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## **INCIDENTS IN TRAVEL AND SOUL WINNING**

**By Rev. E. E. Shelhamer and Wife**

Authors of many books and booklets

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." -- Matt. 16:15.

God's Bible School  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
1934

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## **DEDICATED**

To the foreign missionaries and many friends who helped make it  
possible for us "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond."

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## **CONTENTS**

- 01 -- The Value of Travel
- 02 -- God's First Plan
- 03 -- Floating Cities
- 04 -- Do Missions Pay?
- 05 -- The Pretoria Convention
- 06 -- "That Man"
- 07 -- God Opens Doors
- 08 -- Conscientious in Little Things
- 09 -- I Meant Well But Broke Over
- 10 -- My Wife's Smile

- 11 -- To the Rescue
- 12 -- Growing Old Gracefully
- 13 -- Bondage to Custom
- 14 -- Deliverance From Death
- 15 -- Port Elizabeth Convention
- 16 -- Eclipsing the Past
- 17 -- West Indies and South America
- 18 -- Power of Example
- 19 -- Holy Places and Holiness
- 20 -- The Stolen Motorcycle
- 21 -- Conscientious But Inconsistent
- 22 -- A Confidential Word to Ministers
- 23 -- Miracles Among Missionaries
- 24 -- A Valuable Lesson
- 25 -- How to Spoil a Child
- 26 -- How to Save Your Child
- 27 -- The Valley or Achor
- 28 -- Living in Advance
- 29 -- How Should Gospel Workers Dress?
- 30 -- Divine Guidance
- 31 -- Traits Of The Carnal Mind

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## 01 -- THE VALUE OF TRAVEL

It has been said that travel makes a broad man, reading makes a full man, writing makes an exact man, suffering makes a mellow man, and praying makes a holy man. Some men are naturally broad and magnanimous, while others are given to narrowness. Some are optimistic, others pessimistic; some are constructive, others destructive. We have inherited or imbibed these characteristics, hence a good prayer might be: "Lord, weaken me where I am too strong, and strengthen me where I am too weak. In short, correct in me everything that ought to be corrected, I ask in Jesus name, Amen."

How it would broaden and mellow some men if they could travel a little. They imagine that they or their little crowd are the cleanest and hottest on earth. I confess I once thought likewise But to my surprise I found extraordinary saints in various lands, who had never even heard of my little denomination.

Some people should travel, while others should stay at home. Perhaps we will not know until the Judgment to what heights we might have attained had we wisely encouraged or discouraged certain tendencies. On one occasion God said to Elijah, "Go hide thyself!" In the very next chapter He said, "Go shew thyself."

This unworthy scribe has traveled abroad a great deal, I trust to the glory of God. I am sorry I did not start earlier in life. However, I would not advise all to do so. It might make some

feel self-important, and thus militate against their piety and usefulness. Oh, that God would take us all in hand and providentially hold one back and thrust another forth. With some, travel would greatly enlarge and enrich them. They cannot see beyond their backyard or city limits. Paul caught a world vision and traveled much for his day. Had he had our means of travel, doubtless he would have set fire to every continent and every island of the sea.

Travel, is expensive and a waste of time and energy unless one is more or less dynamic and can by word or pen stem the tide and project into the future worthy principles that will live after he is gone. In this unassuming volume we hope to broaden and deepen the reader.

\* \* \*

### National Characteristics

The study of nations is intensely interesting. For instance: Our first visit to Japan, in 1910, taught us a valuable lesson on lines of courtesy. The Japanese people are very polite, artistic, and withal great imitators. On the other hand, the Chinese are just the opposite, slow and serious. While in, Japan we saw that though these nations hate each other bitterly, yet the Chinese were employed in preference to the Japanese, as tellers and cashiers in Japanese banks, because John Chinaman is naturally more honest.

In France we find a proud, haughty mind; in Germany a cruel, militaristic one; in England a polite dignity that borders on severity. We walked into a fruit shop in Southampton.

"You are an American."

"Yes, how do you know?"

"By your looks and speech, Sir."

"Well, what do you think of them?"

"They do things without thinking!"

"Yes, I believe you are right." I might have replied that the English are conceited. But this would not be courteous; for when abroad we must study not to offend, nor take offense. More than once while in Europe we heard the remark, "You are from the land of kidnappers and racketeers."

"Yes, it is too bad, but please do not be too hard on us, for ninety-five per cent of all our criminals come from Europe, especially Italy."

On our second trip around the world, after visiting and laboring in various lands we finally took ship across the English Channel. As soon as we set foot on English soil, I lifted my hat and with a deep bow said, "Hello, cousins!" Later I made it stronger and said, "Hello, brothers!" For wherever the "English jack" floats, liberty of conscience is guaranteed. We in America boast of

our "land of the free and home of the brave," but our freedom has almost damned us. We could learn a great deal from England in regard to reverence and jurisprudence.

While in Scotland we found a people who were very cool and canny. It was hard to move them to respond and lift the hand for prayer. Even then, only one at a time. But as sure as they went this far they had fully decided to go all the way. We could count on every one's going into the "vestry" for prayer. On one such occasion in Glasgow, when we went in to assist them, our son said, "Father, these folks are not in earnest, see them with their heads down on the chairs, not saying a thing." "Yes," I replied, "I would rather see them do as we do in America, raise their heads and pray out loud, even if in their earnestness they beat the bench. But look under that man's face and see the pool of tears!" When I can see penitential tears I know that the seeker is in earnest, and God is not far away.

In Ireland we found them just the opposite, loud and quick to respond to new truth, or ready for a fight. The Scotch would scorn the so-called irreverence in Ireland. But occasionally a Scotchman would let God bless him. One man was converted and happy in the Lord though with head bowed and very still. Some one approached and wanted to speak. He beckoned him away, saying, "Please let me alone, I am almost dying with emotion."

Funny stories are told about the Scotch being close and stingy. Here is one which I know to be a fact. When I was in a revival in South America, a Scotch missionary came up to my room each morning to shave. I noticed that after he was through, he did not wash his brush, but with what lather was left he rubbed it on his nose and chin. I asked the reason why, and he said he could not afford to lose that lather. for it was "cooling" on his face. Of course I roared with laughter, saying, "You are surely a Scotchman !" But they do not all go that far, for we know some very liberal ones.

And so it goes the world around -- all kinds of people in all kinds of climate make up the world. It would be such a blessing to self-centered people, especially those who are overcareful and exacting around home, if they could get out of their little ruts and travel a bit. A rut is a grave with both ends gone. I was entertained at a nice home; the wife, who never had any children, was so particular about little things, such as how high the shades should be, the way the chairs should be placed, and just when and where I should shave, that it made me feel uncomfortable. As I was leaving I wept and requested of the husband, if I ever returned, that he should let me sleep in the garage. He sympathized with me, but dared not say a word, for she, like an old setting hen; ruled the roost.

Sometimes it is the man who is narrow and queer. He is so conceited and overbearing that no one can feel easy when he is around. He is boss in the kitchen, boss in the parlor, boss in the bedroom, boss in the church, and boss everywhere. It is painfully distressing to see how his wife has little or no voice in the home, especially in finances. He carries the purse and she must bow and scrape to get a little spending money; even then she must give an account of how she spends every penny.

A preacher in a certain place was so mean that, though well fixed, he did all the buying for the table, and kept a close tab on just how much was used. His poor wife was a slave without privilege or personality. Good Lord! Such a man needs an awful killing of his inner self-life.

Yes, travel and rubbing up against all classes of people have a tendency to take off the rust and rough. Just now I was standing and reading the bulletin on the big ship, when a selfish smoker (and most smokers are selfish) came crowding up and blew smoke into my face. I looked at him, but he did not take the hint -- how could he for he thought only of himself? At first I felt like rebuking him, but later he treated me with consideration when he perceived that I was a minister. Had I been sarcastic, I could not have helped him. By kindly taking his insult I myself was broadened, deepened and mellowed.

\* \* \*

### Resignation To God's Will

All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;  
My country is in every clime,  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with my God to guide my way  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot,  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

--Madam Guyon

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### 02 -- GOD'S FIRST PLAN

"God has His best things for the few,  
Who dare to stand the test;  
He has His second best for those  
Who will not have His best."

It is an overwhelming thought to me that most men are failing to work out God's first plan in their lives. Yea, the best of men sometimes fail. Perhaps the writer himself is not at his best for God and souls.

On shipboard. we have a chance to study people for seven to seventeen days. We find, as a rule, about two percent who actually desire God. Then of this small number, still a less percent who actually walk with God.

Statistics show that ninety-five percent of all men who go into business fail, or merely exist. Out of the remaining five, three percent make a good living and get ahead a little so as to leave something to their children. But only two percent get to be independently rich, so as to become philanthropists, who gladly and easily help worthy causes. There is about the same ratio on spiritual lines. Most professors of religion are failures and live much of the time under condemnation. Then, a few live the victorious life over the world, the flesh and the devil; but a less number are "more than conquerors", for after they have conquered the world, the flesh and the devil, they are able and ready to conquer in behalf of other struggling souls; they have more than they need for themselves; they are spiritual millionaires.

What a pity that many are constant intakers but not outputters; they are consumers but not producers; they take it but do not give out in proportion. Years ago I read that a man ought to spend the first twenty-five years of his life taking in. Then the rest of his life should be spent in pouring out. We read,

"If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day: "And the Lords shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

This is the ideal experience, but, sad to say, few have attained to it. If you doubt this, just listen to your own prayers and the prayers of those around you. Much of the time is spent on self and your family. "Lord, bless me, take care of us; Lord, supply all our needs. Me, me, me!" Oh, that you might get away from taking care of the old self life! I have found by blessed experience that the more I am concerned for others the more God becomes concerned for me and mine. One of the biggest texts in the Bible reads like this, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, and the gospel's, shall save it."

We held a blessed "mission" (revival) in Durban, South Africa, for Pastor Watson, a fine holiness Baptist. We were with him once before for four days, but this time for two full weeks. As a result, his own church was greatly revived and many from other churches came and caught the flame. Some of the godly Methodists were delighted to meet a holiness Methodist preacher, for their pastors were modernists and of course gave out no real soul food. I was urged to stay, or return and organize a Free Methodist church. All this sounded well, and could no doubt be made a success.

But was this God's first plan for me? For a young man with a local vision this might be the best thing, but he would need to stay there and nurse the infant church until it became strong. It

might require years, yet would probably succeed and become a strong movement. This is the way most denominations began.

I confess it is a great question just what will bring the most glory to God: Bury oneself for years in order to establish one or more strong local churches; or catch a world-vision and bless souls at large. The danger of the former is to become churchy and self-centered; of the latter, to broaden out so much that there is nothing conserved. A farmer may fertilize too heavily on a small patch of ground, or go to the other extreme and spread, it on so thin that nothing worthwhile is produced.

O Brother, have you caught your vision and are you working out God's original plan for you? Please do not confer with flesh and blood, or you may mar God's first thought for you. Paul said, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Multitudes have done this very thing -- they joined the wrong church, chose the wrong companion, invested in the wrong business, labored in the wrong field, or did something else wrong that crippled their usefulness. Thank God there is a sure way; namely, die out to the carnal mind, have a single eye to God's glory, and then He will become responsible for your future success.

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### 03 -- FLOATING CITIES

A great ocean liner is a marvel. For instance, we are now on the largest steamer in the world, the "Majestic" of the White Star Line. She has a displacement of 56,651 tons, is 956 feet long, 100 feet broad and 64 feet deep. The three large funnels (smokestacks) are 80 feet high and 24 feet wide, or broad enough to admit of a train of cars and plenty of room to spare. She burns 960 tons of oil per day in her 48 boilers, and has a speed of 24 knots per hour. She has a capacity for 4,000 passengers, prints a daily paper, has over 2,000 electric lights, swimming pools, cold storage, and other things to be found in an up-to-date city.

Some people wonder why we travel third class. My answer is, "Because I cannot get a fourth class." Why try to appear rich and spend the Lord's money to feed pride? Here is a sample of our breakfast menu, good enough for any person.

Breakfast  
Grape Fruit  
Compote of Figs  
Oatmeal Porridge with Fresh Milk  
Shredded Wheat  
Breakfast Bran  
Quaker Crackles  
Heinz Rice Flakes  
Force

Fried Bass  
Finnan Haddie in Cream

Minced Collops  
Puree Potatoes  
Bacon: Fried and Frizzled  
Broiled American Ham  
Fried Eggs  
Turned Eggs  
Boiled Eggs  
Scrambled Eggs with Chopped Ham (to order)  
White and Graham Rolls  
Rye Bread  
Rye Crisps  
Currant Scones  
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup  
Preserves  
Marmalade  
Tea  
Coffee  
Cocoa

(11 a. m., Beef Tea or Broth)

But the sad thing is that these modern ships might properly be called, "Floating Hells". For one or more reasons, godly people do not travel much abroad; or, if they do, for the time being they leave their religion at home. Of course many of the passengers are religious -- in spots; they have a Christianity without Christ. They attend "Divine service" for thirty minutes on Sunday, read prayers made to order, say a "Holy Mass," then the rest of the day drink, gamble, play cards and live generally for the devil. Frequently the purser or a chief officer conducts the service, and the next time you see him he is dancing with a half nude woman. Of course such a cheap religion will naturally have many deceived adherents. I confess it is hard for me to believe that they are sincere, and yet we find in Europe a reverence for sacred things not to be found in America.

I have just been up on deck for a walk and private prayer. My heart was made sick to see not one person reading the Bible or a profitable book, but the proud, the trifling, the passionate, the careless, useless creatures all killing time, and yet many of them vainly imagining they are on the way to Heaven: We try to let our light shine, hence have morning devotions every day from 9 :00 to 10 :00, but we do well if we get two percent to attend. It does not require long to find our crowd -- "Birds of a feather will flock together." We are soon spotted, and because we do not join in all their doings are dubbed, "narrow" and self-righteous; but Jesus Himself said that the way to Heaven is a narrow way.

Even some missionaries cannot with stand the ostracism, hence fall into the trap of Satan and mingle freely with worldlings, vainly thinking thereby to win them to Christ. But God's route always has been and always will be separation.

I well remember traveling on ship board with an Anglican priest. At first I thought he was a Romanist, as they are so nearly alike. We walked the deck together and freely exchanged thoughts.



I attended one of his early services and tried to be respectable. Later, I said, "Now since I have attended your service, will you not come to our morning devotion, at least once? I will be glad to have you take charge." He replied, "Oh, no, I could not come to you, you must come to us, for, we are in the apostolic succession." I said, "That is bigotry gone to seed. Are you going to Heaven? If so, you will find me there; and if we are to dwell together why can we not worship to here?" But who can convince anyone who is given to arrogance and intolerance? This is the same cruel, conceited thing whether it be found in a priest or a Protestant I have found in some of the dear holiness people, who have never traveled, such a narrow vision that they did not dream that there are in the world many truly pious people who have never even heard of their little sectarian sect.

Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
It has no charms for me;  
Once, I admired its trifles too,  
But grace hath set me free.

Its pleasures can no longer please  
Nor happiness afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.

Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, his love, his gracious voice  
Have fixed my roving heart.

-- J. Newton

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#### 04 -- DO MISSIONS PAY?

We frequently hear it asked, "Do missions pay?" The answer largely depends upon the missionary. Some are total failures. Too bad they were ever sent. We have known cases where one said he was called to a certain field, then a lover felt called (?) to the same field. They were married, the Lord's money was wasted, the cause greatly reproached and two precious lives were forever blasted. What a pity that the Missionary Board did not have enough insight to character and refuse to send them!

Then we have known of other cases where the missionary was partly a success -- perhaps "thirty-fold". But this is not enough! Brethren, I do not want to be critical, but must be frank: There are at least three essentials necessary for real success, especially for missionaries.

1. A settled Christian experience. Not simply a profession of holiness, as many have, but a deep inward crucifixion to pride, impatience, self-will, sensuality, jealousy, deception, touchiness, love of ease, love of praise, and every other trait of the carnal mind.

