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STORIES WITH A MESSAGE

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Story 1

A TESTIMONY OF MEL TROTTER

Below is the testimony of Melvin E. (Mel) Trotter in his own words as he told it with thrilling effect on several occasions at Philadelphia, and at Wilmington, Delaware -- printed in a book copyrighted in 1909:

"Brother A_____ likes to have me with him; I believe he loves me -- I know he does -- but he sort of takes me around as a kind of 'horrible example,' a 'Before' and 'After' taking advertisement. Did you ever see one of them? you know -- a lean man up one side, and a big, fat, prosperous -- looking one up the other side: 'Before' and 'After.' I'm 'After' -- after the Lord Jesus Christ found me. He found me in Chicago one night nine years ago and more, and he saved me.

"I started out in life with as good a chance as any one you can find. My father would have let me go to school, but of course, I did not need it. I knew so much more than the old man, so I did not get any schooling. I went out into the world and learned the barber trade; and at the age of sixteen I was drawing a man's salary. That's a bad thing for a boy. I was able to indulge in many things that did me harm.

"I got to know a great deal about four-legged Trotters. I was always stuck on the finest horses; and I was a good fellow. And I kept on drinking, and the first thing I knew I couldn't stop. The friends I had found that when they needed me the most I was not there; and they cut me out, and bye and bye I got down to drinking sheenies, three for five.

"And I couldn't help it. I tried to break away and get into the country. A man named Cook gave me a splendid big black horse, one of the best horses I ever drove, and I got a buggy and a job in the country. I moved out into the country, and made a lot of money. My wife would go with me to keep me sober, and I would stay sober awhile, and how I wanted to stay sober, and I'd say, 'I'll never take another drink as long as I live.'

Eleven Miles For Drink

"One night I went to put my horse in a barn after a long drive, and took my wife to the house. It was snowing, and one of the coldest days in Iowa. All of a sudden the devil seemed to get

hold of me. I had driven my horse nearly as fast as he would go; but I started him out again, and drove eleven miles and came back home with eleven big drinks inside of me, and three big quarts of whiskey in my buggy, and my wife was heartbroken. She looked into my face, and she said, 'I didn't know where you had gone, but if I could have walked through this awful storm I would have come to look for you.' I did not want to do that! I would have given my life if I could have stayed sober, but it wasn't in me.

"Another night I went on a drunk after I had been sober eleven weeks and three days, with a suspended sentence hanging over me. I went out into the country, and I was having a good time, and I drove up to a saloon, put my horse in the shed, and said, 'There's the old horse out there in the buggy; I want to give everybody something to drink, and just keep right on paying until the horse is drunk up.' I was just simply imbecile; there was nothing else to it. And I tried my level best. I do not look like a man that goes down easy, but I just could not stop it. I went on worse and worse and finally I got back to the city again; and the drunks got oftener and oftener, and they'd get a little bit longer.

"I tried for six years to quit. There is no fun in that. Every time I would fall after promising my wife and my boy and myself that I would never take it again. Then when I would fall I would be just that much lower in my own estimation; I would hate myself. Finally when I would get drunk I would not go home. I got to staying away on a week's drunk, three or four days at first, and then gradually longer and longer. I would commit burglary in order to satisfy the awful craving for drink.

Gold Cure Useless

"They were trying to turn me off the whiskey, but they did not give me any remedy. You cannot tie a big fellow like me with a bit of ribbon. It needs something more than that. They tried the gold cure; and they gave me a hypodermic syringe and three bottles of medicine; but I sold the whole outfit in fifteen minutes for three drinks of whiskey. And I want to tell you they couldn't hold me with that thing. I needed Jesus in my heart before the old things could pass away and all things become new. That is my favorite verse in the Bible -- II Cor. 5:17 -- 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.' Present tense -- you do not have to wait till you get to heaven before all this happens. The 'old things' -- the old appetites, the old desires are passed away. Where are they? You can search me; I do not know.

"God gave us only one baby, and when the little fellow was two years and a month old I went to our little home one day -- it had almost ceased to be a home -- I went home after a ten days' drunk, and found him dead in his mother's arms. I will never forget that day. I was simply a slave, and I knew it. It pretty nearly broke my heart. I said, 'I am a murderer. I am anything but a man; and I cannot stand it, and I won't stand it, and I will just end my life.' But I did not have courage enough. At my mother's knee I had been taught to say, 'Now I lay me,' and I knew there was a God; I did not dare face him; I couldn't stand suicide.

"Mrs. Trotter was alone with the little body when she laid it down, dead; and she turned away to God, and said, 'Father, I have had my thoughts on my baby more than on you, and now I

want to turn away to you. You are all I have left.' Mrs. Trotter had never been away from our baby one hour from the time he was born till the time he died in her arms. She had a drunken husband, and her only joy and hope was in her baby, and, oh, how she cared for him! And she turned around from the dead child and she said, 'Lord, I am going to serve you, to help others in trouble. I have my husband' -- and she began to pray for me. That's a thing that counts; when a wife gets hold of God without letting go there's something going to happen.

