end.

The last night of the meeting, he handed me some money and said, "I want you to take this, and I don't want you to think that I thought that you meant me." I replied, "But I did mean you, and, as your friend, I want to warn you personally that unless you repent you will be lost." I said this tenderly, as I felt for him, and he took it kindly. His pastor wrote me a few weeks after that, that this person had been a different man ever since the meeting. In this way the Holy Spirit is able to take the truth, and with it pierce the very thickest armor of self-deception.

*It Might Have Been.*

A sad wail. Be warned by it.

It fell from the lips of an old man, who was a member of the church of which I was then pastor. He had

been endowed by nature with great gifts, but, like the "unprofitable servant," refusing to use them for God, he had "hidden them under a napkin," and so he was but the ruins of what God had evidently designed that he should be. He was a zealous church member, although, evidently, not living in the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, unless possibly in the zero section of it. At this time his heart was touched, and he wished to confess to me his past life.

In early life he was soundly converted and called to the ministry. He refused to heed the call, and, like all "Jonahs," backslid in heart, and got in trouble. It was a sad story, and I shall never forget the deep regret expressed by him as he closed it, and then sighed, and sadly said, "Oh, when I think of what I might have been!"

How many there are of whom, as of this man, it must be mournfully said, "Oh, if thou hadst listened and obeyed before it was forever too late!"

Beware lest thou too shouldst be among that number.

#### *That Hits Me.*

While laboring in a town in Northern Michigan, great interest, as usual, was shown in my large canvas chart of "the river of death." An official member, before I had preached from it, scanned it closely, marking the different sinful streams which swell the swift and fatal current of the main river, and the many fountains by which these are fed, until his eye caught the word "tobacco."

He then came to me, appearing much troubled, and said, "Bro. Knapp, I see you have 'tobacco' on that

chart. I wish you would touch that very lightly, because that hits me."

He resisted the truth, and grumbled all through the meeting.

He was unlike another man I knew, who said he needed hitting in so many places, that he wouldn't give anything for a sermon that hit him nowhere.

Truth-seekers, not truth-dodgers, get the blessing. Men who, like the hypocritical lawyers of old, are always ready to exclaim, "Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also," are ever among the greatest hindrances to revival work.

#### *A Church Member but not Saved.*

He lived in a town in Western Michigan. He very attentively attended our meetings there.

The state of things there was such that we were compelled to dwell very much on the dangers and symptoms of self-deception. Have since learned that it is a theme which, if properly handled, will do good nearly everywhere. At the close of one service this person hurried weeping to the altar, and, sobbing as if his heart would break, he kneeled and pleaded with God for mercy, and was forgiven.

When he arose he made a humble and honest confession.

Years before he had been brightly converted. Soon after a duty came up and he persisted in refusing to do it.

In this way he became backslidden in heart, although he had hardly been able to own this even to himself. He had lived in the discharge of all ordinary religious

duties, and at this time was an officer in the Sabbath school. In the sight of men he was thought a good church member. His own heart, however, had contained an "aching void" which none but Christ could fill. Instead of fortifying himself behind his "church membership" and "official position," as some such people often do, he humbly sought the "Pearl of Great Price," regained his "first love," entered into the experience of entire sanctification, became a power for God, and is now a successful pastor winning other souls to Christ.

How glad both he and those saved through him will be that he abandoned his deceived state before awaking at the judgment!

#### *Business Looseness a Bar to God's Blessing.*

He had professed conversion and been a member of the church for some time, but, like some others with a similar record, he did not feel "satisfied."

He sought the evidence of sins forgiven but could not obtain it. Was it because God does not promise pardon to the penitent? No!

It was because he had run up a big store bill which had long been due and which he had neglected to pay and seemed inclined to dodge.

As he had neglected to even see the man he owed, who was not a church member, the matter had brought a reproach upon the cause of Christ.

He was led to see that he was lost unless he would be honest, satisfactorily settle the matter, and then come into a saved experience.

Moral: Dishonesty and real piety, like fire and water, won't mix.



*A Thorny Path.*

"BRO. KNAPP, we have come for your advice." The speaker was a man about twenty-two, who, with his young wife, had called at the parsonage. They were both members of our church, gifted, and capable of great usefulness.

They were both very serious and evidently weighing a great question. He stated the case to me, which was, as I remember, as follows:—

He was converted when only ten years of age, and was soon called of God to prepare for the ministry.

He tried to smother his convictions of this call but could not do so.

He came very near losing his life in a boiler explosion in which two men were killed but he escaped. This impressed him deeply but he would not fully obey.

As years passed the call grew louder, but his opposition to it more intense.

He finally thought, "I will stop going to school; then I won't have an education, and so, of course, cannot preach, and it will not be required of me."

He did this but it did not silence his convictions.

Then he said, "I'll put up another barrier between me and that work. I'll marry and that will make it impossible. Unlearned and married, neither God nor the Church will want me for the ministry."

He married, but still found no relief from God's claims upon his life; and his wife, instead of hindering him, exhorted him to yield and do his duty. She became possessed of the feeling that some great calamity would overtake them if he persisted thus in quenching the convictions which he felt to be of God.

We felt that surely he was grieving the Spirit and advised him to yield at once.

Only a short time before then he made another vain attempt to thwart God's plan for him by buying some property and going so heavily in debt for it that he would be compelled to give months and years to the cancelling of the debt, and thus be placed, as he thought, where it would be an impossibility to free himself for God's work.

He was now enabled to see the folly and wickedness of his course, and decided to give up and follow wherever God might lead.

He apparently did so, and the way opened at once for him to arrange his business in a satisfactory manner and go to school.

Satan, however, made one more subtle and, for a time, successful effort to thwart him.

He had for some time been planning an invention. He had flattering prospects of succeeding with it. He thought, "If I'm to preach I want to be independent and not have to depend on the people for support."

Then he made up his mind to leave school and first perfect his invention and sell it and then return and devote his life to the ministry. Thousands have fallen by yielding to just such compromises as this one.

He reached a point where he could take \$50,000 for his machine, but no, he would wait a little and have a million dollars.

Surely he was treading again on forbidden ground.

Suddenly, like a lightning stroke from a cloudless sky, his wife died.

Adversity now became his schoolmaster. Reverse

followed reverse, until his property was nearly all gone, and his invention upon which he had spent years and a small fortune became valueless to him; when, like a conquered child, he yielded all, and now has begun his long-neglected life work, and is a minister in the Michigan Conference.

Moral: The pathway of disobedience, no matter how inviting it may seem, is full of thorns.

### *A Bitter Experience.*

The following from a private letter from one who fell a victim of the tempter's power, painfully illustrates the awful wages of sin, and the agonies that follow falling from the Way of Life. Let all who are saved be warned lest they too shall be thus snared by Satan, and may any who have fallen into a kindred pit remember that Jesus came to save the lost, and hasten to accept His proffered mercy. And let all who pray especially remember at the throne him whose sad words you are about to read. He writes under arrest for committing crime:— "I heard, with indefinable but intensely-felt relief, your name spoken, and at once hastened to my pen, resolving to brave your displeasure in the hope of hearing from you. Nor is the impulse a weak one, for shame silences my tongue and well nigh palsies my arm; and I must hasten, too, nor dare to read what I write, lest my courage (what remains) take flight and is lost in the mad whirl of dissipation resulting in my present misery and pain.

“Once I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed, no more to move;  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love;

Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

“ Little then myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan’s power ;  
Now I feel my sins renew,  
Now I feel the stormy hour ;  
Sin has put my joys to flight,  
Sin has turned my day to night.

“ Once I held my head away up high, laughed at Satan’s tricks and wiles, and called myself my deadly enemy’s master ; but I forgot, — no, let me tell the truth, — I did not care to remember, that it was not I but my God that was the master of my enemy. Ah ! that was an awful mistake when, for the second time, I grasped in my embrace the devourer of my home, my name, my heart, my peace, and I might almost add, my hope, which has not left me utterly, as is evidenced by my hasty cry to you for what I do not know, unless it be for one blessed moment to breathe an atmosphere of purity, and to forget, for a while, the dismal gloom of the present in wondering if there may not be a brighter future.”

WOULD NOT “ KNUCKLE.” — One of the greatest hindrances in soul-saving work is professors who are destitute of the Spirit of Christ. While doing pastoral work at M—, I came across a man of that description who stood right in the way of an unconverted brother whom he evidently had wronged. When urged to take some steps to bring about a reconciliation, he flatly and angrily refused, saying :—

“ That would be knuckling down. I won’t knuckle.”  
Such persons seem to forget that Christ has declared,

“But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive yours.” To the ruin of themselves and others they go on thus, treacherously betraying the interests of Him whose followers they profess to be.

A HELP IN DISTRESS. — “Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his . . . wonderful works to the children of men!”

“I'M A JONAH.” — After preaching about Jonah one evening, I went to a man in the audience, and asked him how it was with him.

“I'm a Jonah,” was his sad but honest answer.

He went home, erected his family altar, and came back the next meeting, a saved and happy man. He became one of the best workers in the revival.

## SECTION X.

### INFIDELITY.

“HE that believeth not is condemned already.”

#### *An Infidel Saved by Walking in the Light.*

A LADY came to a revival meeting in L—. She did not like the tests which were frequently taken. She was an infidel, but did not like to be classed with bad people. She made up her mind that she would rise on the first test that she could. She did so. Still she disbelieved the Bible. A friend advised her to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit. She said she did not know anything about the Holy Spirit, but would do what her better judgment said was right. She did so. One evening she kneeled with others in prayer. She said, “Now if H— prays, I will. It surely must be right to pray.” She prayed, but could not ask in Jesus’ name. Then the thought came to her, “I have prayed and do not believe in Christ. What a hypocrite I am!”

For the first time she felt that she was a lost soul. She was in untold agony, and remained in this state for a little time, when the Holy Spirit drew her to Christ, and she was enabled to see Him as He is and to accept of His salvation.

Then she was happy. She lived a holy life and has gone now to be forever with the Lord.

Surely, they who do "His will shall know of the doctrine." — REV. W. TAYLOR, *Leslie, Mich.*

### *God — Eternity.*

A few years ago a Christian gentleman went on a trip down the Mississippi River. He always carried a supply of tracts. While on the steamboat he distributed some tracts to the different passengers on board. He came to a gaming table where two or three men sat engaged in a game of cards. He handed each a tract. One of them took out his knife and contemptuously clipped it into small particles. He held the last piece, not larger than his thumb nail, in his hand—read on one side the word "God." He turned it over and read on the other side the word "Eternity," then threw it down. Little did he know that a seed of gospel truth was lodged in his mind. He never forgot those two little words—so small, but full of life-giving power. After an hour or so, the words "God" and "Eternity" reverberated in his mind. He paid little attention to it at first, but it kept resounding, "God!" "Eternity!" He laid down at night, and still the words clung to him "God!" "Eternity!" The next morning, when he awoke, the first thought that was presented to his mind was these two little words, which by this time had grown some, "God!" "Eternity!" They clung with greater tenacity during the day. Whichever way he turned they confronted him, "God!" "Eternity!" It seemed to him that God and eternity were now realities. The next night he slept scarcely any. "God!" "Eternity!" kept him awake. God was a consuming fire; He was angry with the sinner. Eternity had no end; and, unless

he sought and obtained God's favor, he would have to spend eternity in hell. He sought and obtained the pardon of his sins, and became a useful Christian,—converted through only two little words, "God," "Eternity." — EVANGELIST.

### *The Peril of Unbelief.*

A vessel named the *Thetis* was cruising in the Mediterranean in search of a shoal, or bank, said to exist beneath the treacherous waters. The captain, after all his efforts had failed, abandoned the enterprise, declaring "that the reported danger was all a dream."

An on-board officer formed a different judgment; went out by himself on an expedition afterward into the very same latitude and longitude, and there discovered the reef of rocks, which he reported to the admiralty, and it was inserted in the charts, the discoverer being rewarded with a high appointment.

The intelligence came to the captain's ears; he would not believe in the discovery. He was a shrewd, clever, practical man, but unscientific, incredulous, and obstinate. "The whole thing is a falsehood," he exclaimed; adding, "If ever I have the keel of the *Thetis* under me again in those waters, if I don't carry her clean over where the chart makes a rock, call me a liar and no seaman."

Two years after he was conveying, in the same vessel, the British ambassador to Naples. One windy night, he and the master were examining the chart on deck, by the light of a lantern, when the latter pointed out the sunken rock on the map. "What!" exclaimed the old seaman, "is this invention to meet me in the



teeth again? No; I swore I would sail over the spot the first chance I had, and I'll do it!"

He went down into the cabin, merrily related the story to the company, and said, "Within five minutes we shall have crossed the spot." But presently a grating touch was felt; then a shock, a crash; the ship was foundering! The most of the crew were saved; but the captain was last seen on the dark hull of the *Thetis*, as the foam burst round her bow and stern.

He perished in his unbelief!

So perish multitudes. God has laid down upon the map of His Word a sunken rock. He warns you of hell — of perdition; but you will not believe. On you go, determined to brave the worst; and then, too late, you will find out how unbelieving you have been. But "why will ye die"? Are you determined to commit suicide on your soul? — S. M. HAUGHTON, in *Christian Harvester*.

#### ***Salvation of a Would-Be Suicide.***

I was converted at the age of fourteen. I was raised to believe that to be a Christian I had to put on a long face, which I could not do, so I went back. I tried to be an infidel; I first read W. Denton's works, then Voltaire, Ingersoll, Darwin, and many others. In the mean time came to Kansas, engaged in mercantile business, and in less than eighteen months I lost quite a fortune and was left penniless. Not only that, but I had contracted bad habits. In the winter of 1878, I went to Leadville, Col., with my experience. My bad habits followed me; my worst sins were cards and women. Shortly after arriving at Leadville, I secured a position with a mining company as superintendent. During that time I was permitted to see sin in all its stages.

I travelled from Mexico to the British possessions. It was an up-and-down life, and spiritually I was dead, dead!

In June, 1884, I was travelling with Platt M. McDonald, formerly editor of the *Plymouth* (Indiana) *Democrat*, in Washington Territory, near the Cascades. One Saturday evening we stopped in a lonely place to camp over Sunday. On Sunday morning, bright and early, I was up, but, somehow or other, I felt very despondent; why, I could not tell. But all my past life came before me: the good advice that had been given me by my grand-parents, as I was raised an orphan from the age of fourteen months. So after sitting by the camp-fire till near nine o'clock A.M., I could stand it no longer; I picked up a revolver and thought I would put an end to myself. I concluded that I would go away from the camp where Mr. McDonald would not find my body. As the country was uninhabited, I thought the wild animals would soon devour my body. After walking about an hour, I came to what I thought would be a suitable place to commit this hellish deed. All the while I was justifying myself by looking at what others had done. So I got down upon my knees, thinking where I should place the fatal weapon so as to produce instant death; but while there, a different feeling came over me; something seemed to say, "You had better pray; see if there is a God." Well, I commenced to pray; at first there were a good many "ifs" in my prayer, but after a while they got out of the way. I do not know just how long I prayed,—perhaps near an hour; I felt relief. I then raised my eyes to look in front of me and beheld two women on their knees,

one about twenty feet from me, with her face directly toward me, — a face that I am unable to describe for its beauty; nothing but a glorified one can be like it. She spoke in a clear and distinct voice, but sweet beyond description, “Be patient; the change will come.” After this sentence was spoken they vanished.

Well, that settled the question with me that there was a God. I quit some of my bad habits, and soon after went to Kansas, and began to attend church; heard many so-called fine sermons, but they were cold and formal. Finally I was persuaded to join the church through policy, as I had no sacrifice to make; the church made the sacrifice. I was received into the church as a member in full fellowship. I went on this way for a year, till two young ladies came in our neighborhood, who had been converted in the Salvation Army. I went out of curiosity for a while. I noticed that they were unlearned, could scarcely read, but there was a power about them some way that I could not understand. The more I went the more I wanted to go; in about two weeks I, a church member, was converted to God. It did not stop at conversion; I surrendered all, and that meant preach the Word. It was a heavy cross, but the Lord is helping me to carry it.

At my first revival there were thirty converted, besides quite a number pulled out of the old rut of formalism. Now all I can do will not begin to pay what God has done for me. All that I ask for is the power of the Holy Ghost to point sinners to the “Lamb of God, which, taketh away the sin of the world.”

*Test it and See.*

There were a good many remarkable conversions. We recollect one—that of E. B. Andrews. He had been wounded and disabled in the army. His father was a Baptist preacher, but he was a pronounced infidel. I went into his room to get some matches, in order to get a chance to talk to him. He told me he did not believe a thing in the Bible; it was all contradictions. I challenged him to test it by prayer, and told him if God did not answer him I would saw wood and put him through college. I said he was like a boy looking for contradictions in the exceptions to the rules in the back part of the Greek grammar instead of beginning with the alphabet.

About a week after I had prayed for this infidel, who was doing bad work by his infidel teaching in the school, I called into his room about the time we were to go up to our class. While he was getting ready to go, I said to him, “Andrews, what do you think about this matter of religion?”

“Well, Ellis,” said he, “I have been thinking about the matter in the common sense light you put it, and I have made up my mind to test it and see what there is in it.”

I took out my watch—it was ten minutes to the class; it began at three. “If you mean it, Andrews, you have plenty of time to test it before we go to class,” said I.

“I am ready,” said he.

“Kneel right down where you are and ask God for the Spirit, and He will give it to you,” said I.

Down he got upon his knees, and, lifting up his head,

with closed eyes and his countenance set in a determined way, prayed, "O God, whoever Thou art, and whatever are Thy functions, we know that Thou art almighty, because Thou hast created the universe. I pray Thee, whatever there is in the religion of Jesus Christ, to reveal it unto me by Thy Holy Spirit. O Lord, I give myself to Thee, to follow and be led by Thee as long as I live." At this point the Spirit of God in power, sensibly, to me, fell upon him. The next breath of prayer was the prayer of a Christian: "O God, let this work go on in the school, and let not a single sinner escape. For Christ's sake. Amen."

He arose from his knees, and I said, "How is it, Andrews?"

"It is all right; I have the witness of the Spirit," said he.

That night, and ever after, he was a good worker in the school, much to the surprise of many who had considered him an incorrigible infidel. — REV. W. T. ELLIS.

### *A Glass of the Wrath of God.*

In one of the quiet towns of the West, years ago, there lived an able and faithful minister of the gospel. There was in his parish at a certain time an unusual interest in religion, and a sermon was preached on the "Wrath of God." It was a very faithful discourse, and deeply affected the congregation.

After the sermon an inquiry meeting was held, and many remained. Among the number were two wicked young men, who, from motives of curiosity or mischief, placed themselves among the inquirers. They tried to disturb the meeting and distract the attention

of those who were really serious. After the meeting they went to the hotel, and, walking up to the bar, called for something to drink. They were asked what they would have. One of them replied, "Give me a glass of the wrath of God." The bartender turned him out something in the usual way, and he drank it and instantly fell dead upon the floor! A powerful impression was made upon the young men of that place, and the event is remembered there yet with fear and dread. — *Selected.*

### *I Watched You.*

A man of great wealth, prominence, and learning, who is the owner of extensive mining interests in Pennsylvania, had unfortunately become an infidel and almost a blaspheming atheist. He had in his employ a man of desperate character, — a man whose profanity and wickedness was shocking even to him, infidel and atheist as he was; but such was his value as a workman that he disliked to give him up. At last this wicked, lost man was brought under religious influences, through a meeting held by a Methodist minister for the benefit of sinners. He was soon brought under conviction for sin, and after a fearful struggle was happily converted to God. His whole manner of life was at once reversed. His terribly passionate nature gave place to one as gentle as a child's. His fearful profanity was supplanted by a spirit of prayer and praise, and his insubordination gave place to fidelity of the strictest type. Soon after his conversion he became anxiously concerned about his employer, but could not gather up sufficient courage to go to his home and speak to him about his soul.

At last, some six months after his conversion, he became so deeply concerned upon the subject that he could not sleep; and one morning early, after spending a sleepless night, he determined to go to his employer in the name and strength of his divine Master, and speak to him about his soul. He started with trembling on his way. As he approached the house he saw that, early as it was, there was a light in a lower room. He knocked timidly at the door; his employer answered the summons in person, and by his appearance and manner showed that he had not retired during the night. No sooner was the door opened than the poor miner grasped his employer's hand and cried out, "I hope you will forgive me, but I am so concerned about your soul, I cannot sleep; so I thought I would come and speak to you." The man of wealth and culture pressed the hand of his poor ignorant employee, and in a voice choked with emotion said, "Come in, Thomas, come in; I am so glad you have come; God must have sent you. I am so unhappy. I have been trying all night to pray, but cannot. I want you to pray for me." They knelt down together, and the astonished miner poured out his soul in prayer for his distressed employer; and there they remained weeping and praying until the master was happily converted to God.

He then, in reply to the inquiries of Thomas as to how he came under conviction, made this statement: "I have long been an infidel. I did not see much difference between the lives of many Christians with whom I associated and my own, and that strengthened me in my infidelity. At last you professed to be converted. I knew what a terrible man you had been, and

determined to watch you and see the result. I did so. I watched you when you were not aware of it, but I saw nothing with which I could find fault. On the contrary, your consistent and marvellously changed life condemned me. I felt that if you, without education, and sunk to the very bottom of the pit of wickedness, could be so transformed, and lead so beautiful a life, there must be something in religion, and it was time for me, who had enjoyed so many advantages, to think about my soul. And as I thought about it, I found I was a sinner in the sight of God, and lost forever unless He would save me. It was your life, Thomas, that led me to Christ." — REV. W. N. BRODBECK, in *Times of Refreshing*.

#### *Those Hypocrites.*

"There is so much sham among religious people that I've lost all confidence in Christianity," exclaims a victim of Satan's cunning wiles.

Before conversion, this fallacy of Satan, which he succeeds in palming off on so many, never weighed a feather's weight with me, and I have never been able to see how it could with anyone who would stop and think.

Why, the very fact that there are counterfeit Christians proves that there must be genuine, for without the real to imitate, the false could never be.

Their existence is also a remarkable fulfilment of the prophecy of Christ, which declared that there should be "false Christs" and "false brethren" who should seek to deceive, and whose hypocrisy should finally be unveiled at the great day of judgment.



In view of these facts, their existence, to the thinking mind, confirms instead of weakens the claims of Christ.

Very often, however, the "accuser of the brethren" will influence a sinner to think those are hypocrites who are not.

I knew a man who seemed to have no confidence at all in the piety of a neighbor, who was a class leader, until he came to die, when he sent for him to pray for him!

The man who will not get saved because there are hypocrites, is like one who won't eat because victuals are sometimes poisoned, or take any money because there is some counterfeit coin, or like a child who will forsake his parents because some of his brothers and sisters are false to them. To all such God says, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." And, "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

#### *A Sceptic Saved through a Wife's Faithfulness.*

Another case I recollect as a very striking one, — of a German, whose name I cannot now recall. He was a tobacconist. He had a very amiable and intelligent wife, and was himself, as I afterwards found, when I became acquainted with him, an intelligent man. He was, however, a sceptic, and had no confidence in religion at all. His wife, however, came to our meetings, and became very much concerned about her soul; and after a severe struggle of many days, she was thoroughly converted. As she attended meetings frequently, and became very much interested, it soon attracted the attention of her husband, and he began to oppose her

being a Christian. He had, as I learned, a hasty temper, and was a man of athletic frame and of great resolution and fixedness of purpose. As his wife became more and more interested, his opposition increased, till finally he forbade her attending meetings any more. She then called to see me, and asked my advice with regard to what course she should take. I told her that her first obligation was to God; that she was undoubtedly under obligation to obey His commands, even if they conflicted with the commands of her husband; and that, while I advised her to avoid giving him offence if she could and do her duty to God, still in no case to omit what she regarded as her duty to God for the sake of complying with his wishes. I told her that, as he was an infidel, his opinions on religious subjects were not to be respected, and that she could not safely follow his advice. She was well aware of this. He was a man that paid no attention to religion at all, except to oppose it.

One Sabbath evening, when he found she was going to meeting, he renewed his threat that if she went he would take her life. She told me afterward that she had no thought that it was anything but a vain threat. She calmly replied to him that her duty was plain; that there was no reason why she should remain at home at that time, but simply to comply with his unreasonable wishes; and that to stay at home under such circumstances would be entirely inconsistent with her duty to God and to herself. She therefore went to meeting. When she returned from meeting, she found him in a great rage. As soon as she entered the door he locked it after her and took out the key, and then drew a

dagger, and swore he would take her life. She ran upstairs. He caught up a light to follow her. The servant girl blew out the light as he passed by her. This left them both in the dark. She ran up and through the rooms in the second story, found her way down into the kitchen, and then to the cellar. He could not follow her in the dark; and she got out of the cellar window, and went to a friend's house and spent the night. Taking it for granted that he would be ashamed of his rage before morning, she went home early, and entered the house, and found things in the greatest disorder. He had broken some of the furniture, and acted like a man distracted. He again locked the door, as soon as she was fairly in the house; and drawing a dagger, he threw himself upon his knees, and held up his hands, and took the most horrible oath that he would there take her life. She looked at him with astonishment and fled. She ran upstairs, but it was light, and he followed her. She ran from room to room, till finally she entered the last, from which there was no escape. She turned round and faced him. She threw herself upon her knees, as he was about to strike her with his dagger, and lifted up her hands to heaven, and cried for mercy upon herself and upon him. At this point God arrested him. She said he looked at her for a moment, dropped his dagger, and fell upon the floor and cried for mercy himself. He then and there broke down, confessed his sins to God and to her, and begged God and begged her to forgive him. From that moment he was a wonderfully changed man. He became one of the most earnest Christian converts. — From *Finney's Memoirs*.

***Sincerity Cannot Save.***

There is nothing saving simply in sincerity. A sea-captain sincerely believed that he was sailing in deep water, but his sincerity did not change the fact that he was not, and his ship was wrecked on the rocks. A prisoner appeared before an ancient tribunal, was met by bland smiles, and finally, with much courtesy, directed to step into a neighboring room. He, doubtless, sincerely thought that a speedy and happy release awaited him, as with a light heart he turned toward the room as requested. He had gone but a few steps, however, when his feet touched a spring door and he fell into a murderous death-trap which had treacherously been prepared for him.

Sincerity is no antidote for broken law in either the physical or spiritual world. The poison of sin is in the system, and unless the divine remedy be taken death is the sinner's doom. Every unsaved man is nearing the death-trap of eternal ruin, and, unless he turns, must soon become its hopeless victim.

To forever banish the fatal fallacy that mere sincerity in his wrong views will screen the sinner from the penalty of sin, Christ clearly declared, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." No matter how sincere the human soul may be, unsaved it will be lost through all eternity.

