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Digital Edition 12/22/2001  
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**THE LURE OF DIVINE LOVE**  
**By Kathryn E. Helm**

Secondary Title:  
"Experiences and Their Lessons,"  
A Book Of Personal Testimony  
Written As Letters To A Friend  
Selected From A Half Century Of Practical  
Christian Living, Including Many Miracles  
Of Divine Healing -- Hosea 2:14-23

Fourth Edition

"I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness; and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence" (Hos. 2:14-15).

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## CHANGES MADE TO THE PRINTED EDITION

In addition to other smaller and minor editing done on the printed version of this book in preparing this digital edition, I have made one major change. The printed volume contained a Supplement with chapters numbered 1-7. I have incorporated that Supplement into the digital edition as Chapters 106-112. In doing so, I have listed those chapters in the regular Table of Contents without taking note of the fact that they originally constituted the Supplement. Finally, I have omitted as rather superfluous the Title Page text of the Supplement. -- DVM

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## DEDICATION

To the people of God, whose heart cry is voiced by the apostle Paul, (Phil. 3:10) "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death," is this volume humbly dedicated by the author.

\* \* \* \* \*

## INTRODUCTION

The recent World War has left us under such a mental strain that few have time to read as much as formerly. Hence it is difficult to induce the public to peruse any volume that does not especially appeal to them.

With that thought in mind, this book has been written by one who, after long years of experience and of suffering devotion, has been honored with the pen of inspiration.

This volume, while profound in its depth, is so fascinating in style that it will captivate the minds of both old and young.

It has the gripping power of a book of Grandmother's Stories, while its depth will rivet the attention of the most learned Theologian.

No one can read it without being benefited. And we feel that thousands will be saved many tears and heartaches by its perusal. We bespeak for the book a wide circulation, as it has been born of prayer, christened with tears, and dedicated to the service of God and of suffering humanity.

Julia A. Shelhamer,  
5419 Bushnell Way,  
Los Angeles, California.  
Author and Evangelist.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOREWORD

"Let Him lead thee blindfold onward,  
Love needs not to know;  
Children whom the Father leadeth  
Ask not where to go."

I have been asked to write the Foreword to dear Sister Helm's book, and it is a delightful task. I would entreat those who peruse its pages to have patience when reflecting upon their own paths, or the paths of others, to "judge nothing before the time comes," (1 Cor. 4:5); to remember "that delays are not denials"; that prayer is not always answered speedily; also, that God may be slowly yet surely working out the answers by means in which His unfolding can neither be traced nor understood, indeed, by what may appear to us to be cross-purposes. Consequently, we should never get disheartened when His providence seems contrary to His promise.

This was Joseph's trial. He had in his prophetic dreams received a promise, while everything in his life was directly counter to it. Sold by the very brethren whom he was doubly assured would bow down before him, he was cast by the Egyptians, under false accusation, into prison. "His feet they hurt with fetters; the iron entered into his soul, until the time that his word came to pass. The word of the Lord tried him." Sore indeed were the iron fetters for the feet; but this part of the affliction was as nothing compared with the soul bruising that Joseph endured until the word of deliverance went forth from on high, and a captive was not only set free, but exalted to a post of honor. During the long term of imprisonment; the dealings of Jehovah, to the natural eye, were unfaithful to the revelation previously given to His servant. Hence, "The word of the Lord tried him," but "the end justified it all." Egypt and the prison seemed, indeed, like death to the promise on which Joseph had been led to hope, yet the signal fulfillment of it was actually wrought out through the very same iron fetters which had proved such a fiery trial of the patriarch's life. Well might our Savior say to His wondering disciple, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Yet, even in this life, much that has been mysterious at the time becomes clear as the day when the leadings of "the good Shepherd" are viewed retrospectively.

May the following pages be as an additional voice in giving testimony to the precious truth that, however dark the dispensation while the trial presses, yet "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." In Sister Helm's life, everything went for many years in apparently direct opposition to her prayers, yet now she can look back with deepest thanksgivings, and see that the very crushing out of power for active and public service led eventually to a far wider sphere than might otherwise have been attained; for after long waiting the Lord has set before her an open door, and her writings and tracts have gone "round the world" blessing multitudes. Let us learn then in our heaviest heart-trials to say with the sweet singer of Israel, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust Him for His grace.  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman,  
832 No. Hobart Blvd.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Compiler of "Streams in the Desert"  
President of The Oriental Missionary Society

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AUTHOR'S PRELUDE

It was indeed a most gracious providence that transported an orphan girl across the continent, and brought her in contact with a live Methodist camp meeting.

I was truly born from above, receiving that personal revelation of God to my soul (Matt. 16:16, 17, 18), the only foundation on which a spiritual superstructure can be builded. (1 Cor. 3:11.)

I have taken my stand in "the ways," and by standing steadfastly I have been enabled to "see;" and in choosing "the old paths" and walking "therein," believing "God's Book" from cover to cover, I have found rest, abiding rest to my soul. (Jer. 6:16.)

For the revelation of Jesus the Christ, and the continuous unfolding of God's great salvation have been superlative, and have so utterly eclipsed "modern thought" and the multiplied "isms" of the times that they have had no attractions.

Life has been replete with vicissitudes on many lines, years on frontier ranches, City Mission work, and decades of invalidism and frailty -- trial, testings, triumphs.

The Lord has been most blessedly real to me -- my Savior, my Comforter, my Guide, my Physician, and my almighty Friend (John 15:13, 15); and at any cost, in the deepest, sense, up to my small capacity, I would be, as was Abraham, the friend of God. (2 Chron. 20:7; James 2:23; John 15:14.)

From the great white Throne there flows a Divine current of solicitous, unfailing sympathy through my heart, out toward all classes and conditions of mankind; and in intercessory prayer,

often am I "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (2 Cor. 6:10.)

As the sun sinks low in the west, there is no painful retrospect. The sky is even now radiant with the reflection of the upper glory; the evening time indeed is light.

Through the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, I can lift up my face without spot, and without fear.

With uninterrupted communion and peace unbroken, I am irresistibly assured of eternal fellowship with my condescending Lord, (1 John 1:7; Phil. 1:6; Isa. 33:15, 16, 17), by personal experience proving that statement (Prov. 4:18) concerning the path that "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Although the weight of years is beginning to rest upon me, the Spirit helpeth my infirmities, and the dew of "eternal" youth is upon my soul, (Psa. 110:3; Hosea 14:5).

These simply written experiences, interwoven and followed with much prayer, are sent out with the one absorbing desire to do the little that I can do to make Him known. (Rev. 3:7 to 13.)

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#### AUTHOR'S PRELUSION TO FOURTH EDITION

"God is so great that He can take little things to help a soul." Could I share with the leaders of this fourth edition excerpts from letters received from people who have read "The Lure of Divine Love," it would corroborate the above statement.

Unbelievers convinced. Sinners converted. Bewildered backsliders brought back. Satanic snares severed. Souls in despondency discovered deliverance. Doubts dissolved. Difficulties dispersed. Perplexed pilgrims prosperous. Dark tunnels of the tested and tried illuminated. Serious physical ailments eliminated. Infirmities triumphed over. Handicaps overcome. Beneficial laws of the Kingdom, by liberated loyal lovers of the Lord better understood. And saints reassured and emboldened to joyfully keep coming up through whatever of tribulations may be permitted to cross their pathway to the skies.

Best of all, honest, sincere pilgrims, discovering inherited depravity to be in secret league with the evil one, against their benevolent Creator, have voluntarily relinquished their assumed right to themselves; and after their deliberately giving to God the right of eminent dominion, He has kindly taken over under His beneficent rule the entire island of their personality, and they, becoming established, have settled down to the real business of living for God, in irresistible aggressiveness, plucking souls as brands from the burning.

Who would not rejoicingly press forward to do all we can do, to make Him known, when we realize God is so great that He can use little things for the encouragement of immortal souls?

\* \* \* \* \*

## APOLOGY

The only apology I have to offer is that this book was born out of many all nights of prayer, and an ever increasing realization of the universal need of God's people and their misconception and unrealized of the adequate provision of grace. (Hosea 4:5; Isa. 33:6.)

From the time my heart became responsive to the call of intercessory prayer, the need of every individual soul that I have discerned I have felt to bring definitely to the Lord, with inexpressible desire that they find the way through to unintermittent triumphant living for God. And in the "crisis" of prayer, there have been disclosed essential beneficent laws, that are being unwittingly transgressed; and also unanticipated riches of Scriptural verity.

Much of the contents (in substance) have been heart-to-heart talks, confidential counsel according to the "Word" (substantiated by my own experience), with burdened souls who have come to me distressed with the perplexities of life; and letters written from my couch in the night watches (Lain. 2:19) which have been used of God for the encouragement of bewildered believers.

Although encompassed about with infirmities, handicaps, seemingly insurmountable difficulties, and labors abundant, there has rested upon me the divine urge to write chapter by chapter, each containing an essential Scriptural truth illustrated from life for corroboration, as a help to understand personal experience, for reassurance, fortification and encouragement for those who may peruse these pages.

Kathryn E. Helm.

"Mine the mighty ordination of the pierced hands."

\* \* \* \* \*

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### SECTION ONE -- BETROTHAL

"And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies.

"I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord." -- Hosea 2:19, 20.

I will betroth thee unto me:

1st. Forever,

2nd. In righteousness,

3rd. In judgment,

4th. In lovingkindness,

5th. In mercies,

6th. In faithfulness.

And the result: "Thou shalt know the Lord."

You have felt His wooing long,  
Has your heart been really won?  
Have you entered a betrothal as described.  
From one to six, as a loyal elected bride?  
His love was manifest long, long ago;  
He waits the yielding of your heart to know.  
You can say no! to this voice above,

And close eyes, ears, to His plans of love!  
Launch out on a drifting life and, lo,  
A rudderless vessel at ebb and flow,  
A derelict on the ocean of time,  
To sink, perhaps, in life's full prime,  
A misspent life, an unreached goal,  
Eternity long, the cry of the. soul,  
"It might have been:" and behold too late,  
How earthly choosing has sealed your fate.  
Awake! awake! to His pleading voice,  
Make Him today your eternal choice,  
Proclaim this union far and near,  
Distinct and plain so the world can hear.  
This world is lost, and dying men  
Must see this lived to believe it, friend.  
They are tired of meaningless words that flew  
From pulpit and lives wherever they go,  
And sink in despair for lack of the force  
That naturally flows from a union like this.  
From a union like this flows a force that keeps  
The soul moving Godward, with the steady sweep  
Of a great calm river, broad and deep,  
That knows no obstructions; e'en mountains steep  
Faith tunnels through; or, in mightier sway  
Rises above, or the mountains give way.  
And then spreads out like a sea of glass  
And moves right on till earth is passed.  
From a union like this flows a restful life,  
Calm, tranquil, amid earth's billows of strife.  
Having ceased from their labors, they rely upon God,  
And they tread the same path the old worthies trod.  
The same light from heaven reflects upon their brow  
That drew men Godward then, and draws men Godward now.  
And they know the Lord, yes, they do knew the Lord;  
And they trust the verities of His Written Word.  
The same power that brought forth the Savior from the dead,  
Planted in them abides, as by the Spirit they are led.  
Love Divine so allures that they can but follow Him  
Across all conventionalisms of this world's din.  
No matter what another may think, or say, or do,  
Just out of love they follow Him with hearts that will be, true.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Hosea 2:19, 20.)

Los Angeles, California, July 25th, 19--.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Theodorus,  
Ararat, Victoria, Australia.

My Dear Sister in Christ:

Your letter received. I deeply sympathize with you, for I too have suffered, but the Lord helped me through; and let this Scripture encourage your heart: "God is no respecter of persons." -- Acts 10:34, 35. "Soul need," the world over, strongly appeals to me, and I would not withhold anything that might help one, especially a child of God; and it has been coming to me that if I would consent to unveil some of the sacred secrets of my heart, the Lord might use it to help answer some of your many questions. We have learned that all true Christian experience is like the human face -- while it has its personal distinctions, and no two are alike, yet in general they are much the same.