Almost Drunk at The Funeral

"She led me into the little room and closed the door upon the three of us; and over the body of our dead baby, lying in the little white casket, she made me promise that I would not take another drop. I made the promise, put my arms about her, and told her I'd never touch liquor again as long as I lived, and the funeral was not over two hours before I staggered home so drunk I could not see. You know I could not help that. The devil had got hold of me.

"I went away from home, left my wife to get along as best she could; and I went clean down into the gutter. I went on down in sin till I was a hopeless, homeless drunkard. I was so far down that I had to reach up to touch bottom; and one night I made up my mind I could not stand it any longer. It looked as if there was no other way for me but to take my own life in the lake, along what they called the 'Viaduct Route,' where the railroad was reclaiming some land; and where all the suicides went over.

"Going down East Van Buren Street I went past a place; and I heard them singing inside, 'Throw Out the Life-line Across the Dark Wave.' I stopped just a little, and a man outside boosted me in. He said, 'Come on in, Fatty; just the place for you,' and in I went.

"Well, bless your hearts, it proved to be the old Pacific Garden Mission. That's the place in Chicago where an old bum is always welcome, where they will give him just as good a seat as they will when you've got your Prince Albert coat on, and where they will take just as good care of you as any place in all the world. I got a good seat, and I heard them singing.

"I went to sleep during the preaching, but I woke up when the testimonies started; and I heard the most marvelous stories I ever heard in my life. Why, men and women, I tell you that those boys in there were like these men here; they had found a new joy; they had been saved by the saving grace of God, some of them a week, some two weeks, some six months, some ten years, and there they were just filled with the Spirit instead of filled with sin and wickedness. And Harry Monroe got up and told how Jesus had come into his life and saved him. He said, 'Listen, fellows, God loves you,' and he pointed his finger straight at me, and God was in the whole business.

"Mr. Monroe gave an invitation, and I was the first man to raise my hand for prayer. I gripped my old cap and started down the aisle; and knocked over all the chairs in my way. Mr. Monroe got off the platform and helped me down front; we knelt down there, and he told me to pray the publican's prayer. Well, I did not know anything about it, but just what he told me to do I did. I heard the story that Jesus loved me, and that if I confessed my sin he was faithful and just to forgive my sin, and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness. The verse he stood me on that night

was 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out'; and all of a sudden I remembered, so many times I had heard the story of the Cross, how Jesus went all the way to Calvary, and

"None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,'

and I saw Jesus, bearing his cross, men spitting at him and crowning him with thorns, all for my sin. I saw him starting up that awful steep hill with his cross, and falling under it. I got a glimpse of my Lord that I have never lost for an instant from that moment until this.

Was a Tobacco Fiend, Too

"I did not have any money, and not much more clothes. I had a lovely overcoat, though. It was a bargain. I didn't stop to get measured for it. I bought it in a hurry. You know I wanted to catch a train; and I just picked out the biggest coat I could see; a friend of mine went back and paid for it. If you had taken the overcoat away from me I would not have had clothes enough to pad a crutch. I do not believe I could have stopped a bread wagon on a bet. I was just as much a fiend for tobacco as I was for whiskey; and I didn't have the money to buy the one, so I had my right hand pocket filled with 'wet ones,' and my left hand pocket filled with 'dry ones.'

"A godly fellow took me to his home that night; my own brother Will. I want to tell you there were three of us boys, and all three of us tended bar, for my own father. My father was a drunkard, and my brothers and I were drunkards. But tonight brother George has a lovely Mission in Saginaw, Michigan; brother Will has a large Mission in Los Angeles, California; and I have one in Grand Rapids, Michigan. My old mother is not known outside of the little town in which she lives in Illinois. She is a very quiet woman; if you would ask her to stand up here she couldn't do it; she has never seen a crowd like this. She's just a dear old home body, but she has seven children, and every one of them loves Jesus.

"Well I cleaned up that night. I just cleaned those dirty old things out of my pockets and started out right. Will stood and watched me, with the tears streaming down his face. He knew if I was ever going to get anywhere I would have to get away from that. I want to tell you right now there is just one thing I have never seen -- and Mrs. Clark and Harry Monroe told me they had never seen -- I never saw one man who had been saved from drinking and kept his tobacco that did not go back again. If I had stuck to that thing, I do not believe I could have been here tonight, standing before you; but God gave me the Holy Spirit in place of it; and I do not want it, and I have been able to go out and tell the story of my salvation.

"The next day I went to work. My brother bought me a coat, and put me to work at a barber shop; and I have never cost a man a dollar from that day to this. We had a compact little room; it was front parlor, back parlor, kitchen, pantry, bedroom and automobile shed all rolled into one room, and that was the best place I had ever been in, for Jesus was there. I set up the family altar, with a little bit of a Testament that cost two and a half cents. And I started to read. I did not know much where to read, but I said, 'I will start at the beginning; most books start there anyhow.'

"So I started off in the first chapter of Matthew; and the names got me up a tree before I got through the second verse. I got over into the second chapter, and began to read things. Then I would get down on my knees, and in the best way I knew how I would commit my way to the Lord; did not have any better sense than just expect him to lead me, and I would just place my hands in his, and ask him to keep us.