2. Ability to get along well with others. There is a vast difference between ability and adaptability, and for lack of the latter many missionaries who are otherwise good are more or less a failure. If it were not for being too personal we could relate some very sad instances of missionaries who should be recalled at once. Money would be well invested to bring them home. Carnality is an awful thing on a heathen field. It would pay to have a convention once or twice a year, for a week or two, in charge of a wise and holy leader, where little jealousies and differences could be completely obliterated. The poor natives would soon catch the flame, and instead of their heads being taught to read, their hearts would be taught to love.

3. Perseverance. It is fine to see one with fire and holy zeal; it is also good to possess physical endurance, but, above all, being a good, "plodder" is very important. The heathen mind is dark and slow of spiritual comprehension, hence great patience is necessary to clear the land, plow and harrow well, sow the seed, then watch and wait for the reaping time. As a rule, plodders will, in the end, see more lasting fruit than will enthusiasts.

Over twenty years ago, several young American men, Brothers Slater, De Weerd, and others went to Port Elizabeth and East London, South Africa. At first they held meetings for the Europeans, then for the natives. Now, after these many years we found blessed fruitage still abiding. We held a good meeting for Doctor D. R. Snyman, pastor of the large Dutch Reformed church in Stellenbosch, the college town near Capetown. Rev. Snyman told us he was converted under those noisy missionaries, and further remarked, "No doubt I would now be a modernist and smoker of tobacco, but for the imprint put upon me then." This comes from the champion fundamentalist, called the "William Jennings Bryan of South Africa," who stands for the whole Bible. Modernists hate and fear him!

Again, we closed a great Holiness Convention at Port Elizabeth, where many young preachers and missionaries dug their wells deeper and struck fresh oil. Later, they returned to their fields of labor aflame (some 1,000 miles) to do the devil's kingdom more damage than did Samson's foxes to the Philistines' corn. Hallelujah! This is the surest way to reach the heathen. Get the preachers on fire and the natives will catch the flame. I am so glad we had a little part in it!

During the same convention, a Dutch Reformed woman arose and testified as follows: "About five years ago I had a long season of wrestling in prayer for a revival. I had a vision and saw a tall man in gray with white hair. A great joy filled my soul. At first I could not ascertain just who he was -- perhaps one from another clime -- but now after these five years, I see in the pulpit that same man, whom I saw in my vision; and the best of all is, my son, for whom I have been praying so long, was saved last night." Did it pay to go to South Africa?

Yes, missions pay! We have caught the vision and cannot be content to settle down and enjoy a comfortable home in the most beautiful climate (California) in the world. This would be

criminal as long as we can go and win souls. We will have a long time to rest when we get to heaven.

When Bishop William Taylor was voted a superannuate relation (against his will), instead of sitting down and enjoying a nice salary he, like a young missionary, braved the hardships and returned to Africa where he opened several new mission stations. What a rebuke to preachers who at the age of fifty retire from the battle front and spend the rest of their days paper hanging and criticizing others!

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## 05 -- THE PRETORIA CONVENTION

Pretoria is the beautiful Capital of South Africa. It is also the headquarters of the strong Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal, over one thousand miles from Capetown. Here they have a firm building where the Synodical Conference (General Conference) is held. The seats are costly and arranged a little like those in our hall of Congress in Washington. The Dutch Reformed ministers and their wives come from far and near once a year for a Bible Conference none others being invited. On this occasion we had the high honor of being the invited speaker. It was another miracle, that a Methodist, and especially a "Perfectionist", as they called me, should have this distinction.

Some were biased and did not attend, while others came with more or less prejudice. One of their strong preachers, who had seen me weep while preaching in a previous convention, wrote a special friend of mine, saying, "Do tell him to restrain himself and not weep, for we are hard Calvinists and do not believe in emotional religion." You may know I did some praying and fasting, realizing that every tone, gesture, and sentence would be scrutinized. God had mercy on me and, after five days with them, a number of their strong men broke down and publicly confessed their lack and sought heart purity. One of the leaders came and confessed that he had been biased, but now he wanted what we had preached. Oh, that they may not stop till they receive the clear witness to heart purity!

In one of our addresses, we said that the moulding of South Africa rested largely with the Dutch Reformed ministers. Most of their congregations number above one thousand and some of them above two thousand members. Their ministers receive large salaries, have a free parsonage, free automobile, and are called for life. We fear that this naturally tends to ease-taking, self sufficiency, and carnal security. Oh, pray for these men who wield such a great power for or against deep spirituality.

We had the honor of working with three strong brothers, nephews of the great Andrew Murray, and found them above the average. One of these, the Rev. Andrew C. Murray, is a great Bible teacher. His esteemed wife has a depth of experience that few possess. She is greatly burdened for their ministry. She was a great inspiration in several conventions. One day she remarked, "Would to God some of our leaders were as afraid of imperfection as perfection."

If those who call us "Perfectionists" mean that we preach and profess "sinless perfection," so that we cannot sin, then they misrepresent us. But if they mean that we preach and worship a Perfect Christ, who has provided a perfect redemption from all sin, then we plead guilty. Wesley was likewise misquoted, hence he wrote his wonderful treatise on "Christian Perfection," wherein he defined it as "loving God with all the mind, soul, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves." Is this unreasonable? Andrew Murray wrote a similar book called "Be Perfect". How sad that many of their followers have gotten far away from their teachings, yea, the teachings of Jesus and St. Paul.

At this convention one of their strong young men had the courage to speak out and deplore the fact that they were too well satisfied in seeing large classes of young people come into the church by "confirmation" instead of regeneration. He said, "We do not make enough of the new birth and the witness of the Spirit." Sad, but some of them, as in other churches, never saw a soul actually weep and repent, then rise up and praise God for the assurance of sins forgiven. We trust that on this occasion they caught a new vision for soul winning. If so, God shall have all the praise.

In another message we told them that the central truth of the Bible is Holiness of heart and life, and they must preach it or lose some of their best people. Now and then one of their conscientious members seeks and obtains a clean heart. Then possibly he becomes dissatisfied with his infant baptism and desires to be immersed. Next, he is excommunicated and turned out of the church because they do not believe in, or at least they make no provision for, adult baptism. Next, he joins the "Apostolic" or "Full Gospel" Church. Thus the Dutch Reformed Church has lost many valuable members whom they might have retained had they preached full salvation. The same thing obtains in the States and all over the world. Blind and carnal preachers oppose the doctrine of Holiness, hence lose their hold upon many hungry hearts. What a pity!

Just a word about the "Apostolic" or "Pentecostal" people: They seem to swing to the other extreme and make too much of water. I have observed for years that the more one knows about water, the less he knows about fire. There are many excellent souls among the Pentecostal people. Some of them have more true piety than those who abuse them. However, if we ministers had the real baptism of the Holy Ghost ourselves, then led our people into the same blessed experience, there would be no call for them to go elsewhere. We ought to set as good or better table than others.

Personally, I have mingled with and preached frequently for the Pentecostal people in various lands. I do not abuse them, but preach the fiery baptism. I have met many of their leaders and so far (I say it kindly and humbly) have not met any who had received anything better than what God gave me, I still hold that there is something ten thousand times better than speaking in tongues; namely, a death to the carnal mind and an infilling with the Holy Ghost that will forever put an end to all pride, self-will, impatience, fear of man, love of praise and every other evil temper contrary to pure love. In short, 1 Corinthians 13 far surpasses the 14th chapter.

The main thing that occurred on the day of Pentecost was not the sound of wind, or the appearance of cloven tongues, or speaking in tongues. These were the incidentals, not the essential. The real thing, the inward thing, was heart purity. Peter said their hearts were purified by faith. (Acts 15:7-9). Wesley said, "There is nothing higher than love. You can go no higher till you go to

Abraham's bosom. If anyone therefore says he has received this or that blessing, if he means anything but more love to God and man, he is putting you on a false scent, and leading you astray." If you, dear reader, wish our full views on this subject, they can be had in our booklet, "Five Reasons Why I Do Not Seek the Gift of Tongues." Price 10c (5 pence) each,

He wills that I should holy be;  
That holiness I long to feel;  
That full divine conformity  
To all my Savior's righteous will.

\* \* \* \* \*

06 -- THAT MAN -- Mrs. E. E. S.

Her appearance so nearly resembled an animal that it was hard to distinguish her as a human being. She was a native of Africa and very black. Nobody knew her age, she looked anything between ninety and a hundred years, and she was not burdened with an over-amount of intelligence. Besides this, she literally lived in filth; it must have been years since she last washed her hands and face -- not to mention her body. A terrible burn had rendered her almost helpless, so that her only way of creeping along was on her haunches, using her feet and elbows as legs. She lived all alone in a mud hut, slept on the earth floor, and had a dirty, lousy blanket for cover. Nobody seemed to love this poor creature, and as she was too helpless to beg she often went hungry.

Hearing of her condition, Mr. J. U. Buehler, Senior, of Montagu, occasionally took provisions to her. Though he did not use tobacco himself, he usually included a ration of it in her supply of groceries. This he did because he considered it impossible for her at her age to break with this evil habit without serious effects on her health; besides she was too dull of comprehension to be taught the evils of tobacco. Then, too she was apparently unaccountable to God, being about as devoid of a soul as any mass of filthy, black, human flesh could be.

One day, after having carried her a load of groceries, Mr. Buehler announced to his family that the old woman had become a Christian. Of course this was hard to believe, but he confidently affirmed that it was so. Behind his back, his son Johannes said it was impossible and made fun of it.

Some time later Johannes himself was converted. One Sabbath afternoon, wondering what he could do for the Lord, after deliberation with his two sisters they decided to visit the old black woman. They hoped at least to cheer her a little by singing to her.

A native hut is like a smoker; it has no chimney, all the smoke has to come out the front door. This, combined with decaying grass, and other objects in the room such as skins and other things giving off smells, to which must be added human breaths, and the peculiar odor of the natives themselves, causes a fermented, stale, sickening, affluvia so offensive that no European, not compelled to, stays inside such a hut. So Johannes stayed outside and the Old Granny sat near the door.

After a few words of salutation, the three sang a hymn, accompanied with an accordion, and then offered to read to her. Johannes himself only recently converted and utterly ignorant how to help a soul, opened his Bible at random, thinking that one part of the Bible was about as good as another to read to a person who understood so little. He opened his Bible at Revelation one. He read on to the 13th verse which gives a description of the appearance of our Lord, when the Old Granny interrupted, clapping her hands and shouting: "Why, that is the man who comes to see me every night," and then continued the description, which tallied perfectly with that of John the Revelator, to the utter amazement of Johannes and his sisters! And then the tables turned; they were the ignorant ones and she started to tell them of Jesus, with the greatest enthusiasm.

A little later Mr. Buehler took her another load of groceries and of course some tobacco with it. But this time Granny told him she did not care for any more tobacco. "Why?" asked her kind benefactor. "Because," said she, "that Man who comes to see me every night told me that if I wanted to live with Him, I must not use it any more, and my desire for it is gone." What a rebuke this should be to many professed civilized Christians, including ministers!

Christians from far and near came to see this wonderful sight of such a marvelous transformation, and to hear the story out of her own mouth of what God had done for her. She lived for several years and then had an abundant entrance into God's Kingdom.

Johannes is now a minister of the Gospel in Johannesburg, and at this writing I am holding a revival in his church, while my husband is conducting one in Durban.

Reader, I know you would like to visit these mud huts and lead others like "Granny" to Christ, but since you cannot, will you help support those who can? If you cannot give because you have no work, will you join me in prayer and fasting one meal a week, that you may secure a job? The answer to your prayer will likely be given, provided you agree to go into partnership with God in business, which of course will imply that He will get a certain percent of your income.

Let this percent be a considerable amount, or it will not pay God to bother with you. Do not insult Him by offering a mere tenth; that belongs to Him anyhow, and is not a gift. The larger the share your heavenly Father owns in your business the more interest will He take in its success. If He can trust you to keep your contract, He will give you a blessing that will surprise you. Be simple in obedience and. simple in faith in this matter.

Mr. Welch had a call to a foreign mission field. His wife's failing health prevented their going. Nothing daunted, he decided that if he could not go he would send others. He began bottling unfermented grape juice and gave a large proportion of his income to missions. Because of this God greatly prospered him until "Welch's Grape Juice" is the most popular brand on the market. If you want God to be generous with you, deal generously with Him.

"The liberal soul shall he made fat and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." -- Prov. 11:25.

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## 07 -- GOD OPENS DOORS

Of late years, God has been pleased to give me a new commission; namely, to visit the various mission fields and irrespective of denomination, help missionaries and Christian workers drill their wells deeper and strike fresh oil. If we can only see these get the real baptism of the Spirit, this is the quickest and surest way to reach the heathen. Sad but true, few are in a first class condition themselves.

In Johannesburg a missionary confessed to me that she had been on the field for forty years and yet had never received the clear witness of the Spirit. Think of it! Void of the all-essential thing! Another fine missionary got a revelation of her carnality and fasted two meals a day for a week, then came through clear. The very next Sunday her interpreter and some of her leaders began to seek. Oh, it is catching! Like begets like!

In Acts, twelfth chapter, we read of a mighty miracle, when prison doors "opened of their own accord" and Peter the prisoner walked out. Well, in this particular instance certain doors were opened and we walked in. It is inspiring to see God outwit the plans of men.

"I love to see Thee bring to naught  
The plans of wily men;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh, Thou art lovely then."

While in a good meeting in the Y. W. C. A. in Capetown, a new experience came to me. Two fine men, members of the committee of the Keswick Convention at Wellington, came to see me. Two of their principal speakers were suddenly taken ill and could not be present. It was now too late to secure other workers, and what could be done? This is a big affair patterned after the international one in England. At the last moment some one suggested my name.

But, was I safe and sound in doctrine? Hence the interview. If I came I must not use the term "eradication", nor say too much about "cleansing from all sin", nor "bring in the subject of Divine Healing." I listened submissively, then said in substance: "Well, brethren, I fear I am not the right man, for I do not know how to be out spoken in one place and put the soft pedal on in another. Let us pray!"

After we arose, they thought I was the right one, and so I promised to go. As it was, I had an open date on their date. Or, at least, wife and daughter could carry on and let me go. But two men had to get sick in order that a third man might enter an open door. All of this looked Providential. Oh, it is grand to let God become our Advance Agent!

I remember on one occasion at a camp meeting, an evangelist was not recalled for the same camp for the next year. How he took on about it! "What have they against me?" "Are not my services in demand?" We told him not to look at it thus, but if he was God's man and delivered God's message in the right spirit, perhaps God would open another door next year where he could do more good than here.

And now methinks I hear a loyal churchman or extremist say, Brother Shelhamer are you a compromiser? How could you go to a popular convention? I have never been invited to preach outside our own ranks. I am too hot!" Hold there. Brother! Perhaps you ought to say you are too sectarian and harsh, having "zeal without knowledge". Do you charge St. Paul with compromise? No, he was a genuine Jew and loyal to Christ beyond all doubt. Yet he declared he was called to "open the eyes of the Gentiles." if he could do this, why cannot we open the eyes of those who are not of our little crowd? Good Lord, save us from mistaking bigotry for loyalty, churchanity for Christianity.

Yes, I went to the Wellington Convention, and what a time we did have! We spoke twice a day for a week -- in the morning to ministers, missionaries and Christian workers, and at night in a larger auditorium to about one thousand eager hearers. This was my first experience laboring with the Dutch Reformed people, They are strong Calvinists, very serious and sturdy in character. It was good to be with them. What a great pity that Arminians and Calvinists have not endeavored to work with and understand each other better. We need each other, if we only knew it and were big enough to acknowledge it. Why? Because in some respects we are both right and both wrong. We should balance each other up in a right way.

I rather like Rev. Bud Robinson's idea of election. He said there were three that decreed that he should be damned -- the world, the flesh, and the devil. Then there were three that voted that he should be saved -- God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. But this was a tie, and God said, "Buddie, we can't do a thing, there are three against three. It is up to you as a free moral agent to cast the deciding vote: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." So I voted with God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and we won out." Exactly! Our choice determines our destiny.

Yes, a wonderful Convention! Many of these dear people had never heard a red-hot Methodist preacher stress the importance of the new birth and instantaneous conversion. They had been catechised and confirmed, but knew nothing about time witness of the Spirit, and the joy that should follow. It was all so new to hear a preacher urge them to decide then and there for Christ, to urge them to choose for themselves and press their way to God. "The kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." -- Luke 16:16.