***Scared.***

"I don't believe in being scared into religion," people sometimes say, when warned of the fearful peril awaiting them if they persist in impenitence. Satan is fearful lest his victims see the awful doom toward which they

are swiftly rushing, and so seeks to hush their fears when warned of what awaits them.

If it is rational for people to be scared away from pestilential diseases and broken bridges and threatening rocks and precipitous precipices in the material world, much more is it reasonable for them to be alarmed at exposure to spiritual diseases, rocks, and precipices ; for the first can harm but the body, while the second threatens the eternal destiny of the soul itself. Personally, the peril to which my soul was exposed did more than anything else to awaken me from the sleep of sin and turn me from its fatal paths. When I did this then I saw Jesus, and He soon melted my heart into sweet and glad submission to His will. Better be "scared" from sin to the Cross now than to be "scared" with the doomed through all eternity with no Cross to which to fly.

#### *An Infidel Saved.*

Among the attendants of the revival meetings at E—, was Mr. B— and wife, both of them persons of influence. Mr. B— had been an infidel. The death of a precious child had made him want an eternity in which to meet again his loved one. He was seriously investigating the claims of Christianity, and came to the meeting a serious and honest inquirer. As is always true of such persons, he was not left long in the dark. He was soon under conviction. Many were burdened for him. Conviction kept deepening. They went home, feeling so deeply that neither spoke to the other. They retired in silence. There followed then a silent struggle between each one and the old life. Finally Christ conquered, and the wife broke the solemn silence by

saying, "Husband, I have made up my mind that I must be a Christian whether you are or not."

"Why, I had just reached that conclusion myself, that I must be one whether you were or not," was his surprised reply. They kneeled in prayer, were happily converted, and came to the next afternoon meeting and confessed their new-found joy.

I have met with them a number of times since, always firm in the faith and abounding in the work of the Lord.

### *Conversion of an Infidel.*

At the request of Bro. Knapp, and for the glory of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I write the following brief account of my early life and experiences.

I was born into an unchristian family. Father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were avowed infidels, and the rest sceptical.

I remember of father reading the Bible once, for the purpose of ridiculing it. He has taken me many times with him to saloons and bought us both some beer. Young people used to gather at our house to dance and make sport of religion, while cider was always kept in the cellar. We never attended church.

When about fourteen years of age, I attended a dance given by the Universalists at M—. At the close, the preacher took the proceeds, fifty dollars, and kindly thanked them for it. From that time I began to laugh at Christianity, and became disgusted with religion as I saw it in most of those who professed it.

After moving to Odessa, Ionia County, they got me to play the organ at church, and attend Sunday school some. One of the church members used to stop at

father's and drink hard cider, and also use tobacco so much that he would go often to the door and spit. After he would leave the house, father would laugh and say ironically, "There goes a sample of Christianity."

I kept thinking still less of Christianity, and finally resolved to join some circus and practise a year, but agreed if I could go to the commercial college in Grand Rapids I would give it up. After coming from school, I began work in a store and kept company with a Christian young lady.

One day she told me her experience at conversion, which made me feel afterwards that I really would like to find out if there was any truth in religion or not. In August, 1886, I thought for sport and rest I would go to the Ionia Camp Meeting. I tented with acquaintances from Odessa, among whom was Mrs. Hutchins, whom I sincerely believed was a Christian. I had confidence in her.

I did not idle about so much in the woods as I intended to, but was drawn to attend the meetings. They got me into the choir to sing and play the organ. One night Rev. Levi Masters preached. The invitation to sinners was then given.

O. E. Whitman moved along the bench, and putting his arm about me said, "Burnie, won't you go?" I burst into tears and went; they prayed for me and gave instructions, but I received no light. It kept getting darker. The next day I could scarcely eat or smile, but attended the meetings as usual, feeling still more miserable than the night previous.

I was continually annoyed by the less wise ones who would persist in talking to me, but their words gave no

comfort. I believe if some one who really knew Christ had taken me alone, they could have led me quickly to Him.

The next day I felt still worse. It was the last day of camp meeting. I resolved never to go home feeling as I did, but if not converted that night, to take the train at Ionia and go — I cared not where.

About 1 o'clock P.M. despair seized me. Unknown to others I left the ground and went down the road a mile. I was sick of hearing. Anywhere to get away from all sound. I could not run away from a smitten conscience.

As I look back now I realize how full of evil to me were the words spoken for my comfort. They tried to make me believe I was saved, but only doubting, and tried to cheer me up. I knew I was not saved. Had I listened to them and believed them, my soul would have been lost, for it seemed as though life and death had been set before me and the question asked, Which do you choose?

Oh, how thankful I am that Jesus kept wounding my proud, self-righteous heart all the more! I had shed a few tears, got down on my knees, stood up and said I wanted to be a Christian, and had God not led me they would have made me believe that I was a Christian. I wanted to know; to feel different, to become a new creature, and no amount of false comfort could make me believe a change had come. I learned this, that when a sinner has been made a new creature in Christ Jesus he'll know it sooner than you do.

For more than two hours I wept, prayed, and sought for light, but my soul found it not. I went back to the



grounds and went to the young people's meeting. Again they prayed for me. I thought, surely God will end all this agony and suspense now; but the burden of sin grew heavier. It was intolerable.

Finally two young men led me into the woods and prayed for me until words failed. I tried to pray but failed, and said, "Boys, it is no use; I'm going to give it up."

I cared not what came next. We sat down on a log in silence. Unknowingly we obeyed His command, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." We did not wait long. A strange, restful sensation was felt; the lines of despair in my face changed to lines of joy. A sweet wave of salvation gently washed me; then others; so gently, so sweetly, until my whole being seemed enveloped in something. I felt God about me and in my heart. I sprang to my feet. Oh, "joy unspeakable and full of glory"! I praised God and wept and shouted.

Back we went to tell the glad news. I did not have to use words, or say I had raised my hand, and have the pastor put my name down on the church record. As soon as they saw me they knew I had found the Saviour.

Oh, such a sweet peace! I felt I was resting in Jesus' arms, and wanted to lie perfectly still. How I love Him, for I am "kept by the power of God"! — REV. MORRIS E. TOWNSEND, *Freeport, Mich.*

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We are glad to be able to give the above from the pen of Bro. Townsend. He is now a preacher of righteousness and doing true and valiant service for the

King. His experience forcibly illustrates the following truths :—

The gospel is more than a match for even “hereditary” infidelity.

The Christianity that winks at “dances” and kindred devices of the devil, soon becomes the “laughing-stock” even of infidels.

Tobacco-using, cider-drinking professors are stumbling-blocks to the unconverted.

Christian testimony is a mighty soul saving agency.

God honors gospel preaching and the gospel invitation.

Penitents, if not satisfied at once, should seek until they find.

Never tell seekers that they are saved. Let God do that.

When people are really converted they will know it without being told. As some one has said, “Religion is not so much like nothing that a person cannot tell whether he has it or not.”

*“I Lied all the Time.”*

In January and February, 1882, we were holding revival meetings at Emerick, Madison County, Neb. A very bold, brave infidel began to attend the meetings, at first out of curiosity; but the “power of God” was present to convict. He became very powerfully convicted, and after a desperate fight he gave up, and came to the altar for prayers, and was sweetly saved; and as soon as permission was given him, he arose before a very full house of his neighbor’s,

and said, "My friends and neighbors, you all know how I have talked about this blessed Jesus (he was a great talker, and delighted to say all the hard things he could about the Lord Jesus, but now he called him blessed Jesus), and how I have always said I did not believe the Bible, nor in this religion. But I want to tell you now that I lied all the time, for I believed in them all the time I was doing it." — C. G. ROUSE.

*"Madder and Madder."*

Many, deluded by the enemy and allured by the glamour of sin, have hoped that beyond the grave they may have still another chance to escape the penalty of it. To such Christ points to the picture of the "rich man" "tormented" with an "impassable gulf" "fixed" between him and salvation. If a man won't repent with the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and the prayers and pleadings of God's people, all like mighty engines pulling with all their wonderful energies to induce him to yield, is there any probability of his yielding, even if he had a chance, when all of these agencies are withdrawn? With just as much reason one might expect a mountain torrent, that in its downward course has swept aside strong walls of masonry, to stop on the mountain side of its own accord. Such doubtless will feel as a man did who said that he expected to go to hell but to repent after getting there. Mrs. Knapp asked him if he really supposed that the punishment of that place would make him feel like repenting. "No," he said; "to be honest about it, I think that it would make me feel madder and madder." Of all who have rejected Christ, and expect

to get saved after they have passed into the eternal world, "it is written" that their "expectation" shall perish.

"Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below.  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none may know."

### *A Sceptic Conquered through Prayer.*

During the progress of this work, a good deal of excitement sprung up in Utica, and some there were disposed to ridicule the work at Rome. Mr. H—, who lived at Rome, was a very prominent citizen, and was regarded as standing at the head of society there in point of wealth and intelligence. But he was sceptical, or perhaps I should say, he held Unitarian views. He was a very moral and respectable man, and held his peculiar views unobtrusively, saying very little to anybody about them. The first Sabbath I preached there, Mr. H— was present; and he was so astonished, as he afterwards told me, at my preaching, that he made up his mind that he would not go again. He went home and said to his family, "That man is mad, and I should not be surprised if he set the town on fire." He stayed away from the meeting for some two weeks. In the mean time the work became so great as to confound his scepticism, and he was in a state of great perplexity. He was president of a bank in Utica, and used to go down to attend the weekly meeting of the directors. On one of these occasions one of the directors began to rally him on the state of things in Rome, as if they were all running mad there. Mr. H— remarked, "Gentlemen, say what you will,

there is something very remarkable in the state of things in Rome. Certainly no human power nor eloquence has produced what we see there. I cannot understand it. You say it will soon subside. No doubt the intensity of feeling that is now in Rome must soon subside, or the people will become insane. But, gentlemen," said he, "there is no accounting for that state of feeling by any philosophy, unless there be something divine in it." After Mr. H— had stayed away from the meeting about two weeks, a few of us assembled one afternoon to make him a special subject of prayer. The Lord gave us strong faith in praying for him, and we felt the conviction that the Lord was working in his soul. That evening he came to meeting. When he came into the house, Mr. Gillett whispered to me as we sat in the pulpit, and said, "Bro. Finney, Mr. H— has come. I hope you will not say anything that will offend him." "No," said I, "but I shall not spare him." I chose my subject and preached. The Word took a powerful hold, and, as I hoped and intended, it took a powerful hold of Mr. H— himself. I think it was that very night when I requested, at the close of the meeting, all those who had been converted that day and evening to come forward and report themselves. Mr. H— was one who came deliberately, solemnly forward, and reported himself as having given his heart to God. He appeared humble and penitent, and I have always supposed was truly converted to Christ. — From "Finney's Memoirs."

*I'm a Universalist.*

"I believe that God is too good to send anyone to hell: I'm a Universalist." Satan has deceived not a

few into the surface thinking involved in the above statement. Such forget that such reasoning charges God with lying, for He has again and again declared that "these shall go away into everlasting punishment." They forget also that the very fact that God is "good" makes it impossible for Him to break His Word, and that His very "goodness" compels Him to keep His word and execute His laws. They forget that the sinner's doom is not by an arbitrary decree of God, but is self-chosen by him who deliberately chooses to drink from the poisoned cup of sin and dare the direful and eternal consequences of which God has clearly warned. They forget that in breaking God's law, rejecting His gospel, and quenching His Spirit, they are driving from them the very chariots of mercy which God has sent to rescue them from their peril.

This error is like all other forms of infidelity which wrests or ignores whatever Scripture does not suit it. Its delusiveness is illustrated by the following incident, the truth of which is vouched for by a well known worker.

A Universalist boasted that he had no faith in the power of prayer. One day his horses ran away, and he was thrown under the harrow and barely escaped death. In his mangled condition he insisted that a pastor should be sent for to pray for him. Some one said, "I thought you did not believe in prayer." He answered, "There is nothing like a harrow to take the Universalism out of a man."

A forceful comment on God's Word that "when his judgments are in the earth the people will learn righteousness."

“MY FRIENDS WILL LAUGH AT ME.” — What if they do? They may have a jolly time at your expense now, but it will be a short laugh that, if not repented of, will turn to an endless wail. It was of such that Christ said, “Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall . . . weep.” Which is better, — to sustain the derision of false friends for a little time here and have the favor of God and the good here and their plaudits through eternity, or to have the smiles of the unsaved here and their mockery and the frown of God forever? It is one or the other; which shall it be?

A little eight-year-old was brightly converted in one of our meetings. His big brother made sport of him. Instead of giving up Christ or getting vexed, he finally looked up into his brother's face and, with deep solemnity, said, “Will, you won't laugh in hell.” Soon after this, “Will” too was on his knees pleading for mercy.

“DON'T BELIEVE IN FUTURE PUNISHMENT.” — Satan is well aware that if he can make people believe that there is no penalty to suffer from continuing in sin, that, to gain its present apparent delights, they will continue in his service. It was doubtless for this reason that Christ so persistently and vehemently reiterated His warnings of future peril, dwelling much more strongly on a hell to be shunned than a heaven to be gained. Many, however, have disregarded them, and, too late for repentance, have felt as a dying man of whom I knew who passed into eternity exclaiming, “I feel the fires of hell are kindling around me now!”

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD. — “Are there any here who are willing to take hell for their portion?” The

question was asked at a revival meeting by an earnest minister of Christ. Two young men promptly and defiantly arose. On their way home they had to cross a frozen lake. When near the middle the ice crashed beneath their feet, and both of their bodies sank beneath the icy waves, and their souls beneath the fiery billows of that doom which they had defied. "For their calamity shall rise suddenly, and who knoweth the ruin of them both?" (Prov. 24: 22). — REV. J. E. ARNEY.

AT CHURCH AGAINST HIS WILL. — Where I am now laboring, a few months since, a man of some means was asked to give something for church expenses. With a horrible oath he refused, saying he would never go inside of the church. In less than three weeks he met with an awful accident, was suddenly killed, and, at his funeral services, his corpse was carried into the same church which he so defiantly vowed he would never enter. Thus another is added to the long catalogue of those whose end proves the truthfulness of God's Word that the expectation of the wicked shall perish.

A SPIRITUALIST FRIGHTENED. — In the village of P— where I once labored as a pastor, there lived a woman who was a spiritualist, very strong in her peculiar unbelief. Finally sickness entered her home, and she seemed to hear the tread of Death, whom she now thought had come to summon her into the eternal world. Like the morning mist her false views vanished, and she sent for a minister to come with Christly counsels and pray for her lost soul.

What a commentary on the revealed truth that, "The



light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine."

A WARNING TO TRIFLERS.—The infidels, to cast odium on the meetings, got up a mock prayer meeting. The wife of the ringleader, at whose house this meeting was held, became frightened and left. Her husband went insane before their meeting closed. He declared he was lost forever, and in a few hours he was dead. The next Sunday this man's funeral sermon was preached in the Methodist Church, by the pastor. This interposition of Providence put a stop to all opposition to the revival, and the work of God went gloriously forward. — *Selected.*

NOT SATISFIED.—Millions of unsaved ones are like the man who had listened to an infidel lecturer. When questioned in regard to it, he said: "Yes, I am *almost* satisfied. I intend to send the lecturer a sack of corn; but if he had *quite* satisfied me I would have sent him two."

## SECTION XI.

### DEATH SCENES OF THE SAVED.

“LET me die the death of the righteous.”

#### *A Cloud of Witnesses.*

“I SEE Jesus.” — *Stephen.*

“The best of all, God is with us.” — *John Wesley.*

“Welcome this chain for Christ’s sake.” — *John Huss.*

“Such singing! do you not hear it?” — *John Carey.*

“Bless you, there is no river here!” — *Bishop Haven.*

“I have got the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me.” — *Rutherford.*

“I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.” — *Sir Philip Sidney.*

“The celestial city rises full in sight — the sun goes down without a cloud.” — *Toplady.*

“God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and I shall supper with my Lord Jesus Christ this night.” — *Robert Bruce.*

#### *Victory over the Shadows.*

Thousands of itinerant ministers have “forsaken all” on earth that they may please their Master and win stars for His crown.

Such are a million-fold repaid by the luxury of sacrificing for Christ, and then by the wonderful revelations

of God's grace as they exchange their legacy of labor here for the legacy of reward above. Rev. O. T. Thomas gives the following account of the death of Rev. J. C. Smith, who died at Terrell, Tex., August, 1889, after a ministry of many years. He says:—

“I have seen many die, but never such a complete victory over the last enemy. About midnight, Friday, the twenty-third, we saw that his end was approaching. I said to him, ‘Bro. Smith, you can't be with us long. Is there any message you would like to send to your brethren?’ His reply was, ‘Yes: tell them for me I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, and am ready to be offered.’ Then his face lighted with radiance as he exclaimed, ‘Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ Then calling his son, Rev. P. L. Smith, to his bedside, he said, ‘My dear boy, be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ; be a man of one work; never turn aside to secularity.’ Then in a most fervent prayer he commended him to God. To his devoted wife he said, ‘My dear, you have been a precious, good wife to me,—all that any man could ask. You have never faltered. Now we must part, but we will meet in heaven.’ I began to sing, ‘Oh, how I love Jesus!’ At once he took up the song, and his voice (as in the days of yore) rang out on the night air. Oh, what a halo of light encircled his brow! Then he shouted, ‘Onward and upward to my legacy!’ He continued in a state of rapture till about twelve o'clock on Saturday, when we thought he had gone into a state of unconsciousness. About four o'clock he awoke as from sleep, shouting, ‘Victory

over the shadows! Victory over the shadows!' Then becoming quiet, he continued to breathe until five o'clock, Aug. 24. While the clock was striking, the death angel came, and his soul hastened to its reward."

*Filled with Heavenly Joy.*

Among the many men born in Virginia who served their generation and passed triumphantly above was Rev. W. S. Williams. While living he was a man of prayer and power with God. "A brother who roomed with him while assisting at a meeting of his charge, says that three times during the night he arose and wrestled in prayer for God's blessing on the meeting, which was answered the day following by pentecostal power. Sunday afternoon he was taken sick, and soon after being taken, remarked, 'Do not let my family know of my illness until after I am dead, for my wife is not well enough to come to me. My work is done, but all is well.' All that kind friends and two attending physicians could do was done to stay the hand of death, but in vain. He was perfectly conscious of his condition, and shouted aloud the praises of God, 'Hallelujah! Glory to God!' and when urged not to shout, said, 'I cannot help it; my soul is filled with heavenly joy and gladness. I will soon be with Jesus.'"

*Ecstatically Triumphant.*

No record of what saving grace can do for the dying would be complete without the words of the sainted Payson.

His physical suffering was inexpressibly intense. When asked by a friend if he could see any reason why he

should be called thus to suffer, he said, "No, but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand reasons."

And being asked, "Do you feel reconciled?" he answered, "Oh, that's too cold! I rejoice, I triumph. I can find no words to express my happiness. It seems as if all the bottles of heaven were opened, and all its fulness and happiness have come down into my heart. If God had told me some time ago that He was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and that He should begin by crippling me in all my limbs and removing from me all my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing His purpose. Now when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be. I am so near the eternal world that I can almost see as clearly as if I was there, and I see enough to satisfy me of the truth of the doctrines I have preached."

"'Watchman, what of the night?'" was asked by one of the members of his church. "I should think it was about noonday," was the joyful answer.

Again he said: "Death comes every night and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These grow worse and worse, till every bone is almost dislocated with pain. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, my soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful. I lie here and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable."

Referring to a young man who, when dying, said, "The battle's fought, the battle's fought, but the

victory is lost forever!" he added, "But I can say, The battle's fought and the victory is won—the victory is won forever! I have suffered twenty times as much as I could in being burned at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable but welcome."

Mrs. Payson said to him, "Your head feels hot and seems to be distended." With soul thrilled with the eternal raptures which already were bursting upon him, he said, "It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and I trust with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high. It seems as if my soul had found a new pair of wings and was so eager to try them that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body in pieces."

Thus Heaven came and kissed his soul away.

#### *A Glorified Death-Chamber.*

The following facts in regard to the closing scenes in the life of Rev. I. Dobbins, a member of the Detroit Conference, who went to paradise, from Marine City, July 31, 1886, were related to me by his widow. Father Dobbins had lived a long and useful Christian life. He was the grandfather of Mrs. William Mosher, the esteemed wife of the Methodist Episcopal pastor at Parma, Michigan Conference.

Reviving from a fainting spell which had lasted nearly two hours, he exclaimed, "Oh, the atonement, the atonement! Such a view as I have had of the atonement! I am so happy! . . . Like a cocoon, I am soon to burst my prison house and fly over the hills

of eternity. . . . Oh, what a happy closing out of life this is ! ”

A prayer and praise meeting was held in his room. In the midst of it, seen by a number, a halo of heavenly light overspread his face and, clearly visible, flickered to and fro before him. He was inexpressibly happy, and said he felt “like rising from the bed and soaring away.”

On another occasion, shouting aloud the praises of God, his emotions overcame him, and he wept. When asked if he was feeling badly, he said, “Oh, no ; I’m so happy ! I had such a view of the heavenly world, and heard such delightful music ! Earth has nothing like it. . . . It seemed as if Jesus beckoned me to come unto Him. I answered, ‘O Lord, I come, I come.’”

He continued shouting for half an hour, and then said, “One such view is worth all the sufferings of this life.” He said that he was not asleep, but had seen a vision so triumphant that he felt that “earth could not hold him.”

Very near the last, after suffering from a fearful spasm, he raised his left hand and said, “How the bliss and the glories of heaven will compensate for all these sufferings ! Oh yes, the light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work for me, for me, — yes, work for me, — a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Some friends came to bid him a final farewell. “Yes,” he said to them, “you have now got to go home, but, —

“ ‘ My heavenly home is bright and fair,  
Nor pain nor grief can enter there ;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.’ ”

“ Yes, shall be mine ; yes, forever mine, mine forever.”

Some one said “ poor ” when speaking of him. . He heard it and said, “ Don’t say poor. Yes, I am rich — richer than a Vanderbilt.”

The morning he went home he said to his companion, “ Melissa, I want to give you the final kiss on earth. . . . Now I want you to remember that lonely hours will come, but stop and think that we will be an unbroken family in heaven.”

His final words were, “ Good-by, — now I am tired and must rest. Amen, amen, amen.” Thus he “ fell asleep ” to awake amid the rapturous scenes, glimpses of which, in these final hours, he had been permitted to behold.

#### *Triumphant Dying.*

Sister Gerry of Early, Ia., was failing in health. I called on her, and asked if she was saved ; she said she was. I then prayed with her and went away. After this she failed very rapidly. I saw her quite often ; at last, on Thursday, I saw her the last time in this world. She had called her children one by one to her bedside, and asked each one to love God and meet her in heaven. As they all stood crying, she said, “ Do not mourn for me.” Looking up into her husband’s face she said, “ I am going to leave these little ones, but am going to meet those little ones who have gone before.” As I entered I said, “ Sister Gerry, how is heaven? Are your prospects bright?” She nodded her head, for it was difficult for her to speak. At last she drew her brother’s ear close to her lips, and faintly whispered, —



“‘Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His Word,  
Just to rest upon His promise,  
Just to know, “Thus saith the Lord.”’”

Also the chorus of this blessed hymn. Then saying, “Blessed Jesus,” she passed away. — REV. E. L. THOMPSON, *Early, Ia.*

### *The Last Call.*

This case we are glad to mention. The first summer and autumn after we moved to this place, we noticed a young man in our Sabbath services, who appeared very thoughtful. In the winter we became acquainted with him, and were deeply burdened for his salvation. His excuse for not making a start was, he did not like to leave his unsaved companions, and was afraid he would not live faithful. But one evening at a prayer meeting, a few of the saved young men surrounded him, and urged him to give up to God. Finally he fell upon his knees in prayer and yielded to the heavenly call. That night, before he left the house, he asked the forgiveness of different individuals, and from that time began making every wrong right and living a correct life. In a few months he was convicted for entire sanctification, and sought and obtained the blessing. He often testified to the power of the cleansing blood. His companions he feared to leave seemed to respect and love him all the more for the noble stand he had taken. He dreaded the battle of life before he entered the Christian field, but was a happy soldier from the time he enlisted. And he did not have the battle long before him ere he bore off the victor's palm. He testi-

fied in prayer meeting, "I obeyed my last call; if I had not yielded then, I never should." That same week he was taken sick with the typhoid fever, and only stayed here two weeks. At times he was powerfully blest, and clapped his hands and praised God aloud. He had that sweet victory in his soul all of the time, and told his mother that God was in his sickness. He fell asleep, to wake no more in the flesh, but the shining light of his godly life has not gone out of this community. O young woman, young man, you may be hearing your last call! Heed it now. Do not dread the battle; to you it may not be long.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
To-day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song."

— LURA MAINS.

### *Just in Time.*

In a meeting in Van Buren County, a very healthy looking young man from an adjoining neighborhood gave his heart to God. He often testified to the change God had wrought in his soul, stating that he had no longer any desires for worldly pleasures, but was perfectly happy in the service of God. He desired us to hold meetings in his neighborhood. We made our next appointment there. On opening the meetings, we found him absent, and was told that he was ill. We visited him, and found him the same happy convert. He said to me, "I am just as happy here as I was in church." In a few days he was called to his heavenly home. He had obeyed his "last call." If he had waited to start for heaven until the meetings had

opened in his neighborhood, he would not have started at all, but gone empty handed into the other world. While he lived, but was well, he was busy gathering for God. The night after his funeral was the young people's meeting, and many there pledged themselves to meet him in heaven. — LURA MAINS.

### *A Glimpse into Paradise.*

Such incidents as the following, present conclusive proof that we shall meet and recognize in paradise the loved and saved whom we have known on earth. The following description of his mother's death is contributed by Rev. D. Engle, who says that "it was worth a life-time to be in her presence" during those closing hours when she was lingering in the border-land.

"It was the fifteenth of August, 1889. I had been with my dying mother nearly all the time for two weeks. It was evident she was leaving earthly scenes. There was no disease. It was simply life's forces breaking from age and infirmity, for she was over eighty-two years of age.

"At seven o'clock in the morning, after a deep, weary sleep of twelve hours, from which it was thought that she would never awake, she suddenly aroused. She was cheerful, and spoke to the members of the family, asking them to meet her in heaven.

"She bade them good-by, and in a few moments was again in the deep hazy sleep of apparent death. At half-past eleven she aroused again in the death throes. For a few minutes she seemed to be in the terrible ordeal. At her request we raised her up. She was sitting quite straight, and was perfectly conscious.

'Now it is stormy,' she said, repeating it two or three times.