By what you write me, you have been twice born, regenerated; you have met the Divine One, and have a heart acquaintance with Jesus the Christ, and really love the Lord. (For with only a historical, intellectual knowledge Of God and salvation, what I am writing would seem to you as "a tale that is told," and not as it is, a true testimony of personal experience, a living reality to me.)

You have evidently been a disappointment to yourself; and, worse than that, you feel that you've been a disappointment to the Lord who has done so much for you. Well, even so, the Lord loves you, and He is not discouraged. He knew all about you before He undertook your case. You have not understood yourself, have not comprehended the domain of your personality; nor could you -- it is too large and too complex. "There are strange soul depths, restless, vast and broad, unfathomed as the sea."

A good illustration of personality is an island at sea.. It may seem very easily explored, but how amazed we become when we realize that it is the top of a mountain whose greater part is hidden under the waves of the sea, and goes sheer down to depth we cannot fathom! The surface of the island has great possibility, but great also are the possibilities that lie hidden out of sight. Down in the depths there may be great strata of coal, treasures of silver and gold, or caverns of many corridors like those wonderful caves in Kentucky. That little island represents our personality. The part we are conscious of is a very small part, the great underneath part we know nothing about only as revealed. Our benevolent Creator alone understands this Island of personality comprising spirit, soul, and body, and the great possibilities for good or evil; and which it will be depends upon our voluntary choosing which one of the two great powers shall have complete control -- the contesting usurper or the rightful owner as King.

I shall never forget when the light of God began to reveal soul depth within me. I was really saved: I had an experience in the things of God covering years. He was my Father and my Friend, very real to me. I so truly loved Him that I loved His will. He had graciously stood by me through long years of invalidism, kept me patient and uncomplaining, and brought me to the place where He spoke, and enabled me to take the impartation of His own Divine life for the helpless

body; and He had answered my humble petitions in behalf of others. So precious was the love of God that I never thought there was another epoch in grace; my thought was only to keep close to Jesus till I saw Him face to face.

Once in awhile I would feel a stirring in my heart, and the instant cry, "Lord, hold it down," brought the answer. There had been, at several different times through my Christian life, periods of weeks, and sometimes of months, when there was a sense of cleanness and rest within, and those troublesome stirrings were all on the outside; but they came back, and I didn't know why, nor how. I can see now, that although the conception of my need was meager, yet in answer to my heart cry and confidence in God, He came, and in His coming wrought a deliverance far beyond my comprehension.

Greatly relieved and blessed, I praised the Lord for the work wrought, and settled down to enjoy it; but scarcely recognized Him who had come; and in exalting His work, let it eclipse the One who had come; and not realizing Him within, and depending on Him, instead of the work He had done, when assailed by the enemy, the channel of faith was easily obstructed by questionings and as a consequence that inward unrest came back. But I supposed this was normal Christian experience, so limited was my comprehension of God's great salvation.

My mother, who died when I was a child, was a woman of calm, quiet bearing, and positively insisted on the control of temper; even now I recall her words, "No matter how you feel you must learn to control yourself." This was a great help to me, and I did learn to control my high temper usually; but before grace came in it would literally boil inside, and sometimes suddenly boil over.

But grace held it down, and only occasionally would I feel the stirrings, and one look to Jesus and it would settle down.

It was during a day of fasting and prayer for a certain individual that a shaft of light suddenly shone down into the deep recesses of my being. It was like catching the rays of the sun on a looking-glass, and reflecting the light down to the bottom of a deep well.

What I saw there shocked and frightened me. But the Lord, putting His great strong arm about me, reassuringly said, "Now don't be afraid, you are my child, I want you to see this"; and I pressed up close to His side while gradually, so I could bear it, He revealed the depraved nature that I carried about in my breast.

Again and again I would cry out, "My Father, are other people's hearts like mine?" And the answer would come back, "The human heart," until I actually believed all the Bible has to say about it and more, for language is inadequate to express the havoc that I saw sin and its originator had made, and would continue to make unless he was not only dethroned, but utterly expelled from the entire domain.

I saw -- oh, I could not begin to tell you all I saw -- but if you feel the need of knowing "the plague of your own heart" as I did, the Lord with patient faithfulness will disclose it to you, for He is absolutely impartial; what He has done in merciful kindness for one of His children He will do

for another. The Lord used many mental pictures to help me grasp the thought; one was, my heart was like a seed bed full of noxious weed seeds. There was the seed of every sin and crime that had ever been committed or ever would be.

It was dormant now, but under certain conditions was liable at any moment to spring up and make serious trouble, and nothing but fire could destroy such a seed bed.

But back of all else, the root cause, was the fact that I had inherited from the "fall" a something that had to be held down, or it would respond to the overtures of Satan, and was actually in secret league with the evil one, and that against the benevolent Creator; "something" that would protest, oppose, and break (if it could) every gracious law God had made for my protection, and disregard all the kindly counsel of His Book. A quality in me of being an enemy in subtle, concealed hostility against God. (Rom. 8:7.) The worst of it was that, in spite of all I could do, it would insinuate itself more or less into my every thought and deed, even when I was not conscious of it.

Intuitively I knew that this "something" could never be admitted into a holy heaven; and loving the Lord as I did, should I really make it through to the gate of the City with that thing still in my heart, I could not pass those pearly portals, and look upon the face of my Christ, but must of necessity sink down and down to the only place where one with such an interior unfitness could go. And I threw up my hands and cried right out, "O Jesus, I love you so, I could not stand that." I bowed under the weight of a great sorrow, with a conscious realization of an overwhelming need of deliverance from this "awful something" that would not love my Lord, and was always trying to get me to ignore God, and assert my right to myself, and to keep some phase of myself ever in my mental horizon. Sometimes it was a happy self-complacency, or a sad, self-sympathetic or sorrowful self-pity; and if yielded to would soon get me to accept slanders against God. Ever something before me contributing only to me or mine, most anything that would divert from the things of God, and obscure that diabolical nature within me, that would dethrone the Most High if it could. Oh, the helplessness of the human! Only the Almighty could deliver, and I wanted deliverance more than anything in all the world; nothing else was worthy of consideration.

Intuitively I knew, if I was delivered, it could be only on the terms of unconditional surrender of every part and possibility of the entire domain of personality, in utter yieldedness day by day for all time. Not only would that be just to the deliverer, but in no other way could the deliverance be maintained. I considered and carefully weighed every presented possibility in the will of God, and there were many questions of vital import put to me, prefaced with, "Will you be true to me if . . .," "And what if so and so... will you go through with me?" (But it was the voice of my Lord, not the enemy.)

I knew the Savior, and as I looked up into that blessed face I knew I could trust the Man that died for me, and I kept on saying, "Yes, Lord," till my heart seemed to consolidate into one eternal "Yes" to God; for I felt that He could not ask me to do, or refrain from doing, or the harder part, to endure anything that would be too much to undertake for His sake.

The enabling to be a true love slave was all I asked for. I saw my helplessness, and my very soul cried out, "My Lord, my Lord, the only way I can ever live the life that will satisfy this

heart of mine, is for you, by your almighty power, to forcibly expel this mighty usurper, purify, move in, and take full control of the whole domain. Thou shalt have the right of eminent dominion fully entitled to appropriate any part, in any way, in accord with Thy Sovereign will, It is Thine by creation, Thine by redemption, and Thine now by my voluntary relinquishing forever my right to myself. What wilt Thou?" my only question henceforth.

I pleaded the will of God, I pleaded the promises of God, I pleaded the Sacrificial Atonement of Him who suffered without the gate. (Heb. 13:12.) I pleaded my inability to glorify God in the earth, and my absolute unfitness for heaven. I pleaded my imperative need, and with unconquerable desire, I sought the coming of my sovereign Lord. At times I was greatly blessed, at other times overwhelmed with the painful sweetness of deep soul longing. Days came and went, but I would not be satisfied with being blessed. I knew many others were, and the strong diverting argument was that I ought to be, and in my humility it did seem that way. Yet I just could not, for I saw a work to be done, and I sought the coming of Him who alone could accomplish it. And above everything else, with an all-absorbing desire, I wanted Him, my Holy Guest, He Himself, not His blessings.

Early one morning I awakened with the thought, "Perhaps He will come today." I slipped over to the tent, to tell Him of my hope; when the family arose I prepared breakfast, but the hope of His coming absorbed all desire for food, and excusing myself I went back to the tent. There was no one there, but I soon realized "God was in the place"; my strength suddenly left me, and I lay prostrate in the agony of consuming desire. Later on Sister M\_\_\_\_ who was with us came in, and I asked her to go and ask Brother and Sister P\_\_\_\_ to come and pray for me; I needed the help of the faith of others. They came, and in surprise said, "Why Sister H\_\_\_\_, what is the matter?" My reply was, "I don't know how to receive the Holy Ghost." They did not intrude, and talk to me, but laid hold in prayer. I soon forgot them, and everything earthly, lost in that dawning light -- absorbed in His coming. For He came, indeed He did.

No domain was ever more truly flooded with light and a pure rarefied atmosphere. And no globe more really filled with a strong right hand. The first realization I had of earthly surroundings was that they were singing "The Comforter Is Come"; and the whole song was the expression of my enraptured soul, and has been ever since. Not only was the filling real, but-I could almost see, emanating from Him within, a soft white light extending out all around me for my protection -- after some weeks this consciousness faded, but the fact remains. (Zech. 2:5.)

That terrible "something" had been vanquished, banished from the entire domain -- the rightful owner reigned without a rival, all was at rest under His peaceful dominion. No more exaltation of self. Self-pity was transmuted to compassion for souls, and especially for every child of God that had not yet caught the true vision of this epoch in grace, or had not pressed through to where their hearts had been absolutely comforted.

Instead of that brooding of self-sympathy, "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." That pleasing self-complacency was changed to humble adoring praise to my "Holy Guest." Self-dependence to reliance upon God. (Blessed exchange!) That perplexing phase of the self life that craves for sympathy, appreciation, or approval of others -- at least of some others -- (John 12:43) was exchanged for content with the approval of my Lord. And I positively refused to

receive honor of men (John 5:44) by instantly making it an offering unto Him. In the place of that detestable self-exaltation, that must be closely watched and held down, there was a spontaneous, supernatural self-effacement, that marked characteristic of Him who does not speak of Himself (John 16:13) for He pervaded my soul as iron is permeated when submitted to the flame.

Self-centered no longer, God-centered -- the mainspring of life had been altered, utterly changed. There was a personal, passionate devotion to Jesus the Christ, a love that overwhelmed all other loves. "My Lord," the new name on "the white stone" (Rev. 2:17) that He gave me for Himself, held a superlative charm, a meaning too deep for words. I had asked only for the enabling to be a faithful love slave, but He lifted me to a place of holy relationship beyond my ken, with such consideration and regard for my voluntary choosing that astonished me and bound me to Him with unbreakable cords of pure love; surely none -other has such respect for personality as our own God.

Eagerly I sought to know more perfectly His will, to learn His ways, to discover His preference in little things. My glad heart attitude was to please Him. His love was so wonderful, and I so utterly unlovable and unworthy! The only way I could account for this almost unbelievable truth of His great love to me was in the fact that "God is love."

I had much to learn, and much also to unlearn. I had but little knowledge of the Bible (God's precious letter to man) for I had been a shut-in, and in recovering from those long years of extreme suffering I had everything to learn over again. This promise was my strong staff. "He will guide you into all truth." -- John 16:13 and 14:26. And He began by revealing Jesus through the Word. I studied Jesus the God-man, the human side, to follow Him. "What would Jesus do?" was a heart cry that brought light on perplexing problems. There was such a tender patient consideration for others no matter who they were, beyond anything I had known, and such a spirit of intercession.