John Wesley urged his preachers to preach frequently on the witness of the Spirit, declaring it is the utmost important theme one could preach upon. Now, for a stranger, and an American at that -- for they say. "Some very queer things come from America," to burst in upon them with such excitement, was shocking! But they are simple-hearted, and though cautious, yet are easily led when the leader is tender and kind.

One night the power of God fell upon the large audience and they gasped to see a new thing: About 200 came down the aisles and tried in vain to get into the vestry for an "after service". When this was impossible we had them return to the auditorium, and now for the first time in the lives of some of the leaders did they behold seekers "sobbing aloud." In fact, one came rushing to me and said excitedly, "Come quick, some are weeping aloud!" They were astonished while I was delighted. It reminded me of revivals in America. However, I must say, I could wish that some of



the sensational methods at home could be abandoned, for more serious reflection. If South Africa had some of our zeal and we had some of their reverence it would be a good exchange.

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### Another Door Opened

For years I had heard of "Hope Hall" in Johannesburg. This religious center, under the wise management of Rev. Frank Huskisson, stands for Holiness as a distinct work of grace, or as Wesley put it, "The second blessing, properly so called." The work has a large constituency and is interdenominational in character. I had secretly hoped to be invited sometime to one of their annual conventions. But perhaps I was "too emotional," or perhaps a silent shake of the head or shrug of the shoulders had closed this door. For some reason I did not have much prestige, and hence -- no invitation. It was while in a blessed revival with Pastor Buchler in the heart of the city that I became better acquainted with the good man in charge of "Hope Hall." He came several times and took part, to our delight. What a blessing it would be if we could meet and mingle together more freely. After this fuller acquaintance I received a nice letter inviting wife, Esther and myself to come (four months later) to the annual convention. I called it another miracle in opening an "effectual door." Here we were associated for nine days with several fine ministers, Revs. Malan, Scheepers, Ward, and others. Many godly people from far and near attended and received great blessing.

Brother Huskisson is a fine organizer and great general. He had a very tight rule that no speaker should go beyond a certain limit, twenty-five minutes for the first, and thirty for the second and last speaker -- both inside of one hour. This did me a lot of good as it compelled me to boil my message down and be very explicit and dynamic. Oh, that I could have had such discipline in early life! I believe many a rambling preacher could have been well trained had his superiors taken him in hand while young. But when one gets old and well established in a rut it is hard to get him out. What a pity!

After the closing service Monday night we three were rushed off to take the through train for the Cape, about one thousand miles. We did not know we had so many friends in the great gold mining city, until now. We found a large crowd waiting to sing and shout us off. Different churches and missions were represented, Brother Buchler's "Zion Church" being the largest. This mighty man of prayer for the sick had never met us, yet had the courage to invite us four months previous for a "mission" as they call it. He was not suspicious, but let us conduct public altar services as we chose, like in the States. He said afterwards that had he listened to others he would have been afraid of the "wild American," but he was now satisfied it was the deepest and broadest revival ever held in his church.

Now when these new converts and friends came to sing us off and loaded us down with presents and fruit, we could not keep back the tears. It proved afresh that God had sent us to South Africa.

I must tell you a bit about one of these converts, Mr. McFarland. He has been manager for years of the large Stuttaford Department Store in the heart of the city. He and his wife are trained

singers and were to sing us a "special" one night in the Buchler revival. But both were brought under deep conviction, hence decided it would not be fitting. He is a cool Scotchman, and told me in a frank way that he and his wife sat up till one o'clock the previous night counting the cost, and had decided to come out publicly and give themselves to God. When they did, he prayed audibly and it sounded like a strict business man entering into a contract with another. There was no flood of tears, or beating the bench; but with deliberation he entered into a covenant with God that should never be revoked.

I confess I wondered at it, but found it was genuine, for he gave up his tobacco and other sins of thirty-five years' standing. I was still better satisfied when he and his wife came, to the train, and there, before his business friends and sinners, led the singing and was not ashamed to let it be known that he endorsed and stood by an unpopular holiness preacher. Yes, there were other mighty miracles wrought in and around Johannesburg. Wife and Esther held a second revival for Pastor Buchler. To God be all the praise!

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## 08 -- CONSCIENTIOUS IN LITTLE THINGS

The Holy Spirit is always faithful to lead or check us, and it is to our interest to mind these checks of the Spirit. I am writing this in the midst of the Atlantic. When I awoke this morning I began, as usual, to pray, after which I read my Bible. I try to always do this before talking to anyone, or reading even my urgent mail. So I thought to myself, "I must hurry, for I do so enjoy for breakfast those buckwheat cakes with maple syrup. I am paying about \$35.00 per day for three of us and I might as well get what belongs to me." Then came a gentle, unexpected whisper, "You are speeding to the great Cincinnati Camp Meeting; do you want a special anointing for it?" I answered quickly, "Yes, my Lord!" And now, not in a weird and commanding tone as when Satan speaks, I heard the same tender, yet persuasive voice, "Would you be willing to deny yourself and fast at breakfast time the rest of the journey in exchange for a special unction?" I confess the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. However, after I waited patiently I felt quite sure the Lord Himself was speaking. When He speaks, such a rest of soul and a calm, gracious atmosphere prevails. The result was a specially rich, season of communion with God. And later, may I say, Joseph Smith and others remarked that a special unction was upon His unworthy servant.

But this is like Greek and Latin to those who know not the meaning of self-denial. Yea, even some preachers will call it "legalism," but this is simply an other proof that they are "living after the flesh." It is blessed to so honor God in little things that we can in confidence make Him responsible for big things. If we commit everything to Him, He will commit great things to us. Brother, we fit or unfit ourselves for the future. We prepare the way years in advance for success or failure. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust (or pleasures) of the flesh."

To illustrate this great principle: I was out for a promenade and prayer. While walking, I saw that across the little railing which separates between the third and second class, there was a long stretch of deck unused, as most of this class were inside reading, drinking and playing cards. "So," thought I to myself, "I will step across and have a nice quiet time with the Lord. I am not robbing the steamship company, I am not crowding anyone out of his rights; hence I am not guilty of

duplicity. The captain on the large ship from South Africa to England (6,000 miles) knew me from a previous sailing and gave me (as a minister) certain privileges not usually granted. I believe this captain would do likewise."

Thus, for the time being I felt secure, but suddenly the deck officer appeared for duty. He did not even look at me, yet I felt a bit uneasy lest he should ask to which class I belonged. I stepped to the large railing and looked at the huge billows tossing the giant "Majestic" of over 56,000 tons like a cork. "My," thought I, "would not Satan delight to push me overboard, as he came so near doing three years ago? Lord Jesus protect me!"

But I did not feel the reassuring presence of God this time as before. Then it dawned on me why I could not fully claim His protection. "I am out of my sphere." With this, I crossed back to my own deck; then with confidence I could easily defy Satan, for I was now on "believing ground" -- as the early Methodists would say when a soul was about to get the witness of the Spirit. Yes, if we are conscientious in little things we need have no fears about the future.

Recently two men were walking across the Brooklyn Bridge. One was relating that he and his wife did not get along well together, when suddenly he leaped over the railing, plunging into the Hudson River, and was never seen. Now, he had evidently prepared the way for this sad end by a life of sin, hence was out from under the protection of God. In other words, he lived for the Devil, and Satan took advantage when he found him off his guard, and hurried him to hell to be sure of getting him there. We read, "Then entered Satan into Judas," and he was prepared to do the awful deed. Satan had watched him for years and now found him an easy prey and ready to be possessed.

O friend, you are as sure of Heaven as if you were already there, as long as you keep yourself in the love of God. "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but, he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." On the other hand, when you fail to keep yourself under the precious blood, when you trifle with little things, when you go back on former convictions, when you come down and live on the same plane with the generality of men, then you expose yourself to fierce temptations, and no marvel if you have a sad and mournful end.

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## 09 -- I MEANT WELL BUT BROKE OVER

While in South Africa, we had a very busy time for eight months, preaching sometimes two and four times a day besides praying with hungry hearts between times. Our manager, Captain Dobbie, and others tried to restrain us, saying, "You must rest a few days between, each mission." We were told that a stranger to South African climate could not hold up under such in tense work. We conciliated them by promising to rest twenty-four days on the sea between Capetown and New York. I meant well, but broke over the second day on shipboard when we arranged a devotional service each day from 9:00 to 10:00 A. M. It did not take long to size up our Crowd. Out of nearly five hundred passengers we found ten missionaries and as many more who were glad to join us in singing, and reading a short Scripture lesson, after which I generally spoke for fifteen minutes or

more. On Sundays we spoke twice to larger crowds. In addition, we started this new book, lest we get out of practice.

Now is this right? Should not a preacher take a vacation? Perhaps so, but I have observed that most men who take things easy accomplish little, eat well, and die before their time. "Better to wear out than rust out." I remember well, back there when I was a boy preacher twenty-two years of age, one thousand miles from home, how I came down with tuberculosis, that dread disease which has taken two brothers and three sisters, at about the same age. When the doctor left my bedside, I overheard him speak in the kitchen, "It is too bad to see a young man like that die, who wants to live and be a blessing." This aroused me and I whispered (for my voice was gone) to my attendant to bring a pencil). I sat up on one elbow and scribbled to a preacher I knew in an adjoining town. "Dear Fred, come over quick, I am dying." He came and for twelve hours prayed in an undertone in my room, and the adjoining one where was a fire, it being zero weather. I can see now why it required so long for him to create an atmosphere in which it would be easy to believe for healing. This was forty-two years ago and there were few then who believed and taught Divine healing. One reason why more are not permanently healed today is that they do not prepare the way by fasting, repentance, and prayer. Hence there is no atmosphere to inspire living faith; there is no well grounded expectancy. We do not expect a real revival without humiliation on the part of the church and backsliders:

Well, after twelve hours of praying down the healing power of God, I whispered to Fred to get a blanket, wrap it around me and lead me out to the other room where I sat in a rocker by the fire. Here I entered into a special covenant with God: If He would heal me, I would go forth and preach, without fear or favor, everything I found in the Bible. He quickened my mortal body, my speech returned, and I said, "I am healed."

Next morning Fred went to the doctor, telling him he need not come to see me any more. Excitedly the doctor asked, "Is he dead?" "No, he is up and dressed." "Well, I must go and see him at once, for he must be out of his head." He came and, staring at me, asked what this all meant., I told him God had gotten there ahead of him and healed me. After taking my temperature he remarked, "This is wonderful! Your temperature last night registered 104 1/2 and now it is normal." That day I walked up town, snow being a foot deep. Business men said I was crazy and should be in bed. I replied that I was healed, but they, as in the days of Christ, "laughed me to scorn." I gained seven pounds the first twelve days and have been going like a race horse ever since.

Yes, many times I have meant well, and intended to rest, but broke over. I can't afford it as long as I can win a soul. After my healing, my friends said I might see thirty. Then they thought I might make it to forty, then fifty. Now since I am nearly sixty-five, I may never die, but be caught up to meet my Lord in the air. I remember when I was forty, I promised God that if He would only let me see sixty, I would try to crowd , eighty years into sixty. In other words, I would pray, preach and write with such intensity as to accomplish in sixty years what most men with the same degree of ability and opportunity required eighty years to perform. Well, my time is up and I must give sin and Satan a few more blows before I go hence. How then can I rest here when I will have a long eternity in Heaven in which to do so?

"Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
To His Divine abode."

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## 10 -- MY WIFE'S SMILE

When I see a newly wedded couple I do not know whether to smile or weep, for with some their happiness is short-lived, while with others the honeymoon continues through life. As we grow older we naturally lose some of our beauty and vivacity. To atone for this we should make up for the loss by little acts of kindness shown one way or another.

We were standing outside the large auditorium Sunday afternoon at the close of a great service. Some friends came up whom we had not seen for a long time. In the course of our conversation I noticed that when wife smiled she turned her head aside for a moment. After we had gone to our room I asked her why she did so. In modesty she said that several of her front teeth were defective, hence her embarrassment, when she smiled. This made me feel sad, for I wanted that wonderful smile of her youth, and said, "Little Lady, you go tomorrow to the dentist and I will pay the bill, for we cannot afford to do without that smile." She did so, and though it cost \$100.00 I considered it a good investment.

People say they cannot afford this or that, though it would add to the happiness and effectiveness of another; but they can spend money freely for some thing else that is of less value. I remember a home where we were entertained. The rich farmer told me he refused \$40,000.00 for his fine farm. The buildings and machinery were up-to-date, the stock were registered. But though this farmer professed a high state of grace, out of his eight grown up children none were saved, or even religiously inclined. When this is the case, it makes no difference who he is, I always feel strange about his real home piety.

In this particular instance we discovered some sad things. His over worked wife did the heavy washing by hand on an old warped washboard; and when asked why she did not have better facilities, since her husband had modern farm conveniences, her reply was, "Oh, he could not afford it." Her face was swollen because of aching teeth, and when wife asked why she did not go to a dentist she answered again with sarcasm, "Oh, he could not afford it." Think of it! A man without feeling, a man without affection! Say, there is no hope for such a miser unless he repents. He is doomed to the lowest hell, even if he does have family prayers and stands high in his church. God calls the "covetous man an idolater," and plainly declares he has "no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ." Yet, sometimes we elect such men as delegates to general gatherings, and this makes us partakers of their deeds. This winking at sin has caused more than one man and movement to cool off amid lose out. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

I am writing this on the great ocean liner, "Majestic." Our passage cost more on this than it would on a small ship, but wife is a poor sailor and it is worth the extra few dollars to see her happy and able to enjoy the voyage. On one trip she was sick for five days out of seven while crossing the Atlantic. I speak of these things not to call attention to self, but in hopes that some other man may get under conviction to rekindle the fires of his first love.

I value very highly wife's smile, but, oh, her early prayers! She generally awakens at 4:00 A. M. and prays for one or two hours. It seems a peculiar heavenly manna distills and falls gently, so that though she does not make a sound lest she awake me, yet I do awake, I cannot help it, I do not want to help it. I frequently slip out of bed and fall upon my knees and have her put those wonderful hands upon me while her sacred tears fall upon my head. This last morning on the big ship it seemed I needed sleep, for we were up writing and packing till 11:00 P. M. But at 3:30 A.M. I looked over and saw that beautiful form sitting up in prayer. I requested her to pray audibly so I could hear. Oh, how I wish I could pen that prayer. I offered her \$5.00 for it, then \$10.00. She wept and prayed for the rulers of the world, for professional men, for lawyers, doctors and nurses. For Catholics, priests, nuns and girls as prisoners in the "House of the Good Shepherd." Also for Mohammedans, heathen, missionaries, ministers, those in prison and condemned to death; those in hospitals, men, women and children in all ranks and walks in life, the world over and world around. I wept and sobbed as I listened to that eloquent pleading.

Ought I to put this on paper? I fear coarse and sensual minds cannot sense or understand the real meaning of communion with God and between two happily united people. Years ago I read something about the "mystery and depth of a woman's soul." It seemed next to Jesus for beauty and hidden treasures. When I want to forget that I am a warrior, a traveler, a financier, a publisher, etc., I put my head into her bosom and say, "Let me be a little curly-headed child again; cuddle me and let me once more be free from big responsibilities, for I read, "As one whom his mother comforteth," so God will comfort us." Few men know what I am saying. To live the ideal life, to live in each other's hearts and commune with each other's spirits is next to living in heaven. Brother, pay any kind of price for this happiness. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." -- Prov. 31:28-30.

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11 -- TO THE RESCUE! -- Mrs. E. E. S.

A ship is sinking in sight of shore. Lifeboats are filled but all too quickly, for hundreds of passengers are still unrescued and will soon be drowned. Can nothing be done?

The men of the village are off at work, but a clergyman hears of the terrible shipwreck and decides' to go to the rescue. Leisurely he walks to the beach, and, after taking time to light a cigar and place it properly in his mouth, he fumbles around from pocket to pocket and finally takes out his keys, unlocks his boat and prepares to start. Then he discovers that he is not ready. The water must be bailed out and some fishing tackle removed. All this takes time and a number of persons drown as a consequence.