"In a few moments all this was past. She was composed; and looking up, her eyes became fixed. She could not hear nor see things of this world. Her spirit seemed poised on the borders of the spirit land, while she turned her head from side to side, as if gazing at the wonders of the new world. The organs of speech were still under the control of the spirit life.

"Now came the sublime. 'See!' she said; and then raising her hand as if to greet some one, she called the name of a departed daughter. Then, sometimes repeating the name, and always seeking to extend her hands as if in greeting, she called the names of a departed husband, father, two sisters, and eight or ten others with whom she was dearly related in this world, and who had departed from this world, some as long as fifty years before.

"In fifteen or twenty minutes her voice failed; then, with the same peering gaze, she continued the same slow, measured breathing, each breath growing more feeble until she breathed her last, without the movement of a muscle."

Thus, even at the portals bright  
Of their fair heavenly home,  
God's children meet the radiant forms  
Of those before them gone.

### *Saved.*

Rev. R. N. Price of the Methodist Episcopal Church South reports to the *Nashville Advocate* the following incident as occurring in a revival which was conducted by him in December, 1889, at Morristown, Tenn.

“A token of triumph in the meeting was a public acknowledgment of his sins by Col. J. M. Bewley, a leading citizen of the town and one of the railroad tax assessors of the State. He arose and made his acknowledgment, and asked the prayers of the church. All the Christians present wept with him, and gave him their hands in pledge to pray for him. He then knelt at the altar, and continued to kneel from day to day till peace was spoken to his heart. He ate a hearty Christmas dinner; in a few minutes he had a stroke of apoplexy, and died next morning. On the twenty-seventh I preached his funeral sermon to the largest week day audience ever assembled in daylight in Morristown for worship. During the meeting one hundred and eleven souls professed religion, and they are joining the various churches of the town and vicinity. God be praised!”

*“I Was Part Way Over.”*

When Carrie Carman, with whom the author was personally acquainted, as pastor, came to the “river’s margin,” perfectly conscious, “she gazed upward, and exclaimed, ‘Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!’ One asked, ‘What is so beautiful?’ — ‘Oh, they are so beautiful!’ — ‘What do you see?’ — ‘Angels; and they are so beautiful.’ — ‘How do they look?’ — ‘Oh, I can’t tell you, they are so beautiful.’ — ‘Have they wings?’ — ‘Yes, and — hark! hark! they sing the sweetest of anything I ever heard.’ — ‘Do you see Christ?’ — ‘No; but I see the Holy City that was measured with the reed, whose length and breadth and height are equal, and whose top reaches to the skies; and it is so beautiful! I can’t

tell you how splendid it is.' Then she repeated the verse beginning, 'Through the valley of the shadow I must go.' She then spoke of the loneliness of her husband, and prayed that he might have grace to bear his bereavement, and that strength might be given him to go out and labor for souls. [They were expecting soon to enter the ministry.] She also prayed for her parents, asking that they might make an unbroken band in the beautiful city. She closed her eyes and rested a moment, and then looked up with beaming eyes and said, 'I see Christ, and oh, He is so beautiful!' Her husband asked again, 'How does He look?' — 'I can't tell you; but He is so much more beautiful than all the rest.' Again she said, 'I see the Holy City.' Then, gazing a moment, she said, 'So many!' — 'What do you see of which there are so many?' — 'People.' — 'How many are there?' — 'A great many more than I can count.' — 'Any you know?' — 'Yes, a great many.' — 'Who?' — 'Uncle George and a lot more. They are calling me. They are beckoning to me.' — 'Is there any river there?' — 'No; I don't see any.' Her husband then said, 'Carrie, do you want to go and leave me?' — 'No; not until it is the Lord's will that I should go. I would like to stay and live for you and God's work. His will be done.' Presently she lifted her eyes and said, 'Oh, carry me off from this bed!' Her husband said, 'She wants to be removed from the bed.' But his father said, 'She is talking with the angels.' When asked if she were, she replied, 'Yes.' She then thanked the doctor for his kindness to her, and asked him to meet her in heaven. She closed her eyes, and seemed to be rapidly sinking away. Her husband kissed

her, and said, 'Carrie, can't you kiss me?' She opened her eyes and kissed him, and said, 'Yes; I can come back to kiss *you*. I was part way over.' She said but little more, but prayed for herself and for her friends. Frequently she would gaze upward and smile, as though the sight were very beautiful."

### *Triumphant.*

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." A lady, attending revival meetings and becoming deeply interested in her soul's salvation, was led to give her heart to Christ, and soon after she went forward in baptism and united with the church. A few days after, by the accidental upsetting of a kerosene lamp, her clothing was in flames, and she was so badly burned that she lived but a few hours; but for *her* death had no terror. As her loving companion stood by her bedside, her feet already pressing the chilly wave, she sang, —

"Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the Son,  
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One."

Then she sang, "'Tis with the Righteous well." This dear lady improved what turned out to be her last opportunity. Will you improve the present moment? It may be your only chance.

During the same series of meetings a young man, son of a minister, went forward, and found Christ to be precious to his soul. He too went forward in baptism and united with the church. By and by sickness came to him unexpectedly, and in a few days death claimed him; but in those last moments, as mother and

father and other loved ones stood around his dying couch, he exclaimed, "Mother, don't you hear the angels singing?" They told him they didn't hear them. Said he, "I hear them." And thus this dear young man passed away to be in the company of the angels and sing on the other shore the song of redeeming love. — *Contributed.*

### *Released by Fire.*

That God's grace is able to sustain the martyr, burning at the stake, has been repeatedly and abundantly verified, as triumphantly they thus have passed into paradise. But is it equally as able to give victory to one who is burned to death without the stimulus that must come from the knowledge of wearing a martyr's crown? That it is is shown from the death of a sister of Miss Maggie Townley, one of Michigan's faithful women évangélistes.

Her sister was burned to death in her bright and promising young womanhood, at the age of twenty-two, a little more than three years after her conversion. Her clothing caught fire by an accident. Her grandmother flew to rescue her, but, lest she too should catch fire, ran from her, and the girl became so severely burned before rescued that she died in a few hours.

"In the midst of intense suffering," writes her bereaved sister, "her words concerning the reunion which soon should be were full of comfort and of cheer to all who came to see her, and to our poor, crushed, and bleeding hearts.

"'Mother,' she said, 'all is well; it will not be long; only a little while and we all shall meet again.'



“She rested a little, and then looked up as if she saw sights to us unseen, and said, ‘Oh, it’s beautiful!’

“Mother bent over her to catch her words and said, ‘What is it, Sarah?’

“A heavenly smile of indescribable loveliness illumed her face, and repeating, ‘’Tis beautiful!’ she fell back on her pillow, and fell asleep, to open her eyes on the beautiful vision that had made her dying bed as soft as downy pillows are.”

“He doeth all things well:  
We say it now with tears,  
But we shall sing it with those we love,  
Through the bright eternal years.”

**“One Sweetly Solemn Thought.”**

“Sister, let us sing a song.” They sang the one beginning with the above words. He started for his work, but took only a few steps when he returned and said, “Sister, I feel very strangely to-day; let us sing that song again.” They sung it, closing with the petition, —

“Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o’er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day  
Perhaps than now I think.”

Then the young man went to his work, and in a few minutes was killed by an accident.

His last song proved prophetic of his death.

It was well with him.

A minister’s daughter in Michigan was sitting at the organ with this same piece before her. Her brother entered the room and, in sport, “just to frighten her,”

placed a revolver which he thought was empty to the back of her head, and pulled the trigger. She fell dead. It was loaded; and the sweet, unsuspecting young lady, by this criminal foolhardiness of her brother, was thus ushered into eternity, and the song before her seemed prophetic of her tragic death.

She too was ready. Reader, are you?

#### *An Echo from the Border-Land.*

When pastor at Montague, Mich., I was called to what proved to be the death-bed of Mrs. G. Lilly. I baptized her and received her into the church. She went home to God triumphantly. She was young, and in the morning of wedded life. She was brightly converted during her last sickness, and with many tears urged her unsaved friends to repent. She gave expression, a little while before her death, to the following statement and appeal to the unconverted:---

“*Dear Friends,*—Listen to the words of a poor, dying mortal. My parents died before I can remember. I had praying friends. When young, I knew I ought to be a Christian, but I would not yield. I attended revival meetings, listened to prayers and entreaties, trembled and wept, but would not yield. I would go from such scenes and try to drown my convictions in gay society, but could not fully succeed. Conscience, my better judgment, and God’s truth, all told me I was wrong, and in the midst of mirth I often was miserable. I would often awake from my sleep and think, ‘Oh, I’ve got to die! Oh, what then will become of me?’ Such thoughts were thorns in my pillow, and oh, how they pierced me! I married. The

world looked bright. Its charms dazzled me more and more. I became more thoughtless. We planned for this life, and this life alone. I was proud. We had no Bible. I often thought we must get one, not to read, but because it would be so mortifying not to have one should a minister come in. I enjoyed life's blessings, but never thanked the Giver of them. I never thought that trouble would come, until I was sick. I suffered much, and came very near to death, but would not yield to God.

“Then came consumption. Then I knew that I must die. I saw myself, a poor, helpless, guilty, undone sinner, dying without a ray of hope. I knew that if I died so I would be lost forever. I saw my sinfulness in such a light that it seemed as if God never could forgive me. I was in an awful state of mind. I groaned and wept, and finally began to pray. I gave up all, — my husband, my babe, the world, and everything. Then, somehow, I was led to see that Jesus died for even poor lost me, and then, oh, such a peace filled my heart! Oh, how I thanked God for His forbearance with me, for my sickness that had led to my salvation, and all His great goodness to me! My enjoyment now is greater than I can tell. I know that Jesus will do just what He agrees to. I would be willing to live if my Father thought best, but I feel that that is not His will. My regret is that my life has been wasted; that I have done nothing for Jesus. Thoughts of that cause me sharp pain. I cannot confess Christ in the meeting: gladly would I if I could; but I do to all who come to see me. I cannot pray there: gladly would I if I could; but I do pray for

unsaved ones here. With my little one, I have been baptized here in this room, from which I am daily expecting my Saviour to call me. I have united with the church. Friends look at me and say, 'She's changing for the worse.' I think, 'For the better.' I dread no 'river' nor 'dark valley.' A little while ago I thought, 'Surely now I'm dying.' My heart beat just a little bit faster; I prayed; Jesus stilled it, and all was bright and cheerful. The sweetest words to me now, outside the Bible, are these: —

“ One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer my home to-day,  
Than I have been before.

“ Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

“ Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down,  
Nearer to leave the cross, to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.

“ Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink,  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps than now I think.' ”

“ Oh, if you only knew the peace that's mine, you would not continue in sin, away from Christ. Oh, do not, like me, wait for affliction to wake you from the sleep of sin, but now repent, believe, and love the Saviour!”

She warned others not to resist as she did, lest,

unlike her, in their closing days and hours they should be bereft of reason and power to think and act. Her sick-room seemed like the antechamber of heaven. Her last words were, "It's glory for me! It's glory for me!"

*Triumph of Mrs. Knapp.*

Sept. 5, 1890, Mrs. Lucy Glenn Knapp, the wife of the author of this book, passed into paradise. Her closing days were those of great pain but holy triumph.

The following were among the many triumphant words which passed her lips as she was lingering in the border-land.

"O Lord, I thank Thee for this complete abandonment to Thee; that I can find no point that is not all given up to Thee."

"O God, it seems monotonous to come to Thee again for help, we have come to Thee so many times; but Thou hast shown us that it pleases Thee to help us, and so we come."

"We thank Thee for a salvation that keeps from sin, that keeps every hour, that keeps day and night; that is the kind we want,—one that keeps from sinning and keeps all the time."

Referring to a temptation which a friend had, to think that God was cruel because He had the power to help and still let her suffer so, she said, "Oh, we are finite and know so little! He knows the reason, and it is all right. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

"This may be my last day. If I go I don't want any funeral sermon, but a salvation praise service, because a saint has reached heaven."

After a season of terrible suffering she said, "I

would be willing to live like this one million years, if in this way I could win one soul to Christ each year — only one. That don't seem very ambitious; does it?"

"O God, Thou art so good we can trust Thee where we cannot see the way. May Thy will be done."

"I had rather go to heaven than anywhere else in the universe, but I don't want to sneak in. I want to go in God's time and way."

In the midst of a sinking spell, in which she and we thought she was going, a blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon her and she sang, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, Glory, hallelujah!" We urged her not to exert herself so. She said, "He is so good I cannot keep still. I must praise Him."

"I feel well for all worlds."

"It seems as if I have been to the threshold of heaven and seen Charlie [her brother who died last December] with a radiant face beckoning me to come."

"I felt as if my spirit was part way out of my body, and an unseen power was pulling me up into heaven."

"WHY DO YOU CALL ME BACK?" — Yes, the Bible, put it where you will, is always appropriate. For the dying head, oh, what a pillow is the Bible! I often think that when I come to die I shall want my pocket Bible, my family Bible, and all my children's Bibles, for my pillow. I once stood beside the death-bed of a young man whose head and heart were pillowed on the Bible. His mother bent over him, when we thought he was almost gone, and said, "Charlie, do you know me?" There was no answer; and the broken-hearted mother asked again, keeping down her sobs, "Charlie, do you know me?" Then the glazed eyes were lifted

to her face, and the failing voice said gently, "O mother, why do you call me back? I was half way up the stairs." That's it. Dying is an ascent; it is a rising up; it is only going upstairs.—From "The Boy Preacher."

A CHILD TRIUMPHANT IN THE FLAMES. — I have heard of a Sunday school pupil who perished in a burning building. Friends tried to rescue her, but their every effort failed, and they were compelled to give her up to die. As the flames neared her they heard her voice clear and sweet, singing a song expressive of the victory which Christ gave her in that trying hour. It was, —

"Let others seek a home below  
Where flames devour and waves o'erflow;  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

"I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more."

And thus, through the smoke and flame, her bright young spirit passed to its mansion in the city whose Builder and Maker is God.

"I MUST GO." — A little girl, Gussie Krafcht, was in the habit of coming to church and Sunday school. She was taken sick and died here. Before she died, she selected some hymns for them to sing, and helped to sing them when her lips were blue. After singing, she pointed to something in the room, telling her papa to look. She said, "Jesus has sent the angels after me;" but her papa could not see anything. She had no fear, although only ten years old; and finally, looking up into papa's face said, "Papa, I cannot stay with you

any longer; I must go to Jesus." So saying, with a smile on her dear little face, she passed the portals and swept through the gates of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood. — REV. E. L. THOMPSON, *Early, Ia.*

WESLEY DIES PRAISING. — John Wesley died, as he had lived, triumphant. As his final hour on earth drew near he exclaimed, "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me"; a little later, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus." Then he sang triumphantly, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Then collecting all his remaining strength and realizing the inestimable blessing of the divine presence in that hour, he exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us." His friends knelt in prayer, Bradshaw, his companion in many a journey, leading, when the dying saint exclaimed, "I'll praise! I'll praise!" And with a whispered "Farewell," his soul plumed its wings and ascended to its eternal home.

DEATH OF CARVOSO. — God called him from work to reward. He was ready. He went by the way of the fiery furnace of affliction, but he did not flinch. While tried in the furnace, he said, "I have been looking for my sins, but cannot find any of them; they are all gone." The dross was consumed, but the gold the brighter shone. He paused a little while on the margin of the spirit world. Here "his heart seemed to dance with rapture." While entering paradise, he repeated the verse, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and then began to sing it; and thus singing praises, he passed into the world of spirits, there to shine forever.



“CLEAR AND SHINING.” — Rev. W. Martin was a pioneer minister in Georgia. He died at Columbia, N.C., Jan. 10, 1889. His ancestors “had stood with Knox and signed the solemn league.” It is said that the soul of his theology was “Jesus and him crucified.” “In his last illness no cloud obscured his sky. A day or two before his death, he opened his eyes and said, ‘Oh, what a sweet season of peace! I have had such nearness to God! He has made my way clear and shining up to Him.’ Toward the close whispering, ‘What a calm!’ he passed without a struggle or fear into the presence of his Saviour.”

“I AM GOING TO HEAVEN.” — When Rev. William Dore of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church South, was about to leave this world, he turned to Dr. Young, who stood beside his bed, and said, “I am no more afraid to die than I would be to walk out of that door. Depend upon it, the gospel we have been preaching is true. I am going to heaven; what shall I tell the brethren for you?”

THE ANCHOR HOLDS. — Rev. T. A. Sowell passed triumphantly from earth to heaven, at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1889. He had been in the ministry for over fifty years. A little while before he passed away a friend asked, “Does your anchor hold?” With a smile of joy he quickly answered, “Yes, sweetly.” Soon after he said, “I think no more of dying than I would of walking across that floor.”

“IT IS ALL LIGHT.” — Among the many golden words which fell from the lips of Bishop Gilbert Haven

in his dying hours, were the following: "It is so delightful dying! It is so pleasant, so beautiful! The angels are here. God lifts me up in His arms. I cannot see the river of death. There is no river; it is all light. I am floating away from earth up into heaven. I am gliding away unto God."

"THE VERY GATE OF HEAVEN." — "This chamber has been to me the dearest place I have ever seen; it is the very gate of heaven, because of the precious communings my Saviour has granted to me here," triumphantly exclaimed Dr. B. F. Cocker of the Michigan State University, a short time before he was summoned from earth away.

"FREE." — When Rev. S. A. Phillip of the Michigan Conference closed his earthly career, "his faith seemed to intensify and absorb all his waning powers till it mastered all other forces of his nature," and he died sending back the victorious testimony, "Tell them that I am free! Tell them all I'm free! Victory, victory, victory!"

HE SAW THE CROWN. — When Rev. Israel Cogshall of Michigan was about to enter the gates of gold, he "raised himself up in bed, inclined his head, and reached out his right hand." When asked what he would have, he said, "I am reaching for my crown." In a little while he crossed the river to receive the promised crown.

EXULTANT. — When Rev. Frank L. McCoy, editor of the *Indian Witness*, and a personal friend and conference class-mate of the author of this book, was

about to depart, he said, “ ‘ My Jesus, as Thou wilt, ’ that is my hymn ” ; and when near the end he cried out, “ Lift me up and I will show how a Christian can die.”

“ I DO NOT FEAR.” — A short time before Mrs. J. B. Russell, Carleton, Mich., passed into eternity, knowing that she was nearing it, she said, “ The past has been an uneven way, but thank God there has been an even hand to lead us. I do not fear to pass over, for I know whom I trust, and He will not forsake me.”

## SECTION XII.

### DEATH SCENES OF THE UNSAVED.

“AND in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” — JESUS.

#### ***“I Want Mercy.”***

REV. C. A. JACOKES of Michigan Conference gives the following incident. He knew the man and the circumstances.

Mr. — was a man of wealth and of a wide influence, a frequent attendant of church, and kindly disposed towards Christianity. However, he cherished rebellion in his heart and would not yield to God. When his final sickness came he sent for a class-leader to pray with him, and himself pleaded for mercy.

A godless neighbor entered and advised that he play cards to drive gloomy thoughts away.

“Talk of playing cards to a dying man! Sir, you don’t know how contemptible it sounds. I want mercy!” was his response.”

Shortly before he passed away, his son asked if he or any of them could do anything to aid him in any business transactions.

“My son,” said the dying man, “I have made a great mistake. I set out in life to gain wealth, and I have succeeded, but am unprepared to die. The heirs and the law will have to take care of the property: the

little time I have left I must spend in preparing for eternity."

It seemed as though his eyes were opened to view a wasted life, and to see the Eternity which he, in his rejection of Jesus, had chosen, and fearful of impending doom he sought for refuge, but could find none. He died, leaving no assurance of salvation.

"Then shall they call upon me and I will not answer. They shall seek me early and shall not find me." — *Bible*.

***"I Am Not Penitent."***

The following scene is described by Evangelist Caughey:—

Upon the bed of his last sickness lay a dying infidel. He was asked a question, to which his countenance replied, before he had uttered a word: "Are your principles sufficient to sustain you in this trying hour?" He answered sternly, "No;" and after a pause, unable to restrain his feeling, he exclaimed, "Surely I, am the greatest fool in the world to have become the dupe of wicked and designing men; I am justly consigned to that hell, the idea of which I once laughed at." Offers of pardon through the blood of the Lamb were freely presented and sadly and sullenly put away. He heard the exhortation with patience, till "penitent sinner" was mentioned; when he cried, "Penitent sinner! I am not penitent. It is the fear of eternal damnation that is at work upon my guilty soul; this is nothing else but a pledge and foretaste of the misery of the damned. Eternal fire! eternal fire! who can dwell with everlasting burnings? My body cannot live and my soul dare not die. Oh, that I had another day! but this would

be of no use ; I must perish, and reconcile myself to my lot as I can ; I am dying ! I am dying !” A second attempt was made to turn his despairing conscience to the cross which he heard with more than usual patience. When the individual ceased, he became very restless, and at last shrieked fearfully, crying, “ See ! see ! do you not see them ? They are come for me, I must go to my own place.” The horror on his countenance was infernal. His last words were, “ Damned, damned, forever damned !”

### *Too Late.*

I had a neighbor who had a good wife and small children. They were much loved by all who knew them, but they lacked the one thing needful. When spoken to about his soul's salvation, he would say, “ Yes, I know it is important and I intend to seek religion, but am too busy just now.” In talking with a minister who loved him much, he promised to seek the Saviour as soon as he had gathered in his crop and had leisure. Soon after that promise he lifted a sack of grain and hurt himself ; not thinking the injury was serious, he hoped to be over it very soon. But inflammation set in, and in a few days the physician had to inform him he must die. Oh, the despair that took possession of his soul. I went to see him : his house was filled with friends, and the yard was full of sympathizing citizens. A minister was by his bed pleading with him to believe in Jesus, in the power of Christ to save. His response was, “ Too late, too late ; you can pray, but it will do no good ; it is too late, too late, too late,” and then he would throw his arms and toss from side to side of his bed in painful

agony. I went to his bed : he took my hand, looked up in my face and said, "Why have you not been to see me before? I have thought about you much. You did not put off seeking your soul's salvation like I have done." I tried to urge him to take hold on the Saviour and believe in Him as his Saviour. But with a look of deep remorse he began, "Too late, too late, too late," rolling and throwing his arms in wild despair. Thus he continued until his spirit passed away to the God who gave it, to the great Jehovah whose calls he had slighted, whose mercy he had rejected, until the Spirit had taken his everlasting flight. "My spirit shall not always strive with man, saith the Lord." — MRS. E. CAMP. ●

There is danger and death in delay.

#### *He Died Cursing.*

When a boy twelve years of age, living at home with my parents, our neighbor, Mr. B., was one of the wickedest men I ever knew. He would curse the Almighty, curse the rain, curse the dry weather, curse his pious wife, curse his children, curse himself; in fact, I never have heard as wicked a man. Suddenly he was taken very sick, and my father was summoned to assist in holding him in bed. Out of curiosity I asked father if I could go with him; he gave his consent. On arriving at the house of the sick man, oh! what bitter oaths were falling from his lips. So terrible was the sight to me that I begged my father to take me home. He cursed God, cursed his good wife, cursed his children, cursed himself, cursed the devil; in fact, he cursed everything I suppose that he could think of. He told the people he saw hell and damned spirits, and would soon

join them, and thus passed from time into eternity. Oh ! unsaved one, take warning. This man had passed through many revivals and been admonished again and again. Surely such "shall look unto the earth and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish, and they shall be driven to darkness." — J. H. ORR.

### *Damned.*

In the early part of my ministry, said the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham; a woman was in the habit of attending the place of worship where I preached, who occupied a seat on the stairs, and was very tenacious of her sitting, not allowing any other person to occupy it. Her friends sought occasion to converse with her on the important subject of religion, but she was very shy and evasive. All they could extract from her was this appalling reply, "Oh, I shall only want five minutes' time, when I am dying, to cry for mercy, and I have no doubt God Almighty will give it me." One day, as I was walking down the street, a young woman ran up to me, in a state of great excitement, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. East! do come to my mother, sir; come this minute, sir; she is dying! she is dying!" I hastened with her to the house, and was astonished to find in the dying sufferer the poor, unhappy woman who had attended my place of worship. She was evidently expiring; but turning her dying eyes towards me, she cried out, "Oh, Mr. East, I am damned, I am damned!" and so expired.

Friend, turn to God now. Delay is dangerous. Believe the Gospel, and make sure of everlasting salvation. — *Sel.*



*A Backslider's Terrible Death.*

That the "arms of the wicked shall be broken" is forcibly illustrated by the following incident told by the widow of the wretched man.

"Some years since I knew a man, a professing Christian, and member of the M. E. church, who married a pure young girl of fifteen. The man kept up the appearance for six weeks only, and suddenly ceased to ask a blessing upon the meals and began to swear. He lived many years after, but constantly going farther and farther into sin and open blasphemy, often defying the Almighty and daring Him to thwart his plans. At last he forsook the sickly wife, taking with him the two oldest children, leaving one delicate little one in the arms of the heart-broken mother, and went into the State of Minnesota, where he miserably perished in one of those terrible blizzards, alone with the Maker whom he had defied. His remains were not found for six months, and of course he had not even a Christian burial."

*Persecutors, Beware!*

The following is vouched for by Rev. James L. Ivey, formerly a pastor at Jewells, Ga.

"When I was seeking the Lord I was hindered by two men, who are both dead now. One of them was killed on the street of C——s. When his family found his remains, the hogs were eating his blood. The other man put a pistol to his heart and fired, and rushed into the presence of his Maker. This year, during a meeting we held at N——d, a young man, the son of a

minister, was wild and would not yield. He was taken sick the day the meeting closed, and died in a week without salvation."

It was doubtless of such persons as the two men mentioned that Jesus declared that it were better for them that a "millstone" were hanged about their necks and they were "cast into the midst of the sea."

Bro. Jay also says: "While I was pastor of a church near M——n, we held two protracted meetings. The people were convicted, but they resisted the Holy Spirit. In less than one month several people were dead, some of the people who said they were to live a long time."

Truly, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

#### *How a Young Lady Gained a Dress but Lost Her Soul.*

The following incident was told me by a friend who was acquainted with the circumstances:—

A young lady who used to sing in operas and fashionable concerts, was walking along the streets with a young gentleman one afternoon, and they came to a church in which revival meetings were being held. They were not in the habit of attending such meetings, but the singing so attracted the lady's attention, that she spoke to the gentleman about it and said: "Let us go inside and listen."—"You don't want to go in there," said he, "they are having revival meetings." But the longer she listened to the music the more she was impressed with the thought of going where she could hear better, and at last said, "I am going in the

church." So they both went in and took seats. The minister soon arose, and after reading his text, preached to the unconverted. It seemed to the young lady that every word he said was intended for her. She was convicted, and left the church with the intention of living a different life. On reaching home where her unconverted mother was, the daughter said, "Mother, I am going to be a better girl."—"What do you mean?" asked the parent.