It seemed as though there was a great warm gulf stream of Divine love flowing from the Infinite, out through my heart, to every living soul, and I was conscious that it was not my loving them but God's loving them through me. And yet to my amazement some of those that this love stream flowed out to the strongest became offended, and at me. The first one was dear Sister M\_\_\_\_, only a short time after this great event, and everything was so new to me.

I knew that something had come between us, and the accusation was that I had offended one of God's children and grieved the Holy Spirit. I couldn't find out how I had offended her, and would not knowingly have grieved my Lord for anything in the world. But He seemed far away, and the accuser said, "You have grieved Him, and He is gone." It didn't seem that He would really leave me even if I had unwittingly offended this dear child of His. But there were three days of utter blankness, the entire realm seemed uninhabited. And yet it seemed so unlike the character of my Lord to leave me for the sins of ignorance that I would have been glad to make as near right as I could, if I only knew what to do (and I judged Him rightly).

Early one morning the thought came that possibly this was like a test that someone had spoken of, and I wondered and hoped, and took the upward look. As it grew light enough to read, I opened my Bible, and a promise stood out upon the page. The enemy tried to wrest it from me, but with trembling fingers I took hold of it; and a few hours later, suddenly that great love stream



began to flow, and I knew it was a test of faith, and He had never left me. Later on Sister M\_\_\_\_\_ said, "I didn't like the way you prayed."

I presume now that it was largely conviction, for she was soon among the seekers. But that trial of faith and the lessons it taught have ever helped me to hold steady, unwavering confidence in the character of my Lord through temptations and trials incidental to living in this fallen world, and amid testing of the most painful nature, dense with perplexity, (Isa. 50:10) till clear light came, enabling me by the continual impartation of the pervading power of His presence to maintain the loving loyalty of heart obedience, cooperating with Him the best I understood; and He, as supreme Ruler, has protected every avenue of His own dominion from the ingress of the enemy, and has kept out that terrible "something" that would not love God.

Sometime I will tell you of His patient teachings from the daily pages of providence, carrying forward right through the vicissitudes of life His gracious and paramount design the development of symmetrical Christian character, that beyond question He undertook at 12:30 P. M., July 25, 1903, by valid ejection of Chat demolishing usurper and condescending to assume the government of this domain of personality, by my voluntary assignment of my right to myself and recognizing His right of eminent dominion.

Yours to make Him known,  
Kathryn E. Helm.

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## 002 -- RELYING UPON THE UNCHANGEABLE CHARACTER OF THE BRIDEGROOM

(Hoses 2:16)

Dear Sister in Christ:

According to promise I will continue the subject of my previous letter.

Has it ever been your privilege to see two beautiful Christian characters joined in holy wedlock, and watch the blending of their lives together over a period of years?

There are a few even in this age who live near the true ideal of God that shadows forth, dimly to be sure, a reflection in the natural, of the real in the spiritual between the Savior and the soul.

After the banns were solemnized and witnessed to, there was a period, which for want of a better name we call "honeymoon," when they were largely absorbed in becoming in a deeper sense acquainted. The bridegroom carries on his business, but his thought is ever toward the newly-won bride and he longs to reveal his love to her, and give to her the opportunity of studying his character, learn his ways and preferments, bestowing upon her much attention; while she, out of love to him, endeavors to conform to his exalted designs, and largely unconsciously becomes like him she loves; and "they twain shall become one," is more and more a reality. After a time the

"honeymoon" passes, or rather becomes a consolidation of component parts of intrinsic value and durability.

Her confidence in his character and love has become established, and devotion to him moves her to take an interest in his work, and she deeply desires in some way to work with him, and is never happier than when she can do something beyond keeping the hearth fires bright for him. Not everything by any means is pleasant or as she would naturally choose; there are tasks to perform, hard things to bear, and much to contend with in life, but she accepts it uncomplainingly, supported by her husband's love.

She hasn't always understood him, for his horizon of thought extended beyond her smaller conception of life; but she is teachable and her implicit confidence holds her unwaveringly. His honor is her chief concern, and she settles down to the real business of living.

It is true we do not see all this in the natural, for at best humanity is faulty; but in the spiritual realm it could be enacted far more perfectly than can be expressed, for the heavenly Bridegroom cannot fail us, and commands absolute confidence and reverent regard. And so this most beautiful figure, after all, is only a faint, faulty picture of the deep heart union and holy fellowship that a soul can enter into with the Lord. (Isa. 62:3-5.) Much could be written of this similitude. Look into it for yourself, it is freighted with heart ease. My former letter contained personal experiences that led up to, and the consummation of, this deep spiritual union, also what could be fittingly termed the "honeymoon" period -- studying His will, His way, with the one thought, personal conformity, and longing to do something for Him, vividly conscious of His presence, being upheld and carried over obstacles, protected and directed by an almighty power, entrancingly absorbed contemplating Himself and basking in His love.

There was a child's confiding faith in His word, His wisdom, as well as His love. I saw the work of God prospering all around me, enjoyed a great salvation and was being taught of God, but as yet knew comparatively nothing of those priceless instructions derived only from experience by going through temptations, trials and testings permitted, that would give proof to my own heart, as nothing else could, the manifested genuineness of the work wrought, His abiding faithfulness, and the realness of my love for Him personally, for obedience is the proof of love. (John 14:21; 1 John 4:1-9.) After a year or two gradual changes took place, not so much an uninterrupted flow of communion, sometimes a holy silence prevailed. Not so constantly being directed as a little child must needs be, but guided in judgment. Not so constantly the consciousness of His protecting arm, as His promises as a shield. (Prov. 30:5; Gen. 15:1.) Not so much that sense of being carried, of mounting up (Ex. 19:4; Isa. 63:9) as walking by His side. Not so much the confiding trust of a little child, but the confidence of a maturing mind. The love of espousals was changing, the honeymoon period was passing, or rather the component parts were being crystallized through the inherent power of cohesive mutual attractions with great enduring qualities. (Mark 13:13; Hab. 3:17, 18.)

Let me pause, to say, right here is where the majority of God's own, who have followed Him thus far, find great perplexity and need. (Isa. 50:10.) Everything seems so different, they feel that something must be wrong, and instead of waiting upon the Lord in quietness and confident inquiry (Phil. 3:15), claiming such promises as John 7:17 and John 13:7, they usually do one of three things (and often all three, before they get back to where they started from), either become

offended with the Lord's dealings (Matt. 11:6), or believe the accuser of the brethren, ruthlessly blaming themselves, or go to the altar and seek that "honeymoon" feeling. I well remember my own perplexity at this place -- always open to reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness; often minutely reviewing my side of the covenant I had entered into, with the Lord to be sure there had not been a drawing back or compromise unawares.

Humbly acknowledging faults, mistakes, sins of ignorances, etc., to my Lord and to others; trusting the wonderful efficacy of the Atonement to cover it all, although I did not understand, I was so often assured that I kept the witness as "clear as sunshine after rain.

While most naturally I longed for the sweetness, the mounting up, the being carried as on wings (Isa. 40:31) or at least the running along unwearied, yet I so truly loved the Lord that I would content myself to walk along by His side, and He lead me on step by step slowly, and sometimes I seemed to be at a standstill. But we have learned that the trees of the Lord's planting must grow downward and become more and more settled in God.

For years I had known something of what the Lord Jesus meant in Matt. 10:36, but not with the force that I realized it now.

To every man who lives in close contact with a truly saved person, there will come sooner or later the admonition of John 12:35, 36, and they must learn the importance of believing and obeying light, or in other words accepting truth and doing what they know they ought to do. Soon after that, an accumulation of ungrounded suspicion, grave misunderstanding, and unwarranted accusations was a part of my daily cross to be borne "till death do us part" in that patient tenderness of Divine love for Jesus' sake.

How little I knew what was before me! Yet there were many object lessons leading up to the crucial test. But determinedly refusing to think evil of anyone, and not recognizing the difference between discernment and suspicion, I steadfastly resisted. thinking it was all temptation.

There is many a crisis in every life, and the crucial test comes to all. when, if we yield to the clamorings of our humanity, and fail to go through with God. the whole life begins to dwarf instead of expanding into larger dimensions and usefulness. As we cannot know when the crucial test is upon us, our only safety is to walk humbly with our God (Micah 6:8) and keep on going through with Him.

How well I remember that beautiful spring morning that I trained up that lovely vine on the sunny side of the house, that dear home where every bush and tree held a significance to me. My Lord had been so wonderfully with me as I had watched them grow into beauty and bloom, and every room in the house held many sacred manifestations of His presence. It was in that upper chamber where began the revelation of inherited depravity that led up to the coming of my "Holy Guest."

It was in this room, over there by the window, where I lay on the sofa, where Sister Maneval and Sister Morgon knelt by my side when the Lord healed me from internal injury received in a runaway accident, and wondrously blessed us together.

It was over there on that side of the dining room where little Clifford, the four-year-old grandson, lay on his little cot so near death with blood poisoning, where the Lord came in answer to prayer and instantly raised him up, perfectly healing the punctured kneecap that the doctor had said would always be stiff if he should get well.

Over there was where I lay for hours in an apparently dying condition with neurology of the heart when "He laid his hand on me and healed me." It was in this front room where many bewildered souls had been prayed through to glorious deliverance, and showers of blessing fell over all.

Right here was where we gathered after that 19th birthday dinner, and dear old Dr. Godbey prayed the blessing of God down upon "the boy" till he shook from head to foot and tears of joy fell like rain. And the room was so flooded with the glory of His presence that it lingered for days afterward.

Right over there in the armchair was where the blessing of the Lord had so often illuminated the dear face of husband for whom I had prayed so many years, and had suffered so much at his hands, patiently enduring with the one thought of his salvation. He had been feeling after God a long time, making all kinds of restitution, till at last the Lord took him on the promise of future obedience and regenerated his soul. What alarming potentialities exist in drawing back! (Heb. 10:38, 39; 2 Pet. 2:21; Luke 11:26.)

It was those two front rooms that Brother and Sister P\_\_\_\_\_ occupied whenever they were in the city, (and the questions I used to put to those precious people, for I was ever seeking a more intelligent understanding of Him and the experience I had realized in my heart). And such kindly counsel (greatly appreciated) did that dear woman give me! She has long since reached her "nativity," for she died shouting the praise of God through teeth set in lockjaw resulting from injury.

Yes, yes, my home was a sacred place to me. But I was speaking of the object lesson. This young vine had been watched over, nourished, and cultivated, with special care. It had become well rooted, was growing strong, and clinging to the clods of earth, rose bushes, and everything in reach, and now it should be lifted up and trained to cling to a supporting trellis for future usefulness. I carefully unwound the tendrils from everything I could, breaking the clods of earth out of their clinging grasp, removing the old flower stalks, etc. But some of those clinging tendrils had wound about the roses with such a clinging hold that must needs be broken before it could be lifted, and trained to the strong support. Softly whispering to my heart as I worked, my Lord drew my attention to many things concerning the vine and its training, giving me a spiritual application, and finally asked if I would yield myself to Him, as the vine had yielded itself to me, and let Him lift me up from the earth and train the heart tendrils to cling to Him alone. Of course, I could not know what all this might mean, but I loved Him, and my heart responded, "Yes, my Lord."

The next day, on my return from church, daughter, who had prepared dinner, met me with a troubled face. A mishap had occurred and some choice glass dishes that I had treasured from

childhood (they had been my mother's) were in fragments, but I only smiled as I thought of breaking the clods of earth out of the clinging tendrils of the vine.

It was not long, however, before this object lesson became a verity in my life. One thing after another was broken out of my dinging grasp, the tendrils of my heart unwound from the beautiful and legitimate, and only where it was an actual necessity were they broken to bleed and suffer, and I could only cling to my unfailing support.

Many of the possibilities I had faced and assented to away back there became present problems. I was very tenderly reminded of my promises, and with all those lacerated heartstrings and painfully dense perplexities my soul still responded, "Yes, my Lord." Day and night my heart kept saying, "Jesus, I'll go through with Thee."