In a dignified, ministerial manner he rows to the scene of terror and picks up a few who are able to climb into the boat without too much excitement, for "high emotion is uncalled-for. Besides, to attempt to rescue those who are almost sinking would tax his nervous system and likely ruin his clothes.

Time passes! People are screaming, then sinking, but it is now past "tea time" and he has promised to dine at the home of dear Mrs. Silver, who would feel very much hurt if he failed to appear. Besides this, it is "his birthday" and the young people are planning to give him a reception that evening. He must not disappoint them.

Added to this, he has worked a full hour and no soul-saving effort should last longer than that. He will leave the drowning ones in the hands of the Heavenly Father, for in His own good time and way He will save all who are "predestinated."

That morning at four o'clock, a woman was communing with her God and pleading for the salvation of souls. She felt led to go to the beach and prepare her husband's lifeboat for service. Just why, she did not know, but God had spoken. She obeyed and. returned home happy.

When she heard of the shipwreck, prompted by a heavenly vision, she flew to the shore, jumped into the boat and was soon at the scene of terror, surrounded by the drowning ones. Quickly she reached down and helped one after another into the lifeboat. She was accustomed to the water and, guided by a Divine Personality, reached the dying ones in the nick of time. Hours pass!

Night is coming on. It is away past tea-time. She is almost fainting, but she will not stop as long as a soul can be saved.

Her boat, is now full to overflowing.

People are hanging to the sides and to the ropes looped around the edges. As they reach the shore they are met by loving hands and hearts who have made all needed preparations for their comfort.

Our lady quickly prepared to go right back, saying that hundreds more were dying and that she promised many who were clinging to boards that she would hurry to help them. Besides, in that number were the near relatives of those she had rescued.

But, just as she was ready to start the clergyman, who had returned from his engagements, walked up and laying his hand on her arm objected, saying that it is not, a woman's place to be in charge of a lifeboat, for she should not "usurp authority over the man." Let her husband do it! But he was not there! "Is there no man can go?" No one is found who understands the work fully.

Every moment now meant death to many! This parleying seemed criminal to our lady. She started for her life boat, but was hindered by her minister who would not permit it for "it is a shame for a woman to" and he snatched the key from her hand and locked the boat to the shore.

Heartbroken, she paced the beach, wringing her hands in anguish, while all she could hear were the distant cries of "Help, help !" from those she felt she could rescue if given the chance.

Those she had already saved were reviving wonderfully and were so grateful to her that they made up a purse to show their appreciation and to get her a new suit to replace the one she ruined in their rescue. But the clergyman again interfered and managed the affair, seeing to it that this love offering was given to her husband instead.

Which things are an allegory written for the benefit of women who feel the call of God to work for others.

[Note. -- There are but two, passages that seem to forbid women preaching, one being 1 Cor. 14:34. Adam Clarke says, "It was permitted to any man to ask questions to object, to refute in the synagogue; but this liberty was refused every woman." This same church at Corinth endorsed women "prophesying," (chap. 11:5) and gives directions as to her attire while so doing.

There are ten passages which sanction her preaching. One unanswerable proof in her favor is that God sets His seal to it by saving sinners and edifying the church. Dost thou believe in women preaching? If so, very well; if not, you have a strong one on your side -- the devil, for he always hated it. -- E. E. S.]

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## 12 -- GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Dear friends, do you believe it possible to grow old, gracefully?' How many old people do you know who are agreeable, not touchy, nor talkative, but mellow-hearted and interesting? I hope a great many.

It has paid me to dress like a clergy man. While on shipboard I have been asked to conduct "Divine service", while other preachers who looked like sports or business men were left unnoticed; they were shut out of a, golden opportunity. More than once have I felt led to lay my hand upon the shoulder of the ship's captain and pray God's blessing and guidance upon the voyage. Gray hairs, coupled with sincerity, seemed to touch him and he thanked me heartily.

I have prayed this prayer frequently: "Good Lord, let me live as long as possible; as long as I can be a blessing and bring glory to Thy name; as long as I can build up more than in my awkwardness I knock down. But when, through infirmities or old age, I am no longer an asset to Thee; when I do more harm than good; when I grieve rather than gladden; when I scold rather than soften; in short, when I am in the way rather than in demand, please, Lord, kiss my life away quickly and take me to Thyself, I ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

Brother, would it not be a good thing for you to go home, and after thinking over these things, write your own epitaph for your tombstone and tack it up on the wall where you and your



family could read it occasionally? It might have a salutary effect on your life. Write something like this:

"Here lies an old man who in his declining age had learned how to grow old pleasantly. Children loved him; young people sought his counsel and company, old people eagerly desired his friendship and no one ever called him a bore after he went out. He knew how to be silent at the right time, and when he spoke everyone stopped to listen and do him reverence. He was never disturbed because he was not noticed, and maintained his serenity when his opinion was set at naught. He loved God and thought of Him more than of himself. He lived to bless others and died happy, at a ripe old age, loving God and all men."

Say, if you do not quite measure up to this, begin now to amend and, if need be, do some apologizing so that those around you will have respect for your sincerity. You cannot afford to start out well, build up a good name and then in your latter days be looked upon as a contrary, covetous, unsympathetic, self-centered old man.

When thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
I here shall in thy image shine,  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;  
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,  
They cannot break the firm decree;  
All things are possible to me.

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### 13 -- BONDAGE TO CUSTOM -- Mrs. E. E. S.

When one is traveling in foreign countries, it is pathetic to notice the various customs of heathen nations which are calculated to place their women in bondage. Some are very cruel, but all have a tendency to place the husband on a pedestal as "lord and master." He is at liberty to do as he will and she has no redress, for she must serve him at all costs. The more a nation becomes Christianized, the higher her women rise in the social scale and the more equality there is between the sexes.

It is very noticeable that the Europeans and colonials who live near native heathen are unconsciously influenced by them and are more like them than are other peoples. While they are not nearly so gross as the natives, yet the same principle of bondage to the husband obtains among the white people to a certain degree. The heathen husband beats his wife. The white husband crushes her feelings to keep her "in her place."

We sincerely hope that the South African custom of the wife's eating in the kitchen and her husband in the dining room has died out. In some homes the wife sits at the table by the side of her husband, but may not speak aloud. She only whispers to him, asking him to pass certain dishes to her guests. Her husband may visit with them but she must not enter into the conversation. The man of the house generally says grace at the table and leads family worship, seldom delegating either job to his wife -- and rarely ever even to a visiting minister, for he is high priest of his own house.

In business affairs the husband is "boss," not allowing his wife to be a partner with him or to have a joint ownership. One dear woman whose husband just died told me that she knew absolutely nothing of his business affairs. One day she said to him, "If you should die, I would not know a thing about our money. What would I do?" He said for her to ask certain men in the event of his death.

The next day he died suddenly in his office. Had he not told her what to do, she likely would have been cheated out of her money. These conditions border onto heathenism. Such men seem to be too self-centered to talk over their affairs with their wives. I once said to a bright young husband, with whom I was well acquainted, "How is your better three-fourths?" He looked at me as though he did not appreciate such a question, and answered bombastically, "My better one-tenth is well."

A man once referred to my husband as my "lord and master." I laughed, supposing he was in fun. Had I known at the time what I know now, I should have told him that my husband was not my master but my lover -- that I had no master except Christ. It later developed that this man himself was "lord and master" to more than one woman.

We are not excusing women who rule the house and are not respectful and obedient to their husbands. Some such women are like spoiled children who cannot easily adapt themselves to circumstances, but must have their own way at all costs. We know one young wife who faints away (?) when denied a request.

God's ideal of a home is that the husband and wife be loving, devoted companions, but that the husband be recognized as the head of the house.

This Bondage to Custom is in evidence in the compulsory wearing of the wedding ring. The husband insists that his wife wear it, while he does not unless he takes the notion. It is optional with him, but compulsory with her. He may run at large but she must be true to him.

The ring is a sort of charm to keep other men away, but we have noticed that it does not always work. We have observed more looseness among some who wear the wedding ring than we have ever seen among those who for Christ's sake have laid it aside. The ring does not seem to do its duty properly. People are going to do about as they please -- ring or no ring, as long as sin exists.

If there is any difference, I believe there is more flirting among married people though "protected" by the ring than among others. The ring seems to be a sort of challenge to evil men to make a venture. There is more attraction when people may not than when they may. Solomon said, "Stolen waters are sweet."

But you may ask, "How will people know if one is married?" I answer, if a man is not obligated to show by a ring that he is married, much less should a woman be under such an obligation, for her temptations are less than his. Any sensible woman knows how to conduct

herself among strangers of the opposite sex. If she does not know how, or is not disposed to act properly, she would not behave though she wore a dozen rings.

If it is necessary to let people know that one is married, it is an easy matter to do so by word or action. Some one said, "If a man is in a new place an hour without letting people know he is married he is a rogue."

Pardon a personal reference: I have traveled many thousands of miles through China, Japan, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, South Africa, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, and have mingled with all classes of people on land and sea. Part of the time I was with my husband but much of this time alone, but I have never been treated disrespectfully by any man. It is one's attitude and manner of dress that protect her -- not her ring. Some of the biggest flirts on shipboard wear wedding rings. We have found that if a man desires to flirt he will do so regardless of a band of gold on one's finger.

If an honorable man is seeking a wife. He will take time to become acquainted before becoming at all intimate, and it does not take any decent woman long to let new friends know who she is. Besides this, she will be ready at all times to repulse any improper advances.

Many millions of pounds and dollars are wasted on jewelry, such as beads, gold ornaments, and wedding rings. This money would evangelize the world. One's influence for good is much farther-reaching if she is careful to be plain and neat in her appearance.

Another custom that brings people into bondage is that which prohibits women from praying aloud in public or of standing to give a testimony. In one place we found that in a small service women might say a few words provided they remained seated while doing so. During prayer the men stand and the women sit to show their subjection.

St. Paul said, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Let us die to all the customs which hinder one's spiritual life, "Giving honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel." and let the wife see that she reverence her husband as head of the house as Christ is Head of the Church.

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## 14 -- DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH

I have escaped from death miraculously at least a dozen times, but have space here to refer to only one instance. This occasion was at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. I was invited there by the "A. E. B." (African Evangelistic Band) for their Annual Convention, January, 1933. This was their second convention, one being at Sea Point (Capetown) the previous September. Wife and Esther were with me there.

This, as far as we know, is the only movement in South Africa which stands for Holiness as a distinct second work of grace as believed and taught by Wesley and his co-adjutors. The two Misses Garret of Simonstown, Captain Dobbie, Brother Williamson and others of Capetown, are

the leaders. Under them are young men and women doing evangelistic work throughout the country. Most of the big churches refuse their services though they work without salary and are interdenominational. We should pray for this noble work and assist them in every way possible. I felt led to donate nearly two hundred dollars' worth of books to be sold and proceeds used as they desired. This is strictly a faith work and any donation to them will be money well invested. Through them many doors were opened to us. Captain Dobbie became our manager and proved himself to be a great, all-round leader.

But I started to tell about my healing at Port Elizabeth. Some twelve of us were entertained in a large house, rented for the occasion. One day we had "curried lamb," of which I am very fond. However, when I ate two bites I felt checked and ate no more. But it was too late and I had a case of ptomaine poisoning. I thought I would die. In fact, I told an attendant where to bury me, and to wire wife six hundred miles away. They all prayed, and I was spared, though not entirely well. I pulled myself out of bed and preached two and three times daily, after each service going back to bed again. I asked to be excused; but when I saw their hunger and disappointment I could not refuse, though I was so weak I had to sit and preach.

Finally, the convention being over our good big Brother Gush took me about one hundred miles to the next point. On our way he bought some nice, golden prickly pears and prepared two for me, which I ate. This gave me a relapse, and I now thought surely I would die. Satan was pleased, and for the first time granted a great concession: "If I cannot get you to cool off and compromise, I will consent for you to go to Heaven, but will put a stop to your doing my kingdom any move damage." Oh, how in that hour of intense pain, I felt his sullen wrath. It seemed I was left alone with a fiend, in a strange land among strangers, and all was so dark. Again, I told them I must be dying and to wire wife.

But, blessed be God, He did not forsake me, but came to my relief. Oh, how I appreciate life since then, and feel that I am immortal till my work is done. I am satisfied that many good men die before their time simply because they give up too soon. "According to your faith (or lack of faith) be it unto you." Satan must go to headquarters and get permission before he can kill me. Hallelujah!

"Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home."

"In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain;

"I suffer out my three-score years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away His servant's tears,  
And take His exile (Elmer) home."

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## 15 -- PORT ELIZABETH CONVENTION

Port Elizabeth is a nice summer resort (in winter) for teachers, preachers, and missionaries from the Transvaal and up-country. We were with them two weeks, having services three and four times daily. I do not recall a similar convention for the past thirty years, where so many Christian workers went down before God for the clear witness to heart cleansing. One bright, young preacher sought and fasted (more or less) for two weeks. Some of the others became uneasy about him and urged him to take the blessing by "naked faith" and "reckon" himself to be dead to all sin. But he replied that he had done this several times before and it did not stand the test. This time he must have the definite assurance within that the carnal nature was destroyed. He wrote me afterwards that it had paid him to dig deep and die out to carnality. "Now the witness abides."

Brethren, let me speak plainly. I am satisfied that there are few leaders who know how to keep out of the way of the Holy Ghost and do deep, thorough work. I have been grieved more than once as I beheld workers rush seekers through to a temporary blessing; "crying, Peace, peace, when there was no (lasting) peace." This can be done by singing, reading certain promises, or mentally declaring that "the altar sanctifies the gift." Therefore claim it by faith! The better plan is to get the faith that claims it. If workers could only keep out of the way and let the seeker pray and confess his inward depravity to God until he reaches a point where it will be easy to exercise living faith, then the cleansing of the soul would be assured.

I wonder if this is one reason why the dear Keswick brethren have swung to the other extreme and do not believe in "eradication" and "cleansing from all sin." They have been sadly disappointed in some who loudly profess entire sanctification and yet are shallow and carnal in heart and life. But this does not prove that there is no such experience. David prayed for it (Psa. 51:10), and the disciples obtained it (Acts 15:8, 9). Personally, when I was a boy preacher, I sought and professed several times. Too bad that I was rushed through to a mere profession; but later, thank God, when I got away from all shallow teachers. He took me through step by step until I realized for myself and not another that my "old man" of sin was actually crucified and put to death. Hallelujah! (Rom. 6:6).

It is unsafe and unscriptural to build a doctrine upon personal experience, good as it may be. Doctrine must be founded upon the Word which abides forever. But even then it is easy to "wrest the Scriptures" to suit a pet theory. This is exactly what is done in a certain book, "Holiness, False and True." The author pleads for the carnal mind and slams at those who profess heart purity. He bases the bulk of his argument upon his former shallow and unsatisfactory experience while in the Salvation Army. The fact is that he, like the writer, was rushed through to a profession of holiness, without taking time to die out to the bottom.

Seeking holiness is a little like dealing with a bad tooth. If one goes to a dentist and can stand the killing of the nerve at first sitting, very well. But if not, he goes again until the nerve is completely dead, the canal sterilized and the cavity filled with pure gold. The author of above book speaks of his struggles to keep down the stirrings of unholy tempers. When this fails he then

swings to the "suppression theory" and tries to get, comfort by keeping old "Agag" in prison. This was Saul's method. But Samuel carried out the command of God and "utterly" destroyed him (Ex. 17:14), by "hewing him to pieces before the Lord" (1 Sam. 15:33). This, to a superficial leader, might look like needless severity, but to an old warrior, it was God's method -- Death without mercy to the "old man" of sin.

George Fox, founder of the Quaker Church, preached second blessing holiness a hundred years before there were any Methodists. We quote a scrap from his recorded experience: "I knew Jesus, and He was very precious to my soul; but I found something within me that would not keep sweet and patient and kind at all times. I did what I could to keep it down; but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave Him my whole will and heart, He came and took out all that would not be kind, and then "He shut the door." This was God's route and if it worked back there, it will succeed again. "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." -- Matt. 15:13.