"I mean, I am going to be a Christian."

"Daughter, you don't know what you are talking about. You are too young to be a Christian. Religion is all right for old people, but you are just the age to enjoy yourself, and don't want to think of such things."

The words of the mother did not change the good resolutions of the daughter. She still said, "I am going to live for God." A few days after this, she was called on to sing in a worldly entertainment, and refused because she had made up her mind to sing for God. As soon as the mother heard what her daughter had done, she was angry, and reproved her very severely. Seeing this did not accomplish her aim, she scoffed at her. Then she tried coaxing, and at last promised the daughter a new silk dress if she would do the required singing.

This was a great temptation to the young lady, for she had been very fashionable and liked to dress so. After studying over the matter for a while, she said, "I will sing just once more to get the dress, but it will be the last time." She at once commenced preparation for the singing. Oh! what happened then? As soon as she began to associate with her old friends the desire

for religion left her, and she said to herself : " I believe mother is right : I guess I am too young to be a Christian. I will enjoy myself for a while yet, and when I get older I will seek God." How long did she enjoy herself ? A week after this she is taken very ill. Now she wants Christ. The minister she heard preach a short time ago is sent for. He and a few Christian friends come and pray for her. She, too, pleads for salvation, but finally says " It is no use, I have put off serving God too long—I can see the very gates of hell open to receive me." She now speaks to her mother and says : " Get me my new silk dress." After hesitating a few minutes the mother gets it, and as she brings it near, the daughter says : " Hang it up there," pointing to a hook near the bed. After the dress is hung on the designated hook, she points to it and says : " Mother, that is the price of my soul," and passes into an endless eternity. — MARY WHEATON.

" What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? (MARK 8 : 36.)

### *Thou Fool.*

On a beautiful summit, overlooking the city of San Francisco, there are five palatial mansions which stand to-day as silent monuments of the folly of hoarding earthly gain. Could they speak, No. 1 would say : " I cost my owner, with my contents, three and one-half millions of dollars, yet healthless, childless, and discontented, he has gone to other lands to pass from them — to where ? "

No. 2 : " I cost one-half million, but he who was my owner is dead. Before he died his reason fled, and to

a friend he made mention of me, saying : ' What infernal fool built that house ? ' When he died he left about forty millions of dollars in this world, but I fear he had made no provision for eternity ! ”

No. 3 : “ I cost three millions of dollars. The fence in front of me cost forty thousand dollars ; but my owner has become nearly blind, and giving up his business, is vainly seeking in other lands for health. ”

No. 4 : “ My proprietor was a famous railroad adviser. He lavished fortunes upon me, but I was powerless to make him happy, or for one moment to secure him from Death. ”

No. 5 : “ Nearly one and one-half millions of dollars were spent in my erection ; and though my shutters were the best and bolts the safest, disease broke through, and my owner, seized by a sickness such as usually proves fatal, battled it for a time and then fell, like the veriest pauper, a victim to its remorseless power. Like my companion palaces I cannot buy health, nor happiness, nor fit for Heaven, and like them to-day, I am unoccupied by my owner. ”

“ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal ; but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. ”

### *Fatal Waiting.*

In January, 1885, the “ Friends ” held a series of special meetings in their settlement near Ashton, Iowa. A young lady by the name of Retta Jameson attended regularly each evening, accompanied by a young man

to whom she was engaged to be married. She became anxious about her soul's salvation, and wanted to go forward for prayers; but her companion said, "Not to-night, wait until to-morrow evening and perhaps I will go with you." Delighted with the thought that perhaps he might become a Christian also, she waited. The next night found them in their regular place, and she still anxious to go; but he said, "Don't go yet, wait for me," and thus kept her from going night after night until the meetings were near to their close, and then he said: "Let us not start this winter; we are young yet, and want to have a good time, and in the spring we will be married, and next winter when there is a revival, we can both go forward; I will surely go with you if you will wait." She waited: they were married in the spring. In September I was appointed pastor of the M. E. Church at Ashton, and had only got moved when I was summoned to attend her funeral. She had gone to bed in usual health in the evening and at 3 A.M. was taken with violent spasms; she soon became unconscious and died the same day, leaving no evidence of being saved. The thought of her dying unsaved, when she was "almost persuaded to become a Christian," brought a grief to her mother's heart that never again departed. — H. B. GREEN.

*"Tell Them My Soul is in Hell."*

A merchant once went to the Eastham camp-meeting with his pious wife, who was very anxious for his conversion. The spirit of the meeting troubled him, and, after one day, he resolved to leave his wife on the ground and return home.

“Do stay, my dear husband,” entreated his wife; “you will be better pleased to-day, maybe, than you were yesterday.”

“No, my partner may need me in his business. I shall go,” he replied.

“But you made arrangements to be away a week; do stay, husband, and maybe you will find salvation,” rejoined his wife.

“No, I must go. I will go. Indeed, I hate the place so much that if my soul would be eternally damned for going home I wouldn’t stay here,” was his awful answer.

His horror-struck wife stood silent. Then turning on his heel, he hurried to the shore and sailed away from the camp-ground.

On his arrival home he entered his store tired and hungry. Seeing a piece of bread and butter on the counter, he ate it. Fifteen minutes later his partner came in, and, after the usual salutation, looked round, and with a perturbed manner asked,—

“What has become of the piece of bread and butter I left here?”

“I ate it,” replied the merchant.

“Ate it! Dear me! It was poisoned for the rats. You are a dead man. Hurry home in yonder hack, while I go for the doctor.”

The alarmed merchant was borne to his home. The doctor was soon with him. Antidotes were administered, but they were powerless to save. The poison was fiercely assailing the seat of life. The pains of death soon got hold upon him. He was in agony both of mind and body.

“Have you any message for your wife?” inquired his distressed partner.

This question recalled the camp-ground and the awful words he had spoken when leaving his wife. Gathering his remaining strength as for a last effort, he fixed his glaring eyes upon his friend and said, in piercing tones :

“Carry my body to the camp-ground and tell them my soul is in hell !”

He sank back exhausted. The struggle was over. His life in the body had ended. His life in hell had begun !

Reader, are you in the habit of trifling with eternal things? If so, let the horrible end of this merchant teach you that it is a “fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” Remember “God is a consuming fire.” It is not safe to mock at Him, or at His truth. Beware ! — *Sel.*

#### *Missed It at Last.*

Some time ago, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The young man was astonished ; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes “in such an hour as ye think not.” At length he looked up into the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression : “I have missed it — at last.”

“What have you missed?” inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician.

“I have missed it — at last,” again he repeated.

“Missed what?”

“Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul.”



“Oh, say not so;— it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?”

“Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost—Go thy way. But *I did*. And now he is saying to me—Go *your way*. He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, starting eye, he said: “I was awakened and was anxious about my soul, a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved *then*. Something seemed to say to me, ‘Don’t put it off, make sure of salvation.’ I said to myself, I will postpone it.” I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised to take it up again, at a time not remote and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have made my salvation sure, and now I have missed it—at last.”

“You remember,” said the doctor, “that there were some who came at the eleventh hour.”

“My eleventh hour,” he rejoined, “was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh! I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone forever!” This was said with such indescribable despondency, that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head and looking all around the room as if for some desired object, he buried his face in the pillow, and again exclaimed in agony and horror, “Oh! I have missed it at last,” and died.

Reader, you need not miss your salvation, for you may have it now. What you have read is a true story. How earnestly it says to you, "Now is the accepted time!"

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." — *Fire Brand*.

### *The Wages of Sin.*

A little girl whom I knew grew to womanhood under the influence of a godless home, where her childish lips were never taught to speak the name of Jesus in simple prayer, and where her ears seldom heard the name of God mentioned only when His name was used profanely.

When she reached young womanhood her associates were naturally those of the ball-room and similar places of amusement. As the result of home example her language was often vulgar, and frequently in outbursts of temper she was known to profane the name of God by oaths.

At the age of eighteen she married. Her husband chanced to be a kind man ; but alas for him ! He soon found his kindness repulsed by the most obstinate wilfulness and selfishness on her part. Also her management of their little boy was wrong, in that she would indulge him at one time, and another for the same offence she would beat him, and would say that she could "murder" him — using even worse language than this to her little boy that was not beyond two years of age.

Now follows the sad and terrible part of her misguided life : God gave her the opportunity to choose

Him and His service in a series of revival meetings held by Rev. M. W. Knapp in the place where she resided. She did apparently, for a time, seek the pardoning favor of God; but it was soon seen that she had given up her interest in the salvation of her soul.

After a few years of married life she fell ill of a disease of the most painful nature. — Without sustaining grace in her heart or any sense of God's favor or helpfulness, how did she bear her suffering?

She would sometimes wish to die, yet knew that she did not dare to die. Her sick-bed utterances were in keeping with those in which she had indulged all through her sinful life. In paroxysms of pain she used language that sounded like words from the lips of a demon. How was it in her last great agony when Death came to claim her for his own?

She died as she lived. When the death struggle came she was seized with frenzy. Her husband and others fled from the room, unable to witness the scene, except one Christian lady, who, sustained by prayer, alone remained.

The dying woman raised herself from the bed, clutching her throat and saying: "Cut my throat!" "Kill me!" continuing to repeat the name of God in tones of mocking despair. She at last extended her fingers as if pointing at something unseen by others; then hissed a serpent hiss; after which she sank into a death slumber, and thus passed to the judgment.— E. G.

### *An Awful Judgment.*

The following incident from the pen of sister M. A. Sparling, Claremont, N. H., is an illustration of the

words of Holy Writ, that "the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." She writes: "While reading 'Echo from the Border Land' something said, You have an echo from the 'lower region.' If it were father's will I'd love to stand up in your congregation and deliver the message; I can now only write. A few years ago I was at a camp-meeting in Rockingham, Vt., and a gang of rowdies got together to set a time to break up the whole meeting. They lived eight miles away. So on Thursday evening they came on the ground to accomplish their fiendish work, and have their 'fun,' as they told some of their friends. Their plan was to lay trains of powder into every tent, under the beds, and when the town clock struck twelve, all were to touch fire to the powder and run to a distance, and see the frightened women and children run and scream. At ten, a distant thunder was heard, and while they were waiting for the hour to set fire, God sent one of the most terrific thunder and hail storms I ever witnessed. It had been a hot day and these young men had no overcoats to put on; and as their last resort, after seeing their powder all wet and their plans all defeated, they were compelled to ride back to their homes, eight miles, all drenched with rain and chilled through. The ringleader had to be carried into the house benumbed. His mother tried for hours to get him warm. Then came a burning fever, and then he called his dear mother and told her what he had done, saying: 'Mother, I've got to die! Do pray! Do pray! What shall I do? Oh, how can I die?' She said: 'I never prayed.' 'Then call father,' cried the dying man. He could not pray. Then he cried:

‘What shall I do? Oh, how can I die!’ Then he would clutch his hands and wring them in agony, crying, ‘I can’t die so! I can’t die so! Mother, mother, do pray! do pray!’

“The father went for a Baptist deacon, but before he arrived the boy was insane; and with distorted eyes, hands uplifted over his head, and writhing in agony, he died raving, and among his last words were: ‘I’m going to hell; I’m lost! Lost! Lost! I can’t die so! I can’t! I can’t! Mother, ’tis awful to go to hell this way.’”

This seems a fulfilment of the Word which declares of the wicked that “trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him as a king ready to the battle” (Job 15: 24).

“SUDDENLY CUT OFF.” — In Berrien Co., Michigan, there was a number of giddy scoffers. One night they went to a revival meeting. They hastened and got ahead of a load of Christians, and then to tease them, drove very slowly.

At the meeting they continued to trifle. On the way home they repeated their former conduct, more blasphemous than before; sporting and praying in mockery. Little did they dream that sudden vengeance, from an insulted God, like the crashing of a thunderbolt, quickly would fall upon one of their derisive number!

Within a week he was in the woods with a companion in sin, and a bullet crashed through his brain and he fell a corpse. Truly, “Judgments are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the backs of fools.”—REV. J. E. ARNEY.

THE SIN UNTO DEATH. — One young man attended most of the meetings at Wharton Street revival, but refused to give his heart to God. Somebody spoke to him about becoming a Christian. He said, "If I go to hell I expect to meet Mr. Harrison there." This showed a bitterness of soul that was far from being commendable. God had His eye upon him. After a time he was taken with small-pox, and died in two days. It is remarkable that a young lady pursued the same course of opposition to God in the same meeting, and she, too, was taken sick with the same disease, and died in about the same length of time after she was taken. These are solemn facts, given me by one of the pastors. To my mind they are clear cases of the "sin unto death." (See I John 5 : 16.) — From "THE BOY PREACHER."

A FATAL MISTAKE. — A wealthy merchant was suddenly stricken with a fatal malady. Casting his dying eyes around the luxuriously furnished apartment in which he lay, and then fixing them upon his only daughter — for whose sake it may be, he had been eager in the pursuit of gain — he simply asked: "Nelly, have we not made a mistake after all?" What a volume of instructions do these words convey, and how lamentable that in any case, a mistake, whose disastrous effects may extend to Eternity, should be discovered only when too late to rectify it! — DOUGAN CLARK *in Offices of the Holy Spirit.*

"I'M LOST! I'M LOST!" — A man came to one of our meetings, and was "almost persuaded" to yield to God, but he listened to false friends and his "feelings,"

and neglected to decide. Quickly he was cut down, and when dying wailed, "I'm lost! I'm lost!! I'm lost!!!"

Indecision has betrayed the souls of millions into the control of the destroyer. He seeks this moment to paralyze your powers of action, and will succeed unless you arise and with an "I will" of penitential determination drive him from your heart.

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

ETERNAL DEATH THROUGH A DANCE. — A young man boarding at our house attended revival service. It was near the 22d of February, at which time there was to be a dance. My brother and myself entreated him to settle the matter of his soul; but he said, "He must go to that dance, then he would get converted." The night for the dance came, he went, but afterwards he never had any convictions, and in the summer following he was drowned. Thus he went before his Maker with the matter unsettled. — *Contributed.*

HELL ALREADY BEGUN. — Salvation's day with the dying man was nearly done. He had lived Christless and now was dying hopeless. Friends hoped for the best, but as they listened they were almost stupefied with horror. "I feel," said the dying man, "the flames of hell are gathering round me now. I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

No one present could but feel the truth of God's word that hell from beneath is moved to meet the wicked at their coming — REV. J. STEFFEE.

A MURDERED SOUL.—Mrs. Booth tells of a devoted worker whose lot it was to be with a giddy worldling when she came to die. “When he got to her bedside he found her fingers so fast locked in the tresses of her hair that it was vain to try to disentangle them, and she was screaming, “My soul is murdered, murdered! It’s too late, too late! I’m lost, lost, lost!” And thus she died. Oh, unsaved one! every moment of delay invites a dying scene like this which shall prove to be the awful ante-chamber of a still more terrible Eternity.

FALSE CONFIDENCE.—In a Michigan town a man was killed while going home from meeting. Sinners said, “We are sorry, because Christians will make a handle of it.” A self-confident boaster said, “God can’t kill me as quickly as that.” In a few days he was chopping, when a limb fell on him, crushing his skull and killing him instantly. Of each such God has truly said, “His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle, and it shall bring him to the King of Terrors.”

NOT NOW WAS NEVER!—A young man working in the flour and feed mill here at O——h, attending a meeting, was entreated to give his heart to God. He said: “Not now, some future time.” In about a week the flour mill was blown up and he was instantly killed.  
— *Contributed.*



## SECTION XIII.

### THE PERIL OF PROCRASTINATING.

“BOAST not thyself of to-morrow.”

#### *Hopeless.*

There was a man living in Newaygo County some time ago with whom the Lord had striven, but not yielding to the Spirit, he became very hardened in sin. One day as he was drawing logs to a mill, a log kept rolling from the trucks. After reloading it again and again he became angry and said, “I’ll ride that log to the mill or I’ll ride it to hell.” He had not gone far when the log rolled from the trucks and rolled over him. He was taken where he could be cared for. A physician was sent for, but his case was hopeless. Oh! the cries of that poor man would send terror to the hardest heart. Eternity staring him in the face, in tones of deepest agony he cries, “I would give every dollar I have in the world if I could have only two hours to repent in. I might have been saved.” The poor man passed into eternity leaving no evidence of salvation. Lost! Could we but place our ear to the surface of the caverns of the lost and hear the wails of the damned, methinks we could hear them say, “I might have been” saved. Oh, if I only had improved upon opportunities that have passed I “might have been”

saved, but it is too late! too late. Oh, sinner, repent while you have time. "Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation." — F. D. PALMER.

### *Fatal Delays.*

A lady attended revival meetings and was deeply affected, and felt the need of salvation. However, in spite of her convictions, and the entreaties of her friends, she decided to put off the important matter until a more convenient season. Not very long after the meeting closed, she was riding in a boat, got wet, took cold, and in three days died, unprepared.

A young man attended protracted meetings. Was so wrought upon by the power of the Holy Spirit that he trembled. His friends tried hard to induce him to decide for Christ, but he concluded to wait. The next night he was driving a horse, when the horse kicked him, causing instant death.

Another man attended revival services. Became very serious. Was urged by his friends to give his heart to God. Was not quite willing to yield. The next morning he was found dead in his stable, having been kicked to death by a horse. — REV. E. A. BOYNTON.

### *This Night.*

A lady moving in the highest circles of society, became one evening convinced of sin, and alarmed about her state. Deep convictions followed. She struggled against them, but could not get rid of them. She thought of her many engagements, and her social position in life. Conscience said, "Decide for Christ

now." The world said, "Not just now, but by and by; such a step should not be taken hastily."

In this state of perplexity and distress she retired to her room. As she did not appear the following morning, nor answer any call, her room was entered. Oh! what a sight to the family! The stillness of death reigned. There lay the body, cold, lifeless!

Her diary lay upon the table. Two entries had been made the previous evening. "I am determined this day six months to give up the world and become a Christian."

But as if the conflict in her soul had deepened, and conscience had cried still louder, she had made a second entry: "This day month I am determined to be done with the world and follow Christ."

But God said to her, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." And what became of that soul?

And what, dear reader, will become of your soul, if you die to-night, as perhaps you may? Be warned by this example of the danger of delay, and if you are not already a Christian, give up the world now, and follow Christ. — *Sel.*

### *Tragical Warnings.*

"What makes me tremble and feel so strange!" exclaimed a prominent citizen of M——e, while the minister was preaching.

The next day the wicked man was thrown from his buggy, and his companion bent over him just in time to hear him whisper, "It is all over with me now."

One Sabbath afternoon a mocker stood up with the

choir and sang, "My latest sun is sinking fast." The next day he died.

I stood on the street corner in Milledgeville, Ga., soon after I was converted, and urged a young married man to attend our little prayer-meeting that night, for I was afraid he would go to his old accustomed place and spend his time in sin. He promised not to go to his old haunts of sin, but meet me at the chapel. But he yielded again to temptation and went where he was wont to go. I saw him after service at his home, where they had just carried him bleeding on a blanket. He was stabbed by an enemy. He asked me to pray for him, sent for my pastor later in the night, but without God and hope he died before morning.—REV. JAS. L. IVEY.

### *Escape to the Hills!*

Such was the alarm which startled all the people along the river at the awful Johnstown disaster.

How like the sinner's condition :—

They had been warned but heeded not the warning.

Danger threatened but they did not believe it.

Their unbelief did not alter the stern reality.

They thought the man who periled his life to warn them was "unduly excited" or "crazy."

Some clung with a death grip to their property and thus lost their lives.

Those who heeded the warning and flew to the hills escaped the flood.

May each heed the Saviour's warning, and "escape to the hills" of God's pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace and fatherly protection against the coming day

which "will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and all there is therein shall be burned up."

### *A Sad Decision.*

There is no more awful truth in the Bible than that the "Spirit will not always strive with man."

While engaged in personal work one evening, I met a young lady who seemed to be deeply troubled about her soul's welfare. The Spirit had touched her heart, and in a powerful manner convinced her of sin and the judgment. As I stopped to speak to her, tears rolled down her face, and deep sobs of a sin-burdened heart choked her utterance. Finally, one night, the struggle within her seemed to reach a climax, and with the expression, "I will become a Christian," she started for the inquiry room, but after taking a dozen steps in that direction, she halted in an irresolute manner and said, "No, I think I'll wait until to-morrow night." I earnestly warned her of thus trifling with God, but she was firm and returned to her seat.

The next evening I chanced to see her, and asked her whether she was now prepared to yield herself up to God. "No," she said, "I have decided to put the matter off for a year."

She attended every service for six weeks, but never manifested any more feeling than a stone. Hundreds were blessed of God, but she was left. She had hardened her heart, and grieved the Holy Spirit. What a warning to procrastinators! — REV. WM. L. BARTH.

### *How "Inquisitive" was Left.*

"I came here," said Inquisitive, "to take the train, but would like to understand everything about the locomotive before starting. I see no power in the engine; I wish some one would explain this mysterious piece of mechanism before I step on board."

"We have not time to explain everything," said the depot master: "if you wish to ride, buy your ticket and get aboard. The directors of the road are infallible; you are already a believer in unseen powers and unseen forces!"

Inquisitive. — "How so?"

Depot Master. — "Did you ever see gravitation?"

Inquisitive. — "No."

Depot Master. — "And yet you would not deny that there is such a power at work in nature? You never saw the air you breathe; you cannot see steam; it is not visible until it becomes condensed in some degree. The power that moves this great gospel train is unseen, but because you cannot see it, and understand it, it is no proof that it is not able to carry you safely to the Holy City. You will have all eternity to" —

"All aboard" rang through the station; the whistle blew, the train was off, and Inquisitive was left. — *From the Great Celestial Railroad.*

### *The Band Broken.*

A band of young men and young women attended the meeting night after night. The Holy Spirit strove with them and they acknowledged their conviction. But they all agreed to stand by each other, and that

one should not go unless all did. They said "Our band must not be broken." One night I was deeply burdened for them, and their hearts were moved upon. Some were almost persuaded. The young men seemed more willing to go than the young women. I said to them by the influence of the Spirit, "Young people, God will break your band." Meetings closed and many in the neighborhood had been saved, but all of that band were left unsaved. Soon after the close of the meetings they attended a dance. The next day one of the young ladies was taken sick. She was delirious a few days, then passed into eternity. Sad letters came to me from members of that band: "Oh, if we had taken your advice," wrote her brother. Another wrote: "If I had last winter to live over again, I would do differently. I remember your words, 'God will break your band.'" — LURA A. MAINS.

"Though hand join in hand he shall not be unpunished" (Prov. 6: 15).

### *Sudden Calamity.*

"Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly, suddenly shall he be broken without remedy" (Prov. 6: 15).

In that same meeting a man past middle life was under deep conviction. I urged him again and again to give his heart to God. But he always said, "I am afraid I could not live it." Soon after the meeting closed he died in agony, saying he was lost. Poor man; he might not have had the battle of life long, if he had begun the warfare.

A young man attended another meeting night after night. He refused to become a Christian just then.

That same winter he went to the lumber woods to work. He was taken sick, and was soon told that he must die. About twenty of his comrades were in the room with him, and he called on them to pray for him. But they all said, "We cannot pray." Poor boy! He had passed beyond the altar of prayer. He died in a few minutes with no one to point him to Christ.

In another place a young man attended a series of meetings and a few times came forward for prayers, but he would not make the surrender. We held another series of meetings in an adjoining neighborhood the same winter, but there he seemed so changed; was light and careless every evening. Soon after that meeting closed he did not seem well, but was about the house. He lay down upon the bed one day, and, to the surprise of those in the house, in a few moments was gone. Oh, sinner, be careful. There is the last call. It may be yours now.

"There is a time, we know not when,—  
A place, we know not where,—  
That marks the destiny of man,  
To glory or despair."

— L. A. M.

"ANOTHER TIME."— At Whitechapel, one day, I had been speaking, and there was a woman who very much impressed me. I went to her and besought her. She said, "Yes, I know it's all true. I have known it for years." I said, "How dare you risk putting it off?" She said, "I can't speak of it to-night," treating it as if it were a matter of no consequence; "I will come another time." I followed her right into the draught of the door, for I felt my heart go out after her. I



showed her the danger of delay. She said, "I will come at the close of the meeting on Tuesday." On the following Thursday she was buried, and died without hope. She neglected, despised the richness of His goodness. — MRS. BOOTH.

"Some time" is the chloroform with which Satan drugs people while he robs them of their souls.

SUDDENLY CUT OFF. — While holding a revival meeting, two men went into the store of a prominent member of the church and began to talk against the meetings and in favor of worldly pleasure, such as card-playing and dancing. The merchant said, he would be afraid to play cards and teach his boy for fear he would not be satisfied with playing at home and would go to the saloon and other places of vice to play. At this one man flew into a passion and said, "If you want to go to the church, and holler and squeal and make a fool of yourself, you may, but I will go to the pedro party." He went, having a cold; during the evening he grew worse and worse. The whole party had to use their skill doctoring him, having no time to try their hand at cards. He was brought home a corpse. — REV. J. E. ARNEY.

"NO, NOT THIS TIME." — When I was holding services in P——, a man who kept a public house came to a meeting, and was deeply affected. Some of the friends gathered round him, and tried to persuade him to stop to the prayer-meeting. He had been convicted many a time before. He knew all about it, and he knew the soul-ruining traffic in which he was engaged. God pulled him up and arrested him once more — made him think and feel and tremble. Friends said, "Stop, and

give up your business, and give yourself to God ;” but he shook his head and went away. He said, “No, not this time.” He despised it! He died the next Thursday, raving mad, without a ray of hope. He despised the richness of His goodness. — MRS. BOOTH.

LAUGHED OUT OF IT. — A young man with noble traits attended a protracted meeting at Milledgeville, Ga. He wanted to go to the altar for prayer, but his wicked companions jeered him, and he could not stand the ridicule. But he told his sister several times about his conviction, and said, “I wanted to go up for prayer, but they laughed me out of it.” He died a month later without having decided for God and Heaven.

FEARFUL DOOM OF THOSE WHO DID THE LAUGHING. — Subsequently the fate of the young men has been given by some one. One of them rushed into a store on fire, in company with others. All came out again except this scorner; his heart and key were found among the hot embers, with pieces of flesh, and were placed on a cellar door. The other man soon died, beseeching the nurses to keep the rattlesnakes off him while he was dying. The third one was in the midst of a tornado, and while the timbers were flying he cried for mercy, expecting to be destroyed.

Jesus doubtless referred to such when He said: “Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep.” — REV. JAMES IVEY.