Memorized Scripture

"Presently I got to reading the little Testament on the car. I was not long on newspapers. Well, you could not ride on a car seven miles from town, and let a lot of women stand up while you sat down and read a Testament. Well, I tried reading standing up, so I started to get a verse and to commit it to memory every day. The first year after I was saved I had 365 verses in my head, and, what is better, in my heart.

"I made \$4.20 the first week after Jesus saved me; and my wife and myself lived on it and paid 60 cents car fares and a dollar a week rent, and never went back [into debt]. I tell you right now we have been mighty badly bent, but we never went in debt and God took care of us. My wife never complained, although she came out of a splendid home. She said, 'I would rather live in one room and have my old man sober than live in a palace with a drunkard.' But I have paid \$1,800 worth of debts since Jesus saved me, and it has been a pretty hard grind, too. I have just gone on, trusting him day by day, and made today count for God. I commit my way unto him every day before I talk to men. We just start the day together. I do not know very much about it, but I know this, that I was a poor old hopeless drunkard and Jesus saved me, and he keeps me all the way.

"My heart goes out to the drunkards; and I pity the poor girl on the streets. I pity her so that we have a home to take her to -- not a Rescue Home that some one has paid for, but our own little home in Grand Rapids, and the door is always open to poor girls that want to live the Christian life. Sometimes we have no spare room, or we do not have the money, but Mrs. Trotter always says, 'Do not turn one of them away.'

What is the reason for their being down in that life? Because some miserable scoundrel put them there. For every poor woman that has gone down into sin there is some man as black as Satan back of it. In the United States today [about 1909] there are 30,000 women who are really outcasts. Their average life is five years, so that 6,000 die every year, and 72 daughters go out of the homes of the United States every day of the year to fill up their awful ranks.

"Men, can you look me in the face and tell me that a woman that goes down into sin is any worse than you are. Some of these days you men that have a lovely home, and a good reputation in your neighborhood, and yet sin will meet judgment.

Just "Let God Move In"

"I went to work to find the old drunkards; and God has been giving me drunkards ever since. I have gone out in the power of the Spirit of God, depending upon him to do it. We find some cases that will just almost break our hearts. Nearly every scene that we see in our rescue work is a dark one. We get them when everybody else has done with them. But I am glad I am in it.

It is the nicest work in the world. There is absolutely no worry. We just move out and let God move in. And I say to you my work is a pleasure all the way through, and if I had a thousand lives I would like to live them all for Him. By the help and grace of God I am determined to use the one I have for him. It is not much I can do, but I tell you it is a good deal He can do.

"I have only got one text, and that is, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can cleanse from all sin, and that takes in everything. I have just one remedy. I do not have to do like physicians do -- go in and diagnose a case. I know that sin will cover it every time, and I know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. When they begin to tell me their story I say, 'You just wait for my story before you begin to tell me -- hold on just a minute -- the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, will cleanse you from all your sin, and everything else will take care of itself.' 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

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Story 2

THE CASTING OUT OF THE WRONG "OLD MAN"

Melvin E. ("Mel") Trotter was once a drunkard, but he was saved in the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago when on the point of committing suicide. Later, he had the largest rescue mission in the world in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Here is an interesting and instructive story that he related:

Old Man Wiseman

"There was an old fellow who hung around our Mission called 'Wiseman.' This old fellow would come in, and he was a splendid old fellow to cry -- oh, how he could cry! He could cry to order at a moment's notice. He would come in and try to tell me how sorry he was about it, and he'd say, 'Oh, Brother Trotter, I want you to pray for me.' And then he'd say, 'I'll never touch it again, Brother Trotter -- never as long as I live -- and I'm going to love Jesus, and, oh, how I love you! Give me a quarter.' And he would get his quarter, and out he'd go; and I would say to myself, 'Well, I'll believe that as long as there's life there's hope.'"

"In about three days in he would come again with the same cry, and the same dirt -- only a little more of it -- and he would tell me the same old story. I would say, 'What do you want, Wiseman?' And he would say 'I want you to pray for me, Brother Trotter. I want to be right with God.' And I'd pray for him the best I knew how, and point him to Jesus, and he would tell me how much he loved me, and 'Now gi'me a quarter, Brother Trotter, and I'll be all right'.

"He would be prayed with, and every time I would say to him, 'You have got to get away from this thing -- quit sin right here.' And he would get right up from his knees and say, 'Oh, Brother Trotter, I'm all right now, and, oh, it is so glorious.' And he would weep and weep, and oh, what a weeper he was! He just had tears to burn.

"I was writing my annual report of the year's work one morning, and was getting along nicely with it. But I'm not much of an artist with the pen, and I wanted to be quiet and not be

interrupted with people coming into my office all day, so I said to my assistant, 'Mr. Bush, don't open that front door. I want to be left alone; I don't want anybody bothering me while I am at work on this report.'

"My assistant went across to the Eagle Hotel to get a pitcher of lemonade, and while he was away there came a rap at my office door. I didn't pay any attention to it. I thought to myself, 'Wonder who that can be who wants to interrupt me now?' But when a second rap came I got up and opened the door sharply, and -- there was my friend Wiseman quite drunk.