After this blessed two weeks' tarrying at Port Elizabeth many of those missionaries returned to their fields of labor, a flame of fire. Our main text during the convention was, "I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin." (Isa. 1:25.) Brother, do not argue, but submit to the Divine hand and let Him take away all your cheap, tin-pan profession. When He begins to turn His hand upon you and purge away all your dross, He will skim off one ladle after another until you may think you are all going to skimmings. But don't take hold of His hand, He is purifying a "son of Levi" for your own good. There will be a big pile of dross but a small and valuable pile of gold, Hallelujah!

One of the officials at the Crown Mines, Johannesburg, presented to me a piece of rich ore. I said, "Oh, I see the gold." "No, you see only the imitation; the gold is hidden." He told me that it requires one ton of this rich quartz to produce one ounce of gold. "My Lord," I replied, "is that the ratio? Does it require the crushing and burning of about one ton of self-life to refine one ounce of grace in us?"

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## 16 -- ECLIPSING THE PAST

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize."

Many a man's history could be written in two words -- arrested development. He ceased to eclipse himself; he stopped too soon because he was satisfied with present attainments.

Elisha prayed for a double portion. of the spirit that was upon Elijah; as a result he performed sixteen miracles while Elijah wrought only eight David first killed a bear, then a lion, then Goliath, each time surpassing the former achievement. We ought to do likewise.

Friends, I have caught a vision and cannot be content to settle down and get comfort from what little I have accomplished. We started with nothing, then at the age of twenty began printing

tracts. This developed into booklets and books until now God has been pleased to let us spend over \$60,000 in publishing nearly fifty books and scattering hundreds of millions of pages over the earth. To Him be all the praise. But, oh, I can see now where I might have done more; and in order to meet God's expectations according to my limited abilities and opportunities, I must now double my energies. If I could only get hold of the unused means and capabilities of some, how I would bless the world!

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." -- Acts. 1 :8. This is God's order. If it worked then, it will succeed today. First; get the real baptism! Then witness before your home folks; then to those in the adjoining state, then on a broader scale and finally all over the earth. We have tried in a feeble way to literally carry out this last commission of our Lord. Our first trip, years ago, was when, after scattering holy fire in United States and Canada, wife and I felt led to visit the mission fields and impart a blessing not only to native workers and heathen, but to missionaries themselves. Later, son and I did the same, trusting God to open doors and supply finances. On this second trip around the world we traveled from East, to West, stopping first in Korea, where we worked with the Oriental Missionary Society. After the annual convention in Seoul (the capital) we went up into the interior, where we dedicated several new churches built by those who were heathen just three years before. These self-sacrificing converts were so poor that, in order to build, they denied themselves of a certain number of spoonfuls of rice, then sold it for a few pence. Thus a new church was built and paid for, capable of seating three hundred or more. What a rebuke this should be to many professed Christians who know not the meaning of fasting or self-denial!

Another case! A heathen man was visiting in Japan and there found Christ. Now he was all enthused to see the people in his own village saved, though a hundred miles away. He returned home and started to build a little chapel with his own money, intending to invite a missionary to come and hold a revival. But winter was coming on, the windows were not in, and there was no money in sight. What should he do? Prayer and fasting found a way. He had two oxen -- he would sell one and get enough to enclose the little chapel.

"But," inquired a neighbor, "how will you plow your rice field in the spring ?"

"I have figured all that out. I will bore another hole in the double-tree, and make my one ox pull four-fifths of the load, while I harness myself in the other side and pull one-fifth. Wife will hold the plow, and thus we will prepare and plant my field." This made me weep! It is needless to say what followed -- a mighty revival among raw heathen. They will rise up in the judgment and condemn this generation for its extravagance and self-indulgence.

We held many conventions in Japan and China, then sped on to Egypt, Palestine and England. I considered it a good investment to take our son to these land's, since he was to be a preacher. Without our hinting for money God wonderfully supplied every need. Best of all, many missionaries and native workers dug their wells deeper and struck fresh oil.

The next year our entire family went to England, Scotland and Ireland where we had many calls. We divided up into two parties, in order to cover the ground in the allotted time. While in

England, I left the family to fill out the engagements, and took my first trip to South Africa. I ventured out, knowing only two missionaries, Rev. J. W. Haley near Durban, and Rev. Jules Ryff near Johannesburg. But the doors began to open, especially among the Europeans, until we could not begin to fill the calls. I had now caught an enlarged vision and received a new commission. to give much of my future time to mission fields. How could I have missed this late call for so long? Just as many others who limit God and themselves.

Yes, we must eclipse ourselves or die with dry rot. After going to the West Indies and South America and paying out nearly \$400.00, our next trip was to South Africa. Of course this meant more, for wife and daughter Esther were to go along. The expense for the round trip of nearly 12,000 miles was over \$1,000.00. But, without our hinting for a penny, God moved upon the people to give us twice that amount. In addition, we sold, and gave away nearly \$3,000.00 worth of books. The postage alone was nearly \$400.00. How those dear people. devour deep books! Best of all, about 1,000 souls met God in a real way, many of whom were ministers and Christian workers. This was equivalent to many times that number of raw sinners. To God be all the praise!

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## 17 -- WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA

During the next year, 1932, I felt led to go to the West Indies and South America. I knew but one missionary, Rev. James Hill, a Nazarene; but where he was I could not say. I had written him several times, via their Publishing House, but all in vain. Finally I decided to wait no longer. I needed about \$100.00 more on my transit. While unpacking and packing my suitcase I remarked to wife, "I have too many handkerchiefs; what shall I do with them?" She replied, "Send some of them to Brother \_\_\_\_\_. He is poor and will need them." I agreed and, presently, to my surprise I found an envelope with money in it, and said, "See what I found? Here is an envelope under my handkerchiefs with \$85.00! Where in the world did it come from? Who put it there?" But remember, I did not find it until I first began to think of another's need. Self-forgetfulness pays!

I tried to catch a boat sailing from New York to Georgetown, South America, January 4th, but one thing and another hindered, so I decided, to sail January 18th. The second day out someone knocked at my cabin door, and when I said, "Come in," whom did I behold but Brother Hill!

He had likewise failed to get the other boat, and now I saw anew the wonderful providence of God. The steps (and stops) of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." -- Psa. 37:23. We soon began to canvass the ground and map out the campaigns in the various islands. He was delighted, and as he was in charge of two large tents, we set in for one big revival.

The first meeting was in Georgetown, South America, with two churches -- Pilgrim Holiness and Church of God. This was my first experience with the latter. In previous years they denounced me because I belonged to a "Sect," or "Man-made organization." Accordingly I was a little fearful at first, but soon found blessed fellowship with Brother Jeffreys, the local pastor. In fact, he wanted me to remain and pastor his large church for three months, while he went into the



interior on a missionary rally. I am satisfied that if we as holiness people mingled more freely, we would understand one another better. The Pilgrim Holiness people have a nice property there and we had a profitable meeting.

Now I began my return journey, visiting the churches in Trinidad, Barbados, ("Little England") Antigua, St. Croix, St. Thomas, Dominican Republic, etc. Our greatest campaign was on Barbados, under two large tents. Here three churches united, Nazarene, Pilgrim Holiness, and Church of God. The tents held 1,000 people, and more than this number were standing inside and out at night. The aisles and platform were so crowded that it was difficult to find space for seekers. The entire island was stirred, people coming in special bus loads from ten to twenty miles. Even the Justice of the Supreme Court came, but was unable to get in.

The heat was intense (in February) and the crowds around the tent cut off all air from the speaker. One night thought I would faint, and said, "I was down in the center of the city today and there saw bankers, city officials and heads of steamship companies, all in their shirt sleeves, trying to be comfortable. Is it not strange that a minister or missionary, in order to maintain his dignity, must almost die in this heat?" And off came my coat! Some gasped, while others said, "Amen." The next night they rather expected it and seemed to enjoy seeing a new precedent set. Bondage to custom is galling, especially where no principle is involved.

Americans believe in being free and easy and sometimes we go too far, while Europeans make too much of red tape and ritualism. I was preaching to large congregations in one place, but when Sunday night came I was requested to lay aside my comfortable gray suit and wear my black one, for it was custom, and then black was more reverential. I gladly complied in order to avoid offense, but thought: "O Consistency, thou art a jewel!" A black suit on Sunday and two long, black pipes in the pastor's study on Monday. No hallelujahs in worship, but plenty of smoke, beer and wine after the benediction; a very solemn "Ah-m-e-n" at the close of each hymn, then gambling and dancing the next day. The graveyards in former years were just outside the church, but now they are inside. The services are very orderly, but very dead. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

The West India natives are very religious, but like some of our American Negroes, more or less unstable. Their emotional nature is more highly developed than truthfulness and purity. Barbados has 166 square miles, with a population of 170,000, perhaps the most thickly peopled spot on earth. They are very poor and families of six or more live in one room. This is degrading to morals. No marvel that about seventy-eight percent of the births are illegitimates. Nevertheless, we found many fine young preachers and native Christians. I fell in love with them and they pled for our early return.

In Antigua we found a good work under Brother and Sister King, of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. They were the only holiness missionaries on the island. This is as it should be. It is unfortunate to have several denominations teaching practically the same thing in a small radius when one might do the work. The poor natives cannot understand it. This depression ought to teach Mission Boards an important lesson, viz., amalgamation and conservation. Wherever it is possible without sacrifice of principle, why not unite or give place to those who are doing the same work? Why spend a lot of time, energy and money holding down a feeble station in order to save a little

property or ecclesiastical prestige? The same efforts might produce much greater returns elsewhere. But blind bigotry cannot see this.

Again, no missionary should be allowed to change over to another denomination, then use his influence to hurt the movement from which he withdrew. He should be compelled to withdraw to another island or go so far away as to sever all connections and contributions of former supporters. The real baptism of the Holy Ghost will settle a lot of littleness and underhanded crookedness. Oh, that someone, wholly saved from prejudice and narrowness, could visit each field and stay long enough to see a genuine revival! Among whom? Not the raw natives, but among the missionaries and native preachers. This is the quickest and surest way to reach the heathen.

From Antigua we sailed to Dominican Republic, which is part of the large island, Haiti. Here the Free Methodists have a fine work. Catholicism holds sway, but after these years of sowing on the part of Rev. Mills and his co-workers, the reaping time has come. We have a fine seminary at Santiago, an inland city about eighty-five miles from the main seaport, Santo Domingo. We were there for the Annual Conference and saw some of their fine teachers and young preachers drill their wells deeper. On one occasion several were at it till after midnight, when they struck oil. Immediately they were aflame for others, and out on the streets they went in open air meetings. In returning from Santo Domingo, I changed boats at Porto Rico, a United States' possession. While here for two days, I walked the beautiful streets and groaned, sometimes aloud, for the island. Think of it! San Juan, an up-to-date city, with many Americans and English-speaking people among the natives, and yet not a single missionary or holiness church; while in some of these islands there are too many and they are in one another's way. Why do Mission Boards allow this?

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## 18 -- POWER OF EXAMPLE

"Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in purity." -- 1 Tim. 4:12. In our travels here and there we have noticed how easily and naturally leaders influence their followers. Paul must have been very exemplary in life in order to say, "The things ye see and hear in me do." If the ministers and missionaries are light or serious, plain or worldly, contentious or sweet-spirited, their underlings invariably take their imprint and follow them. For instance: When a prominent lady evangelist dresses and does her hair up in the latest style, her converts follow her example. When in India we noticed that some of the missionaries wore their rings, beads and bracelets. As a result the native Christians did the same, and some went further and wore jewelry in the nose and on the toes.

On the other hand, in Egypt, under Rev. J. C. Black, of the Holiness Movement Church of Canada, we found about the cleanest work in all our travels. As one reads of the bondage of the Children of Israel in Egypt, he naturally thinks, "Can any good thing come out of Egypt?" But at Assuit, near the tombs of the kings, we held one of the best Holiness Conventions we ever attended. This was one place where our crowds were too large. At least 5,000 people crowded in and around the big tent; they were so eager that we could not make room to kneel, but stood and prayed.

There were a score or more of Spirit filled native preachers and many laymen from far and near. The men and women were very clean and plain, with out a bit of jewelry (even the wedding ring). The best of all, they had the Holy Ghost. Now, if this high standard can succeed in dirty, cruel, superstitious Egypt, a clean work can be dug out anywhere, but only as the leaders themselves are exemplary.

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A Sad But Glorious End.

During this convention a very unusual thing occurred. A number of the preachers slept on the floor in the large mission hall. Early one morning one of the best and strongest men was in prayer on his bunk. Then, as was his custom, he sat up and quietly hummed an anthem. This time he was singing the twenty-third Psalm. But when he reached the fourth verse and sang, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear --," his head bowed low and there was silence. Finally one of the brethren ventured to shake him gently, but -- he was gone, and henceforth need "fear no more evil" forever. I desire to go like this, or from the pulpit after having delivered a Heart-Searching Sermon.

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## 19 -- HOLY PLACES AND HOLINESS

There is a vast difference! Jerusalem is called "The Holy City" and for ages has been recognized as such, especially by the Jews. We have visited it twice; and for concentrated hate, bigotry and sectarianism this city eclipses them all. It would be amusing if it were not so pathetic to see the various religions vie with one another as to so called sacred places, stones, nails, but tons, whiskers, etc. These things are bowed down to, kissed and worshipped, to such, an extent that they must be protected by wire netting, and glass cases. Of all those who had taken long pilgrimages to get there, I do not recall seeing one happy face. Sacred places do not make one holy.

When we were there the second time I tried to conduct a revival, but it was hard pulling, because of the intense prejudice on every hand. The Moslems sent spies and special police to, if possible, catch us in our words. However, in spite of it, God came in power and one night we had nine different religions represented at the altar. It was surely a mixture of Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Coptics. etc., all bowing down to the One Common Redeemer. Praise Him! "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess" to Him in due time.

While we were there, the Anglican Bishop of London came and preached to a vast throng of officials and great men on "Jesus, the Savior of the World." How wonderful, that in the same city where He was once despised and put to death, now He was honored above angels and all men! At last He was "coming into His own." We, likewise, must be willing to wait until after death before we and our principles are appreciated.

Some very strange and fanatical things are to be seen in the holy city. One woman went up on the Mount of Olives early each morning to make a cup of tea for Jesus, thinking He might come any day. Throngs of people bow and kiss the stone slab upon which the dead body of Jesus was supposed to have lain. Multitudes of Jews kiss and rub the large stones smooth at the "wailing place" outside of the temple area. They actually weep till their eyes are red and swollen, because they are forbidden by the Moslems to enter the enclosure where Abraham offered up Isaac. Yet all of this utterly fails to make a single one holy.

We saw many bow and worship the star of silver, supposed to be on the identical spot where Christ was born. The Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Coptics, Armenians and several others had their representative priests there burning candles and swinging censers in honor of the Prince of Peace. But the pathetic thing was that just outside of this sacred place stood a Mohammedan soldier with gun and sword and an unsympathetic look. I asked the reason why, and was informed that it was necessary to keep a soldier there, lest these priests stab one another to death. What a poor sample of Christianity! No marvel that the Moslems are taught that they are doing "God's service" when they "stab an infidel dog" -- meaning those who are non-Mohammedans.

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#### Rome another Example

Here the Catholics come from far and near to kiss the toe of St. Peter, and though it is bronze, it is worn away by kissing. Priests and nuns from all over the world come and climb, on their knees, the "Holy Stair Case" in St. John's Church. They kiss the twenty-eight steps brought from Jerusalem, that Jesus ascended when He went to Pilate's Hall. These are the same stairs that Luther climbed, and while he was so doing God spoke to him, saying. "The just shall live by faith." He arose and henceforth renounced salvation by penance and good works.

I stood at the bottom of the stairs and cried, "The just shall live by faith." But all in vain; for priests and people turned and looked for a moment, then went on kissing, hoping thus to be made holy. Of course, there is a large collection box at the top to receive the money which is freely given. And why not? A former Pope decreed that to "anyone climbing these stairs in holy contrition, nine years of absolution will be granted." These words appear in six or more languages at the foot of the stairs. This is a cheap way to wipe out a lot of adultery and deviltry. Just go to Rome and climb those stairs which are now worn smooth and thin. Every climbing cancels nine years of robbery and rottenness -- so says the Pope.