WHAT A WARNING! — One night at a revival meeting a young lady was urged to repent. “I will seek God to-morrow night,” she replied. The next evening

her mother found that she intended going to a ball, and entreated her not to go. She replied, "I will go if I die," and went up-stairs to dress. Her beau soon called for her. She was called but did not reply. Her mother went up to her room, found her sitting before the mirror, her lifeless hand placing a bow in her hair, for she was a corpse. She lost the dance, her life and her soul. Oh, to be a year too late, or a month too late, is to be forever too late, and forever lost. Prepare now to meet thy God. — *Sel.*

THE SPIRIT QUENCHED. — She was a bright young lady. She stood at the head of her classes. She came to our revival meeting. Deeply convicted she wept, and seemed almost persuaded to yield, but said, "Not yet." Others pleaded with her, but each day she would say "Not now." Her feelings began to subside. She became indifferent, then trifling, and before the revival closed would take a back seat and with scorn deride the work. A short time after the meeting closed she retired one night slightly indisposed, and before morning was a corpse. She had quenched the Spirit.

TO-MORROW IS NEVER. — Some officers were once about to engage in a dance. Just then they were handed a letter which was marked, "Important Business."

Saying "Important business to-morrow," they laid it aside and gave their time to the dance.

The letter was a disclosure of a conspiracy to murder them, and they perished in the plot.

So it is with all who turn away from the warnings of God's Word for the pleasures of sin. — *Sel.*

DIED WITHOUT HOPE. — I was just getting up to speak in a large theatre, when a Bible woman at work in the town said: "I want to tell you something. There was a woman hearing you last Sunday who was deeply affected. She wept and trembled, and we tried to persuade her to give her heart to God. She said she couldn't then, but would come another time. She died on Tuesday without hope, and was buried on Friday." — MRS. BOOTH.

TROUBLE WAS AHEAD. — Another case: A man in the ironworks had been at one of the services at Portsmouth. He was working one day, when a massive piece of iron fell on him, but did not kill him on the spot. As the men carried him away he observed, "The lady said trouble was ahead; now it has come." I had been speaking from the text, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." — MRS. BOOTH.

"NEVER." — A brother minister says that in a certain revival meeting where a number had been converted that a man said to his companion: "They will have you next." Excited he lifted up his arm and brought it down with great force and said "Never."

Immediately he fell dead.

Of him and others who act thus it may truthfully be said: "Thyself hast decided it, so shall thy judgment be."

"I SHALL BE IN TIME." — One of our men at White-chapel used to go to a particular druggist's to get prescribed for when not well, and he used always to warn

the doctor about his soul, whose invariable reply was, "Oh! never fear, I shall be in time. I shall send for you when I am dying." One day he fell down in his surgery and never spoke again. — MRS. BOOTH.

"A LITTLE MORE OF THE WORLD." — In the revival in which Rev. J. Steffee was converted there were two young men who were under deep conviction, but who said: "We will see a little more of the world." In less than three weeks one of them fell upon a circular saw, and the other was killed by a limb falling and crushing his skull while chopping in the woods. How needful the Saviour's words "Be ye also ready."

"NOT TIME TO SELL." — "One hundred thousand dollars for one hour more of time," shrieked the wealthy procrastinator as the death sweat began to gather on his brow.

"I have remedies to prescribe, but not time to sell," was his physician's hopeless answer, and another soul passed through the portals of the grave to meet a mispent life at the judgment. — *Sel.*

FEELINGS FLED. — A young lady now living, passed through many revival services, and would not yield. She became so hardened that she even trifled in such meetings. Now she realizes her sad condition and says: "I would give anything to have the feeling I once had on the subject of religion." — REV. A. LENNOX.

TOO LATE. — A man in Michigan, crushed by logs, when dying sent for a minister and said, "Pray for me. I've grieved the Spirit." When asked to pray for him-

self he said, "I can't, I'm lost. There is no mercy for me." Thus he died. How terrible to die having thus "quenched the Spirit." — REV. J. STEFFEE.

AN AWFUL END. — A dissipated physician attended our revival meetings at M——. He was much under the influence of liquor, and at first seemed to come to criticise. He asked me to preach from Proverbs, 24:32, "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded," etc. I did so, and God helped and blessed His truth. The physician went home and gave up drinking. I called upon him, and he seemed very tender, but determined to reform before seeking salvation. It proved a fatal mistake. For days he struggled with the drink demon, then yielded again to his power, and not long after, fell down-stairs and was instantly killed. The awful text which he had asked me to preach from was evidently his final warning, and by resisting it, and seeking to rest in reformation without salvation, he quenched the Spirit, was "suddenly cut off," and joined the number of those of whom it is written, "I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

## SECTION XIV.

### GETTING SAVED.

“WHAT shall we do to be saved?”

#### *How to get Saved.*

ACCEPT of Christ as your Saviour. “Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.” — JESUS.

Yield to Him and give up all sin. “Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple.” — JESUS. — “He that committeth sin is of the devil.”

No progress can be made until this point is rightly settled, any more than a thief could get a pardon while he kept on stealing.

Ask for salvation. “Ask and it shall be given you.” — JESUS.

Having met the conditions upon which salvation is offered, believe that God gives it. “He that believeth hath everlasting life.” — JESUS.

Praise God for it, acknowledge it, and follow the example, and keep the words of Jesus. “With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the lips confession is made unto salvation.” — *Bible*.

#### *A Ruinous Fallacy.*

I met a man the other day while doing house-to-house visitation among the unconverted, who confessed

that he was unconverted, but at the same time was basing a hope of salvation on the promise that "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Satan had blinded his eyes to the fact that in order to claim that promise one must call on the Lord, —

1. Penitently.
2. Submissively.
3. Believingly.
4. Prayerfully.
5. Confessing Christ.

Hence he was like a man who would expect to get well by looking at a remedy instead of taking it, or a sinking sailor who would hope for life by looking at a life-boat instead of getting into it.

#### *He would not Sell His Soul.*

When the penitents were asked to come to the altar he was asked by his wife, "Come, won't you give yourself to God?" He shook his head and went home. That night she said to her husband, "I saw you were affected. I wish you had given your heart to God." He said, "Wife, I cannot be a Christian in the business I am in." She said, "I know that." He was a liquor dealer. And she added, "Husband, I want you to give up your business and give your heart to God." He said, "Wife, I cannot afford it." "Well," she said, "how much do you clear every year from whiskey?" "Well," he said, "my net profits are about \$2,000 a year." She asked, "Husband, how long do you reckon you will live to run that business?" "Twenty years in the natural expectation of things." "How much is



twice \$20,000?" "\$40,000," "\$40,000?" "Now, husband, if you could get \$40,000 in a lump, would you sell your soul to hell for that sum?" He said, "No, wife! no! I'll close out my business in the morning, and I will give my heart to God right now. I would not sell my soul for four thousand million dollars." —  
SERMONS OF SAM JONES.

### *Convicted Through a Bolt of Lightning.*

In one of my meetings a woman was brightly converted whose husband persisted in impenitence.

He stoutly refused to yield.

A few weeks after the meeting closed. When all was still and the sky seemed almost clear, the people were startled by a terrific peal of thunder, the only one that was heard that day. The bolt of lightning struck the house of the stubborn father, and the spirit of his precious child was summoned to Paradise. This was sanctified to the conviction of the father, and he soon after professed conversion. I officiated at the funeral of the stricken child, and know this to be true. Many like this man have been led with the Psalmist to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes."

### *The Converted Indian.*

Rev. Thomas Nahbenayash, an Indian preacher, of Thomasville, Alger County, Mich., in an address before the Missionary Society, Albion, Mich., among other interesting incidents, mentions the following, which came under his own observation, and which illustrates "assurance" of salvation. He said, "I know an in-

stance where an Indian having been converted said, 'My father and mother taught me their religion, and they advised me to fast. I fasted many days, hoping that God might bless me, and I myself never heard, or saw, or felt anything; but since I gave up my old religion, and gave my heart to God, I am happy, and I have the assurance that God saves me, and I feel it in my heart.'

***Begin at Once.***

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavored many times to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then with a resolute countenance, added, —

"Then, mamma, I had better begin at once." — S. S. *Visitor.*

"They that seek Me early, shall find Me."

***Rescued From a Common Delusion.***

Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation substantially occurred:—

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not of a settled mind

in religion, as you express it. Still, I am not utterly hopeless; I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering laborers, who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these accepted the first offer."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly; they said to the Lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed the first offer immediately."

"True, I had not thought of that before. But, then, the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected the offer of salvation, as preached by Christ and His apostles? Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed, the gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion! You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now."

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the Great Physician, in order to be healed. So, commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next, even the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as a service to Him. Will you accept

the first offer? Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay — beware.”

“You are right. May God help me! I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject.” — *Times of Refreshing.*

### *Too Cheap.*

A preacher of the gospel had gone down into a coal-mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God’s love to lost sinners — man’s state and God’s remedy — a full and free salvation offered — the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God’s way of salvation. The man replied, —

“Oh, it is too cheap. I cannot believe in such a religion as that.”

Without an immediate answer to this remark, the preacher asked, —

“How do you get out of this place?”

“Simply by getting into the cage,” was the reply.

“And does it take long to get to the top?”

“Oh, no; only a few seconds.”

“Well, that is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?” said the preacher.

“Of course not,” replied the miner. “As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage.”

“But how about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?”

“Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at a great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface.”

“Just so. And when God’s Word tells you that whosoever believeth in the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, ‘Too cheap, too cheap!’ — forgetting that God’s work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His own Son.” — *Baptist Teacher.*

“For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

#### *A Picture of the Sinner’s Peril and Deliverance.*

In a humble cottage at the base of one of the rugged Vermont hills, way down in old New England, lived the father of a large family of children, four of whom became sailors on the great ocean. I wish to tell you a true story concerning one of those boys. My brother H., for I myself am one of the family, was a sailor at the time the great rebellion broke out; but at the commencement of the war he enlisted in the United States service, and was placed on one of those gun-boats so often called a cheese-box. After the close of the war, he engaged himself to a merchant vessel, and sailed to the West Indies. On their return to New York, they were shipwrecked. About midnight, the cries of the sailors were heard above the storm; “The ship has sprung a leak.” Every possible effort was

made to save the gallant vessel, but without avail. It was soon seen that she must go to the bottom of the sea. My brother was standing on the top of the pilot house when the ship went down. Every other person on board perished ; but as the ship plunged under the water, the force of the air burst off the top of the pilot-cab on which he was standing, and on this he was left floating on the water. All the rest of that night, and until the middle of the next afternoon, he remained in that terrible condition. But when he had nearly given up in despair, as he rose to the top of one of those great swells, for the sea was very rough, he saw away in the distance the rigging of a ship. He quickly stripped off his red sailor's jacket, and each time as he rose to the top of another swell, he waved it over his head. At last the old gray-haired captain saw him, and made toward him, and, as soon as he was near enough, asked him if he should throw him a rope, or send him a boat. He told him to lay alongside, and throw him a rope. At last, in this way, they dragged him on board — almost exhausted, and nearly frozen, for it was in March. Saved at the last moment, yet saved by a perfect and complete salvation ! One moment out in the great ocean with only a plank, and the long, cold, dark night coming on — the next in the great, strong ship by a warm fire, and soon clad in dry and comfortable garments — delivered from all danger. To him, that ship proved, indeed, a life-boat.

But, friend, my brother's experience, terrible as it was, is only a fair type of that of thousands, who float away on the great ocean of time, thoughtless and unconcerned until the hour of danger comes. Then

all their wicked deeds, as did his, pass through their minds in a moment. Many perish, but some are rescued. That ship on which he was safe is a type of Christ. My brother found deliverance from physical death. In Christ the sinner may find salvation from eternal death. This is his only hope. — REV. C. M. SMART.

### *The Law Leads to Christ.*

“Some say that they are gospel preachers. I am a law and gospel preacher.” — JOHN WESLEY.

Among the many illustrations of the wisdom of preaching the law is the following incident which occurred in one of our first meetings as evangelists.

It was in an unawakened community, and I had dwelt chiefly on the claims of God's law for some time, illustrating the peril of breaking it by a striking chart which I had made for that purpose.

Conviction, of course, deepened, and some had sought safety from Sinai at Calvary.

One man, however, a leading one in the community, became greatly enraged over it, and said he never would be converted under such preaching as that. He said to me: “You are doing more hurt than good. Our pastor don't preach that way, and your wife don't.”

“Why don't you get converted under their preaching, then?”

No answer.

I told him that he would see things differently after a while, but said nothing, of course, to relieve the pressure he was under. He was not yet ready for

Christ, although the truth offered by the Holy Spirit was fast preparing him.

His wife wisely stood by the truth, and used her influence to secure his salvation.

He continued to oppose, however. I was greatly burdened for him, and finally said to Mrs. Knapp, "His influence must be broken if I fast and pray all night."

I prayed but a little while before the victory came, and I was assured that all would be well. I knew not whether, as others often are, he would be "suddenly cut off," or would yield and be converted.

Monday morning the lady where we were entertained knocked at our door and said: "Bro. — wants to see you. He is *Bro.* — now."

He was blessedly converted, and, with his wife, had come to tell us of the wondrous change which grace had wrought, but was so choked with emotion that he could not command the words to do it. So his wife told the story. He went home from the meeting the night before greatly troubled. He talked the matter all over with his wife, and began to yield and seek for mercy. They read the Bible, talked and prayed until about two o'clock the next morning, when he fully yielded and was clearly converted.

The first duty that presented itself was to come and tell us all about it. He hastened to do so, and there was joy on earth and in heaven too when he through grace was made anew.

The law, attended by the Spirit's power and the efforts of Christian workers, especially of his wife, had indeed been "a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ."



### *A Special Call.*

M—— was brought up under Presbyterian influence, and when pressed to become a Christian his standard excuse always was that he was waiting for a “special call.” His wife was a faithful Christian woman, and of course was very greatly concerned about his salvation. She conducted family worship in his presence, and was wide awake to every act whereby she might win him to Christ.

He was too gentlemanly to oppose her, but met all of her entreaties with the expressed determination to wait until he should receive his “special call.”

When our revival meetings near them began, they both attended regularly. Although an irreproachably moral man, he was too well instructed to depend upon that for salvation, the need of which he felt, but had decided not to rise for prayers, go to the altar, or take any outward step until he felt the “special call.”

One evening when the congregation was standing, unexpectedly to all I asked all upon their feet who were saved, or would seek to be, to remain standing, and all who were in the service of Satan, and expected to stay there longer, to be seated. An awful solemnity was on the people, and decisions were being made for eternity.

Mr. M—— had a severe struggle. He saw that he must take sides. He was influential, and many eyes were upon him. What could he do? He tried to sit down, but seemed held as in a vice. He wanted to stand, but felt that, as yet, he had not received his “special call.”

He finally settled it that he would remain on his feet and abide by the position thus taken. That decision determined his destiny. He soon was gloriously converted, and from that memorable evening was always glad to be on his feet for God. He united with the Presbyterian church, and, still influenced by his early training, he holds that his "special call" came when that awful test question was put that compelled him to either take a stand for Christ, or, by sitting down, say that he was determined to serve the Devil.

#### *A Frank Confession.*

In the midst of a gracious revival at a place where I once labored, a young man became very deeply convicted. When invited he kneeled at the altar and tried to make his peace with God. He obtained no relief. He felt that the promises of pardon did not apply to him, and, as events proved, at that time they did not, as he was not then meeting all of the conditions upon which pardon is offered.

In a few days he came to our meeting rejoicing in the glad consciousness of sins forgiven.

He said that the night he came to the altar the fact that he had grossly wronged a neighbor rose before him. He felt that he must see the man and confess his wrongs. Pride rebelled. Satan whispered any number of suggestions, but Christ conquered, and in the morning he hastened to the neighbor, determined to make a clean breast of it all.

At this time a law-suit between them was pending, and he had done many things to his neighbor's detriment.

He stated his errand, told him that he could not

remember all the wrongs that he had done him, but he might ask him concerning any evil which he had ever received, and that if he was guilty he would confess.

All matters were satisfactorily settled, and C. then found it easy to believe unto salvation, and soon had happily tested the truthfulness of the promise which declares, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us!"

### *"One Drop of the Blood"*

Are the words which led to my conversion. When about sixteen years old I was attending our district school, when a revival broke out at the River Hill church. My teacher asked me one evening to go with him to church. I consented and went, and it was the turning-point of my life, for when that beautiful hymn was sung, "One Drop of the Blood," it melted my heart; and seeing two or three men at the altar who were addicted to strong drink, the Holy Spirit said to me, "Come." It was then and there I first saw my lost condition and my need of a Saviour. The words of the prodigal now were mine, and I said "I will arise and go to my Father." I went, and then and there I saw the power of prayer. Bro. Smith wrestled with God in my behalf, and, glory! the answer came.

But soon came a hard time for me. Of about one hundred people that lived in our village, I was almost alone in the service of Christ, and often my schoolmates would mock, and the people of my village call me all kinds of taunting names; but I bore it patiently, and often in the still watch of the night, when there was no eye to see but God's, I would pour out my soul to

Him in their behalf. Thus working with heart and hand God blessed my efforts in the conversion of a score or more of my acquaintances, and mostly my schoolmates, some of whom I was called to present to God in a dying hour. — T. T. STEWART, *Fort Washington, Ohio.*

***Salvation of a Murderer who Became a Missionary.***

At our Holiness Convention in Perryville, Ky., July, 1888, Miss Maggie P—— was convicted for sanctification. She was organist, Sunday-school teacher, and manager of the juvenile missionary society, and much devoted to church work.

She came to the altar a few times, but got discouraged and failed to come a time or two. When I noticed her, she was standing in the congregation during the invitation, evidently in great mental agony, but striving to suppress her feelings and decide a great question. The crisis had come. It was a great struggle. She was thought to be the most devoted young lady in the church. She herself had taken pride in her devotion to church work, and thought herself to be a model Christian. But now God had revealed to her the depravity of her heart, and the remedy to be applied by faith, and the question must be met and the matter decided. The tempter was striving to keep her from the blood of cleansing by getting her to postpone to some future time.

I watched for a few moments the struggle, and witnessed the victory. As soon as she decided to have the blessing now, she came running to the altar and fell upon her knees, and began to pray for cleansing. I immediately knelt by her side and said: "You have

had a great struggle, and I am glad that you have gained the victory."

She was soon graciously sanctified. After receiving the blessing she stated in her testimony that she had been led to look upon herself as a model Christian, but the Lord had revealed to her that she was a murderer. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." Miss Maggie is now in the foreign field as a missionary. — C. M. HUMPHREY.

### *An Exemplary Decision.*

A leading merchant in a village where I once conducted revival services with his entire family was saved.

Before the meeting closed he came under great conviction in regard to tobacco.

First he, with many others, renounced its use. Then he felt that, the same as with liquor, if it was wrong to use it, it was wrong to sell it. He saw that if he sold it, it would keep the temptation before himself and others who had renounced it.

It was the most profitable article he handled, and he would doubtless lose custom if he ceased to sell it.

He settled the matter on his knees, counted the cost, abandoned the unholy business, and packed up all he had on hand, and returned it whence it came.

This made the people feel that there must be something in a religion which would freely sacrifice so much. This gave a new impetus to the revival, which swept on until many more were saved.

*Conversion of a Moralist.*

The Holy Spirit's work in conviction and conversion, is clearly illustrated in the experience of Brother H., who writes as follows :—

“In the year 1885, under the preaching of Rev. M. W. Knapp, and the sweet songs sung by his wife, God powerfully convicted me of my sins.

“The means He used in the first place was a snow and wind storm, shutting Sister Knapp in at our house for nearly a week. And when not employed about the barn, or in breaking out the roads, I employed many hours with her in singing and conversation. I had been brought up in a Christian home, and had been under Christian influence from my earliest recollections ; but there was something about this Christ-crowned religion manifested in her life that won my confidence at once ; and the songs that we sang, touched chords in my heart, that echoed with wonderful sweetness.

“The second means used to bring me to Him was a Chart, where they were holding meetings, representing two roads, one leading up to Heaven, the other down to Hell. Both started from the same point, but went farther and farther from each other through all Eternity. I was startled, to say the least. The Holy Spirit, then and there, awakened me from the moral lethargy that was swiftly and surely taking me on that downward road ; but in the face of this, and the facts and truths presented that night, I refused to yield to God's will.

“The next night was very stormy, and, in consequence, only a few were there. The meeting was a very earnest one, yet my soul was so incased in moral-

ity and self-righteousness that I would not give up, but went away that night condemned; but God's loving spirit would not leave me, and in His providence He brought me to Him through the instrumentality of a balky horse, although the horse has been true as steel since, and had been before.

"I had loaded some logs and started for town, got into drifts of snow, and my team could not or would not pull the load through. I worked and shovelled snow until almost discouraged, when my brother-in-law came along, and helped me out by putting his team on ahead of mine; but while doing this we conversed about the meetings, and came to an agreement that we would do our duty, and serve the Lord. I have seen that this was God's way of bringing two instead of one to Himself.

"The devil, after I had made this decision, attacked me with double fury; and that night, when the invitation was given for those to come forward who wanted to receive pardon for their sins, my convictions and feelings were all gone, and I was entirely unconcerned about my soul's salvation. My brother-in-law came to me, and reminded me of our agreement, but I told him I would not go. He pleaded with me, said that my wife wished me to do so, and that he thought she would start with me. I did not want to be in her way, so I went and talked with her, and we both went to the altar, and when I gave my all into His hands, He received me as His child. But now came the real battle to be fought. There were duties that I knew I must perform, and, oh! I felt so weak, spiritually. I felt that God had put me on my feet, but I could not

take a step; but the Lord didn't leave me long in this way, for when I arrived at home, He showed me the first step to be taken. This was to kneel with my wife and ask Him for help. The cross seemed heavy, more than I could bear; but I took the step, and God blessed me in it, and has blessed me every step of the way since. I am led more and more to believe and trust in Him who has so kindly led me all the way.

“Shortly after this I joined the church, and entered into the blessing of Full Salvation.”

### *Restitution of a Rooster.*

In one of our meetings, a bright young man entered into a rich religious experience.

While searching his own heart in the light of God's Word applied by the Holy Spirit, he found a number of wrongs in his past life, which he could and would correct.

He was in real earnest, and therefore Satan failed to deceive him, as he has many others with weaker purposes, with the cry, “Get the heart right, and that is all that you will need to do.” But his heart having been made right, he set about conforming his life to the teachings of the Word, knowing that failure to do this would soon cause a relapse of the old disease of the heart.

As one after another of his past wrongs arose, and were corrected, he seemed to hear a voice say: “Pay for that rooster.”

“What rooster?”

“The one you shot.”

Then memory carried him back to the time when and



place where he shot and buried a rooster of his employer's.

Doubtless the tempter whispered to him as he often has to many, "It was only a trifle, let it go."

He understood, however, that the great principle of righteous restitution was involved, and so he heeded not the tempter's voice.

Then whispered the subtle deceiver: "You must not mention it, for if you do, your influence will be forever ruined." The enemy ever depends upon this deceptive stratagem, when many other devices have failed.

As if God were unable to take care of the influence of those who fully trust and obey Him!

Resisting Satan, Brother S. resolved to heed the voice divine, and restore the value of what he had destroyed with interest.

### *Feared He Couldn't make so much Money.*

In one of our early revivals, I. Arnold, now of California, was brightly converted.

He described the change as follows: "While Brother Knapp was holding a meeting in Eaton, I felt that I needed something to satisfy my soul, which I did not have. I felt, too, that unless my sins were forgiven, I would be lost, and lost forever.

"I finally began to pray; but it seemed as if I could not give up the world. I was afraid that I could not make so much money if I was a Christian.

"For two weeks I could not eat or sleep; but it seemed as if my heart was made of stone.

"One morning before going to church, I went to the barn, and there kneeled down and told the Lord that if

He would forgive my sins, I would give up the world and serve Him all the days of my life.

“I asked that, if there was salvation for me, that I might have the evidence of it that day. I did not get it just then; but while I was riding in my buggy, at about half-past nine o'clock, the load of sin and guilt which I had been carrying all those years was lifted, and I shouted praises to God.

“I knew I was converted, because I was so happy. All seemed so changed, and everything and everybody seemed so good. My first thought since then, has been of His mercy, and I love to tell what He has done for me. Since then He has prospered me in all my undertakings, even more than before my conversion. His Word is food for my soul, and the Bible the Book of books to me. Soon after my conversion, I united with the church, which has been a great help to me.”

### *Caught On a Cold Day.*

In one of our evangelistic meetings the following incident occurred.

It illustrated the power of the Holy Spirit in conquering rebellious hearts.

A middle-aged man from Chicago was a constant attendant.

He had been an actor, and exercised quite an influence over the worldly people of the place.

He made sport of the meetings, tried to sow discord between myself and the pastor, was full of argument, and resisted all appeals.

We labored with him as the Holy Spirit led, and he

soon was under conviction. One Saturday evening he was greatly subdued, took my hand and said :—

“I have discovered that my worst enemy is myself.”

Highly favored is every unsaved man who has made and accepts that discovery.

He passed a troublesome night, and the next morning, with his wife, was promptly on hand, at the first meeting.

Many had been brightly converted, and some had entered into the experience of entire sanctification. I said, “Many of you have been sick and Christ has healed you. We will have a speaking meeting, and I want you to tell us about it.”

The first one on his feet was our convicted actor, who, placing his hand upon his heart said, “I’m sick. I’ve got the heart disease, and I’ve got it very badly. I want you to pray for me.”

He and his wife both hastened to the altar, where he earnestly pleaded for pardon and was blessed ; and the work swept on till over one hundred professed conversion.

A few days before his conversion some friends had entered the store and said to him, “I hear that they are getting a good many, over to the church !”

“It will be a mighty cold day when they get me,” he crankily replied.

The next Tuesday after his conversion, the same parties, not having heard of it, asked who they were “getting” at the meetings. Boldly he answered, “They’ve got me.” He invited many to come with him.

He was very anxious for me to baptize him ; and as

the pastor wished it, I arranged to do so the last Sabbath of the meetings.

It proved to be a very cold day, and he chose immersion ; so in the midst of a driving snow-storm we went out into the lake with a number of others, and he was immersed. As he had unwittingly prophesied, "It was a very cold day " when he was " caught."

The last I heard of him he was an earnest worker in the church.

### *Conversion of a Roman Catholic.*

Rev. J. H. Weber, a converted Catholic, the "Revival Tornado" Evangelist, describes his conversion as follows :—

"I went to Cincinnati, and if ever a man tried hard to be a devout Romanist, I tried. No Sunday ever came but you could see me wending my way to the Bank Street Romish Church. When I would behold those poor people agonizing in the same way I was, bowing before images and anointing themselves with holy water, yet going away with sorrow and sadness and the load of guilt on them, my poor heart would yearn for relief, but none came.