"I said, 'What do you want?' 'Oh, Brother Trotter.'

"I said, 'Don't "brother" me now! What do you want?' And he started to cry. I said, 'Now, you get out o' here sharp!'

"My room is just a hundred feet long. I got hold of him by the coat collar and started him on a run for the door, and the farther we went the faster we got -- I tell you we traveled -- and when we got to the door, I just gave him a shove and helped him along a little in the good old-fashioned way, and he went all in a heap in the street.

"I said 'There! serves you right,' and I said to myself, 'I've been fooled long enough. That fellow's been hanging round this Mission till he's disgraced it, and the quicker we get rid of him the better.' I was all out of breath; you know I'm pretty fat to run a dash.

"I went back to the office to get my breath, and to pray. I went to get down on one knee. You know that one-knee praying doesn't get very far -- you only get half a blessing on one knee -- guess you've tried it some of you.

"I said, 'I'll just have a little word of prayer, and ask the Lord to help me finish up that writing, because it's late, and I've been wasting time.' I got down on one knee and said, 'Now, Lord, help me to finish this writing, because I've been interrupted by that old fellow, but I'm glad I did the right thing to him, Lord. I did just the right thing. And I want you to help me. And I did just the right thing to that old Wiseman.'

"I got back to my desk, and I said, 'Now where did I leave off? That doesn't sound very good; did I ever write that?' And I took my morning's work and crumpled it all up, and said, 'Everything's all out of shape. I guess I'll do it tomorrow morning.' I repeated again, 'Father, I did just right by that old fellow.' And I kept telling God how right I had done by kicking old Wiseman out into the street.

"I went to the telephone and called my wife. 'Any mail come in?' She said, 'Where are you?' 'That isn't what I asked you; is there any mail in?' I didn't wait for any answer. I hung up the receiver and said, 'Everybody's acting like a fool; I don't know what's the matter with them.' Then I said, 'Lord, I did just right with that old fellow -- just the thing I ought to have done weeks ago.'

"A little later my wife called me. She said, 'Is there anything gone wrong?' I said, 'Nothing with me, but what's the matter with you? You're the wrong one; it isn't me!' And I hung the receiver

up again. I said, 'Wonder whatever has got into her. We have been married nearly fifteen years, and she never acted like this before. I don't like it a bit.'

"I went across to the Eagle Hotel and ordered my dinner. I didn't want to go home and see my wife at all; things weren't going good enough. Things went all wrong at the hotel. I ordered something I didn't get, and I got something I didn't order. The soup was salt, and the dinner was cold. I said, 'The cook's crazy' -- swallowed something, and went back to the office.

"My assistant was there -- he wasn't due for two hours yet. I looked at him, and he looked at me. I said, 'Where have you been?' 'Why,' he said 'I am two hours early.' I said, 'You are two hours late, do you hear me?' He looked at my eye and went out. He said to the other fellows, 'I guess the old man's in the air.' He was right; the old man was 'in the air'.

"I said to my assistant, I want you to take the meeting tonight.' He said, 'Why, this is your night.' I said, 'Am I working for you, or are you working for me? You do as I tell you!' He took the meeting that night, and I sat down through the song service. The piano was flat, and all out of tune, and everything was in a minor key.

"After the meeting was over I went home. We went to have our little prayer before retiring, and I took up the Bible, but could not find anything I wanted to read, so threw the Bible into the lap of a little girl who has lived with us for several years, and I said, 'You read.' I said to my wife, 'You pray; I don't feel like it.' I got on one knee again, and the family worship went through. I had the strangest kind of feeling that when my wife prayed she was looking at me out of one eye, and I was just watching for her to do it, and I would have called her down for it if she had, too.

"About two o'clock in the morning I got up and went to my old large rocking chair -- I have put my head into that old chair and met my Lord there more times I think than anywhere else in the world -- and I said, 'Lord, I want to know what is the matter. I love old Wiseman, but it was the only way to bring him round.' And the Lord brought it home to me, 'Didn't I die for him? Is that the way I used you? When you were down in sin, a mighty sight worse than old Wiseman, I took you to myself.' I said, 'Oh, God, forgive men, and help me to find old Wiseman.'

Next morning I began hunting for old man Wiseman. I said to the boys, 'Now you go down into such and such a saloon, and you go over to so-and-so's barrel-house, and you go somewhere else, but find old man Wiseman.' They couldn't find him. And it was nearly a week before I set eyes on him again.

"We were on the Gospel wagon one Sunday afternoon, and I was singing away on the front of it, when I spotted my old man coming round the corner. I never in all my life saw a man that looked quite so good to me as he did. There he was -- dirt, mustache, and all, -- but he looked just sweet to me.

"Instead of waiting to go down the back steps to get at him I jumped off the front and started for him. I had on a new suit of clothes, but I got hold of old Wiseman, took him in my arms, and just pulled that dirty old head over on my shoulder.

"I said, 'Old man, I want you to forgive me. I love you, old fellow.' He looked at me, and held me away for a moment, and he said, 'Brother Trotter, you do love me, don't you?'"

"Yes, Wiseman, I do!"

"Yes, Brother Trotter, I know you do!"