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#### Wesley's Chapel

Here we wept recently when we stood with head uncovered at Adam Clarke's grave, next to the monument of the mighty Wesley. I had been there before, but on this occasion a Methodist synod was in session in the adjoining chapel and many ministers in clerical suits were in the yard, smoking and joking as though at a horse race. As I stood in reverence at the dust of two of the

greatest scholars, theologians, and soul-winners since the days of the Apostles, and beheld those worldly-minded preachers, I groaned audibly.

Some of them approached me, asking if I were a bishop from America. Others asked if I were Campbell Morgan, because of my height and gray hair, I suppose. This gave me a chance to preach. I asked in kindness and seriousness what the great founder of Methodism would think and say if he knew what was going on at his grave and in the chapel where he preached. I said, "I fear he would turn over in his coffin." I told them my experience of conversion, holiness and tobacco, giving them some of our pamphlets and tracts. Like true Englishmen, they received them with dignity. One of them said, "If others reprov'd me about tobacco with the same spirit you have shown, I do not know but that I might get under conviction myself." Oh, let us pray for the great Methodist Church and her ministry which has fallen so far away from its original purity, simplicity, and power. Yes, one can stand at Wesley's grave, or in his pulpit, or pray in his private prayer chamber, as we have done several times, and yet not be holy. Looking at and handling these choice relics of a holy man will not make the doers thereof perfect. The blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse from all sin.

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#### Andrew Murray Church

Here was another great and good man. I have been greatly edified by his many books. We had the privilege of preaching to a large congregation from the same pulpit where he once stood. This church (at Worcester, S. Afr.) has a membership of over two thousand, and they alone raise over \$75,000 annually for missions. We prayed at the grave and monument of this great saint. Oh, that the Dutch Reformed ministers might catch the same vision he caught and come out boldly in favor of holiness and healing! But, alas, holy men and holy places do not make us holy.

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#### Holiness Colleges

Religious schools are great centers from which emanate light and truth. These are fine places to either grow in grace or backslide. I love to work with students and see them develop from raw recruits into polished singers and soul-winners.

But, unless one is determined to keep his eyes on Jesus alone, he can come to one of these schools and see enough inconsistencies, and imagine more, to sour him and send him away a skeptic. Yes, Holiness schools are fine, but they do not make one holy. Holiness of heart and life is a personal matter, and each one for himself must constantly live under the Cleansing Blood.

"Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God,  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckoned thee His road."

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## 20 -- THE STOLEN MOTORCYCLE -- Mrs. E. E. S.

In a certain home in South Africa lived a boy whom we shall call Tom. He was the black sheep of the family. One, time he disappeared from home and, though his father was a policeman, he could not succeed in locating him. Many an hour did his dear Christian mother spend in agonizing prayer for her wayward boy.

A theft occurred in the city, but evidence was not sufficient to convict any one. In the meantime Tom sought God and seemed to become a Christian, but did not hold out long. Again and again he tried, but failed. Later, he attended a convention to which husband and I had been invited as speakers. The light began to shine and conviction settled upon hearts.

One day this young man came to our room. Feeling that he had something important to say and that it might be easier for him to say it were I not present I slipped out and left him alone with husband.

He told of his efforts at seeking salvation, of a call to preach, of his entering a theological school; then added that it seemed he could not keep his hold on God. There was a pause. Just why his failure, was the question. Was it a lack of faith, or of obedience -- which? He knew, but, oh, must he now disclose what he had for year's so carefully concealed?

A shudder went over his spirit, and as he sat with bowed head, he trembled and wrung his hands. He must proceed for to go back meant perdition and here was his opportunity. He must, he would obey the inner voice.

Cautiously he proceeded and told of his wanderings from mother and from home; of his temptation to steal, how he saw a motorcycle -- almost new -- mounted it and sped away. Later he sold it for a mere pittance.

He had told his father, but the latter refused to let him tell his mother as he feared it would kill her. Neither would he allow him to make restitution, his reason being that this was Tom's second offense and it might go hard with him.

After, husband had prayed with Tom, the boy decided to tell his mother all. Later she came to see us -- was glad Tom had confessed, for she had feared that he was guilty. He must make this awful wrong right and she would help him. Just how to manage she did not know as her husband would not consent to it.

The motorcycle was stolen from a man who later bought another one and while riding it was killed. His poor, old widow was now living in a distant. city where my husband would soon be holding a revival. So it was agreed that he should look her up and act as a go-between, find out how much she would ask for the machine and secure from her a written statement that on receipt of the money she would forever release Tom from punishment. Husband did all this without disclosing any names

He found the woman miserably clad and needing nourishment. When she saw over \$200.00 she was dumfounded. A more grateful person I think I never saw. She sent word by husband of her gratitude to the one who had sent it, praying God to reward him.

Tom says he hopes some day to see the one he wronged and tell her all, but until that time he is very happy, feeling that he has done all that he should at the present.

A few months later, Tom came to Capetown to see us off as we sailed for U. S. A. He had a radiant face and was victorious in the Lord. Since making restitution, he has had no trouble in keeping true to God, for he has made a clean breast of everything and realizes the truth of that promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." -- 1 John 1:9.

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## 21 -- CONSCIENTIOUS BUT INCONSISTENT

There are two classes of people I especially admire. One, class are those who have real convictions and are conscientious enough to try to live up to them. The other class are those who perhaps are not so conscientious, but, are magnanimous enough to fellowship others, though they may not fully agree. In either case it requires a big soul to qualify.

In this chapter we do not want to take the compromise position and cool off those who are "holy enthusiasts," but we hope to help balance them. After nearly fifty years in the ministry, I fear there are few who are properly balanced on every line. We are too fast or too slow; too high or too low; too emotional or too conservative; too constructive or too destructive, and ad infinitum. In fact, I fear the writer himself is more or less lopsided.

At a great camp meeting, I was preaching one night to about 3,000 souls, on the subject of hell. The mighty power of God was very manifest and over 100 people flocked to the penitent form. Many ministers came and congratulated the speaker and wanted to know if that particular sermon was in any one of our four volumes of sermons. Plenty of praise! In fact too much! But in the midst of it one preacher was very indignant, perhaps jealous, and after jerking my coat vigorously, said, "I don't like your preaching a bit, you get the people all excited." I could have come back at him for his criticism and indifference to the wails of the penitents, but instead replied, "I don't blame you a bit, Brother, I don't like it myself, but I am doing the best I can." This broke him up and he then wanted me to pray for him.

Yes, most of us need a little balancing. For instance: I was invited to another camp where the Elder was very strict on certain lines. He would not invite an evangelist who rode on Sunday street cars, or wore a tie. But on the other hand he thought nothing of gathering a few of his favorites together and criticizing us or certain brethren who differed with him on certain points. I told them that God hated whispering and sowing discord ten times more than worldliness in dress. He had been so vulgar toward the fairer sex that it was simply abominable. In short, he was conscientious on a few points and very inconsistent on others.

Another case! After my first arrest in Florida for preaching without a permit (though application was made five times), a certain zealous preacher read of it in the papers and came to join me in my battle for free speech. My second arrest included him and we were both locked up, bail being refused. This good brother was a pattern and example of humility while in jail. He sometimes spent four hours on his knees with his Bible, and we were like David and Jonathan. He said he had confidence in me as in no other man.

But the strength of a chain is not that of the strongest link, but of the weakest one. The taking of reproof or criticism nicely is a weak link with most of us. After our release and victory, I suggested to him that we hire someone to paint a nice bulletin to place on the front of our little church which we had purchased. He replied that he knew how to paint signs and would do it. I thanked him and promised to pay him for his outlay and trouble. Finally he said the bulletin was ready, and now for the first time I had a good glance at it. He had a hammer with which to put it up, but I stopped him saying, "Wait a moment, Brother! Let us touch up some of those letters. See! Some of them are too large and some too small. They ought to be uniform. We are being criticized at the best and if people see this sign, they will laugh in derision."

At this he threw down the hammer with a bang and walked off, saying, "Put it up yourself." I pled with him to come back, that mine was a friendly, not a sarcastic criticism. But he broke fellowship with me, went out into the country, and finally landed in California. Here he continued to preach, then got a divorce from his good wife and married a poor excuse for a preacher's wife, whom he later left. I sent him money several times, trying to renew our friendship, but all in vain. He was so conscientious (?) he would not ask for a penny but lived "by faith." He let his beard grow, because he declared if God had given a man a beard, he had no right to "shave off the corners" thereof. (Lev. 21:5.) Later, he went to India as a missionary and there died with fever, having never apologized. I fear he lost his soul. Yes, he was conscientious in spots, but lacked magnanimity.

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## 22 -- A CONFIDENTIAL WORD TO MINISTERS -- Mrs. E. E. S.

Many ministers of the Gospel might lead hundreds of people to Christ if they but knew the art of soul-winning. They know how to sermonize. They can run a church, but to bring souls to the point of decision, then lead them through into the kingdom is a lost art.

The reason for this is that many pastors have never been truly born of God. They themselves do not know what that miraculous change, conversion, is by experience. Therefore they do not know how to lead others into it.

In order to win souls ministers should first realize that most people are more or less under conviction for sin. They may not acknowledge it, but conscience and the blessed Holy Spirit have been busy with them from the time they were children. Second, men want to find peace. They desire God, but do not know how to find Him. They grope in darkness, seeking rest. When in company they seem happy, but they wet their pillows at night with tears.



Often only a little effort is needed to lead them to light and blessing. If ministers would only watch this point they would have many souls instead of none or a very few.

May I illustrate? A certain pastor of a large church in South Africa at one time preached a fine sermon that brought conviction for sin. A very wicked woman in his audience sat and wept. She could easily have been led to Christ that night, had the minister only asked those who would, to go into an adjoining room or come forward and pray. But he did not. He let all go home without personal help. Later, our family held a few services in that church. This same woman began to weep. Husband gave an invitation to all who were concerned to kneel at the altar or go into the "vestry." I prayed with that woman as we knelt together at a chair. I told her to tell God all about her burden and her sins, quoting the promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us," etc. She confessed between her sobs and promised God to live a good life. After some time she found peace, went home and awoke her husband and apologized for all, and her life since is entirely changed. But she told me that she might have found peace before, had her minister only known how to lead her into the kingdom.

Just a word about personal work. After a soul comes forward or, into the inquiry room, well-meaning but uninformed workers hinder rather than help them. They merely sit by the side of the seeker and talk to him and possibly read the Bible. He may need instruction, but what little he needs can be given in a very few words while on their knees in earnest prayer. The seeker should be told to pray audibly, confessing his sins. He should be led to surrender all to God at once -- not wait until some future time. If he is at a loss to know just when and how to proceed to make needed apologies to others, he should be assisted. He may need a go-between, especially if the case be a serious one. But the main thing is to help the soul to pray clear through to victory.

May I add a few words of caution? Avoid intimacy with those of the opposite sex. Do not lay your hands on one, nor even touch him. This may cause unfavorable comment or it may awaken temptation and later cause a downfall. "But," you say, "the worker is a holy person and never thinks of anything but God." That is where you are mistaken. He is human and easily tempted. A good evangelist has hurt his influence by the fact that he seems to prefer to pray with women rather than men. Added to this, he sits or kneels too close to them. I have seen their heads almost touch while he whispered words of admonition.

There are women who take hold of a man's arm or lay the hand on his back when talking with him. Avoid, all terms of intimacy such as, "Dear sister," "Dear brother," when speaking to or praying with others. Satan is always watching. We must keep at the utmost distance from even the "appearance of evil."

Preachers are falling these days, and we must be careful. The fact that your love is pure does not excuse you. Many saints have suddenly discovered that what they thought was pure, holy love has had too much human and even the carnal element in it.

As far as possible let men pray with men and women with women. If you find it necessary to do otherwise, always avoid holding long conversations with the opposite sex, and if at all possible, avoid being entirely alone with them. A very prominent minister whose beautiful songs

are sung around the globe had his study in the church. It was there he advised and prayed with women who needed help, and it was there he fell. I know two talented, Spirit-filled ministers of the Gospel who lost their good names because they allowed kind, holy women to rub their heads when they were ill or suffering with pain. I give these words of warning because the more efficient a man or woman is in the art of soul-winning, the greater is his or her danger. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

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## 23 -- MIRACLES AMONG MISSIONARIES -- Mrs. E. E. S.

While we were holding a revival in Africa for Miss F. Grace Allen, one of our old, dependable missionaries, she told the following. She had traveled a long distance on horseback and had started home when it began to grow dark. She had many miles to go and must cross a stream of water six times. Her life was in danger from superstitious natives who sometimes kill a white person that they may have his liver for medicine.

At best she would be far into the night getting home. Though very brave and accustomed to the country, she suddenly became afraid. Added to this, her horse balked and absolutely refused to go downhill. She tried every means to get him started, but no -- he would not go. When the horse was in a good humor she could never hurry him. His gait was slower than that of a man. Now he had stopped entirely. There she sat in the darkness.

Sister Allen says, "In that situation I began to sing How Firm a Foundation, and instantly I realized that someone was with me. I could see him -- a man -- a tall soldier -- so tall he was as high as my head though I was seated on the horse. All fear left! I realized that he was a heavenly being sent for my protection. I leaned my head over toward him.

"Instantly my horse began to walk, then did something he was not accustomed to doing. He paced rapidly and kept it up all the way until he brought me to our gate."

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## Another Miracle

In the beautiful, modern city of Johannesburg, we met a very prosperous lawyer, by the name of Baker. He is a devout Christian and spends much of his time in establishing missions among the natives. The following story was told me by Rev. and Mrs. Ryff, our missionaries. Last week I was privileged to hear the same story from the lips of Mr. Baker's Christian daughter.

Some time ago her father was called upon to take a baptismal service in a native village where a large number of new converts were gathered. The last person in the long line of candidates for baptism was an old woman who was greatly bent and hobbled along on a rustic stick for a cane. She was thought to be about one hundred years old. Father Time had robbed her of her teeth, and infirmities had rendered her almost helpless. She had lately been converted and

wanted to be baptized before she died to show her neighbors that she was a believer. At the close of the ceremony the Lawyer-Minister said the words found in the Ritual, "Rise to newness of life."

Then the old woman arose and hobbled off. About a year later Mr. Baker was asked to preach once more at the same place. He went and was met by a black lady who wanted to know if he did not remember her. No, he could not place her. Then she asked if he did not recollect meeting a woman whom he had baptized a year before, and stated that she was that one.

"Yes, but that woman was bent double and had no teeth."

"Yes," she answered, "but when you baptized me did you not say, 'Rise to newness of life'? He answered in the affirmative.

"Well," she said, "I thought you meant it and I did rise to newness of life."

There she stood as erect as a young woman and with a beautiful set of pearly white teeth that had grown right out of her own gums.

You who ask if missions pay would feel like giving your all to this work if you could attend one of the services where these dear native Christians sing and testify to the wonderful power of God. Can you not send a tithe of your last month's wages to your missionary Secretary at once? No! let me correct that send two tithes at once for does not God promise to repay you 700 per cent of all that you give to Him?

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## 24 -- A VALUABLE LESSON -- Mrs. E. E. S.

She was an Irish Catholic, and was placed in the same cabin with Esther and me on the great steamer, Canarvon Castle. She was more than sixty years of age and had once had a very beautiful face. Her complexion which had once been fair and rosy was now of a dark bluish tinge -- different from any I had ever before seen. This was caused by a medicine containing silver that had been given by a careless doctor for indigestion. It left the silver under the skin, giving it the quality of sensitized photographic paper, so that at the close of each day she was naturally darker complexioned than she was in the early morning, because of the action of the light upon the silver. There was no cure, a consultation of doctors had decreed, and she had suffered this embarrassment for over thirty years. When she told me about it, I said tenderly, "The Lord can heal you, and remove that color. Let us trust Him."

She answered quietly, "Oh, I'd never spend time praying for this while there are so many other things more worth while to pray about."

"Well, but the Lord loves you, and likes to do things that make us happy; and, besides, it is nothing to Him to remove that color from your body."

"Well, I'd never pray about that," she answered. "If He wants to remove it without my asking, it is all right; but I would not be vain enough to suggest it to Him."