"Day by day my heart would cry out, 'Oh, that I knew where to find Him!' One Sunday, being lonesome and troubled, I wended my way over the Rhine, amid the saloons, dance-halls, and variety theatres. Hearing the patter of the feet of the ballet dancer, I went in and ordered a bottle of mineral water: Before, these things charmed me, but now I longed for something better. I did not remain there long, but went to Washington Park, and while there I saw a large crowd

gathered. Curiosity attracted me to the crowd, and while there, I cannot remember the text or a particle of the sermon ; but when they began to sing 'Almost Persuaded,' the music charmed me. I was riveted to the spot. The minister lined the hymn, and when he reached the last verse and the last four lines, he said : —

“ ‘ Almost persuaded now to believe ;  
Almost persuaded Christ to receive.’

“ Still I was not moved much. He read, —

“ ‘ Almost cannot avail,  
Almost is but to fail.  
Sad, sad this bitter wail,  
Almost, but lost !’

“ When he said 'lost,' I never had anything pierce my heart through as that did. It seemed as though a dagger had pierced my heart, and for a moment I quivered ; but with lightning thought I raised my eyes to heaven and my heart to God and said : —

“ ‘ I will not be lost, I'll be saved.’

“ As if tons of weight had been lifted, my burden was gone, my sin-sick soul was free. I was enraptured with joy indescribable. The song went on, the meeting dismissed, but still I stood transfixed, riveted to the spot. The preacher, Joseph Emery, city missionary, came and asked me to go to the Christian Association. Then the tears came streaming down my cheeks. I started for my home. The sun shone with brighter brilliancy, the grass looked greener, the faces of the people looked different, my soul was filled, I was free, Praise the Lord !”

*An Example for Unconverted Wives.*

“The day my wife really left me was the saddest period of my life,” said a man in his religious testimony. All ears being open to hear the sequel of a family muss, he continued: “We had lived together harmoniously to that date. Though neither of us professed religion, she was religiously inclined, and during this revival tried hard to persuade me to go with her to the altar, but I obstinately refused. At last she became desperate, and declared she would leave me if I would not go, and started for the altar, leaving me alone in the seat. It really seemed to me like an eternal separation. Her movement broke me all down. I knew not what to do. I finally resolved to go after her, and we were both converted to God, and a happier family you never saw.”

— *Sel.*

The best way to win and save our friends is to do our own duty. Had this woman complied with her husband's wishes, with a hope of winning him by other methods, as do many, both might have been lost.

Do duty, and God will see to results.

EXEMPLARY COURTING. — A young lady was brightly converted in our meeting. Some time after a young man sought her company. He, living at some distance, came on the train on Saturday, and would return on Monday. When church-time came Sunday morning, she told him it was her custom to attend church and class-meeting, and would be glad to have him accompany her. He at first was greatly confused, but consented to go. Before he left on Monday, she held

prayers with him, and now he is converted and takes part in the services with her. May all Christian young ladies have the same courage! There would be more converted young men. They should insist that young men that use tobacco or liquors should cease the evil practice or leave their company.—REV. J. E. ARNEY.

“Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”  
— *Bible*.

DROP YOUR BROOMS. — Patrick Donnolly, an Irishman, was sweeping the streets of London, and as he was crossing from one side of the street to the other, and using his broom, a lawyer came up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and said: “Is your name Patrick Donnolly?”—“Yes, sir; it is.” After getting other facts from him, the lawyer said: “A client of mine has recently died, and left you twenty thousand pounds.” Patrick dropped his broom instantly, and followed the lawyer; and entered as speedily as possible into the realization of his fortune. Jesus Christ has left us a fortune to save us from moneyed, mental, and moral poverty. Drop your brooms, and receive this fortune now and here. — JOSEPH COOK.

HOW A REVIVAL BEGAN. — While Rev. J. H. Weber was holding revival meetings at Union City, a very wicked drinking-man came from an adjoining neighborhood, to hear the evangelist. He was converted; when he went home he went from house to house and said: “I have been converted; and won’t you come to my house to-night, and I will tell you about it.” The house was filled. He told his story; the hearts of others were touched; a revival meeting broke out, and many were converted, and yet the work goes on.—REV. J. E. ARNEY.

CONQUERED BY THE BIBLE. — John Tyler, near Union City, would not allow his wife to go to meeting until she would promise him that she would not go to the altar. After she had started for church he got the Bible and began to read to himself. He was so convicted that he knelt and asked God to forgive him. He was converted, and began asking God so to convert his wife, that she might go to the altar. She came home to tell him that she was converted, and found him praising God for salvation. — REV. J. E. ARNEY.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING? — A mother and her child were about to leave their home for meeting. The little one said to her father, an unconverted man, "Won't you come with us?" — "No," was the decided answer. Still pleading, the father, irritated, finally answered, "You and your mother go your ways, and I will mine." — "But father," expostulated the persistent little follower of Jesus, "which way are you going?" This question was so impressed upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, that he never found rest until he was converted.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM." — A father said to his girls, "You may go to the meetings, but you cannot go to the altar. I will horsewhip you if you do." One said, "Papa, you can keep me from the altar, but you cannot keep me from being a Christian." They knelt where they were sitting that night in church, and God blessed them. Each rose and said, "Jesus blesses me." The father was touched and said, "God helping me, I will be a Christian." — *Gospel Call*,



IT MAKES ME FEEL SO NEW. — Bro. Boynton once urged a little boy about ten years old to give up sin and yield at once to Jesus. He hesitated, but went home thoughtful and soon was converted. When he returned he confessed the wondrous change by saying, "It makes me feel so new." May such experiences multiply!

ONLY a step to Jesus!

Then why not take it now?

Come, and thy sin confessing

To Him thy Saviour bow.

Only a step, only a step;

Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and thy sin confessing,

Thou shalt receive a blessing.

Do not reject the mercy

He freely offers thee.

Only a step to Jesus!

Believe, and thou shalt live;

Lovingly now He's waiting,

And ready to forgive.

Only a step to Jesus!

A step from sin to grace.

What has thy heart decided?

The moments fly apace.

Only a step to Jesus!

Then why not come, and say,

Gladly to thee, my Saviour,

I give myself away? — *Sel.*

## SECTION XV.

### GETTING SAVED — (*continued*).

“AND they overcame him through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony.”

#### *Conversion of Mrs. M. W. Knapp. — Hints to Parents and Children.*

FOR several days I had been greatly blessed in reading the experiences of Christian people, when, one evening at family prayers, from the fulness of my heart, I thanked God for the blessings that I had received in this way, and the impression was immediately made upon my mind that my experience might help some one else. So, then and there, I promised to give it to God and His children. Praying that His name may be glorified, I fulfil my promise.

When very young, if I heard my mother praying at an unusual hour or place, I would go away to some secluded spot to weep, and wish I were a Christian too. Before I was six years old, during revival services, mother would stop her work to read and pray with a young girl living in our family; and I would mourn by myself, and wish mother would talk and pray with me, for I wanted to be good too. But my dear mother, like many other Christian mothers, had no idea of the thoughts, convictions, and deep soul-longings of her

child, and said nothing to me upon the subject of my soul's salvation.

The following year, I told a little friend that I wished I had died when I was a baby, because then I should have gone to heaven. She said, "Why, you would if you should die now, wouldn't you?" I told her, no, "because I am so wicked."

About this time, one morning at family prayers, my heart seemed almost broken on account of my sins, and I thought I would pray, which meant to me the beginning of a Christian life; but Satan suggested that I wait until I was as old as my father was when he was converted, nine years of age, and I yielded, and let the opportunity go by. Within an hour I told mother that I almost prayed that morning, and my Christian mother never said one word. Well, I concluded that mother thought that I did not know enough to be a Christian; and my trial over mother's action, or inaction rather, was much greater than over Satan's temptation.

Don't think that mother had neglected my religious training, for such was not the case. She simply lacked, at that time, the spiritual discernment to see my condition.

Since then, she has entered into the experience of perfect love, and, I trust, knows how to lead the little ones, as well as others, into the Kingdom.

I shall praise God through all eternity for my precious Christian mother.

No childhood memories are to me more sacred than the hours which my mother spent with me alone in prayer. The conviction which came to me, when she

would, on such occasions, mention my name in prayer, never fully left me.

The next year a fire broke out on my father's farm, and I thought it threatened our buildings, and I told the Lord, if He would help put out the fire, I would certainly serve Him. My prayer was answered; but I thought, as a great many older sinners do under like circumstances, that God had nothing to do with it.

When I was ten years of age, I attended revival services, and agreed with another little girl to arise for prayers one evening. Again Satan came and told me, if we did, the people would think we did not understand what we were doing, and so, much harm would be done the work. So very kind of Satan to care for the interest of Christ's kingdom!

Let no one think that I was outwardly very wicked all this time, for such was not the case. I was seldom disobedient to my parents or teachers, and was punished but very few times in my life. All this time the Holy Spirit was seeking me, and making me feel very uncomfortable, because I had no hope of eternal life, and because I feared to meet God. Oh, how I thank Him for not leaving me alone, nor allowing me to become hardened or sceptical in regard to religious things.

Just here, Christian parents, please permit me to say a few words to you. Do you know that as soon as the little ones are old enough to know there is a God, they are old enough to begin to love and serve Him? And as soon as they can understand that they do wrong, they may be told of God's love, and go to Him for forgiveness. It's all very simple and easy; but Satan has

blinded the eyes of many parents, so that the children must suffer and wait, and, perhaps, become sceptical and hardened, and never come to Christ at all.

During my thirteenth year a dear Christian friend became deeply interested in my soul's welfare. She talked with and prayed for me, and in September I was converted. My friend and I were separated at that time, and I had no courage to speak to any one else upon the subject. So my new-found joy lasted only a few weeks, and then the next few months I suffered all the tortures that befall the backslidden in heart.

The next March, during meetings held by Rev. Thos. Nichols, I felt that God was calling me for the last time, and in a stony sort of a way I began in real earnest to seek my soul's salvation. The deep penitence of former times seemed to have left me, and I sought Christ because I knew I must, or die eternally. I prayed and prayed until my heart melted and I saw myself a wretched, guilty sinner, worse than the thief upon the cross.

One Sabbath afternoon I prevailed upon my parents to leave me at home alone, while they attended the service. As soon as they had gone, I knelt down and told the Lord I would never arise again until He saved me. Oh, I was desperately in earnest, and was just on the verge of despair. Just then the awful burden of guilt rolled away, and I rose to my feet saying: "Glory to God! glory to God!" Immediately there seemed in the room three spirit forms, and I felt that my two brothers and sister in heaven were rejoicing because of my salvation. Then I remembered that Jesus had said:

“Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.”

All the outside world seemed to have taken on a brighter and more beautiful appearance in just that short, sweet moment when God met me. But no : God had not changed His world, but had wonderfully changed my wandering, sinning heart, so that from that time I seemed altogether a different being.

A few weeks went by, and though I had been obedient and happy, still I found elements in my nature that were contrary to God's will, and sometimes I wanted my own way. Our minister was a faithful man of God, who declared the whole gospel ; and I saw my need of heart purity, sought, believed, and received it. This was as distinct and real to me as the evidence of my conversion. As Dr. Watson says, I gave God “all I knew and all I did not know” for time and eternity. I had not the remotest idea of all it meant at that time, but I know that the consecration was complete, because since then, whenever God has asked me to do seemingly hard things, I have not felt rebellious, but have wanted to do them.

For several years my nearest friends kept telling me I ought to preach the gospel, but it never influenced me any more than as though they had never thought of such a thing. The Lord gave me plenty of work to do in children's and young people's meetings and revival work, and led me gently and lovingly, step by step, until the winter of 1882, when He told me, in unmistakable terms, to “Preach the Gospel.”

Our conference soon after set its seal upon my call

by including me in its commendation of my husband to evangelistic work.

Though I felt utterly unable to do such a thing, I only waited to be sure of God's call, and then I said, "I'll obey." My commission meant, to me, to tell the glad tidings of salvation to a lost world; and I've been trying to do that ever since; and God gives me a real love for the work, and blesses me in it, and has seen fit to bless my labors in the conversion and sanctification of precious souls. To His name be all the praise!

### *No Wish For It.*

The following instances of complete victory over the liquor habit are taken from "Moody, His Words, Work, and Workers":—

1. "It was a struggle almost unto death, but I said: 'If I die, I die a sober man.' That scripture in the nineteenth chapter of Luke and the tenth verse seemed to come with light and hope to me—'For the Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost.' For three weeks nearly the struggle went on in my room, but at last the Lord gave me the victory; and since that day I have taken no liquor to drink, nor have I had any wish for it."

2. "My father and mother were both intemperate, and I was a perfect slave to this appetite. I came to America a drunkard, and the first year I spent in saloons and gambling-dens. Twice I have had a pistol at my head with the thought that life was no longer endurable. But when I came to Chicago I went into the home of an old school-fellow, whose Christian life was the means of leading me to the Saviour. The Lord took away my

taste for liquor when He converted my soul; not by degrees, but all at once. And I want to invite any man here who is the victim of liquor to give himself to Christ, and let the grace of God make him altogether new."

3. "Five years ago I was converted. For three years before that time I averaged half a bottle of rum a day, week-days and Sundays. I came to Chicago drunk, and for the first twelve months I ate, drank, and slept in a saloon; not only drinking liquor myself, but mixing and giving it to others.

"One night a man put his hand on my shoulder and asked me to become a Christian, saying he would pray for me. I went home and to bed, and then I thought of another who was praying for me — my old mother — in the Highlands of Scotland. And as these thoughts were going on in my mind I seemed to hear a voice: 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.' . . . The next morning I got up a saved man. And for five years God has kept me. In all that time I have never had one single thought or desire for drink. I was an awful smoker and chewer, but all taste for tobacco has gone too."

#### *Why He Quit Selling Tobacco.*

A year ago last December I started a little grocery store. Things ran smoothly. Liked the business well enough, until some of our patrons began to inquire for tobacco, and asked if I were not going to keep it in stock. I invariably told them yes, but thought I would not take out a license until January.

But when the tobacco question came up, there would



come up in my mind a doubt in regard to the propriety of a man who professed to follow the Lord Jesus, and had His Spirit, and had been partaker of the divine nature, selling tobacco. And so I began to pray about the matter and search the Word. I found we should not have anything to do with that which is filthy. I believed the use of the weed to be unclean. I felt like the minister who was preaching sanctification. A deacon came to him one day with tobacco juice at the corners of his mouth, and the fumes of smoke upon him, and said, "I do not believe I am sanctified." The minister replied, after getting a sniff, "I do not think you are either, brother. You don't smell like it." I also learned in the Word I should not put a stumbling-block in my brother's way, and I felt the use of tobacco was a great stumbling block to Christianity. Yet the tempter suggested that inasmuch as I could not find "tobacco" prohibited, also that professed Christians did sell it and use it too. And last, but not least, there was a good profit in the traffic. Also, men were bound to have it anyway. I might just as well have some of the profits as not.

Another influence was, some of my best customers said, "If you do not sell it, you will lose your trade." Another was, my dear wife, who said, "I guess you had better get it." But the greatest influence was my own will, which said, "I guess I will." So I settled the matter, went to town, purchased my stock, which consisted of cigars, fine cut, coarse cut, plug, and pig-tail twist, advertising pictures, to tempt the appetite, and sent for my license; and to take the curse off, I bought it all of a member of the first church in town in good standing.

Came home feeling I had got a grocery indeed ; had not more than got the stuff in the house, before a lady, in very humble circumstances, came in, and asked if we had got tobacco yet. My wife, the clerk, said "we had." She said, "they would be our best customers." "Do you know," said she, "that it cost my husband more for tobacco in one year than it does for bread for the family?" My "clerk" told me this just before going to a revival meeting, which was in progress near our home, and in which I was doing all I could for the salvation of souls. It seemed to me that the sermon was directed at me that night. All I could see before me was the words, "It cost more for tobacco than bread." And when I arose to witness for my Saviour, I was so weak I could hardly stand, and actually took hold of a chair to steady myself by. The meeting was a failure in my estimation, and as soon as dismissed, I shot out of the door for home, under great condemnation. I awoke in the morning feeling sad, did my chores, came in the house for breakfast, found my wife bathed in tears. On inquiring the cause, she said, "Oh, I wish this old tobacco was out of the house!" I said, "Pack it up, and away it goes." I took it back, without having sold an ounce, exchanged it for necessaries of life, told the merchant I could not sell tobacco and win souls at the same time. The next night I could talk in meeting like a whirlwind. Oh, how God filled my soul! I believe the tobacco, as the liquor business, to be of the devil. I believe it to be the duty of every Christian minister to lift up his voice and cry aloud and spare not, until the tobacco business will be as unpopular as slavery, and men will use it

as men steal—like sneaks. May God hasten the day when every layman in the church of God will shun tobacco as he would a rattlesnake!—F. E. MOREHOUSE.

### *Tobacco Craving Cures*

The following is from one of the converts of the Jerry McAuley Mission, as given in "The Temperance Reform and its Great Reformers":—

"For nine years I was a drinkin' and thievin'. In them nine years I was locked up eight times; but now my sins are all forgiven, and Jesus saves me to the uttermost; saves me, too, from thievin', from lyin', from cursin', and swearin', from drinkin' whiskey, and chewin' and smokin' terbacker.

"It was the fifteenth of February last that I first got the invitation to Jerry's meetin', up in a den in the Bowery where I used to hang out. A young fellow up there says: 'Come down to Jerry McAuley's meetin'; it is a good night's fun.' So I came. When I got there it was sort o' strange like; but one after another they got up and said Jesus saved them from this, and saved them from that, and saved them from the other thing, and I says to myself: Some of them fellows used to be just as bad as me, and if Jesus can save them, He can save me too.' By and by Jerry inquired who wanted to be saved, and I said I did. So we went down on our knees, Jerry and I, and a lot of other poor fellows, and the Lord Jesus gave me a new heart right there, took all the love of liquor, and tobacker, and the theatre and sparrin' matches, and all that, out of me, and now I am a tryin' to do everything to the glory of God."

“And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out ; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

*It Will Kill Me to Quit.*

I know him well. He was a good man, and an earnest Christian. He wanted a revival, prayed for it, worked for it.

In order that he might be efficient, he sought the “gift of the Holy Ghost.” He did this for a time in vain.

One afternoon while at the altar for this, something seemed to say to him, —

“Renounce your tobacco.”

“I cannot, the doctors advise its use.”

“Renounce your tobacco.”

“I cannot, I tried it once and failed.”

“Renounce your tobacco.”

“I cannot, it will kill me if I quit.”

“Renounce your tobacco.”

“Lord, with thy help, I can, I will, *I do.*”

This seemed to be the test point with him, and soon his faith appropriated the promise, and he was “endued with power from on high.”

Before the meeting closed all of his children professed conversion, and he found that he was “killed” only to “sin,” but made gloriously alive unto God and the things of His kingdom.

***Saved from Both Using and Selling Tobacco.***

I notice in your good paper of May 1, that some good brother who is in the same business that I am engaged in (the grocery business), wishes to know if it is a sin to sell tobacco and cigars.

You say in reply, "Don't sell any more tobacco and cigars." That, I think, is good advice, and the kind every minister should give to those engaged in the traffic, who claim to be the children of the dear Lord; for, certainly, no man can sell it to the glory of God, and we are commanded to do all we do to His glory.

The latter part of December, 1884, one Sabbath afternoon, while reading God's blessed Word in the study of my Sabbath-school lesson, just as I was about to take a chew of tobacco (a filthy habit that I had been a slave to for fourteen years) the thought came to me, "This is a filthy habit. Why don't I quit it?" I thought, the first day of January I will swear off. I had done this many times, but would swear on again in a few weeks. I thought, "Why not quit now?" I said, "I will." I threw my plug away, and said: "If I live to be one hundred years old, I never will taste a piece of tobacco the size of a pin-head." Then I said: "Dear Lord, please take out of me the 'hankering' for the stuff."

From that time to this, almost five years, I have never wanted the stuff. Instead of desiring, I have abhorred it. This may seem strange; for I chewed and smoked, and had a strong appetite for it; but nothing is impossible with God, and all things are possible to them that believe. It is easy for the Lord to save us, if we will let Him.

For one year after this, I continued the sale of it. My tobacco and cigar sales averaged about eight dollars per day, about \$2,500 per year. About three-fourths of my customers used it. Nevertheless, I was condemned for continuing the sale of it. I felt I must quit it. I knew that if I did people would call me "*Non compos mentis*," which they did. I would tell the Lord that "Brother So-and-so and Preacher So-and-so used it, and sold it, and why must I quit it? If I do, my customers will leave me, and what must I do?"

I could get no peace, until one day I said to the Lord, "I will never buy any more tobacco." This was, I think, in October, 1885. By January 1, 1886, I was pretty well sold out. What little I had left I sold to a druggist, burned my tobacco license, and commenced the new year, 1886, without any of the stuff in my place of business.

Of course it created quite a sensation. People came around and looked at me as though I was clear gone. It was not pleasant; but I have lived through it, and prospered in my business, for my sales for 1886 were one thousand dollars better than any year previous with tobacco in stock. Last year my sales were nearly five thousand dollars more than any previous year. I am truly glad I gave up the sale of it. I will never commence it again unless I backslide. These are facts. I thought they might do some good in encouraging some one to give up the sale of tobacco, the twin-brother of whiskey. I was a slave to the latter too, but the dear Lord saved me from that also. Praise His name!  
— T. A. WOODRESS, *Trenton, Mo., in the Standard.*

*How to get Saved from the Tobacco Habit.*

Rev. Wm. Taylor was saved from it in the following way.

Any one who will make a like frank confession of the sinfulness of the habit, and then renounce it as firmly never to use it again, will doubtless gain a similar victory.

When asked to relate this experience he said :—

“I was at that time a local preacher living at Leslie, Mich. Rev. H. D. Jordan had preached a sermon in which among other things he showed the sinfulness of Christians using tobacco. I was behind the pulpit with him during the discourse, and when he had finished I arose and said :—

“‘I see my sin. I see the example I have been setting before the boys and young men of this community. I ask the forgiveness of the mothers of this place for the example I have set before their children, and now, God helping me, so long as I live I will never touch tobacco again.’

“To my astonishment the next day I found that though I had used it excessively, I had gone hours into the day without thinking of it or having it come into my mind at all.

“Something seemed to say to me all at once, ‘How about your tobacco?’

“I found that I was entirely free from any desire or appetite for it.

“As I went down on the streets, some of my friends, who had heard the declaration of the previous night, playfully opened their boxes and asked me to partake,

All desire was gone, and it was no more to me than the dust in the road : and from that day to this, over twenty years, there has never been one particle of a desire or longing for it. It is utterly repulsive.

“There followed this a clearer spiritual vision than I had ever had before, which soon led me to enter into the experience of perfect love.”

#### *Cremation of an Idol.*

“I used tobacco for twenty-five years. I tried to quit using it several times, knowing that my family needed the money, and that it was a nasty habit. I was real mean, abused my family, horses, and everything. After I was converted, I went on for a year using it, but the Lord condemned me. The Devil would come and say it was all foolishness, that the Lord was blessing me anyway. I went on, but didn't obey the Lord, till Rev. Thomas Young commenced meetings. They had gone on a week when he commenced holiness meetings, and I commenced seeking it. One afternoon the Lord shut me all off so I couldn't testify, and so my wife and I went home and had family worship, and she asked me what the matter was. I wouldn't tell her, only that I felt real bad.

“She retired, and I went to the safe, got my pipe, sat down by the stove, began to smoke. It tasted good, but I felt worse in my soul than I did before. I laid the pipe on the chair, knelt down, and I told the Lord to take everything out, and he blessed me as never man was blessed before. Glory to God! My family came down-stairs and thought I was crazy. I took the whole, cigars, tobacco, and all, put it in the stove and



burned it up, and the next morning I had no more desire for it than if there wasn't any. This was six years ago, and the Lord has kept me. Hallelujah!" — EATON RAPIDS CAMP-MEETING TESTIMONY.

*Why He Left the Lodge-Room.*

"What is your experience in regard to secret societies?" was asked of Rev. Wm. Taylor, one of the ablest teachers of gospel truth in the State of Michigan.

"I never felt that it was my mission to make a specialty of exposing them, as some are evidently called to do, but I had a little personal experience on that line about a week after I entered into the experience of perfect love."

"Will you please relate it?"

"Yes, if you wish.

"I was kneeling in prayer, and suddedly the following questions came, and I was just as sure that they were from God as that I lived.

"Did you not consecrate all your time to God?"

"Yes, I did.'

"How about the time you spend in the lodge-room: is that for my glory? Do you go there to speak for Me?"

"I remembered that most of my associates there were worldly people, and that it was against the rule to use the name of Jesus even in prayer, and was compelled to say,—

"No, Lord.'

"Did you not promise to use all your means only for my glory?"

"I did.'

“‘Is the money you thus spend for my glory?’

“I saw clearly that it was not, and admitted it, and said, ‘What shall I do, Lord?’

“Clearly came the answer, ‘Come out from among them.’

“I thought for a moment of the bonds that held me there, and of the many ways they had honored me, and felt that, if I left them, I should do so in an honorable way, pay up my dues, and tell them my reasons for withdrawing.

“I prayed about it, went and paid my dues, and severed my connections forever with the lodge. The members were greatly surprised, and asked my reasons.

“I told them I would be glad to give them, but if I said all I would wish to say they might call me down.

“I offered to explain if they would give me the privilege uninterrupted to say what I wished to.

“They voted me the privilege, and I gladly told them what God had shown me in regard to it, and preached to them Jesus.

“Some said I would regret it and be back again; others that I was a fool; and others said that with my convictions I did the right thing.

“I was blessed, and God was pleased, and thus ended my relation to the lodge. I sometimes tell this bit of experience, and God has blessed it to the good of others.”

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?”

*Grand to be a Christian.*

We were standing together on the deck of a steamboat, out on the waters of Lake Michigan, looking miles away over the peaceful, glassy surface, and breathing in the fresh, pure air, when, somehow, the conversation turned upon dress. "Do you know," my companion said, "I thought last year I couldn't possibly get through another summer without a new silk, and I told my husband so. A few weeks ago he said to me, 'What about your new silk dress?' 'Oh,' I replied, 'don't talk to me of silk dresses, I do not care for one.'"

"What has changed your mind in regard to the matter?" I asked.