"I have made my choice forever;  
I will walk with Christ my Lord;  
Naught from Him my soul can sever,  
While I'm trusting in His Word.  
I the lonely way have taken.  
Rough and toilsome though it be,  
And although despised, forsaken,  
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.

"Though the Garden lies before me,  
And the scornful judgment hall;  
Though the gloom of darkest midnight  
Settles o'er me like a pall,  
Darkness can affright me never;  
From Thy presence shadows ripe,  
And if Thou wilt guide me ever,  
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.

"Though the earth may rock and tremble,  
Though the sun may hide its face,  
Though my foes be strong and ruthless,  
Still I dare to trust Thy grace;  
Though the cross my pathway shadows,  
Thou didst bear it once for me,  
And whate'er the pain, the peril,  
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee."

In a distant city where I had been sent for a few months' visit, I was shocked by the discovery that return to my home was prohibited. Slandorous reports were circulated, old friends turned away or were standing back with questioning, downcast eyes. Dear old Father G\_\_\_\_, my former pastor, and Sister J\_\_\_\_ stood by in confidence, but they were far away.

Every legitimate and seeming necessity for a frail woman's support and happiness was gone. Even the lifelong bond of holy fellowship between mother and son was strained to the breaking point, till indeed it was the Lord alone. Then I learned to know Him, and appreciate Him as never before. Isa. 54:6 was often whispered to my weary, aching heart, and soothing balm poured from Psa. 147:3.

I shall never forget the exquisite tenderness in that gentle voice when He said to me that He knew this would be mine to bear; and was not that the reason He had drawn me to Himself, and won my heart's consent, yea, my heart's deepest choice, that He might be my unfailing Friend in just such a time as this?

Very gently He drew my attention to the fact that away back in the past I had broken over a clearly expressed command (2 Cor. 6:14) that was given especially for my protection, and had taken a step against His loving remonstrance, that gave the enemy the opportunity to construct just such a lifelong furnace as this was. But in mercy He had not only granted me His pardon, but He was willing to go right into the furnace with me even with its sevenfold heat. He had chosen me, though I was in the furnace of affliction (Isa. 48:10) and would walk by my side in the midst of the flames; and if I would trust Him, He would lead me through and keep my heart patient and tender toward all men.

This was one of those parallel purposes of God, where right alongside of evil plans and purposes of men runs that great ever-present purpose of God, character building, overruling life's saddest mistakes, outdistancing the purposes of the instigator of all designing men, and causing the working together of all things (as He can now since obedience and trust is the established attitude of His child) toward that all-embracing, predestined plan, the conforming stamp, or image of the Son of man. (Rom. 8:28, 29.) For the development of a symmetrical Christian character is the one undeviating purpose of God.

The prophecy in Hosea 2, from verse 14 on to close of chapter, was given me; but as yet was little understood except verses 19, 20, and these were sacred breathings of Divine love. The Comforter who had come comforted me at every turn. Every suggestion of self-pity, or sorrow for myself, was positively refused (Matt. 16:22, marginal 23), but I sorrowed over others; there was indeed a sad "other side," for according to a law in nature and in grace (Gal. 6:7) some things come back like a boomerang upon those who yield themselves as instruments in the hands of Satan, the instigator of all evil.

With the patient tenderness of Divine love, born of long-drawn-out burdens of prayer for this soul, faithfully I have endeavored to bring about an understanding between us, but to no avail. This one soul was not alone involved; there were others, and not a few, for to accept evil reports against one of God's children is injurious to every one who accepts it. There were some of the very elect who, without investigation, took their stand, the strong against the weak. And would it not greatly hinder the work of God under their ministry? Jesus was "wounded in the house of his friends," and here is where I suffered soul anguish that all but consumed me. Every attribute of my nature was put to the test over and over again, proving that "greater is he that is in me" than all the clamoring forces in the world. (1 John 4:4.)

With the passing of the years, the periods between those crushing soul burdens lengthened, and I learned to hold intact the faith for their ultimate salvation that I had contended for so long, (Jude 3) which has given me more time for other work for my Lord. Hosea 2:15 has been realized, and verse 23 is being fulfilled through very simply written personal experiences in tract form sent out through the various free tract societies and otherwise, and read by thousands across the sea as well as in the home land, and I hold in the expectancy of faith the fulfillment of the latter part of the verse. And the all-consuming desire of my soul as I near "The open vision" is just to make Him known.

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## POSTSCRIPT

I cannot help but feel a shock to my sensitive, retired nature in thus unveiling to another these secluded soul depths, and sacred secrets of the Lord's dealings, especially when of necessity it involves the mentioning of others. But some of these precious people have already crossed the line of worlds, and those that remain are, like myself, not far from the crossing, and must soon stand in the white light of Eternity with judgment day honesty.

If they could look into my heart as I write, they could find nothing but solicitous Divine love flowing out toward them. It is because our lives had been so interlaced that these brief mentionings were unavoidable; and, as I said before, but of love for my Lord I would not withhold anything that might be used of God, that would help anyone to know Him. (John 17:3.)

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## 003 -- SOUL DEPTHS -- GOD INFILLING

(Hosea 2:15)

Dear Sister in Christ:

In my former letters were mentioned some severe trials along the way, that all have been blessed to my good, because I loved God supremely, and His purpose had become my purpose. (Rom. 8:29.)

Much essential instruction (that each one of us must obtain in one way or another) has been gained by repeated trial; and were I to speak of some of these, it might lessen your difficulties in understanding the priceless lessons on the daily pages of providences in your life.

While it is true, with many, that experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the tract that is past, yet the true testimony of a Bible experience of another will often be brought to mind with encouragement and illumination as we are going through our own trying places and we grasp the knowledge that we so much need, and are enabled to maintain a steady triumphant course. (2 Cor. 2:14.) There are wonderful headlights on our old ship Zion. The Way, the Truth, and the Life is our Pilot; in Him was life, and the life was the light of men. "I am the light

of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," are precious words of Jesus the Christ. Light on life's duties will surely be given, if we steadfastly look unto Him. (Heb. 12:2.) And we need not have a heartbreaking retrospect.

But there is such a thing as circumstantial darkness, full of danger, dense with perplexity, when one step in the wrong direction would bring serious disaster, and I learned to stand still, and move not, till one step was made plain. (Isa. 30:21.) But now, in looking back, the pathway is one blaze of light, and it was at that time (Prov. 4:18), but my eyes were holden. We walk by faith, not by sight.

Yes, there's seeming starless regions,  
Heavy clouds hang black and low,  
Above the clouds the stars are shining,  
Worlds on worlds unchanging glow.

In continuing my letters, while they have all been forged on the anvil of my own experience, I would ask the privilege of dropping (sometimes at least) the personal pronoun, that one prefers to avoid using so continuously even on the witness stand. (Acts 1:8.)

Let us go back to the Island that so well represents personality, with marvelous possibilities down in those hidden depths, that we are utterly ignorant of, that are known by our Creator only.

Perhaps you remember that the young man who first discovered the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky was ridiculed and called "visionary" when he tried to tell what he had seen in those depths, and not till many years after was it found that he was by no means mistaken, and the half had not been told. This is most assuredly true concerning soul depths. They are far greater, for good or evil, than we can comprehend, and will lie barren and waste or be used for the destruction of ourselves and others, unless turned over to a beneficent master-mind.

Right here is where we need the God who formed us, and understands every capacity of our being. And if unreservedly turned over to Him, with our earnest cooperation, He can develop and conserve every latent potentiality and utilize all for His glory and our highest good. For the glory of God and the highest good of man are one and the selfsame thing, and cannot be divorced. If out of love for Him, we will be absorbingly concerned for the honor of His name, and the advancement of His Kingdom in the hearts of the children of men, He will see to it that everything is turned to our best interest. Right here also is where God in compassionate mercy is wanting to come; but with almost unbelievable respect and regard for the volition of man, awaits that voluntary heart choice for Him to come.

(Of course on those terms which infinite wisdom has laid down, and because of the very nature of things, God could not take charge on any other conditions. And it will amazingly help us in our thinking if we would never again forget this.)

But as a Sovereign, and on His own terms, He will occupy and work wonders from center to circumference.



Let me quote from the writings of that prince in Israel, the late Rev. A. B. Simpson:

"There is a great subterranean place in every one of us that we cannot fathom, and that we have not explored, a subconscious Self below the surface, below our feelings, below our emotions and experiences. There is a great world there that God fills, and out of that unknown world He sends forth the influences of His Spirit into our conscious mind. God is working below the surface. And so, beloved, when you give yourself to God, I dare to tell you in His eternal name, He gives Himself to you. It may be days before you feel it. God is coming in the depths of your being, out of sight, out of sense, out of consciousness. But it is your business to believe on His Word that He is true, and God in due time will show it to you by the actual manifestation."

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#### 004 -- THE CONSCIOUS MIND OR THE BATTLE GROUND OF CONTINUOUS CHOOSING

(Hosea 2:15)

The conscious mind is well illustrated by the surface of the Island. The small area that is in waving grain, luscious fruit, and other luxurious growth, being set free from disease and the parasite that had been hindering development, is now wonderfully responsive to cultivation. But there is much to be done; there is arid land to be reclaimed. In other places there is the clearing away of unprofitable growth, the supplanting of the common with the superior. There are old stumps of habits to be uprooted, and here and there a tree to be girdled and taken out of the way, by the slow process of continuous labor. There are hills to bring low, valleys to be filled, and the whole surface to be reconstructed. All this takes time, and above all else patient perseverance with that same loyal, loving obedience that was ours in the beginning.

For although a Sovereign, God holds individuality with such regard that He waits for our willing cooperation; and oftentimes we are slow, and retard the work, become somewhat bewildered and strongly tempted with discouragement. But because of our love for our Lord, and confidence in His Word (Phil. 1:6) we press forward, and the work goes on.

Other fields are being added, and new enterprises are undertaken. (Isa. 54:2.) The hungry are nourished, enlightened, and encouraged to make a quitclaim deed of their Island of personality over to this beneficent Ruler and carry it through the prescribed process of law with the same happy results.

The conscious mind is also the battle ground of Apollyon. God has created us as free moral agents; and by our own volition we choose to believe Him, to listen to His kind counsel, to obey and be blessed, defended and protected, as the valued servants of a King. Coercion is not redemption's plan. We were so constituted that we would not be happy if it were, hence we see the wisdom of God in permitting one point of our personality to be open to the continuous opportunity of choosing day after day, in things small and great, whom we will serve. (Rom. 6:16.) Also one can clearly see that there is no place in this life, and not until we cross the boundary line of fixedness of character into the Holy City, but what we may parley with God's enemy and ours and,

believing him, lapse back and come under his tyrannical rule again. Oh, that I could swing the red light across every pilgrim's pathway at this point!

Beelzebub, who has been dispossessed of his unlawful reign, will never relinquish his efforts to regain it. As prince of the power of the air, he has his emissaries actively engaged in subtle, obscured warfare, protesting, opposing, accusing at some point or another. But he is a created being, therefore his limitations are set by our almighty Friend. Job 1:12; 2:6; 1 Cor. 10:13, is a fact frequently experienced. Did you ever notice those words, "Common to man"? His forcible expulsion from the realm of our personality changed not his inflexible determination to rob God of our soul, and he can only do this, in some way or another, by gaining at least our passing consent. He knows we would never give our consent if he came to us openly, so he works under cover, frequently changing his tactics of warfare, using most pleasing suggestions, and often appearing as an angel of light. (2 Cor. 11:14.) He was not absent when I pressed through all his opposing forces and entered into that covenant relationship (Deut. 29:12-15, inclusive) that made it possible for God to effect his ejection, and he knows that God will ever be mindful, and never break His covenant. (Judges 2:1.) With unending maneuvering and deceiving stratagem, with the persistence of immortal rebellion against God (Isa. 14:13, 14) he works away, to gradually undermine our faith, and move us from our steadfastness (2 Pet. 3:17) in keeping our side of the covenant. If he can succeed in this, he can bring back into our nature that "something" that makes us shudder just to think of it.