"And Wiseman, I want to do anything I can for you."

"He says, 'Gi'me a quarter!'"

"I gave the old man a quarter all right, and gave him half a dollar, too. I said, 'I want you to come and see me. Come down early tonight; there'll be a big crowd, and you'd better come early: come at 7 o'clock.' At seven o'clock he was at the Mission, and he came forward that night, and gave his heart to Jesus. Oh, friends it is love that conquers!"

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Story 3

A MOMENT TOO LATE

During an evangelistic campaign, a Christian man went one evening into a restaurant for dinner, and as the waiter served him he experienced a strong conviction that he ought to speak to the man about his soul. He did not yield to it, however, but left the place without referring to the question of surrender to Christ. Still, even after he had reached the street, the feeling returned with increased force; and he waited outside the restaurant for the waiter to come out.

At last, the proprietor commenced to close the restaurant, and seeing this gentleman standing outside asked him what he was waiting for. He replied that he wanted to speak to the waiter that had served him. The answer of the proprietor came like a blow: "You will never speak to that man again. After serving you he went upstairs and shot himself."

When this incident was related in public it produced a profound impression, for it was a solemn lesson as to the danger of disobeying the promptings of the Spirit, as well as a warning to every Christian to be zealous in seeking the unsaved.

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Story 4

HOW GOD USED AN INFIDEL'S INVITATION TO BRING CONVERSIONS

During an evangelistic campaign in Bristol, England, an infidel lecturer from London visited this family, in order to get one of the young men to go with him to Coulston Hall to secure material for jest and sport. When he called everyone was out except the daughter. She accompanied him to the meeting. It was the first time she had ever attended a gospel service. What she heard so deeply impressed her that she went again alone, and was converted. It was a bold

step for her, but a bolder one was to follow. She returned home and told her brothers of her decision. They were indignant, but she held her ground. Finally she persuaded one of them to go with her to another service. The result was that he too flung his infidelity to the wind and was converted, and soon three other members of the same family were also converted.

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Story 5

WILLIAM JACOBY'S TESTIMONY

[This testimony was given in a public service.]

"My father was well-to-do, and started me in the teamster business down on Front street; but I drank so much whiskey that he couldn't have me in the house any more at all, and I do not blame him. He could not trust me, and had no confidence in me; I would betray him or mother or anyone else, and so I went off into the army, away out West. I had been dishonorably discharged from the navy; and I got dishonorably discharged from the army out there, and I had to beat my way home. I never had done any work; and you cannot imagine what an experience I had on that journey. I stopped in St. Louis, and I was so hungry that I asked for work; and they put me to shoveling, and pushing a wheel-barrow along a plank.

"I made such a mess of it that the boss came up and said, 'Guess you never did that kind of work before?' Well, I had not. 'All right, I'll give you something else.' So he gave me one of those great heavy stamping things that you stamp the cobblestones down with. That was awful; I was not used to that kind of thing, and I said, 'That's enough of that; I guess I will go on.'

"I did not get any money -- I was only there a day or two -- and on I went, beating my way home on trains. I took a coal car at Reading for Philadelphia. Oh, what a dirty looking fellow I was! One heel had gone, jumping on the car, and I was smothered in coal dust. I slipped off the car at Philadelphia, went to our house and rang the bell.

Mother came down stairs, threw up both hands, and said, 'Oh!' and just fell right on my shoulder and cried. Away down as I had gone into sin my mother still loved me. They packed me upstairs in the third story; it was a large house and my brother-in-law and sister lived there.

"They kept me up there, and my father did not know I was at home. About the third day, as they were all seated at the table, at noon, my sister's little girl about three years old said, 'Grandpa, Uncle Bill's up stairs.' They all looked at one another; and father said, 'Is William up stairs? Go and tell him to come down.' So down I came. He looked at me, and he said, 'How do you do!' and I said, 'How do you do.' 'Take a seat,' and I did.

They passed me a plate, and he asked for it, filled it up and I went to eating. He said, 'What are you doing now?' I said, 'nothing.' He said, 'You are getting along better than I am.' I looked at my mother, and there she sat, and there was a smile on her face for one moment, and then the next the tears were running down her cheeks. She saw us there together, but she saw the estrangement

between us. He went out, and he said to my brother-in-law, 'Do all you can for him.' I tell you that to show what passed in my life.

[Some time later] "When that song, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" was sung in our home, mother stood at the piano, when the young man sang it, with tears running down her face. She was thinking of her boy wandering away from home. I received a telegram one day saying, 'Hurry if you want to see mother before she passes away; and as fast as I could, I hurried to Philadelphia, jumped into a carriage, went home and upstairs to the room where mother was lying, seemingly unconscious. I am almost tempted to believe that mother knew I was there. They said she had looked toward the door again and again when it was opened, and they knew she was looking for her boy; and when I ran into the room I couldn't see anyone else; I just threw myself upon the bed and in a few moments she had passed away.

"It was in a little town out West one day that I found Jesus as my Saviour. I had heard of God, and used to go to church. I remember my Sunday School days, but do you know I don't ever remember my Sunday School teachers' telling me about Jesus, though they probably did. I did not know anything about the Word of God at that time; but I tell you I had been an awfully wicked man, and the people of that town knew it.