Then she continued, "When I was a girl; they said I was pretty. I was very vain, and God sent this to humble me. But before it came, I asked Him to give me my purgatory in this life instead of the next. Then this followed, and a number of other trials -- not too severe -- but enough to purge me of my faults -- and now I cannot ask God to take away what He has sent me for my good."

I thought, "What resignation, what faith! What implicit confidence in the providence of God!"

One day she entered our cabin and began telling more of her experiences. She had once for a long time been terribly pressed by a series of strong temptations. Her efforts at resistance were so strenuous that she became physically weak -- then the Lord led her to victory through reading the life of "The Cure de Ars," who told how he overcame temptation. When tempted he prayed thus: "My God, I offer up all these temptations to Thee in exchange for their opposite virtues, in the name of Jesus."

The seven cardinal sins are pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. Their opposite virtues are humility, liberality, chastity, meekness, temperance, brotherly love and diligence.

So when tempted to drink, he suggests that one pray about as follows: "My God, I offer up all temptations to drink, in honor of the thirst of Jesus on the cross, in exchange for the virtue of temperance."

If tempted on another line he suggests that one's prayer be similar, naming the sin to God.

These thoughts were a great help to me, so I am passing them on to our readers. In exchange for her kindness I gave my roommate the happy idea of receiving the witness of the Holy Spirit by faith in Jesus. She had never heard of that, but supposed that salvation was by good works and suffering penance patiently.

When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
And high the storms of trouble rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still."

Though in affliction's furnace tried,  
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread;  
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,  
Pour all its flames upon my head;  
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

--Wesley

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## 25 -- HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD -- Mrs. E. E. S.

Your child! The most precious little bundle the kind Heavenly Father ever laid in your arms! Would you like to know his value? Chemists tell us that his body is worth less than eighty-seven cents, that is, were it reduced to the primary elements of which it is composed; lime, salt, magnesia, phosphorous, etc. But, socially speaking, your baby could not be bought with millions. It is yours, a part of you, and reflects your image. There is no question. about it, he is the finest little creature ever born. From a mental standpoint he is but a "little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor."

Spiritually, he is of inestimable value, so precious that Jesus gave Himself up to die a most horrible death to redeem him. Better spoil anything you have than that child. Since some fond parents are so bent on ruining their little ones, we herewith give some helpful suggestions for doing so.

1. Let him have his own way. Every department of this world is governed by laws which are for the well-being of humanity. To be a law-abiding citizen must be instilled into one from infancy, or we can expect nothing but lawlessness and its many ill effects later on in life. Your little darling is cute and his ways are charming. It is a temptation, therefore, to parents to palliate little offenses in a two-year-old because he is such an angel that nothing he does seems really wrong. But this will lay the foundation for his damnation.

2. Flatter him and praise him to his face for his beauty. A child usually gets enough flattery from outside the home to spoil him. When members of his family add to this it is natural that he should grow up to be conceited. This will lead to insubordination. My mother had a nice way of warding off flattery from friends. When someone would casually remark about her baby, "Oh, isn't she pretty?" she would always say, "She's pretty when she's good."

3. Do not reprove or punish him when he abuses dumb animals, or shows disrespect to cripples or the aged. A child who is permitted to laugh at, or mimic one who is poor or deformed is sure to grow up hard-hearted and unsympathetic. There is nothing more beautiful than to see a boy or girl help an old person across the street, or rise and give him a seat. What says the Word? "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. . . And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." --Lev. 19:32-34.

4. Do not compel him to work, and if you do, always hire him. A child should be thrown upon his own resources more or less and taught to do things without assistance. This is worth more to him than money, which is soon spent. A boy or a girl of sixteen ought to be able largely to take care of himself, plus help father or mother. Some have worked their way through college at this

age without asking a cent of the parents. History proves that self-made men are as a rule more dynamic than those who have been pampered with ease and luxury.

5. Give him fine clothes and jewelry. It may be gratifying to your pride to dress your little ones in a worldly way and a little better than others. This is a temptation to many parents, but consider the effect upon the child. Mrs. Catherine Booth once wrote thus to her mother explaining why she did not like the dress she had sent for one of the little Booths:

"Accept my warm thanks for the little frock you sent. There is only one difficulty -- it is too smart. We must set an example in this direction. I feel no temptation now to decorate myself, but I cannot say the same about the children; and yet, oh, I see I must be decided. Besides, I find it would be dangerous for their sakes. The seed of vanity is too deeply sown in their young hearts for me to dare to cultivate it."

A little dress was once given mother for one of her babies. Mother was thankful indeed, for father was in debt; but the dress was of bright red and rather stylish. Mother noticed that when the little one had it on she strutted about in an important way and her spirit was so haughty that she was not easily controlled. It is alarming to see some parents, who themselves are neat and modest in attire, put little ornaments upon their children. Why put something on your child when she is little that you know she will have to remove if she ever becomes a mature saint? "Train up a child in the way he should go," was formerly good advice; but that seems to be behind the times now. The same rule will apply to movies, parties, and dances. It is easier to keep him away and educate him against the world now, than it will be later on to induce him to discontinue his attendance at such places after he has acquired a taste for them and after he has been spoiled by their influence.

8. Let your daughter go half-naked. Heathenism has always been marked by nudity, and our nation is degenerating as other cultured nations have done until we actually are now much like the uncivilized peoples of the globe. Your little girl has a fine innate sense of modesty placed there by heaven. This lovely trait may be cultivated until she grows up into a fine, modest woman, too lofty in her ideals to stoop to anything unbecoming to an angel in human form. Or she may be so dressed when a little tot that she will not develop sufficient modesty to hold her own when in her teens, from carelessness and sin. Parents often wonder why their own pure girls go astray. It is simply because they were not taught when in their babyhood that their little bodies must be kept covered.

Many parents unwittingly start their children in the way of the world and then expect them to come back into the narrow way later on. They dress them with short skirts, and bare legs, so it is impossible for the dear little ones to cover their nakedness, or be modest if they wanted to be.

One writer gives the following on this subject: "I have observed many little girls eight or ten years old, exposing their limbs nearly to their bodies without any sense of shame. I saw one like this a few days ago among a group of other children. This little girl was the daughter of devout Christian workers. Shame on you, holiness mother, dressing your girls in a way that destroys that delicate sense of modesty which is the safeguard to every young lady's virtue! How can you expect your daughters to grow into pure and virtuous young women when you lay the foundation for unchastity? How can you expect God to hear your prayer for their salvation when you have violated His command, "Train up a child in the way he (or she) should go."

"Not one of you mothers would think of dressing your little girls as you do if it were not the fashion. It is easier to keep your children from the pride of the world than to get them out after they have been cultivating their pride under your sanction, for only a few years. Just observe the younger girls, twelve or fifteen years old, children of holiness people! They are dressing in the fashions with brazen faces. How few of them are saved and live for God. They sit in the house of God, unmoved under the most earnest appeals of the faithful minister. They sit and whisper, chew gum and laugh in the face of the preacher. I want to say, emphatically, that as long as your daughters live under your roof and are supplied by you with the money to buy their clothing, you are responsible for the kind of clothes they wear, also for the company they keep."

7. If you would spoil your child, let him flirt and go out nights. The place for every child in the evening is at home with his parents. Suitable books and periodicals should be provided so he will have no excuse for wanting to leave. Home should not be extravagant but it should be attractive. My grandfather on my father's side subscribed for nineteen educational and religious papers and magazines for his large family of children. In the evening they practiced music, studied French, and sat around the fire reading. The boys all turned out well. One of them, Rev. T. B. Arnold, became the publisher of the Sunday School literature for the Free Methodist Church. Another was professor of music in a holiness college. Another became a noted Sunday School worker, and still another the editor of "The Reformer," a minister and lecturer.

It pays to put money into home comforts, and the best of literature for your children. If your child shows talent for art or elocution, see that he has lessons. Let his mental nature develop as fast as it likes.

Place in the children's hands all the literature you can find on the subject of purity. Educate them to look upon children who flirt and who marry young, as beneath their respect. Show by precept and example, from the start, the evils of impurity; and of associating with anyone, either boy or girl, who is not an earnest Christian, and has not the highest ideals of purity. If your child is properly trained he will then be obedient, and God will become responsible more or less in protecting, promoting and prospering him in after life. I now turn this subject over to my husband.

8. Resent Reproof. Wife has covered the ground well, but let me speak of another way in which parents spoil, yea, damn their offspring -- they defend them. If the children quarrel with other children, many parents are so blind that they cannot see the other side. Do they not know that human nature is deceitful? "Every man's way is right in his own eyes." Hence, they defend, when perhaps they ought to reprimand their own. If the school teacher deals with this self-willed youngster, they are up in arms and ready for a fight. How different from my godly father! He warned us that if we ever got a whipping at school we would get another when we came home. This was a wholesome deterrent.

\* \* \*

A Very Sad Case

I was at a large camp meeting. One night I was greatly burdened for a girl of seventeen, the only child of a well-fixed minister. She was pretty, well-dressed, had many lovers, but of course was vain and conceited. The next morning I went over to their tent to join them in family worship. They were glad, and asked me to read and pray. After reading I told them I had not slept much since 3:00 o'clock. "Why?" they asked. I replied that their daughter was the key to the salvation of many young people and I was greatly concerned for her. But, to my surprise, instead of standing with me they stood up for her, saying she was all right though not as intensely religious as some.

The result was, they pulled off from me in spirit, she became bitter, and from that time I was shut out of their company. Later, the father dropped dead, and in a few months the mother passed away, leaving to the proud daughter all their wealth. Schools, orphanages and missions got absolutely nothing. She married a worldling, left the plain people and joined a holiness fighting church. What a place the judgment will be, when God will inquire into this accursed love of money, with holding more than is meet and turning away the ear from hearing reproof!

All things are possible to him  
That can in Jesus' name believe:  
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,  
Thy truth I lovingly receive;  
I can, I do believe in thee,  
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all  
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;  
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;  
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!  
If nothing is too hard for thee,  
All things are possible to me.

-- Wesley

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## 26 -- HOW TO SAVE YOUR CHILD

"This kind goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting."

I am wondering if we could not adopt a new plan for praying for our unsaved children.

Heretofore parents have been bearing this burden alone. In union there is strength. How would it be for us as Christian parents to band together as one strong force in agreeing to fast and pray not only for our own, but for each other's children on a certain day of each week?

This plan would have a number of advantages:



1. It would encourage unselfish praying, which appeals to God. "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends." -- Job 42:10. It was the giving of the last morsel of bread that she had that brought plenty of oil and meal to the widow.

2. A covenant to thus help each other pray would have a tendency to inspire faith. There are some people who have the gift of prayer and of faith in a greater degree than others. This would overlap the feeble petitions of some whose faith is weak and who are more or less discouraged.

3. Such a covenant would of necessity help to eliminate differences and hard feelings; for when one begins to fast and pray for another, God answers that prayer by first drawing the one who prays nearer to Himself. For instance, if a sister fasts and prays for the children of an enemy or of a rival, she has taken sides against herself to the extent that God Almighty cannot withhold blessings from her and her family. There are many things besides prayer to consider in regard to the salvation of our children, and united, unselfish fasting and prayer will reveal these things. But do not let this mar your faith. There is a way through all hindrances. It is the persistent holding on and waiting before God that brings such hindrances to the light.

Later it may be seen that little apologies are to be made to members of the family or to others. If made properly such apologies will do more to bring your children to Christ than anything else.

4. An agreement to help each other fast and pray would be of such importance that it would attract all heaven. God always comes promptly to the place of prayer when a certain date has been set for supplication.

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### A Few Suggestions

1. May we suggest that except to friends who may wish to join you in this prayer, you do not announce the fact that you are fasting, for this would be unscriptural and hinder the answer. There are both psychological and spiritual reasons for the advice Jesus gave in Matt. 6:17, 18, "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

To let others know that we are fasting or giving alms or spending much time in prayer does not appeal to God or man. A certain minister said, "So much of my work is public, and receives commendation of man, that I like once in a while to slip some good deeds into my life that no one knows anything about so that God Himself will reward me."

2. When God helps you to pray through and gives you the glorious witness or assurance of an answer, you will find that your answer will be more certain if you do not broadcast it. In other words, do not tell anyone of your assurance. It will, we believe, hinder the answer from coming. If God tells you that your child will be saved, do not under any consideration tell him so. I have in

mind an aged man who is near the grave but who will not seek God because his father once told him that he had a witness that all his children would be saved. That son is now depending on that assurance.

Sometimes we tell things that God has told us, believing that it glorifies Him, not realizing that it glorifies self also. It feeds spiritual pride. We shall be more truly humble if we do not tell all we hear from heaven. St. Paul advised "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God." Jesus said, "See thou tell no man." Another reason why it is best not to tell our heavenly secrets is that sometimes the outcome may not be just as we had predicted, and if our vision has been told, it leaves us in an embarrassing situation. God does not always explain everything to us. He drops down an assurance of something good he has for us and we may attach to that assurance more than He had in His mind. We are human and cannot always fully understand. It is enough that He has spoken; so humbly and quietly wait for the answer without tooting a horn over it. To hold such an assurance in the heart without telling it would be a death to self that some have never experienced. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in till afterward." -- Proverbs of Solomon.

3. Do not get under a strain about fasting. Do not fast every time the thought comes to mind, as the devil troubles conscientious souls along that line,

4. Arrange your work for the week so that you can have time for special prayer when you are fasting. If you feel that you are too busy to wait upon God for the salvation, of your children, arise an hour or two earlier in the morning, for your child's soul is worth it and you will be greatly benefited physically, mentally, spiritually and financially for the effort. For years we have had a covenant to thus fast and pray for our own children, and it has resulted in their salvation and call to the work of soul-winning.

Shall we agree on Friday of each week for our day of fasting, skipping one or more meals as the Lord leads?

If you care to help hundreds of parents prevail in prayer and thereby have them help you pray for your own precious children, simply begin to fast and pray next Friday.

\* \* \* \* \*

27 -- THE VALLEY OF ACHOR -- Mrs. E. E. S.

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her vineyards from thence and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth." -- Hosea 2:14, 15.

The Valley of Achor was so named because of the death of Achan. It was a sad place and the Israelites never liked to recall the name. Yet God picked out that very valley for a sort of "lover's lane" -- a door of hope -- a place where He would commune with His distressed ones and comfort them.

Our Heavenly Father likes to mark the sad places of our lives and later on take us back to them and there give joy and blessing.

At the age of eleven the writer felt the call to preach and began her work in a small way. About six years later her church wanted to give her an evangelist's license. It would have been granted but for the remonstrance of one man who seemed to think that I was too young. Being of a very bashful disposition, I felt this keenly, and more because the spirit of my opposer was coarse and bombastic. I was greatly hindered by this "set' down" and perhaps never would have tried

later employed me to hold my first revival in their church.

A few years later, I returned to that district with fear and trembling. We attended a camp meeting there and to my surprise I was invited to preach. There sat in the rear of the audience the one who had kept me from having an evangelist's license, but God gave me unusual liberty in speaking and I felt I was too far up into the heavenlies to care. Again and again I was asked to preach and God gave souls.

My opposer finally came around and seemed to be sorry for his past actions but did not apologize; Instead, he, showed his kindness by making us a present. Soon he fell from a ladder and was killed. I was sad over his death but could not help noticing how my Valley of Achor had been turned into a door of hope to me.

Another instance. When a young girl, I was very zealous for God and souls. I entered every door of usefulness, and sang and testified everywhere. I was given an opportunity; My zeal was a trial to some; and as I look back, I can see now that I was partly to blame. For I did not always know the voice of God and the leadings of the Holy Spirit; hence sometimes was too noisy in my demonstrations of joy or of sorrow over lost souls. I was determined to keep as far from the world as possible to avoid questionable pleasures, gay attire and flirting. This brought persecution, and I suffered. In school; the girls stood aloof from me for I was a "speckled bird" to them and some of the boys called me, "Salvation Army". Even many of the dear young people in my own church criticized my attire. Trials came of various sorts. Though gloriously victorious and happy in the Lord, yet at times I could say with Job, "My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death; my friends scorn me but mine eye poureth out tears unto God." -- Job 16:16, 20.