"Ah, well, do you remember that Sabbath evening last winter when the subject for the discourse was Peace? Oh, how I wanted that peace in my own heart! and I went home and prayed, and prayed until nearly daybreak, when the peace came into my heart, and I was ready to exclaim aloud, so happy was I to know God had given me what I so much wanted. And I praise God this peace remains in my heart, and grows richer and deeper and sweeter all the time. Oh, how changed I am! Why, I hardly know myself. I once loved parties, plays, dances, dress, and show, and all kinds of nonsense, but I care for none of these now, but enjoy the society of Christian people and good meetings, and, oh, yes—you remember my husband gave his heart to God about four weeks after that blessed Sabbath evening, and since then we have had in our home a family altar, and God meets us and

bleses us so, it is worth more than all the silk dresses and jewelry in all the wide, wide world.

“Why, Mrs. Knapp, when I came here from England, a few years ago, and my sister proposed that I should wash the dishes, I objected, because it would soil my hands.

“What a useless piece of furniture I must have been!”

“When you were converted, had you any wrongs to make right?”

“Indeed I had; just next morning after the peace entered my heart, I thought of the man who owned the house we lived in last, and how we left it without paying the last five dollars due him. I had meant to pay him some time, but because he treated us a little mean, I thought I would let him wait awhile. But that morning, with my heart so full of my new joy I could hardly wait to finish my morning’s work before going to find the man, and I paid him the five dollars and an apology besides.”

“It was a little hard, was it not?”

“Yes, a little. But it paid — it was so good to feel at peace with God and man. Oh, it’s grand to be a Christian!” — MRS. M. W. KNAPP.

“I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed” (Rev. 3 : 18).

#### *Saved as by Fire.*

He was my wife’s brother. He was raised in a Christian home. Early he came to the point of Christian decision, but decided wrong. Then he drifted

fast. He went into godless company, and he used tobacco to excess. He married unfortunately. His wife died. He was not at rest. He went to Northern Michigan, but was still discontented. Then to Kentucky, then to Missouri, but no rest. Disease arrested him, but he would not yield to God. His mother, father, and sister had the assurance of his conversion and would not let go. At the National Holiness camp-meeting at Eaton Rapids two years ago, he was deeply wrought upon, but would not yield. He went back to Missouri and to misery. Last winter in a meeting by Rev. E. A. Boynton, of the Michigan State Revival Band, an old schoolmate of mine and his was converted, and they all, then and there, prayed for the conversion of Charlie. That very day, he afterwards told us, an impulse seized him to read the Bible. As he read it, the burden of sin rolled away, and the peace of God came into his heart. He neglected to confess it, and soon got in darkness. A mere wreck, with hopes blasted, and health forever gone, he came home last July to die. His experience in the fiery furnace of affliction was a terrible one. But afterwards he thanked God, for it was that which conquered his rebellious heart. Finally, he was given up by his physician, and his sister was sent for to see him die. At this point, he saw himself, his sins, his Saviour, and all in their true light, yielded unreservedly, and received indubitably clear the witness of the Spirit to his conversion. Suddenly he began to mend. The tumor which was taking his life seemed to disappear, and he and many felt that he was being raised up to a life of usefulness. It was God's work, and marvellous in our eyes. He at

once sought entire sanctification and received it one morning at the family altar. When the baptism came he said: "It seemed more than I could bear." He shouted aloud and praised God with a loud voice. "Mother," he said, "this spoils me for a Presbyterian." He had talked of being one if he ever was converted. His only ambition now was to save souls. He felt that soon he would be able to be with me in evangelistic work. He had a grand voice and gifts for a singing evangelist, just the helper it seemed that I needed. He could not keep what Christ had done for him to himself, but told it to many, and his words were blessed to the salvation of some. His life and lips henceforth were full of praise. He spent ten days with us here in Albion, returning on Friday full of hope of being with me in the work by January first. The next Tuesday evening, December 10, to the surprise of all, he quietly passed into Paradise.

His departure was the peaceful anchorage within the eternal harbor of a ship that had come well-nigh being wrecked forever.

As his form was lying calm and cold in its coffin, I looked out beyond the eastern window. Right where the sun seemed about to rise, there was a cloud of gorgeous red and crimson. It was startlingly beautiful. Something seemed to say, "That cloud in its striking beauty is like the conversion of your brother." In a few minutes more I looked again, and lo! the cloud was there, but so changed! All of the most delicate tints imaginable seemed to vie with each other as to which could give the softest, most entrancing light. "This," whispered the comforting voice, "is like your brother's death."

Again I looked, and the cloud had entirely disappeared ; but shining where it had been, was the sun in all his kingly might. "This," echoed the triumphant voice, "is like your brother as he now is in Paradise."

I was made to feel as never before the meaning of the Word which declares, "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

His life, conversion, and transition are forceful reminders of the following facts :—

1. God answers patient, persistent prayer ; though long delayed, the promised victory came. Workers, take courage.

2. Human impressions do not change the Divine purpose. He, and nearly all, were confident of his recovery, but God planned on a higher plane.

3. To reject light, and defer repentance, is to run into affliction's fires.

4. Salvation must be confessed with the mouth, or it will be lost.

5. One need not wait years or months after conversion before receiving the "gift of the Holy Ghost."

6. When one receives this, speaking will be spontaneous, and religion a luxury.

7. Under this baptism much can be done in a little time. Charlie had it less than six weeks, but in that time accomplished more than many professors in a lifetime without it. To God be all the glory !

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

*"Papa Does Not Know How to Pray."*

While our dear Brother Weber was conducting a revival at Sioux City, Ia., during the spring of 1886, I

was led to a new life under a peculiar circumstance. Well do I remember that most important event of my life thus far. It was on Friday evening, May 6, 1886. After tea, putting on my coat and hat, I started down to my office, and, after passing through the gate, as it seems to me now, a whisper came to me, "Why not go to the meeting to-night?"

I turned, and paused for a moment. Just then my wife came out into the yard and asked me to go down to the church with her. I assented, and we started out for church. We took a seat pretty well back in the church. Brother Weber preached, and just before closing his sermon he gave a very earnest appeal to the unconverted to turn to the Lord for salvation. After waiting a few moments, and no one making a start, Brother Weber then related what a little five-year-old boy had said to him during the day at a place where he had made a call. He said that he had taken the child upon his knee, and asked him if he knew how to pray. He said, "Yes, I can pray. Sister and mamma can pray, and we all pray, but papa, and he does not know how to pray."

This went to my heart like a sword. It was more than I could bear. It was my own dear little child, Georgie, who had said this, and whom God had used as the instrument to bring the father to the feet of Jesus.

I shall never forget the twenty minutes which followed after Brother Weber had finished. He then made another earnest appeal to sinners to come forward; then asked if there was not one soul in the house who would at least come forward and give him his hand. It seemed to me that I must accept sal-



vation there, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and if I went from the church I would never have another opportunity to do so. It seemed to me almost as if I were between two persons, and each had a power over me, and that I must yield myself to one or the other. One was trying to lead me to Jesus, the other was trying to drag me out of the church without my taking a stand for God. While in my seat, I remember of calling to God for help to decide the question, and before the call had fairly been uttered, I found myself going down the aisle to give my hand to Brother Weber, and I then accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. —C. J. CLARK.

*A Little Child Shall Lead Them.*

During a series of religious meetings, held in the schoolhouse of a small village, a very little girl became much interested for the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of Jesus, who lived next door to the place of the meeting, finding that his little daughter was much interested in the meetings, and had been prayed for, strictly forbade her again entering the house. The little girl was much distressed, and knew not what to do, but obeyed her father until the next meeting was nearly half through; then, slipping out without his knowledge, and getting through a hole in the backyard fence, she hastily ran to the meeting. It was some time before her father missed her; but when he found her gone, he went immediately to the meeting where she was on her knees with others whom the people of God were praying for. So enraged was he, that he went directly forward, and took her in his arms

to carry her from the place. As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a heavenly smile, and said, "It is too late now, pa ; I have given my heart to the Saviour." This was too much for the hardened sinner ; he, too, sank on his knees, while he was prayed for ; and very soon he found the Saviour he had tried in vain to shut out from his daughter's heart. — *Sel.*

### *Conversion of a Noted Politician.*

The Evangelist Harrison had just finished his sermon at Mt. Tabor, N. J., on, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" when the invitation to the convicted was given. Several persons responded, among whom was a gentleman of intelligence who was on the outer edge of the circle. He walked deliberately through the immense audience and knelt at the bench in front of the platform. One of the workers approached, asking him if he were there to seek God for the pardon of his sins. With great decision and calmness of manner he replied, —

"I am."

"To comply with the conditions, you must give your heart to God, as He says : 'My son, give me thine heart.' Will you do that?"

"I will. I think I understand the theory of salvation, but I want to realize the experience."

"The first condition is, that you give your heart to God. Having done this, He accepts it, and your heart is thereupon His. Your next step is to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, and trust Him to save you now. Will you do that?"

"I will."

“Do you do it now?” After a long pause, he replied, —

“I do.”

“Jesus says, ‘Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;’ and on that word you are authorized to believe that He receives and pardons you now. Can you trust His Word to save you now?”

“I can.”

“Do you?”

“I do.”

“Then He saves you. Are you conscious of that fact?”

“I am.”

“Then He saves you now?”

“He does.”

“How do you know it?”

“I am conscious of it.”

“Then praise Him, and go from here, saying, ‘I am the Lord’s, and Jesus is my Saviour.’ Keep saying it, and it will soon say itself. Now, stand on your feet, and witness to the fact that you are a saved man.” With beaming face, he testified to the conscious forgiveness of sin, and to the blessedness of being found and saved by the Son of God.

At the 6.30 P. M. meeting he was introduced to the audience, by the presiding elder, as Mr. D——, ex-District Attorney, of —— County, and was requested to address the great congregation. He said, —

“I came to Mt. Tabor on Saturday, for recreation, with no thought of serious matters on my mind. I am past sixty years, and have many times been impressed with the thought that it was my duty to become a

Christian, but have as often put it off. Under the searching sermon of this afternoon, I felt the time had arrived for decisive action, and I presented myself at this bench seeking the pardon of my sins ; and here, God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned and accepted me. My past life has been wasted. My great regret is that I did not sooner take this step ; and just here, let me appeal to you in this audience, who, like myself, may be putting off this most important matter, to settle it this very night ! ”

While the speaker was thus addressing the crowded auditorium, the marvellous change in the expression of his face was manifest to all. In the early part of the day, his countenance was covered with gloom and sadness ; now it was illumined with divine light and gladness. — REV. J. C. BOYD, *in Christian Witness*.

#### ***Conversion of Rev. Thomas Harrison, Evangelist.***

The Bible speaks of some Christians whose experience is like a morning without a cloud. For some years of my early life my own experience in a temporal way was like a morning without a cloud. I had everything to make me happy, and all my plans were for enjoyment. One summer morning I said to myself, “ Now I am going to have a better time than ever I had before in my life,” and I formed my plans to spend ten weeks in Nova Scotia ; and I bade farewell to father and mother and my brother, whom I loved better than life. And away I went, full of hope and joy ; but soon there came a time when I heard the thunders of God's wrath breaking over my head, and He brought me down to the very edge of Death's cold stream, where the loved one

had gone over, and I saw him no more. A message came ; I broke the seal. Written on the inside were only three words : " Freddy is dead." Then I bowed myself down before God's judgments and cried to God to save me, that I might meet him again, and that was all I asked. That was one means that God took to awaken my soul — that was one line — and the other was my godly mother's prayers. Every morning she would have us close the doors after my father had gone early to business, and take her Bible and pray such a prayer as only mothers ever pray for their children. Sometimes I would get up when she was done praying, and hurry away lest she should see my tears. I would steal away to my room, and try to find relief. I bore a heartaching on account of my brother's death, and a spirit distressed because of my mother's prayers for me, until one time she seemed to pray longer and more earnestly than I had ever heard her before, and besought God for the salvation of her son, and cried, " O, Lord, how long ! how long ! how long ! " I thought I should die. I tried to study ; I could not ; I tried to work ; I could not talk ; I could not do anything. I cried, " Lord Jesus, this darkness is too terrible ; I cannot bear it ; let one ray of light from the Infinite come down to my poor soul and show me the way." It was watch-night. My mother had gone to the meeting. I got up and left my home ; went into the street with an aching heart at 11.45. I went out into the darkness and the snowstorm, and prayed that while God's snows were floating down from the heavens, God might send down from the depths of infinite mercy some little hope to my poor

spirit. In five minutes I came to the lamp-post close by where the watch-meeting was, and heard them singing the Covenant hymn, my mother's voice blending with the rest: and as I stood there, it seemed to me that the voice of God came to me as clearly as ever I heard the voice of my mother, saying to me, "Son, give me thine heart." I said to God: "Lord, excuse me just now; let me only go home. I can't get down here in the snow and cry for mercy; the snow will blind me, and the wind will pierce me through—let me go home and get where it is warm, and I will give Thee my heart." Then there came to me a voice, louder by far than the loudest blasts of that December night, "Now or never." I believe, Dr. Vernon, as much as I believe I am standing in this church to-night, that if I had crossed the line that was just before me at that moment, and resisted God's Spirit, He would never, never have come to me again, and I should have been lost. The Bible speaks of the voice of God as being still. It was not that way with me. It was like the thunders of eternity. "Now or never." I heard it as I would hear my mother's voice. I stood there and heard the old village clock strike six times. I knew full well that within the church the followers of Jesus were covenanting for holy living for the time to come. The clock was striking; I heard that voice saying in thunder-tones to my heart—in tones that pierced my very soul—"Before the tongue of that bell shall strike the last stroke, you must be saved or lost!" "My God," I cried, "can't I have a little time? Can't I be saved a moment later?" Again came that voice from the depths of the infinite, "Now or never!" and it

seemed to me now that just about the tenth stroke of that bell, God Himself, from the depth of His unspeakable mercy, stretched forth His Almighty arm and interposed, and said, "I will hold back the stroke of the bell while for one minute you look to me." It seemed to me a very long time between those two strokes of that bell, and, thank God, before the eleventh stroke rang out on the air, the pent-up feelings of my heart broke forth in one strong cry, "Now!" and the two "Nows!" came together, God's Spirit answering to my own in an instant, and I found myself saved, reclaimed! It was all right in the twinkling of an eye. I met the conditions — God blessed me. I came up to the requirements, God showered down the blessings. For four years His infinite mercy had been trying to kiss my poor soul; His loving arms reaching out to embrace me, but I would not let Him. At last, all of a sudden, I extended my arms towards Him, and in a moment He kissed all my grief away. I did not think I was converted; I knew it. — *From "The Boy Preacher."*

OPIUM-CRAVING DESTROYED. — There was a man who had been an opium-eater for eighteen years. He used to take enough every day to kill a dozen men, but the Spirit of the Lord began to work upon him, and he asked us to pray for him. For seven months now, he says, he has had no desire for opium, and the last time I was in New York I found him actively engaged in work for Christ. Let me tell you, my friends, the Son of God can save you from all these things. "He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him." — MOODY.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD. — Mr. L—— was a confirmed infidel. He was also a slave to tobacco. This habit he hated. Many times he had struggled to be free from it. His struggles were fruitless. His slavery grew more rigorous. In desperation he finally said: “If God will destroy the appetite I have for tobacco, I will believe in Him, give up my infidelity and become a Christian.” In an instant the appetite vanished. Instead of loving, he now loathed it. He at once was converted and became a firm Christian. He since has gone home to heaven triumphant.

O THE bitter pain and sorrow  
That a time could ever be,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
“All of self and none of Thee,”  
All of self and none of Thee,  
All of self and none of Thee,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
“All of self and none of Thee.”

Day by day His tender mercy  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
“Less of self and more of Thee,”  
Less of self and more of Thee,  
Less of self and more of Thee,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
“Less of self and more of Thee.”

Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,  
“None of self and all of Thee,”  
None of self and all of Thee,  
None of self and all of Thee,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,  
“None of self and all of Thee.” — *Sel.*



## SECTION XVI.

### RECEIVING THE HOLY GHOST.

“HAVE ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?”

THE work of the Holy Spirit in the plan of salvation is manifold. He convicts, renews, assures, sanctifies, illuminates, guides, and imparts all needed power. His sanctifying presence is to be sought by the believer just as definitely as pardon by the sinner.

Many believers asleep to this fact have remained spiritual pigmies, when, if they had only availed themselves of proffered privileges, they might have been spiritual giants. To lead believers to thus receive the Holy Spirit is an essential part of all genuine revival work; hence this book would be sadly lacking without a chapter upon it. Many ministers preach this privilege, but it is often presented in such a general way that results are meagre. Believers should be urged just as ardently to meet the conditions upon which the Holy Ghost will come, as sinners to repent.

The altar service, to help believers at this point, is just as essential as it is with the unconverted seeking pardon. Satan is alarmed at definite preaching, definite testimony, and definite altar work at this point, and in many ways seeks to hinder it. There are three things that Satan supremely hates to see: 1. The con-

version of sinners. 2. The enduement of believers with the Holy Ghost. 3. Believers engaged in definite personal work to get others saved and fully sanctified.

In order to "have power over all the power of the enemy," and foil him in all his hindering efforts, the baptism of the Holy Ghost is an imperative necessity. Although the subject has been treated largely in our other books, and by many able writers, yet, on account of its supreme importance, it must be noticed here. Heavenly Father, in Jesus' name, grant that the Holy Spirit may aid both in the writing and the reading of these pages!

#### *Experience of the Apostles.*

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. . . . Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

Before this their evangelistic efforts were feeble: afterwards they were cyclones. Before this they were hampered by fear, unbelief, false ambitions, and all the other hindrances which spring from a carnal nature: afterwards their hearts were purified by faith, and men "could not resist the wisdom and the spirit" by which they spake.

*The Roman Captain.*

Cornelius was a soundly converted man. There was no test of conversion that he did not meet.

He was devout.

He feared God.

His "whole household" believed in his piety and were worshippers with him.

He was liberal. He "gave much."

He was a man of prayer, — prayed always.

God manifested Himself to him. He saw a vision.

His prayers were answered, and his gifts acceptable to God, — "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

Though he was not instructed, and did not know just what name to call it by, yet, like all truly converted persons, he wanted the "gift of the Holy Ghost." We know by these signs that he was truly converted. He trampled every objection which Roman pride might suggest beneath his feet, and, heeding the voice divine, sent for Peter, the great holiness evangelist of that day. When Peter came he was anxiously awaiting him, and voiced the fulness of the consecration of himself and company in the following words: "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Peter at once began to declare his message, and in the midst of it, "while Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God."

The experience of Cornelius shows clearly —

That a man may be soundly converted and yet not have “received the Holy Ghost.”

That this is a gift to be received, and not a state to be grown into.

That when the conditions are met the Spirit consciously comes.

That God uses human agencies to aid in leading His people into this experience.

That God gives the Spirit to them who obey Him.

That special meetings for the express purpose of leading believers to “receive the Holy Spirit” were sanctioned by Peter, and have the endorsement of the Holy Ghost.

That conversion and “receiving the Holy Ghost” are not the same.

That receiving the Holy Ghost and the obtaining of heart purity are identical; for when Peter reported this meeting to the apostles he said, “And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us, . . . purifying their hearts by faith” (Acts 15 : 8, 9).

### *The Ephesian Converts.*

“And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus : and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John’s baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him

which should come after him, that is on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve."

These converts were "disciples." Like many to-day, they were truly converted, but had not received the Holy Ghost. They evidently were completely consecrated and walking in the light. It is not probable that they had bad practices to abandon, nor godless associations to struggle over giving up, nor any disposition to hesitate over such trifles. Therefore, as soon as their privilege was presented, they immediately "received the enduement from on high," and went forth rejoicing in the full favor of Him who "satisfieth the longing soul."

*Extract from Experience of Rev. G. D. Watson.*

After my wife had retired, I prayed for an hour, as was my custom. I would wait until all had retired, and then weep and pray. Perhaps the next day I would get mad, and my wife would say, "I am ashamed of you. I am afraid you have not a bit of religion, and you preaching as you do." I felt ashamed, and yet I would sometimes defend myself, and then get away and pray and cry over it. You know all about it—one half of your nature wanting God and the other not wanting Him.

When these holiness folks came, I was teachable. So that Friday night I lay on the edge of my bed, with my hand under my cheek and my face toward the door,

so as not to disturb anyone. Then the Lord began to talk to me. "Will you do all for my glory?" — "Yes, Lord." — "Will you give me your right hand?" — (I had always had a knack for writing.) — "Yes, Lord. I will write on holiness." — "Will you let me make you a target for Indianapolis?" — "Yes, Lord." — (And He did.) — "Suppose your wife will not believe and accept it, will you receive it?" — "Yes, Lord." — "Will you consent for me to make your family sick — your wife sick?" — "Yes, Lord; give me the blessing." — "Will you let me take your health in my hand — give you bronchitis or consumption?" — "Yes, Lord." — "Any time I send for you, will you come?" — "Yes, Lord. Any time you want me to die, I will consent to go." — "Will you consent to leave those large appointments you have been having? Will you consent to take a poor appointment for me?" — "Yes, Lord. I will take the poorest appointment in Indiana if it is Thy will." — (I'll tell you there are some poor ones in Indiana.) — "Suppose your wife should grieve over it?" — "Well, she must grieve it out." — "Suppose I want you to go and preach among the Freedmen, will you go?" — I said, "Yes, Lord, if it is Thy will, I will go South and preach among the Freedmen, and live on corn bread and fried meat." — (I want you to understand I have never taken back any of that consecration. I would go to-morrow and fill that bill.) — "Will you give up your tobacco, that your body may be my clean temple?" — (I had tried several times to give it up, but would go back to it again.) — I said, "Yes, Lord, I will give it up. I will do anything. Give me the blessing."

I do not suppose He will bring all these tests to pass,

but He made me willing. When I got all through I dropped to sleep. I do not know how it was, but when I waked up next morning I found the appetite for tobacco was gone.

I went to the funeral of a child. The Lord helped me to talk. The mother of the child knew the difference. She said, "I never heard you talk that way in my life."

I went back to the holiness meeting. They were giving a Bible reading. You see the Lord knew just how to deal with me. He arranged that meeting just at the right time. Well, I went into the meeting and said, "I am going to tell you something I have never told you before. I have given up all, and I do not know what to do but to believe. I am wholly consecrated, and I say I am cleansed because God says it." There was a sermon on holiness Sunday morning, by Dr. Pearne. I enjoyed it. Another in the evening, and I enjoyed that. Monday noon I went into my study and began reading the Scriptures; began with the first chapter of First Peter: "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, . . . elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit." I stopped. "There," said I, "that is sanctification." "Whom having not seen, ye love. ("I do love Thee, and I know Thou lovest me.") In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." As I uttered these words, God let loose such a Niagara of salvation in my soul that I felt I was about to burst. I walked back and forth shouting, "Glory to God!" Something in here seemed to say, "This is the Spirit." It seemed I could

see the bottom of my heart, and all the bad was gone. A sister came in and said, "You have got it." She said, "The angels are here." I replied, "I don't care for your angels; Jesus is here."

The next Sunday I preached on holiness. They said, "We have a new preacher." Two hundred souls were converted.

### *Through Faith.*

The following, from the experience of a faithful minister, Rev. John C. Beach, has been given at my request.

"I entered into the experience of heart purity at the Eaton Rapids Camp Ground, July, 1886. I told my experience, and on my return home preached upon the theme. The Bible seemed filled with holiness as never before. When the Whitelake Grove Meeting was announced, I rejoiced in the prospect of attending with some of my church, and was not disappointed, for God blessed us most wondrously. Some of our number entered into the new life. I was greatly strengthened in telling others what God had done for me, and in leading others to accept Jesus as a present Saviour from all sin. The consciousness of the abiding presence of Jesus in my heart to cleanse from sin and set apart and fill with the Holy Spirit, is the most precious experience of my life. I used to think this experience of perfect love was not a special work, done at a definite time, but that I should grow into it. But, whether right or wrong in my theory, I did not have the conscious freedom from the 'law of sin which was in my members' till, through faith, I reckoned myself 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' It does not take God ten years nor



ten months nor ten days to do a work of grace in the heart, when by faith we ask Him to do it; so I found Him able to take the roots of sin out of my heart, and to keep me from falling, as I trust Him."

The above forcibly illustrates —

That "receiving the Holy Spirit" is an instantaneous experience.

That it gives clearer spiritual vision, so that the "Bible seems filled with holiness as never before."

That a profession of it imparts strength.

That it leads to the salvation of others.

That it is an intensely conscious experience.

That to cease believing is to cease receiving.

That expecting the blessing at an indefinite time brings an indefinite experience.

#### *Experience of a Layman.*

"I attended the grove meetings only evenings, with one exception, up to and including Friday evening during the first week, with little or no unusual feeling of the religious responsibility resting upon me than I had had for years, although feeling and knowing that there was something higher and holier for Christians to enjoy than I enjoyed, or the great mass of Christians did enjoy. On Friday afternoon, Aug. 6., through the leadings of the Holy Ghost, our presiding elder, whom we all knew, and only knew him to love him for his sweet Christian manner and kind words, had had a wonderful struggle, on account of, as he termed it, his leanness and want of entire purity of heart. Providentially or otherwise, he remained over night at my

house, as also did another minister who enjoyed this great blessing of full salvation. My curiosity induced me to ask him (against the protests of my good wife) to tell me his experience, as he had during the afternoon come into the full enjoyment of this simple but wonderful blessing, and I desired to obtain this higher state of Christian experience. He readily assented, and it is needless to say his experience was listened to with the greatest interest, and upon my part, anxiety. We were nearing the small hours of the night when he was through. He then added, 'Now, Bro. B—, you may as well settle this matter here and now as to wait.' And suiting the action to the word, he said to the minister present, 'Bro. B—, you pray, and Sister B—, you follow, and you (meaning myself) follow Sister B—,' and intimating that he would close. I have been a member of the church thirty-five years, and I thought I was a Christian, and now believe I was sincere. I have faced batteries and shot and shell, but I think I never was quite so upset as upon this occasion, I am ashamed to say; but the programme was fully carried out, with one exception (that of myself), although I made the attempt. But oh, how hollow and barren I felt! I tried to trust the Lord, but the heavens seemed like brass over me. We retired immediately after rising from our knees, with simply a good-night. I tried to pray after I retired, and the night passed away with intervals of sleep and wakefulness and prayer. The morning dawned, and I cannot better express myself than I did to Bro. B—, as we met in the morning:— I felt as I imagine a man would climbing a high mountain in the forest and in the dark-

ness, but as day began to approach, he could see the rays of the morning sun peering and streaking through the trees, over the mountain-top. I felt like saying, 'Praise the Lord!' but still I had not reached the point I desired. I went to a neighboring town on business. After transacting the business in hand, I could not remain. I was uneasy, but could not return by railroad till a quarter past eight in the evening. I hired a team, and returned to the grove meeting in time for the afternoon service, praying in my heart that I might come fully into God's favor, that I might be cleansed from all inbred sin. When the invitation was given for seekers of full salvation to bow at the anxious seat, I obeyed, and deliberately, with my wife, bowed at the mourners' bench, and there, to the best of my poor abilities, consecrated myself fully to the Lord. I believed, I trusted His promises, and such a blessing as I received none but those who have experienced it know. I could only say, 'There is no doubt about it now, praise the Lord!'