I have learned that it is essential not only to watch and pray, but to take and maintain a well fortified stand against this inveterate foe, at every point (Eph. 4:27) and give him no quarter, but to fearlessly wield the two-edged sword (Eph. 6:17; Heb. 4:12) continuously relying upon the power of Him who graciously took over the entire domain, and out of love for Him, to be careful never to give even a passive consent to a thought or suggestion that would be unbecoming to a child of God, keeping that sense of His nearness (Psa. 16:8) that makes us keen to detect compromise and insinuations against God (Gen. 3:1-5) and to maintain such a sensitiveness toward God that we can hear His voice, and feel His gentle impress upon our spirit, in that deep, sweet union that satisfies His heart and ours, where we are assured in a thousand ways that "greater is he that is in us than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4).

"There were strange soul depths, Restless, vast and broad, Unfathomed as the sea;  
An infinite craving for an infinite stilling, But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling; Thou, Thou,  
art enough for me."

At times the peace of God, the joy of the Holy Ghost, like a great underground fountain, wells up to my conscious mind with an overwhelming sense of His indwelling, overflowing and encompassing me about. At other times a quiet hushing of my spirit in the deep sea of His presence, and sometimes all sense of His presence is withdrawn, and He seems far away, gone; but I understand His adorable character too well to question or doubt Him now. (John 14:16.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The ruler of the darkness of this world (Eph. 5:12) holds a false claim.

"This is our Father's world," and there will be a time (John 12:31) and not far hence, when Satan will be ejected from this whole world as he is now being ejected from the individual Islands of personality.

There is a place made for him and his adherents (Jude 6; Matt. 25-41) where he, divested of all his habiliments of usurped authority, will be chained to the sides of the pit. (Isa. 14:15.)

The "why" of many things is beyond us; they are in the college course, or in some remote post-graduate course. But the rudiments are acquired, the essential facts are clear, and unfolding more and more; we are turning pages day by day.

It may be, as we look back from the heights of the Eternal hills, we shall see that this world, staggering under the weight of sin, the curse of believing the devil, and redeemed by believing God, may be an essential object lesson to the universe about us. However, we know that the foreknowledge of infinite wisdom and love makes no mistakes. By believing Satan we are blinded and held in a servitude that would culminate in perdition. (1 Tim. 6:9; 2 Pet. 3:7.) And when we become awakened to these facts, and break violently with sin, and yield to the rightful claims and government of our Benevolent Creator, (especially after we enter into this covenant relationship with Him) Satan looks upon us as a deserter from his ranks, a traitor in aggressive warfare against his kingdom (and we surely are) and brings all his cunning artifice to bear upon us. Not so much for the loss of our service, or that all the powers of our being are turned against him, but because of his unchangeable hatred against Him whom we have chosen for our new Master.

When we realize that his aim is indirectly, but actually, at our own God, it wakes us up to an irreversible, determined loyalty to stand by our Lord, as His anointed ones (Zech. 4:14) always have done, even to the death. So we take up that old refrain:

"O Satan, your kingdom must come down.  
As long as I live, I will shout 'Kingdom down!'  
For I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'O Satan, your kingdom must come down;' "

and we grow strong in the conflict.

We must needs understand something of the character and infernal designs of the adversary. It is essential that we be not ignorant of his devices, lest he should get advantage of us. (2 Cor. 2:11.)

\* \* \*

MEETING TEMPTATION

We have learned to meet a good many temptations in such a way that they have been robbed of their power over us, for the main points are to detect the tempter (the motive back of it) and what "it will lead to".

Temptation has its part in the plan; the "afterwards" of enduring is blessed. (James 1:12.) It is good schooling. Temptation drives us to a deep, serious study of ourselves. We analyze our affections, our wills, our motives, the quality of our thoughts. It helps us to see the "fire that is not quenched" stealthily slumbering in so-called "little sins," and to detect the principle involved.

One has said, "Temptations show us our weakness, and teach us humility; we learn to be still and know that He is God (Psa. 46:10) and patiently keep our eyes on the Master's face as an afflicted child watches the face of the calm, loving mother while its wound is being dressed.

"Triumphant suffering on any line leads us into deep heartfelt compassion for others, softens and widens our sympathies, and is a protective from that parasite, severity." "Suffering makes all the world akin." Someone has said, "Satan is a hard master, but a good servant."

I do know this, when we dwell among those spoken of in Heb. 5:14, through the eternal Spirit (Heb. 9:14) and the blood of the everlasting covenant, we do hold the ascendancy over him. (Luke 10:19.) And out of his permitted (Job 2:4, 5) assaults have come some of the riches of experiences in grace.

The way our Lord met His temptations in the wilderness should never be forgotten, and one can see that under those three heads can be classed all other temptations; yet there are a thousand forms and phases to deal with and overcome -- by resisting in the faith. (1 Pet. 5:9.)

Remember, the tempter was among the highest created intelligences and has had thousands of years of experience in "deceiving the nations." Some temptations are so apparent that we recognize them as untrue and reject them at once, while with others truth is thoroughly mixed with error. It is much like Kellogg's ant paste which is composed of poison and honey. One takes the honey and gets the poison. Especially is this true of erroneous doctrine.

Other subtle accusations hold much apparent truth. If we will but hold steady and not let fear come in (Isa. 43:1, Hag. 2:5) the evil one will soon go far enough to discover himself to us, and we can turn the whole thing over to the conquering Christ. The least shadow on the character of God unmasks him, and I know him at once. But when accused of unwise choosing, failures, mistakes, or even sins of ignorance, I look up into the blessed face of Jesus and tell Him it could all be so, for as much as I love Him and am ever finding a more excellent way, because of the frailty of the human, I will never be able to do the absolute right. And the only thing I can do is to trust the efficacy of His Atonement. It is safe to "agree with the adversary quickly" at that point and give no place for self-justification that borders closely on self-righteousness.

When the storm passes, in quietness and confidence! go to my Lord and He explains the "why" and gives me the lesson that He had designed in allowing the temptation to come; and in looking back I can "count it all joy," even if I did not do so while enduring it. (James 1:2.)

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## RECONSTRUCTION

In the coming of the blessed Holy Spirit was wrought a great internal change, altering the mainspring of action, purifying the deep, underlying motive, and establishing the undivided desire that our whole being and everything else contribute in some way to the honor or the Kingdom of God.

But He gives to us the privilege of proving our appreciation by working out what He has worked in. (Phil. 2:12, 13; Heb. 13:21.) Our whole nature has been terribly warped, and must be reconstructed. My way of looking at things, my point of view, changed to seeing things as God sees them from His point of view. Our valuable common sense is to be transmuted into that higher "sanctified sense," and the whole outlook on life is transfigured; and this reconstruction, work of necessity will be painfully perplexing at some points. There is no contradiction of reason, but much that transcends it (Isa. 55:8, 9), for we naturally cling to what we have formerly understood.

The Lord gave Peter a vision once, and He will teach us to say an emphatic no to the natural, take up our cross daily and follow Jesus; there is a part we are to do, as well as a part that God alone can do. If we keep recollected and mind the gentle checks of the Spirit or the touch of our Guardian Angel, day by day He will impart the enabling power (John 1:12) to deny the natural wherever it would intrude and interfere with the spiritual. (Matt. 16:24; John 12:26.) And the whole outward life will continue to conform to the inward life sustained by the abiding presence of our Holy Guest.

Temptation, trials, and testings of all kinds, are utilized by Him in this work of reconstruction.

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## TEMPTATIONS TO FEAR (1 John 4:18)

In the conscious fact of the indwelling Paraclete there is such a rest from questionings, wonderment, apprehension, dread, and all those component parts that go to make up that small word "fear" that can assume such overwhelming proportions and far-reaching effects. I am not speaking of that filial fear, but that fear in which ever slumbers torment.

Someone has said, "The unsaved is afraid God will hurt him, but we, His children, are afraid we will hurt God." There had been times when I had considered it necessary to punish my little boy, never severely, for he was saved very young and always wanted to do right. He could hardly stop crying, and long afterwards would sob and say, "Mamma, it isn't the whipping that hurts, but I'm sorry that I did wrong, and you had to punish me;" and we were ever drawn closer together as we quietly talked it over afterwards. Just as that little boy felt, who loved his mother, so have I felt toward the Lord. But I have reference to the thousand and one fears (if you will permit the hackneyed phrase) small and great, ever rolling in like the waves of the sea. "They compass me about, like bees;" and there is frequently a sharp sting of sudden fear, but that still

small voice Whispers, "Perfect love casteth out fear," and I learned that inasmuch as I let fear come in, that much perfect love was marred, robbed of its perfectness. Was not that the reason that "Fear not" was reiterated over and over in God's letter to man? In one brief glance in the concordance I counted more than a half hundred.

"But," I said, "what shall I do with them, my Lord, for they keep coming, and I cannot escape them; and there are reasons to be afraid. There is the fear for the work of God, for individual souls, my own dear ones, and for myself on some lines -- how shall I meet them? I grow weary of the battle. [s there no escaping temptation to fear?" The answer Was, "There is no escape; they will ever keep coming. Be reconciled to the fact. Bring them to Me -- look upon every presentation of fear as a call to prayer; and bring them definitely to Me, and wait in quietness and confidence till you grasp a promise, and realize anew, 'the government is on his shoulders'." ("Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.") Fear and faith are diametrically opposed; fear will cancel faith, and faith will always counteract and annul fear.

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## A PARABLE

I stood on an arm of the sea-girt wall, watching the billows roll. There had been a storm somewhere on the mighty deep, and the waves rolled mountain high, angry and threatening. They did not seem so large when first I saw them, but gathering momentum as they came, they dashed with terrific force against that great buttress of impregnable rock, as though they would shatter it to fragments, lay them low, and bury them out of sight in the overflow. But that rock wall stood unmoved, and even the most gigantic waves, white-capped, furious, and threatening, had to recede.

Using this as an object lesson, this great truth was brought to me: "Perfect love casteth out fear." Fears, like ocean waves both small and great, will ever be rolling in. But "A mighty fortress is our God," and unwavering confidence in Him will enable us to stand as that impregnable rock wall, and the most terrific waves of fear will have to fall back and recede. (Gem 15:1.)

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## TEMPTATIONS TO PRIDE

"Pride goeth before a fall;" but we need not fail, for if we keep recollected, we will be enabled to detect pride when first presented, and say No. Beware of that passive, almost unconscious assent of mind, for along this line temptations usually are "nicely" put; the natural and legitimate love of the beautiful or "fitting" is appealed to, especially is this true concerning our apparel. But God's Book has said enough on this subject of sinful pride to make that plain to every inquiring mind. (1 Tim. 2:9; 1 Pet. 3:3.) But if infirmities obscure "the word," He will speak as He did to me. "Would you just as soon pin your collar down with a black-headed pin as that breast-pin, to please Me?" "Why, sure, my Lord," and I unhesitatingly made the exchange. I truly loved Him, and it was a joy to comply with His wishes. But to my surprise the heavens opened, and I said, "Why do you bless me so? I am glad to do anything to please you." A little thing, yes; but there was that underlying principle again. And obedience is the proof of that love that fulfills

the law. (Rom. 13:10.) The Lord showed me that ornaments and exaggerations of cut and color about our apparel attract the attention of the earthly minded, and sometimes of those not so earthly minded, but in a different way. And God wants His saints so modestly attired that there will be nothing to divert from the "solar light" which radiates from the countenance, which is an outshining of the holy character that He is developing within. (Ex, 34:29.)