One time I had a row with several of them; and the citizens were just going to get together and outlaw me and forbid my coming into the town. But it was there that I was converted. I remember being down at the altar at the Methodist Church, and I kneeled there and some one would ask me if I didn't feel it. 'Well,' I thought, 'what have I got to feel?' I supposed there would be a kind of glorified shock coming to me pretty soon. I did not know what else to expect. I went up there for six or seven nights. I had started, and I was going to find Jesus.

As I knelt there some one would whisper, 'Don't you feel any different?' 'No, I don't feel any different.' ... I said, 'I have served the devil for forty-five years, and I will serve Jesus the rest of my life, if I never have any feeling'. I thought that the 'feeling' was for the good people that had been good all their lives, and that I had been such a rascal I was not entitled to any feeling.

"I started out to serve Jesus for the rest of my life, and the people began to come to my store -- (I had a little store then) -- and they told me about the Bible and about the things of God, and how I would rejoice. The more they told me the hungrier I got; I would rather hear them talk about Jesus than sell four or five dollars worth of goods. Pretty soon I would go out into the school-house and testify. They wanted me to preach. I said, 'I cannot preach,' but I do remember catching a man that had a bob-sled one day, and having a prayer-meeting in his sled as we went along, and leading him to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Wanted Him For Mayor

"By this time I knew I was saved, but I hadn't that joyful experience that others talked about. One day I went into a prayer-meeting. A lady said to me, 'God is not only able to save you, but he is able to fill you with joy and make you a power in his service. Don't you want that kind of experience?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Well you pray to God and ask him for the power of the Holy Ghost, and he'll give it you.' I did.

I don't know that I ever went without a meal in my life before that unless I had to. But they decided to fast and pray that day. I heard the dishes rattling out in the kitchen for some of the folks' dinner, and I was going without any. That was very strange to me, but I said to the brethren after a while, as we sat there in prayer, 'I believe God is sending the unction of the Holy Ghost upon me right now; I realize the consciousness of his presence; he is giving me a blessing.

"And I fell on my knees, and all of us thanked him in prayer. As we knelt there I was alongside a great big fat farmer. They were all around the room, praying earnestly that God might pour out his blessing upon the meeting; and all at once I thought to myself, 'Why, that old fellow, what's he shaking that way about?'

"Pretty soon he would shake again, and I said, 'I believe he's laughing.' The idea of laughing in a prayer-meeting. But the first thing I knew I was laughing, too. Before that meeting was over we were laughing and crying and singing. God had come down in power upon us, and then I knew what it meant to have feeling.

"About two or three years after I was converted in that town, and my testimony had gone out all around there, one of the leading bankers came to me and said, 'We want you to run for mayor of the town. If you will run for mayor we will put you on both tickets; there won't be any opposition.' That is what God can do for a man. He keeps him so that he gets the respect of all people."

[Following this testimony, about one hundred and sixty men and women responded to the appeal and invitation.]

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Story 6

THE STORY OF A KISS

A woman once held a great audience spellbound with the following story about an occurrence in another meeting attended by some of the disreputable class:

"My heart ached to see the people in front of me. I could not help noticing one woman in the second row. She was as drunk as could be, and looked about as disgusting a sight as was possible, with the womanliness all stamped out of her. I was praying constantly for her during the meeting. In the after-meeting it fell to my lot to deal with her.

"I managed to get round behind the platform and had a long talk with her, and I believe the Spirit of God pierced through the fumes of drink into her soul. She promised me that she would tidy her hair and wash her face and come again, and that she was willing in the strength of God to give up the sinful life she was living. But it may be helpful to some to know that the thing that pierced right through her muddled brain was human affection.

I tried every other way I could, insisting that I loved her, and that I loved her because God loved her. At last she began to feel the effect of human affection, and -- I hardly like to tell the last part in public -- finally she looked up into my face and said: 'I know God loves you.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'God loves you, too.' And at length she looked into my eyes and said, 'Will you give me a kiss?'

"Well, you can imagine how I felt, I expect, if you have ever seen a poor woman like that, reeking with foul odors, and her face distorted with drink. For a moment I involuntarily shrank from it. But I looked to God and said, 'What would'st thou have me to do?' And he seemed to say, 'Do it because I love her.' And I said, 'I will give you a kiss for the sake of Jesus who loves you.'"

Steps were taken to remove the woman from her difficult surroundings and place her under the care of a Christian home. She was seen clean and tidy at subsequent meetings, and that kiss doubtless led to the redemption of a human soul.

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Story 7

A POWERFUL LITTLE MESSAGE: "GET RIGHT WITH GOD"

[While the stories related in the following paragraphs all occurred many years ago, they are still interesting accounts of how 4 words printed on cards have had made an unusually strong spiritual impact. -- DVM]

Some years ago Major James H. Cole was conducting a series of revival meetings at a seaside resort. As he walked up and down the beach and saw the indifference of the throngs, he prayed earnestly that God would give him some method of rousing them to a sense of their lost condition, following which he threw himself down on the grass, and as he did so there flashed through his mind the words, "Get Right With God." They seemed to be a message directly from God himself, and he arranged to have this sentence printed on little white cards. The Major used them after that with the greatest success. He declared he could fill a volume six inches thick with incidents of the people who have been converted through the message on the little cards.