"But, as usual, the tempter was busy. The following morning, while lighting the fire, a feeling of ugliness came over me. The tempter said, 'You made a fool of yourself yesterday at the grove meeting. What a fool you have been!' I retired to my room, and talked it all over with the Lord, and He taught me that it was a trick of the evil one; and I was enabled to rejoice in the God of my salvation. From that moment until the present I have not had a doubt, but I have enjoyed a peace, a joy, and sweet rest, that none but those who have experienced the same can realize.

"Dear reader, it is for you. Christ says, 'Seek, and

ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Oh, if I had only enjoyed this wonderful blessing years ago, how much more good I might have done, how much better a husband and father I might have been !"

---

The above experience is given in the brother's own language. Were his name given, many would recognize it. The following facts in his experience are worthy of especial thought.

1. Though thirty-five years a Christian, all along he had felt that he was living beneath his privilege, with a "higher and holier state within his reach." How many have passed through or are in a similar experience? May all such resolve to go up at once and possess the goodly land!

2. He was brought directly to the point by his friend's appeal, "You may as well settle the matter here and now as to wait." May every reader who has not "received the Holy Ghost" listen to this advice, which is God's own truth, and receive Him now!

3. He had "faced batteries and shot and shell, but was never so upset" as then. Whenever a person seeks this earnestly, Satan is alarmed, for he knows that it means ruin to his kingdom; and so he always marshals against such all the enginery of hell, compared with which, the shot and shell of human implements of war are as grains of sand.

4. The reception of the blessing was preceded by a night passed "with intervals of sleep and wakefulness and prayer." This is frequently true, though not necessarily so. The soul must reach a point where it cares more for this than for sleep or food or aught else.

5. It was a conscious experience. He could exclaim, "There is no doubt about it now!" God's presence is felt; and when one feels it, he knows it, whether a philosopher or a little child.

6. It was a refining experience. He burst out with, "Praise the Lord!" One of the marvellously mysterious actions of the Holy Spirit is that He will take a soul that is out of all harmony and tune it to vibrate in unison with the harmonies of the heavens, so that in multitudes of instances that song-prayer, —

"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,"

has found fruitful answer.

7. The Spirit's baptism was followed by a fierce assault of Satan. It was so with the apostles. Pentecost was followed by bitter persecutions, fierce assaults from Satan and his servants. "Receiving the Holy Spirit simply prepares for temptation, but does not exempt from it." Reader, what it did for this brother it will do for you.

#### *Experience of a Minister's Wife.*

She was well known to the writer. Her father was formerly his pastor and helped him into the ministry. Her husband is a warm personal friend. She wrote her experience at my request. Referring to the work of the Holy Spirit within, she wrote:—

"I have not until very lately known much about it, and from what I did know had become very strongly prejudiced against it. I found myself at the White-lake Grove Meeting with my mind so full of this

feeling that the very thought of kneeling at the altar and seeking for this grace roused within me the most intense feelings of antipathy to the whole plan. Every fibre of my being rebelled against it. But when I heard the doctrine set forth by those who knew what it was by experience, I could see nothing in it that ought to so terrify me; but, on the other hand, it seemed to be the gateway to just such a life as I longed to live, — such a life as would make me useful in the vineyard. I felt that I must have the experience, whatever I thought of the doctrine, and sought it, but with very indifferent success. A little light came before I left the grounds; all that I would let in. But after returning home I made a complete consecration, and found a quiet peace and rest for a day or so, and freedom from the old-time impatience. But Satan would not let me off so easy, and I questioned my experience and studied the doctrine and my feelings until the joy was gone and misery and doubt returned. A few days, and I was satisfied with that kind of experience; but then I feared God would never hear me again, because of sin against so great light; but He did, and I reconsecrated myself and could feel again the warmth of His presence. I have learned a little of what it means to sing, —

“O glorious Fountain,  
Here will I stay,  
And in Thee ever  
Wash all my sins away!”

It means something to stay there as well as to go there.

“I find this new life, in so far as I have gone, satisfactory beyond all previous experience, though I am fully aware that I am as yet only at the portal.”

The above experience is written by one who has been highly favored in both educational and religious privileges. Her testimony is therefore a forceful illustration of the facts —

(1) That great opportunity does not insure “receiving the Holy Ghost.”

Only “they that do the will” have the promise of knowing the doctrine.

(2) That prejudice debars from privilege.

How many, under the influence of prejudices, like this person, have felt “every fibre of their being” rebel against meeting the conditions upon which rests this baptism from above! Thank God, Jesus can melt it all away.

(3) Prejudice disappears on the reception of divine truth.

In a short time she could say, “It seemed to be the gateway to just such a life as I longed to live.” Such will be the decision of every one who will receive the truth as written in the Word and experienced in the lives of those who gain and retain this baptism from above.

(4) This Fire may be lost by analyzing doctrine and depending on feelings instead of obediently looking to Jesus.

Many like her, on this account, have been compelled to say, “The joy was gone, and misery and doubt returned.” To such the Word prescribes the unfailing counsel, “As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.”

(5) Though lost, it may be regained.

It comes upon the meeting of the fixed conditions of obedience and trust, departs upon the violation of those

conditions, but comes again if they be met. If they be constantly met, it will continually abide. If ever it is lost, let no one rest until, like the one in this experience, they can "feel again the warmth of His presence."

(6) "It means something to stay as well as to go" to the Fountain.

To go may be the act of a moment: to stay is the act of a lifetime. Praise God, all who will stay will find this "new life satisfactory beyond all former experience."

### *The Secret Revealed.*

We have permission to print the following instructive extract from a letter of Mrs. Rev. J. C. Floyd to Mrs. Rev. W. Taylor. Among other things she mentioned the following:—

"After I went to the altar that one time, the year when you knelt by me and wished to help me, I resolved not to go any more. I was almost desperate. Such a despair of ever receiving the blessing settled upon me, and my heart was so bitter and sad, that I did not know what to do or where to go. I wanted to talk with you all through the meeting, and yet no favorable opportunity presented itself; and then my case seemed so hopeless at times that it seemed useless to talk with anyone. Sometimes I thought I should go insane, and scarcely cared if I did. Monday was a fearful day. I'll never forget it. When I went to bid you and Bro. Taylor good-by, how my heart did ache for help I felt sure you could give me! It was as if you were in possession of a secret that would make a way of escape for me and yet I had no way of getting it from you. But Jesus had the secret. He gave it to me. It set me free. Praise His name!



“A number of the dear faithful workers stayed with me at the altar till midnight that evening. Never did human sympathy seem so precious to me. How I bless them in my heart for their prayers, instructions, and words of sympathy! I felt so sorry to keep them up when they needed rest. I told them not to do it, to go and leave me and get to rest, but I must stay. But they would not go, and may the Lord reward them for their self-sacrifice.

“I was fully determined I would have an evidence. The simple way of trust I avoided. I had set my heart on some demonstration of the Spirit I could call an evidence. Finally I was led to see that I could not have this evidence until I trusted, and that all my wrestling was vain till I surrendered that item of will, and, ‘evidence or no evidence,’ ‘feeling or no feeling,’ launched out on God’s own Word, and believed that the altar does sanctify the gift. So I did it and gave up the struggle. Next morning I awoke with something saying in my heart, ‘Tis done.’ Instantly it was contradicted by another, ‘No, it is not; you have no evidence that it is; wait and find out.’ ‘No,’ I answered, ‘I’ll not wait; I’ve settled it forever. It is done and I’m bound to believe it.’ But that doubting voice would speak every now and then, and for an instant darkness would follow; and yet grace helped me to affirm, ‘It makes no difference how dark it gets, I’m going to persist in believing it is done and I’m going to say so.’ Then the song of peace in my heart would sound a little louder, a little clearer. But it was such a little weak song, yet so precious! I had a chance to say so in a few minutes. A sister said, ‘Is it all right?’

I said, 'Yes,' with an assurance that surprised me. In the love feast I said so again. My trust, unlike any previous trust, takes care of itself. I do not feel obliged to worry about it. I'm tempted to sometimes, but I know it to be temptation. The world has a new look to me and I have quietness and sweetness of spirit. An old trial or two, that ever and anon filled my heart with bitterness and subjected me to special temptation, are as if they had never been. They have ceased to canker.

"I have not had the particular evidence I coveted, but my faith takes on the form of assurance. A feeling of thankfulness comes to my heart every time I hear this much-discussed, much-read-about subject mentioned, that for me it is, at last, a settled question. I find it so restful. Sometimes I cannot say I 'feel the cleansing blood applied,' but I do 'confide' in it all the time.

"Thanks be to 'grace divine, so wonderful.' . . . I just want to add that Bro. Taylor, saying that sometimes he had been obliged to just cling right on to God by naked faith, has helped me much. So does the experience of one help another when we know it not. The words, 'By naked faith,' and, 'Feeling or no feeling,' are among my watch-words."

---

Among the many lessons to be learned from the above are the following :—

Jesus can help when all others fail.

Conviction for it precedes "receiving the Holy Ghost."

Soul rest comes through believing the Word and honoring it above all other evidence.

Tears, wrestling, and agony cannot be substituted for complete submission and trust.

The assurance that the work is wrought often comes in a different way from what we expect.

The exercise of faith in the promises which offer the victory must be persisted in, regardless of feeling, until it becomes a fixed habit.

The public acknowledgment of the grace received strengthens self and is a blessing to others.

### *Fully Saved.*

A few years since, I visited a lady member of my church, who was sick. She was not regarded by herself or by her physician as critically ill. She said to me, "I have been long a member of the church, but I am not converted. I want to be saved." I pointed her to Jesus, explained the way to salvation, and prayed with her. When I returned to see her a few days later, I found her very happy in the consciousness of sins forgiven, and in a clear acceptance with God. Day by day she grew worse physically, but continued happy spiritually. About the third week after I began to visit her, as I entered her room one morning, I noticed a shadow over her countenance, and that her usual gladness was wanting, when she said to me, with tears in her eyes, "I know I have a new heart, and that God has accepted me, but I'm not satisfied. There is some ill will in my heart toward a neighbor, and impatience toward my husband and the children. This troubles me." I explained to her that the Holy Spirit was disclosing to her the sinful tendencies of her heart, and that, as God had given her a new heart, He would also give her a *clean* heart, if she would seek it and trust the Word of Jesus for it, as she had believed

on Him for pardoning grace. Oh, the eagerness with which she listened to this gospel of full salvation! I returned to see her the day following. So soon as I entered the room, she exclaimed, "Oh, Jesus has cleansed my heart; it is all love now!" Her ecstasy was boundless. She was *fully* saved. In this holy frame of soul she continued almost a week, when the Master came for her. As I held her hand, chilling in death, she said, "I did not think when you first came I was going to die; but Jesus has converted me and cleansed me, and now I am going home." About midnight she entered the heavenly rest. Here was a soul who, in the brief period of four weeks, found pardon, full salvation, and eternal redemption in heaven. — REV. S. A. KEEN, in *The Way of Faith*.

***"Promised to Keep those Rules."***

The following very suggestive experience was related by a Methodist Episcopal minister:—

"Not quite three years ago I was soundly converted to God. The evidence was clear, bright, and strong, and I have never doubted my acceptance since. About four weeks after my conversion I felt the uprisings of inbred sin, and became very much alarmed, and not a little perplexed, not knowing how to account for the presence of anger, pride, malice, and envy, now that I was a Christian. I took the matter to God in earnest prayer, and after an experience of about seven months, I was enabled to reckon myself 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' My experience, which had hitherto been rough and uneven, down in the valley one day and on the moun-

tain-top the next, became smooth and even; no great raptures of joy, but a deep peace took possession of my soul. I knew that Christ was all and in all.

“Now for the most trivial part of my experience, which took place at Whitehall Camp Meeting. When I left home, my precious mother, who of course is fond of her boy, seeing I had no watch-guard, gave me a neat mohair chain, mounted with gold. I hesitated for a moment, and then, thinking there could not possibly be any harm in that, I put it on and wore it. But I always felt a little bit ashamed when I caught a glimpse of it. When I got into a meeting I would button my coat up so that no one could see my chain. Things went on at this rate until I arrived at Whitehall. When I got into my room at night I took my chain off and threw it into my satchel, having made up my mind not to have my peace disturbed, even by a little thing. Now for the buttons. One day, while Rev. J. A. Rawlinson was exhorting believers to put away everything that would prevent their receiving the Spirit, he touched the question of personal adornment, and mentioned gold cuff buttons among the number of useless ornaments that Christians wore. I don't know whether he was talking for my benefit or not; but when he said we ought at least to be consistent, and keep the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which forbade the wearing of gold, I said, ‘That settles it. I promised to keep those rules, and I am going to do it or leave the Church, even if people do think that I am growing fanatical.’ I quietly removed the gold, and must confess that God has blessed me in a truly wonderful manner for even this trivial act. I pray

that God will enable me to cast everything aside that would cast a shadow in my soul, or that would prove a barrier in the path of souls on their way to God and heaven."

---

The above experience illustrates clearly that —

(1) Clear evidence of conversion precedes the coming of the Holy Ghost.

He declared his evidence of conversion to have been "clear, bright, and strong," yet shortly was conscious of "uprisings of inbred sin." How like the experience of Isaiah before the "live coals" touched his lips, and like the disciples before the pentecostal fire!

(2) Perplexity should drive to prayer.

He was "perplexed," "took the matter to God in earnest prayer," and a "deep peace took possession of his soul." Had he have gone to books or friends, they might have said, "You're all right; all you need is to just keep on trying to grow"; and thus he might have gone on stumbling and perplexed through life, with the deadly leprosy of sin within, instead of having it cleansed away. Or perhaps the advice would have been, "Your troublous inbred sin is a part of your human nature, and Christ cannot cure it. All that you can do is to try your best to keep it down." And had he have listened to this, instead of keeping it down, it would have kept him down, and instead of being the victorious soul-winner that he is, he would have been a hampered, harassed hinderer of work divine. Or perhaps he would have imbibed the sulphurous notion, born in the pit, that "man needs indwelling corruption to keep him humble"; and then, reasoning that if that view be

true, then the more corruption a man has the more humble he will be, he might have become as sadly depraved as some who advocate that view. But instead, he went to God and His Word, and held the matter before Him, until the light broke, the Fire fell, and he was free.

(3) The Holy Spirit so prepares its possessor that as soon as duty is seen he gladly does it.

As soon as convinced that wearing gold, though in itself a trivial act, was a violation of his Church vows, and grieved the Spirit, he quickly laid it aside.

(4) None need wait long years after conversion before receiving the wondrous baptism.

Only "seven months," with none but God to teach him, and the mighty endowment was his. Only a few weeks since, I saw a lady deeply convicted and brightly converted one day, and the next day just as deeply convicted of inbred sin and as consciously possessed of the pearl of perfect love. In the warmth of such an experience as this brother enjoys, one from a full heart can say:—

"Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
Nor of burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes such burdens light appear."

*"I've Got It."*

But the time came when I felt something more was needed. I felt that there was something vastly higher, greater, richer, than anything that I then knew anything about. I felt this great need in my heart; and I went into a Methodist book store, and I said: "Give me 'Fletcher's Plain Account'; give me 'Carvosso'; give me 'Bramwell'; give me 'Lady Huntington'; give

me 'Madame Guyon' (a Roman Catholic, but one who had said, "I received it at noon-day, in my sitting-room, by faith" — without the aid of priest, bishop, or archbishop — "by faith"); give me 'Fenelon'" (the mightiest Catholic that ever lived, who lived so near God's throne that he shook Rome to the centre, and when he died the people kissed the very chairs in which he sat while living). With all these books under my arm I started home, and well I might. Then I read the books and I read God's Word, and I cried day and night that I might have the baptism of the Holy Ghost. But, as the children of Israel by their own unbelief were kept wandering about in the wilderness for forty years, when they might as well have gone into the promised land in as many days, so I was in the wilderness of doubt and uncertainty two long years without experiencing the fulness of God's love, whereas I ought not to have been without it that many hours. Why was this? Because I was unwilling to trust to Jesus — to look to Him without an "if." I was not ready to say: "I will have the blessing of a clean heart. I will have full salvation. God has promised it and it shall be mine." There was the trouble. Wesley says that a member of one of his congregations received this wonderful baptism of the Spirit within five hours after conversion. He says you may receive it right along with the pardon of your sins, if you will. I did not so receive it; and this night, before God and men, I bow my head in shame and confess to Him and to you that in my inmost soul I am sorry that I stayed away, distrusting Christ, but studying books, studying the Bible, and doing everything I could but the one thing



that would have brought the blessing to my poor heart.

But, thank God, the time came when I reached a point where I said, "Now I will enjoy this cleansing in the blood of the Lamb or die." I had become as desperate as some have been at this altar. I said, "Now I will lay the books all aside, and this one afternoon shall be all knee-work." I went into the mountain, where no voice could reach me and no eye could see me and no ear could hear me but God's, and I got down on my knees to pray, and pray as the fathers of Methodism used to pray, to struggle long and mightily with God for the blessing. I had made my mind up to pray that way, but I didn't do it; for I had not been but a little while on my knees before God flashed upon my mind and through every avenue of my soul the truth that there was a better way than long and hard struggling with God for His blessing upon a human soul. I got upon my knees, and first I had a talk with my knees themselves. I said to them, "Now you might as well come right down to it, for I am not going to get up until God gives the victory." I looked at my watch and said, "If I don't get the blessing before the academy bell rings I will stay here until morning."

Now, as sure as God is love, when Christians get desperately in earnest with God, something is going to happen, and that something is sure to be victory and cheer and blessing.

How long did I kneel? Thirty minutes, think you?—No.—Ten minutes?—Never.—Five minutes?—Not at all. No, thank God. I wanted to see how long it was before God heard and answered me; and out came my

watch at the end of three minutes and I jumped to my feet with a shout that must have made the birds in the tree-tops start from their nests in alarm: "Glory to God! I've got it! I've got it!" It has never left me for a moment. — THOMAS HARRISON, in "The Boy Preacher."

### *Hindrances to Receiving the Holy Spirit.*

Indefinite seeking.

The fallacy that it is only for a select few.

Holding on to something forbidden.

Many have confessed that they were led at this point to give up the lodge; others, tobacco and opium; others, worldly adornment — jewelry, and fashionable and costly attire; others, their reputation; others, an ambition for power and position for self; others, the good opinion of worldly people; and others, their own plans for life.

As Jacob had to yield Benjamin before he could get the corn, and as in yielding him he received the corn and found his long-lost Joseph, so the candidate for receiving the Holy Spirit must yield his Benjamin, whatever it is, and in doing so he will get both the blessing and the Blesser.

### *How to Retain the Holy Spirit.*

*Keep obedient.* At the Rapids Camp Meeting, Miss Isabella Leonard, evangelist, told of a Christian whom she knew who lived victorious and died triumphant. Soon after she "received the Holy Ghost," the question came to her, "Is that bonnet of yours such as a sanctified person should wear?" She said, "No," and soon adjusted it accordingly. Another

question was: "Does the wearing of that watch chain glorify me?" — "No," and that too was soon laid aside. To every question propounded by the Spirit and the Word, she yielded a ready assent, and soon, in this way, developed a strong, sweet, symmetrical, sanctified character.

*Definitely acknowledge your reception of Him, and what He does for you.* Thousands have fallen by disregarding this.

*Keep believing.* Yield and Trust are the two keys that open the door of the soul temple for the Holy Spirit to enter; and the same keys, and they are the only ones, will lock Him in. Don't lose them nor lay them aside for one moment.

IMPORTUNITY PREVAILS. — A woman came to one of our afternoon meetings and said: "I have, for a number of days, been seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but I sought all in vain. I arose at two o'clock this morning and remained on my knees, fasting and praying, until nearly time for the bell to ring. Well, He came, and I cannot express the joy His presence brings." Had she been enough in earnest to have fully yielded and believed, those days and hours of perplexity might instead have been those of complete victory.

EXPERIENCE OF STEPHEN. — Stephen was a layman. Satan failed signally to make him believe that the "gift of the Holy Ghost" was only for the ministry. He consecrated all, and asked for and received the Holy Spirit. Then, "full of faith and power," he did more in one short Bible reading than many ministers do in a lifetime. He was falsely accused and brought before

the council. As its members "looked steadfastly" upon him, his face shone with the glory which was shined within; and instead of defending himself, he took the opportunity to tell them of Jesus and warn them of their peril. God was so well pleased with this that He permitted the mad mob to break the cords that bound the martyr's exultant spirit to his body, and he was received at once to an appointment in the skies.

**The End.**

# A LETTER TO EACH WHO READS THIS BOOK.

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DEAR READER :

In Jesus' name, greeting. I am glad in this way to have made your acquaintance, and trust that you have been as richly blessed in reading the preceding pages as I was in preparing them. As I am at present unable to preach with my voice, I take this way to proclaim the gospel.

To help in this work, I wish to ask of you a favor, and trust that I may be able to grant you one in return. I design preparing, God willing, volume No. II. of "Revival Kindlings." I want a number of pointed and interesting incidents of the nature of these in this book, on the same subjects, and on others of revival interest, and would prefer those with which you are personally acquainted. They should not, unless of unusual interest, contain more than four hundred words. If you will send such, that we can use in either the *Revivalist* or the new book, we will mail it to you, when completed, for one-half of the retail price, plus postage. In this way you will help me in this blessed gospel work, and I will help you to the book, and also to preach with your pen after your voice on earth is hushed. Please send the incidents to me at Albion, Mich.

Yours in Jesus' perfect love,

M. W. KNAPP.

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—The book begins with a map, representing, by a beautiful object lesson, the whole subject. Egypt and Babylon are black, the Red Sea is red, the wilderness is slate color, Canaan is white, etc., etc. The way is traced in white for the direct march, in black for the wanderings. It is a strikingly suggestive map. The book contains fourteen chapters, and traces minutely the correspondencies between the movements and experiences of the Israelites and the believer. Egypt represents the kingdom of darkness; the Red Sea is conversion. Between the Red Sea and Kadesh Barnea, the period from conversion to the point of receiving entire sanctification, Kadesh Barnea is defeat. The wilderness represents backsliding. Jordan is entering the land of Canaan. Canaan is union with Christ; Babylon is the fallen state; *i. e.* fallen from spiritual Canaan. We do not hesitate to pronounce this book well adapted to the instruction of the people in Divine things. It can not help being useful.—*Christian Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness.*

—Its method of presentation is original. It is well written, and worthy of extensive circulation.—*Christian Standard and Home Journal.*

—The plan strikes me as original, the ideas Scriptural, the language pungent and yet sweet, the comparisons apt and numerous, while the whole is pervaded by an earnest evangelism. Blessings on the book and its devoted writer!—REV. J. W. RAWLINSON.

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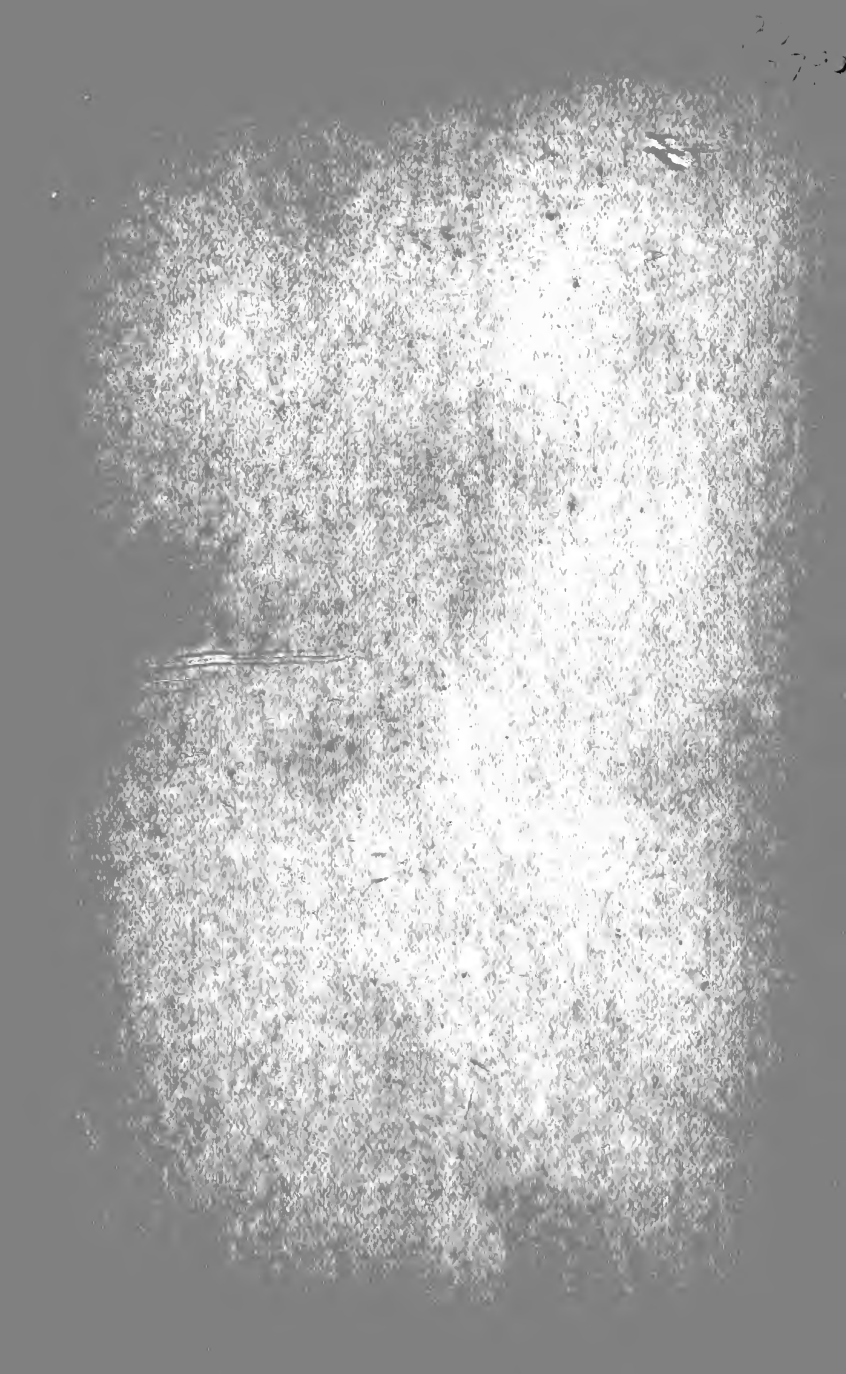
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