Be watchful of the beginnings, hold them up in the light of God's Word with an emphatic, No never. Deny the natural (Luke 9:23) at once, or you may soon lose, as many do. the power of discernment to detect and differentiate. Someone, in speaking of my son attending college, said, "He is a remarkable young man, with every prospect of a useful life before him; his mother most naturally must be very proud of him." When it was repeated to me, I said, "Oh, no, not proud of him, but I have an appreciative estimation of the boy, for the Lord has done great things for this son that He gave me to raise for Him." Thus I turned aside the temptation to natural pride, with an offering of grateful praise to my Lord. A younger sister came to me in her perplexity, and in trying to help her I unveiled some of those close personal heart dealings of the Lord with me; and she in taking her leave very complimentarily remarked, "You have a wonderful experience and great faith." I was deeply pained but instantly said, "I have a wonderful Savior, and a little faith in a great God Himself hath done it." And when alone, I knelt low at those pierced feet, and my heart would have woven it all into a crown of glory for that sacred head once thorn-crowned for me, again and again repeating, "Thine is the power and the GLORY now, as well as forever."

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#### TEMPTATION TO SPIRITUAL PRIDE

It is perfectly natural to speak with that peculiar self-complacency, and take pride in our treasures -- and a blessed experience in the things of God is indeed a treasure. (Matt. 13:44.) We are tempted to forget that we are but vessels, and marred earthen vessels at that, and the excellence as well as the power that has transformed us is of God and not of us. (2 Cor. 4:7.)

It is an awful thing, when you take time to consider it, to yield in any degree to that self-esteem that would excite to boastfulness followed by an ambition to display for reciprocal reasons. For we may go on down the scale, no telling how far. Our gracious, condescending Savior sought us in our sins, brought us to repentance, pardoned, and washed us from our defilement, lifting us from degradation and despair, and adopting us into His family; He gave to us conditionally a mutual, undivided inheritance, and His personal promises as a check book. In this way (for we were bankrupt) giving us an opportunity to do business for our Lord, to show our appreciation for such amazing kindness.

Then in the face of all this unprecedented benefaction to such as we, to allow the gracious work that God has wrought by His own power, and that can be preserved from extinction only by the indwelling of His presence, to be exalted in such a way as to practically eclipse Himself -- I say it is an awful thing. And the next step, as a most natural consequence, would be to exalt the earthen vessel on which the work was wrought -- and certain desolation would follow. (Isa. 42:8.)

"Spiritual pride is rejoicing over what God had done for me, with the emphasis on the me and not on God. Read Gal. 2:20 with the emphasis on 'Christ liveth,' and 'the Son of God who loved . . . and gave himself,' and then read it with the emphasis on 'I' and 'me,' and you can see the former as a great gratitude for God's work in you, and the latter as spiritual pride in what God has done for you, as if He had not done it for others."

Spiritual pride, of all forms and phases of pride, is the most abhorrent and abortive. That was what brought Lucifer, the son of the morning, down till at last he will be chained to the side of the pit. (Isa. 14:12 to 15.) It would insinuate itself into the higher altitudes of Christian experience and do its greatest damage there. It is most deceiving, for it works behind a mask.

But with supreme love glowing in our hearts, for our Lord, there is developed an acuteness of mind that is keen to detect any infringement upon what belongs to Him alone.

I suppose there are as many, or more, phases of spiritual pride as of sinful pride, or of natural pride; and many and varied temptations, which are only opportunities to choose, or rather to continue to choose, to stand by and reinforce the choice we have once definitely made between God and ourselves, and to test us out that we may prove to our own hearts that the fixedness of our choice is still to rejoice in God and His glory, and not to find our pleasure in ourselves or someone or something pertaining to ourselves. For every attribute of our nature must be tested again and again, from the basis of the statements and promises of God, just as every piece of an automobile or any costly mechanism is tested till proved operative. (2 Tim. 3:10; Psa. 17:3; 66:10; Deut. 13:3; 8:2, 3.) We need to remember that Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin (Heb. 4:15), and that temptation is not sin, but the entering into temptation is, and that we must resist it at the very beginnings. (2 Thess. 1:5, 6.)

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## INCIDENTALS OF LIVING IN A FALLEN WORLD

We have learned from Michael (Jude 9) to bring no railing accusation against the adversary of our souls; or, as some, attribute to his immediate presence all the hard, trying things in life, though he would tempt us to do so. Some blame the enemy and, shocking as it may seem, some, unconsciously perhaps, blame God.

Many of life's trials come by Satan's working through various agencies, while others follow as a natural result of -- away back there, somewhere -- breaking over some of God's gracious laws that were placed as a fence, not to keep us in and rob us of our power of choice, but as a fence erected to keep the enemy out. Some of our lifelong trials were born with us, while others hard to bear were unjustly imposed upon us by another; but all can be endured in blessed triumph without one murmur in our spirit toward anyone, till we lay the suffering body in the grave, to await the resurrection. Are we not living in a fallen world? Have we not been deeply wounded, and sore under sin? "Wounds" of the soul though healed will ache. And scars remain to make confession." But with what reverential love we bow before God who has made it possible for such as you and me, by believing and cooperating with Him, through the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, that the wounds are healed, and scars are fading, and we are assured that they will be



utterly effaced. (Isa. 25:8.) Redemption is far-reaching even in this life, and will be consummated in resurrection glory. (1 Cor. 15:54.) The testings that come to us from our Lord are gracious provings. He proves us, that we may prove Him, which we see the value of more and more.

These are only some of the incidentals connected with our journey through a world that is out of harmony with the will of God, to a world of rest and superabounding joy, because all is in harmony with the will of our eternal Benefactor, and that by our own glad choosing, and I refuse to be engrossed by these things. Life is passing, and the one concern is that I "stand by" (Zech. 3:7) with unswerving loyalty as a friend of God (2 Chron. 20:7; John 15:14) and bring no reproach upon Him; but instead reflect, however faintly, His character, and be a true representative of Him, and with those of the bridehood extend that blessed invitation, "Come," in such a way that whosoever will may be constrained to take the water of life freely. (Rev. 22:17.)

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#### 006 -- REGARDING THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS, BUT IN BONDAGE TO NO ONE

Being influenced by the opinion of others, or what we think their opinions are, is an intricate and delicate subject, for with many of the unsaved it is often the only restraint that prevents lawlessness. And it is essential in childhood and youth in the natural, and also more or less in the spiritual, until the Island of our personality in its entirety has been turned over to the Lord. And even then it is not to be disregarded, but accepted as kindly counsel, and carefully weighed before the Lord, to find His way. For sometimes He speaks through lips of clay, and especially do we hear the voice of God in the ministry of the Word. (Psa. 73:17.) "His counsels of old are faithfulness and truth." (Isa. 25:1.)

As a little child, before I realized my accountability to my Creator, my parents held the relationship of God to my consciousness; it was, "What will Mother say," or, "What will Father think?" And no sorer punishment could my dear mother inflict for a misdemeanor than to say sadly, "Well, I shall have to tell Papa." He was one of the kindest of men; and when he had been obliged to punish one of the older children, it was with tears. He never punished me, and I had no fear of that; but he would be pained, and say so tenderly that it broke my heart, "I am sorry that my little girl did wrong." And I just could not bear the thought of making my father feel sad. I was careful to try to do what I understood to be right, out of love for him, as far back as I can remember. And the memory of this noble father who died when I was still a child has helped me to understand my Heavenly Father since I came to know Him, and I have been actuated by the same principle of filial fear in asking the question, "What does God think?" and have taken my concordance and looked up every reference I could find on the subject at hand; and how the mists have rolled away as God's thought was made plain to the earnest, honest heart cry to "lead me in a plain path!" (Psa. 27:11; 119:105; 16:11.)

As long as perfect love reigns, that supreme love to God will settle every question on that basis. But when that is marred, loses its supremacy, we find the actuating principle will be let down upon a lower level. It may be some pilgrim that we have confidence in. One dear sister, that I knew well, said to me that often as a monitor to her would come the thought, "What will Sister Blank think?" and if tempted to not let Sister Blank know anything about it, she knew at once that

the enemy was working up some scheme to entrap her, and she took it definitely to the Lord in prayer. This Sister Blank had been to her, in her spiritual childhood, what my earthly father had been to me in my childhood days.

But when supreme love to God reigns in her heart, what God has spoken is her guide (Psa. 73:24) and she is content with what God thinks. And she intuitively feels that Sister Blank thinks much the same; and if she hasn't seen it just that way, it would be all right, since God hath spoken. She would like to talk it over with Sister Blank, she might see farther into the subject, or see other things connected with it that she had not seen, for in counsel there is safety. But she is perfectly free in Sister Blank's presence, or in the presence of any other pilgrim, to follow the Lord. This is the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. (John 8:38.) And we can stand fast, and not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage, by settling every question that arises on the basis of what is God's thought concerning it, maintaining that reverential, filial fear and veneration, that dread of grieving the great loving heart of our Heavenly Father. (Isa. 8:13.) And if you are conscious of bondage creeping over you at any point, arrest it at once. "For the fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be set on high (shall have the ascendancy)." (Prov. 29:25, marginal.)

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## 007 -- MENTAL PICTURES AND MENTAL CONTROVERSY

The devil was undoubtedly the inventor or instigator of the moving pictures. It is no new thing with him, for he in times past would keep a panorama continually passing across my mental horizon, pleasing and interesting at first; but as the film unrolled, those pictures led away from God even to thoughts of sin, if not arrested.

I positively refuse to look upon the most enticing of his unrolling films, or listen to the controversy that goes with them. I lift my eyes to the Master's face and claim His deliverance; and crowd them from my mind with better thoughts, according to a direct command of the Lord. (Phil. 4:8.)

We are thinking beings; we will think. And this avenue must be guarded and fortified with helpful character-building thoughts. And a world of intense interest and superlative beauty is even now waiting to unfold to our enraptured vision: the wonderful created universe of God; the great plan of redemption; and, most entrancing of all, the study of the adorable character of God, which we learn to appreciate more and more, and "to appreciate is to appropriate." It is as we "with an open face" (and an open heart) behold the beauty of the Lord that the transformation goes on (2 Cor. 3:18.) Is not this the perfect law of liberty? (James 1:23, 24, 25.)

Even the necessary considerations of this life, unless we bring them to the Lord (1 Pet. 5:7), will consume too much time and thought. How explicit is the Master's warning concerning the cares of this life; and how subtle and unending are the testings at this point; and how many give way, measurably at least, while others have gone down into "covetousness which is idolatry," for even with our passive consent, a weak "I can't help it," we unconsciously yield a point; and when we begin to draw back in the conflict and yield one point, we are soon pressed to yield another

point, and still another. And when we get on that steep incline there seems to be no stopping place, but discouragement, distress, and the bottomless abyss, unless someone grips God in our behalf. But we are not of them that draw back (Heb. 10:39); we will stand by our conquering King and out of love for Him hold our ground, and quickly pass judgment on mental pictures. In God's Book there is a provisional remedy for all this (Phil. 4:4-7, inc.) and it is a successful remedy.

If it were not so serious, and we were not aware of the malignity of his designs, some of the ways the enemy uses in trying to deceive us would be amusing for, like a ventriloquist, he can throw his voice. He will say, "I want," "I don't want," "I am going to do," or, "I'll not do," and so on, in such a way that it seems to come direct from our own hearts; and unless we are careful we will not recognize him, and will unconsciously accept it, and then it does become our own.

These must be challenged with, "I want only what you want, my Lord. I'll do what you want me to do," and quickly reject every advance. I believe the spirit of protest is one of the most persistent emissaries he has. It seems to be ever at our elbow; but, surprising as it may seem, an accepted protest will soon be followed up with rebellion against God.

Any suggestion beginning with a big "I" or "Now you" bring to the light of "What about this, Lord?" Form a habit of recognizing the beginnings, and it is easily kept out. And if it has already got in, or the accusation is that it has (and we are not always sure) in confidence I look up, knowing that if it has got in and there is defilement, the blood of Jesus will wash it away; and if it is only trying to get in, I just trust that sacred shelter, the blood that cleanseth (1 John 1:7) to keep it out. "Every moment, Lord, I need the merits of Thy blood."

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008 -- SELF-SYMPATHY AND SELF-PITY -- (Matt. 16:22, Margin)

It is wonderful to be delivered; but sometimes I think it is more wonderful to maintain that deliverance, to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made one free and let the conforming to His image go on. (Rom. 8:29.)