The Card and The Judge

While in Ballarat, Australia, an evangelistic campaign worker remembered the four words that he had seen on a card in America, and decided to use them at the next afternoon meeting. He went to the printers and had the four words, "Get Right With God" set up in large, clear type, and printed nicely upon narrow, heavy cardboard. He had 14,000 of the cards on the platform at the beginning of the afternoon meeting, and told the people the following story to get them interested in the work which he felt sure the card would do:

"In a city in America an evangelist had distributed these cards gummed on one side. A little girl, whose father was a judge, took several home. He was an unconverted man. While he was away from the home she went into his room and pasted on the foot of his bed, 'Get Right With God.' Across the mirror she pasted the same. She put another in the bottom of the washbowl. When

he came in that evening she stuck one in the top of his hat. She put another on the handle of his umbrella. When he went up to his bedroom she slipped into the dining-room and placed one on his plate. She managed to get one stuck inside his desk in his office.

"When he went to retire for the night he noticed the one at the foot of his bed. The next morning when he arose he noticed the one in the washbowl, and the one on the mirror. When he went to his breakfast there was one looking him in the face at his place at the table. When he went to get his umbrella and hat there he saw them again. When he went down to his office and rolled his desk cover back there was 'Get Right With God' looking him in the eye again. He decided to give his heart to God, and get right with him."

After relating this story the evangelistic campaign worker in Australia then requested the Christians in the audience to take as many of the 14,000 cards bearing that message as they could distribute judiciously. They were eagerly caught up and more were called for.

The Message in a Paper

He began to hear results of the plan on every hand. He was talking to a bright young business man who told him how this card touched him. He looked at it, and stuck it hastily into his overcoat pocket, and forgot all about it until he had occasion to reach in his pocket for one of his business cards. He could feel this card, for it was longer than his own; and every time he touched it he was reminded of the words, "Get Right With God," until he was driven to give his heart to the Lord.

The evangelistic campaigner went on with others 1,000 miles from Ballarat to Sydney, Australia, to hold a campaign there. He told the Sydney workers about it, and handed a card to one of the secretaries of the campaign to show him the sort of thing it was. He said, "I would like to take one home." He had a paper with one of the evangelist's sermons, and slipped the "Get Right With God" card inside to take care of it.

Later he got into conversation with a man who was under conviction of sin. He wanted to point him to Christ, but did not have time to finish the conversation, so he gave the man the paper with the sermon and card. The man took it home, but did not like to have any of the family see him reading a sermon. Many people are like that; afraid of what others may think or say of them. Propriety, I believe, sends more souls to hell than anything else except neglect. So that man waited up until the rest of the family had retired, and when everyone else was in bed he opened the paper to read the sermon. As he did so the little card fell out and lay looking up at him, "Get Right With God." As he gazed at the card the words seemed to burn into his soul, and then and there he dropped on his knees and got right with God.

A Police Officer Held His Card in Sight

In Belfast, Ireland, the evangelistic campaigner had 150,000 "Get Right With God" cards printed and distributed. He explained to the workers one Sunday morning how to distribute the cards; and asked them to give one to every man and woman they met. He went out on the street to see how it was being done, and had not gone far before I met a policeman coming down the street

past the crowds, holding out at full arm's length one of the little cards. Everybody he passed had wanted to give him another; and this was the only way he could keep them from approaching him.

That night, while the after-meeting was in progress a gentleman came up to him and said, "Do you see that old man on the front seat? He had been drinking this morning. His little girl brought him one of these cards, and he could not get away from it. He stuck it in his hat, and came to the meeting, and now he is saved."

The Card Placed in a Carriage Curtain

At Edinburgh, Scotland a fine-looking commercial man came to him and said, "This card here is what brought me. I was going out of Edinburgh to do business. I bought my ticket; here it is (and he pulled it out and showed it to me), and got into the carriage. I went to pull down the curtain at the carriage window, and out rolled this card, which some one had stuck in the roll of the curtain. I had promised my old mother years ago that I would give my heart to Jesus. But I wandered farther and farther into sin until I was afraid of myself. I was getting worse. I went home tipsy the other night, and I never used to do that. I thought of all this as the train went on. We passed another station; and I felt I could bear it no longer -- I must settle the matter now. I got out at the next station and came back again to Edinburgh." He came to the meeting, listened to the evangelist, and was saved that night and began working with all his heart for Christ.

200,000 Cards in Letter Boxes

In a campaign at Liverpool, England, the evangelistic campaigner had 200,000 of the little cards distributed. Among the many different ways of using them, here the unique plan was followed of putting them in the letter boxes. A few days later a woman on top of a tramcar opened her bag, and in it was a little packet of "Get Right With God" cards. "You have been to the revival meetings, haven't you?" she was asked. "Yes," she replied, "last Sunday morning my husband and I were not Christians. We found two of these cards in our letter box, and had great fun about it. After we had laughed over them we thought later on that we would go to the meeting. We both went, and both were saved that night."