I have always dreaded to think of those days but recently God took me back to that district where I attended a campmeeting. I found that many of my opposers were gone. Some had fallen into sin or great misfortune, for which I was very sorry. But I saw that it had paid me to obey God. "It is a long road that has no turn ;" and here instead of suffering as I once did, I was given a gracious welcome and honors more than I deserved. Though this was a noted camp yet I was put up to preach in important services and souls flocked to the altar.

This is but one more instance of God's way of turning the Valley of Achor into a door of hope. Let us be patient, dear ones, for the valley where you now suffer may some day blossom as the rose and be the place where God chooses to meet you and show you His love.

\* \* \*

## Glorying Only In The Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small,  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

-- Isaac Watts

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## 28 -- LIVING IN ADVANCE

If athletes can live in advance, deny themselves of luxuries and gratifications, and endure all kinds of hardships in order to win on a future date, why cannot we? They run for earthly glory, while we are running for an eternal crown. A great pugilist said he could not afford to drink, smoke, run with women and live the "night life", for he must house all his energy for that final conflict.

No one just happens to be good or bad. Long before he is recognized as such he first prepared the way in his thought life. He either entertained or resisted certain suggestions. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Do you hear? He is no better than his thoughts, though he may appear so outwardly.

All outward sin begins first with an inward consent. It is impossible to grieve God or man until there has been the cherished consent. Satan may work long and hard, but he wins out the moment the will consents, though the overt act may not be consummated for months or years, yea, never. Nevertheless, Satan sits back and looks on with fiendish delight to see the soul little by little prepare the way for a final surrender.

The temptation or solicitation is first presented to the mind or intelligence. The intelligence looks at it for a moment, then passes it over to the reason. Here begins a royal debate, pro and con, generally at first in favor of right. But now comes the crucial decision when the will, the executive of man, finally assumes control and either sets aside or endorses all that reason has hitherto argued. Now angels and devils must look on with bated breath to see the deliverance or downfall of a soul!

A very godly evangelist came along distance to have us pray for him, declaring that he was backslidden in heart. I could not at first believe it. He related that he had committed no sin. Nevertheless, at the place where he was entertained he one night heard a gentle knock on his door, but declined to open to the pretty creature outside. Later he heard the knock again; once more he resisted and did not open. But the sad thing was when, after consideration, he inwardly consented in his mind to open if the knock came the third time. God in mercy did not permit it, but guilt was incurred just the same -- for reason had been silenced and set aside and now the will had finally consented to evil. God sometimes leaves us, as in Hezekiah's case, "that he may try us and know all that is in our hearts."

What a place the judgment will be when sinners will be condemned, not only for actions committed but for desires entertained. On the other hand, saints will be rewarded not only for good deeds, but for benevolent intentions unperformed for lack of ability or opportunity.

The "Age of Consent" frequently figures in court proceedings. When we were in South Africa the first time we saw a colored man in chains because he had assaulted one of our fine (black) school teachers. How indignant we all felt toward this vile creature. But to our astonishment he came clear in court when it was proved that the teacher had not positively resisted, but on the other hand, had halfway consented.

O Brother, your great Advocate, Jesus Christ Himself; cannot clear you though He longs to do so, if, when your case is called, it can be proved that you inwardly consented to Satan's proposition. It is worse to sin against God and nobody know it than to sin against others and everybody know it.

Now what is the proper thing to do? Nip every suggestion in the bud, and "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Blessed be God, you may be so pure in heart that, like your adorable Lord, you can say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in us"

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## 29 -- HOW SHOULD GOSPEL WORKERS DRESS? -- Mrs.. E. E. S.

The attire of Gospel workers should be particularly exemplary in neatness and plainness.

The reasons for plainness on the part of God's messengers are many. We give but a few:

1. A Christian worker's example goes farther than his precept, and how much does it avail for us to denounce worldliness if we ourselves are not plainly dressed?

While abroad, we met many missionaries who, though generally plain, retained the wedding ring, giving as an excuse that it was a proof of marriage! It is worthy of note, however, that the converts of the missionaries retained their heathen bracelets and other jewels, while those converted under the labors of strictly plain workers laid aside the whole outfit of heathendom.

The great Adoniram Judson of India, a Baptist, wrote home to the mission board begging them not to send him any more missionaries who adorned themselves with worldly attire for, he said, the few who had been sent had undone his toil of years among the heathen, who had returned to their old customs.

2. The world expects us to be exemplary. In a wealthy capital city, the pastor of a magnificent stone church invited a lady evangelist to assist him in a revival. Her appeals made little effect upon the stylish audiences. We thought we knew at a glance what was wrong, but felt it would not be kind to hurt the woman's influence by expressing ourselves too freely. Then since she was preaching to one of the most stylish congregations of the city, we never supposed that they would have spiritual insight enough to know what was wrong.

One day we inquired, of a worldly lady how the meetings were going. Her answer was about as follows:

"Well, Mrs. S., I don't want to judge, but it does seem to me that a woman in her position should not dress as she does. I may be wrong but really people can't feel that she is sincere while in that garb."

And how was she dressed? She wore high heeled shoes, a plain, satin dress with a little jewelry. There was nothing immodest about her except a moderately low neck. Added to this her hair was marcelled.

We were surprised that the aristocratic ladies should consider her too worldly to succeed as an evangelist, but it seems that the Methodist discipline is correct in its statement: "All these things doth God write on truly awakened hearts." More than this, unawakened hearts can detect in a gospel worker anything worldly or affected. They also know whether or not we have power with God.

3. Ministers are sometimes kept from good circuits because the family is not exemplary in dress. It is indeed sad to see a capable, Spirit-filled man sent to a "dry-bone circuit" when he might have had the very best, if his wife and daughters had dressed as a minister's family should.

4. Last but not least -- those who dress according to Scripture have good company. Phoebe Palmer, Hester Ann Rogers, Susanna Wesley, and many others have trod this way.

Rev. J. B. Chapman, General Superintendent of the Nazarene Church says, "Now and then someone arises to inform us that it is the heart state that counts and that words spent on the dress question are wasted. We are told that plainness of dress does not make one holy and that following the fashions of the world does not make one worldly."

"But even if we grant all that is said on these matters, it still remains that dress is a fine index to the mind and heart. Slothfulness of spirit, coarseness of manners, fastidiousness of taste, and many other inner qualities find their expression in the individual's dress. In fact the dress may be said to be the advertisement of what is within the heart and mind. It is only fair to the public that we should remove the outside announcements of the old life, when the new life has taken its place within. When the poolroom becomes a grocery store it is proper that the sign without should be changed and made to indicate the new business."

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### Wesley on Dress

"The wearing of gay or costly apparel, naturally tends to breed and to increase vanity. By vanity I here mean the love and desire of being admired and, praised. . . You know in your heart it is with a view of being admired, that you thus adorn yourself and that you would not be at the pains were none to see you but God and His holy angels. You have vanity enough by nature; but by thus indulging it, you increase it a hundred-fold. Aim at pleasing God alone and all these ornaments will drop off.

"Gay and costly apparel directly tends to create and influence lust. I was in doubt whether to name this brutal appetite, but I think it is best to speak out: since the more the word shocks your ear, the more it may arm your heart. The fact is plain and undeniable, it has the effect both on the wearer and beholder. You kindle a flame, which, at the same time consumes both yourself and your admirers and it is well, if it does not plunge both you and them into the flames of hell.

"As you have increased in substance have you not increased in dress? Are you not as fashionably dressed as others of your rank? Do you ask, 'But may we not as well buy fashionable things as unfashionable?' I answer, 'Not if they give you a bold, immodest look.'"

\* \* \*

### Finney on Dress

"Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress. What is that on your head? What does that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments upon your dress, say to every one that meets you? It makes the impression that. you wish to be thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write on your clothes, 'No truth in religion.' It says, 'Give me dress, give me fashion, give me flattery, and I am happy.' The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are 'living epistles, known and read of all men.' Only 'let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works;" only let them act consistently, and their conduct will tell on the world, heaven will rejoice, and hell groan at their influence.

"But, oh, let them display vanity, try to be pretty, bow down to the goddess of fashion, fill their ears with ornaments and their fingers with rings. Let them put feathers in their hats and clasps upon their arms and their influence is reversed. Heaven puts on the robes of mourning, and hell may hold a jubilee.

"Oh, how guilty! Perhaps hundreds of souls will meet you in the judgment, and curse you (if they are allowed to speak) for leading them to hell by practically denying the truth of the gospel."

In conclusion we will give the experience of Frances E. Willard:

"At the age of twenty-seven, in a meeting held by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, Miss Willard definitely sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification. She thought her chief besetments had been a speculative mind, a hasty temper, and a purpose to be a celebrated person." But in that hour of real self-examination, "I felt humiliated that the simple bits of jewelry I wore, gold buttons, rings and pins, all of them plain and quiet in their style, came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Savior. The sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and a great peace came into my soul. A conscious emotional presence of Christ held me. I cannot describe the deep welling up of joy that gradually possessed me."

If you feel led to dress a little plainer than do others do not chafe nor charge God foolishly for He has a reason. Perhaps others are not living so close to God as you and consequently cannot hear His voice, or possibly God wants to intrust you with more of His power than He does them. It is enough to know He speaks.

A little worldliness dulls the keen edge of victory with gospel workers and others, so let us keep on the safe track.

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### 30 -- DIVINE GUIDANCE

"I will guide thee with mine eye." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

May we always be sure of Divine guidance? The following simple rules may be helpful:

1. Be absolutely sincere.
2. Let one and only one thought actuate you -- the glory of God.
3. Be as willing (if God wills) to have your request denied as granted.

"While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with my God to guide my way



'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

4. Do not become agitated. If you have honestly missed God's first plan, He is considerate and glad to give you another opportunity. Believe Him!

5. Remember, God and His providences lead in only one direction at a time; therefore, never adopt a new course until you feel equally clear to abandon a former one.

6. Always remember that you and your plans are His property. If so, you can afford to be set aside and unused if He can afford it, since your eye is single. The longer the delay, the larger the pay.

7. Be willing to submit your plans to your superiors, yea, to those who are likely to oppose you. If your leadings are wholly of the Lord they will survive all opposition. The more you are abused, the more you will be used.

8. Rest! If you are wholly His, everything that comes to you is either sent or permitted by Him. If sent, then it is the very best thing that could come. If permitted, He stands ready, if you only believe, to rule and overrule all for your good and His glory.

9. Wait! When you do not know what to do, simply do nothing. Wait till the fog clears away. Do not force a half-open door. A closed door may be providential. Ability to hold still while under pressure gives God and Providence unlimited sway. A hurry spirit is always from beneath. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

10. Above everything, see to it that all self-interest and self-seeking are gone. Few are wholly free from unsanctified ambition. They believe they are, but the fact that they are uneasy when opposed is proof of lack of perfect resignation. Being dead to all things but God will enable one to keep calm, and make Him responsible as to the outcome.

\* \* \*

### Sober Vigilance

This slumber from my spirit shake;  
Warned by the Spirit's inward call,  
Let me to righteousness awake,  
And pray that I may never fall;  
Or give to sin or Satan place,  
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard  
'Gainst every known or secret foe;  
A mind for all assaults prepared,  
A sober vigilance bestow;  
Ever apprised of danger nigh,

And when to fight and when to fly.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Before leaving South Africa, wife wanted to pronounce a final benediction, especially upon the ministry. Hence she re-printed the following tract which I had written nearly forty years ago and sent it out to over 300 ministers of various denominations. Many appreciated it and went to digging for fresh oil. One able minister wrote that he was guilty of everything herein named. We give it again that others may be helped.]

\* \* \*

### 31 -- TRAITS OF THE CARNAL MIND

The following are some of the features and manifestations of carnality:

Reader, the Spirit ALONE can interpret and apply this tract to your individual case. As you read, examine yourself as if in the immediate presence of God. Do you ever feel

1. A secret sense of pride; an exalted feeling in view of your success or position; because of your good training and appearance; because of your natural gifts and abilities; an important, independent spirit; stiffness and preciseness; married to your opinion?

2. Love of human praise; a secret fondness to be noticed; love of supremacy; drawing attention to self in conversation; a swelling out of the ego when you have had a free time in speaking or praying!

3. The stirrings of anger or impatience -- but worst of all you call it nervousness or holy indignation; a touchy, sensitive spirit; a disposition to resent and retaliate when reproved or contradicted; sharp, heated flings at another?

4. Self will; a stubborn, unteachable spirit; an arguing, talkative spirit; harsh, sarcastic expressions; an unyielding, headstrong disposition; a driving, commanding spirit; a disposition to criticize and pick flaws when set aside and unnoticed; a peevish, fretful spirit; a disposition that loves to be coaxed and humored?

5. Carnal fear, a man-fearing spirit; a shrinking from reproach and duty; reasoning around the cross; a shrinking from doing your whole duty by those of wealth or position; a fearfulness that some one will get out of the Spirit and thus offend and drive some prominent person away; a compromising, holding-back spirit?

6. A jealous disposition; a secret spirit of envy shut up in your heart; an unpleasant sensation in view of the great prosperity and success of another; a disposition to speak of the faults and failings rather than the gifts and virtues of those more talented and appreciated than yourself?

7. Lustful stirrings; unholy actions, a carnal leaning; undue affection and familiarity toward those of the opposite sex; wandering eyes; looking the second time?

8. A dishonest, deceitful disposition; evading and covering the truth; covering up your real faults; leaving a better impression of yourself than is strictly true; false humility; exaggeration; straining the truth when it is to your advantage?

9. Unbelief; a spirit of discouragement in times of pressure and opposition; lack of quietness and confidence in God; lack of faith and trust in God; a disposition to worry and complain in the midst of pain, poverty, or at the dispensations of Divine Providence; an overanxious feeling whether everything will come out all right?

10. Formality and deadness; lack of concern for lost souls; dryness and indifference; lack of power with God? Selfishness, love of ease; love of money, etc.?

These are some of the traits which generally indicate a carnal heart. If one principle is lurking there, you can depend on it, they are ALL there. By prayer and fasting hold your heart open to the searching light of God until you see the groundwork thereof. The Holy Ghost will enable you, by confession and faith, to bring your "old man" to the death. "Knowing this that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." (Romans 6:6.) Do not patch over, but go to the bottom. It will pay. Hallelujah! (E. E. S.)

\* \* \*

Let Me Die

O God, my heart doth long for Thee  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Now set my soul at liberty;  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Die to the trifling things of earth,  
There now to me of little worth;  
My Savior calls -- I'm going forth;  
Let me die! Let me die!

My friends may say I'll ruined be,  
If I die! If I die!  
If I leave all and follow Thee,  
But I'll die! Yes, I'll die!  
Their arguments will never weigh,  
Nor stand the trying judgment day;  
Help me to cast them all away,  
Let me die! Let me die!

Thy slaying power in me display,  
Let me die! Let me die!

I must be dead from day to day;  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Dead to the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling cross;  
Let me die! Let me die!

Oh, I must die to scoffs and sneers,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
I must be freed from slavish fears;  
Let me die! Let me die!  
So dead that no desire will rise  
To appear good or great or wise,  
In any but my Savior's eyes;  
Let me die! Let me die!

When I am dead then, Lord, to Thee  
Will I live, will I live.  
My time, my strength, my all to Thee  
Will I give, will I give.  
I'll work for Thee, my blessed Lord;  
I'll be obedient to Thy Word;  
I'll wield with power the Gospel sword.  
While I live, while I live.

\* \* \*

Back To The Bible

Dedicated to God's Bible School  
By Everett Shelhamer

Back to the Bible, Let this our motto be,  
Back to the grand old Book that sets us free,  
This is our only hope of victory,  
Back to the Word of God

Chorus

Back to the Bible, let's sing it everywhere,  
Back to the Bible, sent it on the air;  
Preach it and live it, -- to every nation give it,  
Back to the Word of God.

Back to the Bible of comfort, peace and cheer,  
Shining more bright when days are dark and drear,  
Blessing and light leap from its pages dear,

Back to the Word of God.

Back to the Bible, let puny critics rave,  
For our Gibraltar stands the wildest wave,  
Still it has power the perishing to save,  
Back to the Word of God.

Back to the Bible, sweet balm for the distressed,  
Highway to Canaan's holy, happy rest,  
Leading at last to Heaven with the blest,  
Back to the Word of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END