There are so many natural traits that seem legitimate and all right, yet trend away from God. For instance, when one is sick and suffering, there is a need of the sympathetic care of another; and if for any reason it is withheld, there is an avalanche of temptation ready to overwhelm, self-sympathy and self-pity flutter around on angel wings, so soothing to our poor weak humanity at first. But -- well -- a discouraged soul told me this: "I know just what you are talking about. I had a glorious experience, the Holy Spirit was my constant Companion. Temptations seemed to have lost their power to draw me from His side, the enemy could not get even my passive consent on any point. But, oh, that subtle self-pity! He got me there, and then one thing after another followed." She had been a great sufferer, and it was only natural. Oh, there it is again -- yielding to the natural when it interferes with the reconstruction and transforming of the outward life to accord with the internal change, choosing a little passing relief, rather than the great purposes of God and the superlative comfort of the Holy Ghost. (2 Cor. 1:3, 4.)

In my life so full of painful frailty, and the wresting of years from the grave; not from my natural inclinations to cling to life, for it has been difficult to maintain that perfect willingness to live on and suffer till His appointed time, especially when from the delectable mountains I would lie looking over the narrow divide for weeks at a time, entranced with the vision. But that gentle voice that I knew so well would say, "Not yet"; and because it was His will, and I loved Him supremely, I would take up the fight of faith for the physical again, and day after day the battle has gone on till I have actually wrested decades from the grave to glorify God in my body. But with such frailty you may be sure that the temptation to self-sympathy has been unending.

Old self-pity would intrude everywhere, but we have learned to quickly detect him in the "whine" or argument "they ought" that he expects me to accept and make my own; but I ignore it all or, if need be, refuse with so positive a No that he understands I mean it.

There have been times when frailty has been so great that just a little care, a few steps taken for me by another, just a little assistance, would have meant so much. But it has been withheld by those that I have poured out much of my life for in loving sacrifice. At times the pressure of temptation has been heavy, and I have felt I could have my choice, but I have cried right out, "Lord Jesus, I do not ask for human sympathy, I want the Divine. I am not asking for human help, I want Thy strength. I choose Thee, Thyself, Thy will and Thy way." And my cry was answered. Did the angels minister unto me? I know not, for I saw only my Lord. The temptation to be sorry for myself I resist as I would rebellion against God, for if not arrested it will lead to that very thing. I never could understand how our gentle Jesus could speak to one of His own beloved disciples as He did to Peter (Matt. 16:22) until I saw in the margin that purely human pathos "Pity thyself." Then I could see into it, and also better understand the statement of great truth that followed, about losing our life to find it. Any picture of myself thrown across the mental horizon, commendable or otherwise, if dwelt upon, will cloud the vision of God, which should ever be as clear as "sun shining after rain."

This is an important point in the fight of faith refusing to see myself, crowding out with the thought of God, immortal souls, His Kingdom in heaven and on earth, the temptations to that insidious self-centeredness that would intrude upon the most spiritual lines.

I am an individual and will never merge my identity, and God deals with me as such; yet I must continue to lose my life from my mental horizon, if I would continue to see God, and keep it unto life eternal (John 12:25) for I am only a part of the great whole, one component part that goes to make up the great "mosaic" that is to be presented to Himself without spot or wrinkle. It is a wonderful thing to be clean, without spot, but the wrinkles of natural traits must be smoothed out also. "And to iron wrinkles out of the cleanest of garments requires the pressure of a well tempered smoothing iron. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth" just how to fit the furnace to the frame. (Eph. 5:27.)

To illustrate: For days my heart had been singing that beautiful chorus, "I am happy with Jesus alone." It was really true; I had been proving it for years. And that morning when I was suffering for a drink of water, and too deathly sick to lift my head from the pillow, the enemy said with a sneer, "Are you happy with Jesus alone now?" At first I ignored him (and there are times when that is sufficient, for he cannot bear to be ignored) but he would not at this time be ignored;

and with such intense hatred toward my Lord, and insinuations of His unkindness to His child, in his very tone, that my soul fairly recoiled, he sneeringly said the second time, "Are you happy with Jesus alone now?" I could not tolerate that under any circumstances, and weak as I was I lifted my right hand in defense of my Christ, and said, "Lord Jesus, you know I am far happier with you alone now than I would be with an M. D., a trained nurse, and my far-away loved ones all ministering to me, without you," and I repeated it, for it was a fact. That insinuating voice was silenced, the glory began to roll, wave after wave inundated my soul and body. His strength, was in, parted, and I arose and went about my Master's business.

Out of loyal love for the Lord, to deny the natural and to take up our personal cross daily, and follow Jesus, must be the deep underlying principle of every triumphant Christian life, the very pivot on which it turns. And because of the unchangeable importance of this established rule of action, the writers of the four Gospels have each in turn reiterated this fundamental truth again and again.

I am well aware that "we do not hear much about this part of the Gospel plan, and I do not ask you to accept it on my word -- go to the unimpeachable authority of God's Book. Listen to the strong words that fell from the lips of the infallible Teacher, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." -- Matt. 6:24. "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." -- Luke 14:27.

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## 009 -- MANAGING OUR HUMANITY

We seem to need to be frequently reminded that temptation is not sin (Heb. 4:15), but that the entering into temptation is -- (Mark 14:38; Luke 22:46); and to discern the difference and be reconciled to the fact that temptation is "common to man, and will be while in the present probationary state, and be of good cheer for He by whom we stand has overcome (John 16:33). We overcome the adversary; first always by the blood of the Lamb, and in His Spirit; second, by the word of our testimony, that rings true, based upon the daily victorious life; third, and all-essential (right where many dear ones break down) "and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). We are so apt to forget that Jesus said (John 12:25) "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." (Matt. 16:25.) We are speaking now not of the sinful self life that has been dealt with; we have nothing to do with that any more, but to be sure that it does not worm itself back through some unrecognized or unguarded avenue into our cleansed heart. But we are speaking of the purely natural, that part of us that is so strangely weak.- There are times, and especially in the beginning of this reconstruction period, that we must needs deal with our own natural inclinations as a wise mother deals with her little child, patiently say No, and hold steady till the pathetic cry has ceased, and the child has yielded and is still. In that long-drawn-out convalescent period, I had a soft-voiced canary that helped me to forget the extreme frailty. And after a night of restless tossing, with the dawning of the day those soft trills of Joy bird were like balm to my weary nerves, and I loved the little creature.

In after years, just before the coming of the crisis in my life, I understood from my Lord that He would be pleased if I would give the little warbler to a girl friend who was not very strong.

Glad to do anything at His request I took the little fellow-down to Myrtle one evening and returned home; and as I bowed before the Lord, I learned to differentiate between the weak human nature, and how to meet it, and the I or Ego within me -- "which must rule (Prov. 16:32) or the purely natural impulse would quickly lead me into the by-paths of pleasing myself. On the one hand there was a pathetic, pleading cry as of a little child, for that bird. On the other hand there was a standing unmoved by the will of God; one said, "I want my Joy bird," the other said, "Oh, no, the Lord wants Myrtle to have him now." How that human nature did cry for that little songster! I met every appeal steady in the will of God. It would wail out, "I will miss him so, for eight years he has wakened me with the dawn and poured forth his soft sweet melody of praise to God. I just can't get along without my bird." "Oh, no," I said, "not at all necessary to miss him," and I just stayed with it, till that cry grew fainter and fainter and silence reigned. The Ego in me had walked after the Spirit; and through the law of the Spirit of life, loving, loyal obedience to the will of God, even in little things, kept me free from the law of sin and death. (Rom. 8:2.) And I did not miss that little creature; it was simply taken out of my life, like the breaking of the clods of earth out of the clinging tendrils of the vine.

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#### OUR HUMANITY, THE WEAK SIDE AND THE STRONG

The simple incident just narrated has been as an object lesson to help me to understand far better than I can put it into words the weak side of human nature that would cling to everything and follow every pleasing impulse and suggestion, and the strong side that considers, passes judgment on them, consents to them, or gives an emphatic No.

It is very much like one using their best judgment in controlling and guiding a little child; they must restrain, and deny it many things and quietly keep it under control, or the child would follow every passing suggestion, into serious difficulties. And so it is with the weak side of human nature, it must be denied, controlled, and held in obedience by the stronger side. But the Spirit of God within us reinforces (Col. 1:11) and guides in judgment. (Psa. 25:4; 94:15.) And according to our knowledge of His will, we cooperate with God. This part of us, like a little child, will naturally follow the former lines of habit till, in the reconstruction, other habits are formed. We are largely creatures of habit; and any impulse or pleasing suggestion of Satan, unless restrained by the steady hand of self-denial, would soon gravitate into sin. It is believed by many that it must ever remain weak and sinful. No wonder, for it does seem so, and that has been their teaching for generations. It is weak, but not necessarily does it remain sinful. No, indeed. It must be disciplined and kept under control by the stronger part of our nature continually cooperating with the Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 9:27) but with all its weakness it can be purified from evil; and the prayer inspired by the Holy Spirit, in 1 Thess. 5:23, can be assuredly answered. We are witnesses of these things, and if out of love for our Lord we ignore or deny the clamorings of the natural, and according to our best judgment we do those things that are pleasing in His sight: our in other words, "If we walk in the light as he is in the light," that deep sweet fellowship continues and the atoning blood of Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin: or we will put it this way, the blood cleanseth even this weak part of us from all sin. Many of these precious people are real saints of God with a heart experience that transcends their theory: it doesn't seem to hinder them so very much personally. but it does seriously hinder them in pointing out the way to others. (If I could only

express it with simplicity and clearness it might help them.) Then there are others whose heart experiences are far beneath their intellectual knowledge of the truth; and this is disastrous to them personally, as well as to others. (Rom. 14:7.) And they all need the patient helpful helpfulness and faith of those who have been enabled only through grace to differentiate.

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## 010 -- HOW I LEARNED TO MAINTAIN THE WILLINGNESS TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD

From my deceased parents there was an inheritance of that sterling principle, "To be right because it was right;" and I ever determined to be right, but of course I wanted people to know I was right. And I considered it a duty to myself to talk things over, explain, and prove that I meant to be right; or in other words, justify myself. I wanted to be understood, and to be misjudged and unjustly blamed was extremely painful to my natural make-up. I was not resentful, but I felt that the greatest comfort I could have was to be understood -- this was a strong natural trait. And after taking the way of the cross to go through with Jesus, (and was anyone so utterly misunderstood as was our Lord?) it was difficult for me to maintain an undisturbed reconciliation to being misunderstood and not be drawn into bondage to what people thought, and stand up in self-defense, but let God be my defense. (Psa. 59:9.) The temptations have been many, and frequent testings evidently have been needed, for there has been one continuous flow of deep waters at that point, but they did not overwhelm. (Isa. 43:2.)

One test, which was typical of others, was at the beginning of those years of extreme suffering. The doctor whom we first consulted, in the country village near where we lived, was very optimistic, and assured recovery in a few weeks. But the case was beyond his skill; and after months of helplessness and increased sufferings, he said to husband, "There's not much the matter with her now, she is just a religious crank and wants to die; and if you will give her a good talking to, and get her right good and mad, she will get up and get out of there."

(The Lord had saved, and kept me patient and uncomplaining, and the doctor had misinterpreted it.)

Husband knew me better than to believe him, and yet he didn't know but that. if he could get me stirred up, it might help in some way, so he tried to follow the doctor's prescription. It was hard work for the poor man, but he finally told me what the doctor had said. But before he got through with it, he was very angry with that doctor and told him that if he ever heard of his mentioning anything of the kind again he would horsewhip him.