One man in Liverpool had been going to a certain place of worship for many years. He came to the hall where our meetings were held, and stayed to the after-meeting. The minister of the church he attended said he was never more surprised in his life than when this man went forward for salvation. He asked him how it was, and the man answered, "This card was stuck in my pew, and it has been staring at me all the time, and I must get right with God."

At Bristol one young man put the card into the hands of 250 cyclists. Of the hundred and sixty persons who responded that night those were asked to stand up who had been led definitely to the Lord through the little "Get Right With God" cards. Seventeen of them stood up. One fine looking old gentleman was asked where he got his card. "Oh!" he answered, "it was given me six miles away, and I have walked over here to the meeting." And he walked all the way back again -- twelve miles in all.

The Story of a Bridal Couple

During another campaign in Liverpool, England 250,000 "Get Right With God" cards were given out on New Year's Day, 1905. It was said that scores were led to Christ through them. Two of the most interesting converts were a bride and a groom who were reached by the little cards in a most remarkable manner.

A Christian worker was passing a church when he saw a bridal party come out and enter a carriage. Having several "Get Right With God" cards in his hand, he stepped up to the carriage and handed one to each of the occupants. Being a distinguished looking man with silvery hair he was able to do this without causing the least offense. To the bride and the groom he said, "I wish you a most happy New Year, but it cannot be the happiest possible unless you are absolutely right with God. I will deeply appreciate it if you will take these cards and put them up in prominent positions in your new home; and I would like to ask especially that you put one in your looking glass."

The worker then went on his way, having sown the seed. Six days passed. At the end of the week the same worker was delighted to see the bride and the groom to whom he had given the cards respond to the public invitation at the hall where the meetings were held. When he spoke to them they told him they could not get the message of the little white card out of their minds until they finally came to the hall and yielded themselves to God.

What One Policeman Did

In Liverpool a few days later, a minister from Manchester arose at an afternoon meeting and told how a single card given out during our campaign in that city had been the means of inaugurating a great and glorious work. He said:

"A police sergeant came to one of your meetings and got hold of some of the 'Get Right With God' cards. That same night he distributed them while on duty. There was one of the men under him whom he was very anxious to see won for God, and that night he spoke to him about his soul. The man turned away from him with the remark: 'You are exceeding your duty now; that has nothing to do with a policeman's work.' The sergeant said, 'Well, my brother, will you just take this card and look at it?' The man took it out of courtesy; and, when he got home, found it still in his pocket. He read it; it got hold of him then and there, and he gave his heart to God. Since then he has been instrumental in leading a hundred men to Christ. He has a large Bible class for men."

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Story 8

THE NOVEL LOST ITS ATTRACTION

An infidel girl went into an evangelistic meeting in the Strand Hall, London determining to show her defiance by reading a novel during the service. Her attention was caught by the singer, who stopping the singing of the song, "His Grace is Sufficient for Me," to ask a party of blind people if God's grace was sufficient for them in their affliction. The happy "Yes" from the sightless people profoundly impressed her. She followed the evangelist's sermon closely, was deeply convicted of sin and turned to Christ.

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Story 9

THEY REFUSED SHORT-MEASURE THE MILK

One night when the invitation was given at an evangelistic meeting in London, three milkmen responded. Their employer's custom had been to give each man ten quarts of milk, with instructions to make twelve quarts of it by giving their customers short measure. The next morning these milkmen went to their employer, told him that they were Christians, and that they could not consent to give short measure any more. Without a word each man was given the full twelve quarts, and continued to receive them from that day.

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Story 10

DURING A MEETING IN ATLANTA

During the month of May, 1906, an evangelistic campaign was conducted in Atlanta, Georgia. It is said that many of the marks of old-time revival appeared in the meetings. Not a few were so deeply convicted of sin that they were in agony of mind and body. Stolen money was returned, and the widespread payment of old debts occurred throughout the city. In a single congregation one pastor declared that he knew of seven young men who were so convicted that they began to pay up old obligations. Hundreds of Christian people in Atlanta were fired with a Pentecostal passion for soul-winning. They were so aroused that they led people to Christ in the street cars, in office buildings, on the street -- everywhere.

One day the song evangelist went into a dentist's office to have his teeth fixed a little. After the dental work was finished, he put his arms around the dentist, and I said, "You are a good dentist; won't you come to Christ?" He said, "I have been wanting somebody to come here and speak to me ever since the meetings began." Presently, the dentist got him down on his knees, and he sobbed like a child.

The singer had to leave and go to the afternoon meeting, but left another to pray with the dentist. As he went out of the door the dentist called out after him, though he was on his knees, "Ask the people to pray for me." He later received word that the dentist was converted there on his knees that afternoon.

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Story 11

THE ORIGIN OF "TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE"

When President McKinley was in office in Washington his mother lay dying in Canton, Ohio, several hundred miles away. She sent word that she wanted to see her boy once more before she died. President McKinley chartered a special train and telegraphed: "Tell Mother I'll Be

There." A gospel songwriter from the same state caught up the idea and wrote the song, "Tell Mother I'll Be There" -- a song of which it is said has been the means of bringing thousands to Christ.

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THE END