It did not make me "good and mad," but it brought a great burden of prayer for them, and I lay all night in that inarticulate intercession for their souls. After it was lifted, very tenderly the Lord began to talk to me, "Will you be true to Me if you lie here all summer and get "worse instead of better, and all your friends, the doctor and even your husband, think it is all your own fault?" For hours my Lord stood by, patiently putting the question in different ways, and I looked at it from every angle. It was a pretty hard proposition. It was distressing to be so unmercifully misjudged, it wasn't right, it was rank injustice, it was cruel. How could I endure that also, with all this indescribable suffering? But that gentle voice whispered softly, "Endure it for My sake;" and

because I loved Him I cried right out, "Yes, my Lord, I will endure it for your sake! I will be true to you if I do lie. here all through the long hot summer and grow worse and worse, and all my friends, my physician, and even my husband, believe it to be all my own fault." And to my surprise something happened, and my soul escaped being drawn under servile bondage. (Psa. 124:7.) Instead, I was led out into such a large place, such a wealthy place in God, (Psa. 66:12) that it did not matter in the least whatever they might think.

After I was taken to a city hospital (where I spent eighteen months) I met the same thing in a young Catholic doctor. But inwardly smiling, I said, "Here it is again, my Lord. and it's all right," and kept blessed away above it. And down through the years, in one form or another, my Lord has permitted similar testings, severe, protracted, far-reaching (and the end is not yet) to prove me, that I might prove Him, and know beyond a shadow of a doubt that He can enable one in cooperation with Him to maintain the freedom from even this phase of the yoke of bondage destroyed by the anointing. (Isa. 10:27.)

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### LOVE SERVICE FOR THE LORD

It is perfectly natural when we do a service for another, to expect at least their approval or appreciation, and a possible reciprocation some time; and when it is withheld we may go on with the work, but it seems hard, and the enemy offers all kinds of suggestions and insinuations. But when "as unto the Lord" (Col. 3:17) becomes the mainspring of action, just as long as it is properly adjusted, it is all so different. What we do for others out of love for our Lord is just like doing it for our blessed Jesus Himself. And we have His approval, and as far as we are concerned personally, nothing else matters; but we do sometimes feel sorry for them, pray for them, and commit them unto God. It is only when this mainspring has been moved off the center that we begin to feel we are not appreciated, and "what's the use," and so on, and happy helping drops down into doleful, drudgery.

I was doing a little service, week by week, for one recently converted. It was really beyond my strength, but she had much to learn, and I saw no other way to help her at a certain point, and it was truly a love service for my Lord, and I was blessed in doing it for Him. But one day it suddenly became hard, and evil surmisings came thick and fast. What was the use? She accepted it as a matter of course; she had no just estimation of the sacrifice it was for me to do it; she would never see the object lesson, and -- right there I just stood still and said, "Lord Jesus, what is wrong? Am I doing this for Sister L\_\_\_\_ or for you? and I saw that somewhere I must have given a passive consent to some subtle suggestion of the enemy, and there had been a misadjustment of the mainspring; it was off the center. Instantly I cried to the Lord for a readjustment. I saw that I could easily, almost unconsciously, allow it to be shifted, if not watchful, but I could not put it back; only the Lord could put it back into proper position again. And He surely did, for that sense of tiresome drudgery left me, strength came, and with joy the work was accomplished, not for Sister L\_\_\_\_, but for Jesus my Lord.

I don't know yet whether she appreciated the sacrifice or saw the object lesson in it or not; but it was a good test, and proved to my own heart that there was an underlying principle, or



mainspring, that could be kept so operative by the oil of grace and the counting of myself and others clear out (Eph. 6:6, 7) that, in doing a kindness, or sacrificing to help another, though it be accepted as a matter of course, unappreciated, or even despised, if done in the Spirit, under His direction, out of pure love for the Lord, the heart would be perfectly satisfied. His approval is absolutely enough. This is what makes the "yoke easy, and the burden light." We need to look after this mainspring, and everything else will follow with that most beautiful supernatural naturalness. (Matt. 25:40.)

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## 011 -- TAKING ON CONDITIONS AND CRITICISM

We were in a glorious revival; Gospel light was strong and -penetrating, illuminating the pathway far beyond what some of the pilgrims had ever seen; (depth of precious truth that fed my soul). Some were walking in the light, moving out into those deep, true experiences that await every child of God. But there were not a few who failed to do so, and as a most natural result began to criticize the evangelist.

Not so much was said, but the very atmosphere was impregnated with the spirit of criticism. After meeting one night, as a younger sister and I were waiting on the Lord in behalf of individual souls, she said to me with deep emotion, "What has gone wrong with me? It is awful, but do you know I could hardly keep from criticizing Brother Blank tonight?" I explained it to her that the stinging injection of such thoughts into our minds was to be rejected at once and steadfastly resisted and turned into special prayer for the one we were tempted to criticize.

Some of those dear people nearly lost their souls in yielding to the spirit of criticism at the time. One sister struggled through awful darkness for six months, so far from God that she almost despaired of ever finding her way back, but she finally did; yet there were others that never did find their way back to Father's house. Criticism is a deadly thing. I suppose there is nothing more subtle -- and shall I say it -- or more common, than to give at least a passive assent to some form of this gigantic evil, of passing opinions formed on slight or defective evidence in little things concerning another. Instead of breathing a prayer for them, and leaving them in the hands of God, we are tempted to disregard the barrier reared for our protection in the words of the Savior, "Judge not." (Matt. 7:1.)

Prejudice or prejudgment, that bias of mind, is its twin sister; and like some twins I have seen, one is so much a part of the other that they are never separate; one naturally following the other as a result, in our minds, and if expressed raises a barrier in the minds of others, that closes the heart to any helpfulness that might flow out of the life or teaching of the individual criticized or prejudged, until those barriers are burned away. They are never in a blood-cleansed heart, but are ever trying to get in, and if not rejected at once they will hang around until we almost unconsciously absorb the pernicious influence of such suggestions, until they fasten themselves upon us, and they do become our own. It is the same with many other things, but the prevention is, resistance "in the faith," and especially to pray for the individual we are tempted to judge. Thus the loyal, loving heart can escape them all, and keep so occupied with the things of God that there will be only occasional conflicts with them.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

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## A BATTLE WITH A DISPARAGING REMARK

We were traveling through a sparsely settled country, with a little hamlet here and there; and as we drove along I could not keep back the tears, so burdened was my heart for those isolated people. They were as sheep without a shepherd, wresting a mere existence from those barren hills, without God and without hope even in this world. There were schoolhouses far apart where some kind of services or a small Sunday School was conducted, but" literally devoid of spiritual life, and I pitied them so. We did what we could in the way of testimony; and after meeting they would gather around us, cling to our hand and, with tears running down their faces, confess their heart hunger. One said, "I know just what you are talking about; my heart was once overflowing with the love of God, but that was away back there in Iowa, and it is empty and barren now." How could I be otherwise than burdened, and pray that the Lord of the harvest would send shepherds to feed these starving souls?

One Saturday evening we came to a larger village where we learned that a revival was in progress, and my heart rejoiced. There was another family with us at that time. We women folks were too tired to go that evening, but the men folks went. On their return the inquiry was for spiritual life. They were used to so much life and blessing of the Lord in our meetings that they did not detect the little life that was there, and replied, "Oh, about like the rest of them" (referring to the preachers of formal churches). My heart ached for the hungry people, and silently cried to God to help that preacher. The next morning we were among the few gathered for Sunday School, and I sensed at once that the evangelist had real spiritual life; and yet, do you know, those words, "Oh, about like the rest of them," stood right in between? I rejected them, I resisted, and a regular conflict raged, but I would not yield; they had to go. All through the Sunday School the silent warfare went on, and to my astonishment, at the beginning of the preaching service, the evangelist called upon me to pray. I threw myself helplessly out on God, and -- well -- He just prayed through me. The power of God fell, the atmosphere cleared, and how that evangelist did preach, and souls moved toward God. I registered. a vow at that time that, if the Lord would help me, I would be careful never to pass disparaging remarks about any individual, especially a minister of the Gospel; for if, with my knowledge of God and the way through temptation to victory, I would have such a battle, one who had not been long in the way, or was prone to follow the lines of the least resistance, would never find the way through, and that hindering barrier would remain. You no doubt have had similar experiences. I never want to have any part in this kind of work of the enemy.

Oh, the patient faithfulness of the Lord to remind me at this point! Sometimes a friend, in conversation, will speak rather disparagingly of another, but that inward heart cry will soon bring a pause and a tenderly spoken, "Let us pray for them;" and as I pour out my heart in compassionate love for them, both are helped. Turning everything into humble, impassioned prayer is the radical remedy for the otherwise irremediable. (Psa. 15:1, 2, 3.).

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## SECTION TWO

### 012 -- TAKING THINGS IN OUR OWN HANDS

Before we knew God, we depended upon ourselves or what somebody said. After the new birth we still depended more or less upon ourselves and the advice of others, but beyond that we turn to the Lord for help to make sure that it is all right.

Sometimes we will reason a thing all out, from the basis of our natural inclinations, and make our choice, then go to Him for His approval; and, when for any reason it is withheld, we labor in prayer, reason, and plead, for we fear to go forward, and well may we, without at least His permission. But we just must have this, or do that, and we want the Lord's approval, and sometimes years have been spent that way. Oh, the precious lives I have seen hindered, superlative characters that have dwarfed into commonalty, seeking the Lord's approval upon their own choosing! Faithfully have I endeavored to get them to see that whether the thing was best for them or not, they had hold of it in the wrong way, there was a-wrong attitude somewhere. The only right way through for them was to relax their grasp, let go their hold, and piece by piece hand it all over to their best Friend, lay it down in the hands that were nailed to the cross for them. And if it was best, He would sooner or later put it back into their hands, and in the right way, in a properly adjusted attitude with His blessed benediction upon it.

But they must leave that entirely with Him, and relinquish it as utterly as if they were already lying in their casket, and trust the One who died for them. Some have been persuaded, have ventured out, and actually done this, and how the Lord has met them and blessed their souls! And in some cases they have found that "relinquishment was possession." For our Heavenly Father delights to give His submissive, trusting children the natural desires of their hearts, if that is best. But could He do so, seeing the whole future as He does, when it would not be for the best for all concerned? Oh, He is so worthy of implicit trust! (Psa. 9:10.)

But, alas! others have so long persisted that they ceased to hear that gentle warning voice, or even the clear ringing clarion of Gospel truth. Then they have concluded that this silence could be interpreted as the Lord's consent, or at least His permission, and have taken things into their own hands, and disaster has followed. Especially has this been true among our young people, regarding a life companion. Someone has said, "Christianity's crime is doing without God." The words of the Master are unchangeably true, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Whether we believe it or not, the fact remains that when we take things into our own hands we play right into the hands of the enemy; for it is an utter impossibility for weak human beings to act independently of one or the other of the two great powers. No one would want to step out from under the protection of an almighty Friend, and get under the power of a strong, tyrannical enemy. But we must deliberately choose to keep under the beneficent rulership of God, or we will be drawn under the subtle sway of the adversary, and go astray, thinking we are having our own way. (Isa. 53:6.) Satan well understands this and is tireless in his temptations at this point. He stealthily

hides in every seemingly independent choice, and it would decidedly help us in our thinking if we would ever remember this unalterable fact. (Prov. 14:12.)

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## TAKING THE REINS

An incident out of the past well illustrates taking the reins in our own hands. We were living out on the frontier, forty miles from the nearest hamlet. There was a fair mountain road, but husband conceived the possibility of driving over the mountain side along the Rock Creek Canyon, so as to visit an old friend who lived over there.

He was well acquainted with the whole country, from riding after stock. But he found it to be a most hazardous undertaking by vehicle. There was a long stretch on that mountain trail so steep and sideling that it seemed that the whole outfit would roll down the mountain side. (It was only a merciful providence that prevented it.) There was no way back, there was no way even to stop, there was nothing to do but to keep going. The horses did nobly, the brake held and worked fine, but the hind wheels would slide, and the upper-side wheels would be off the ground at times. And that great canyon lay in purple shadows a mile or more below.

It was a frightful situation. Husband's face was white as death, and I clasped my babe to my bosom with a fluttering heart. Husband was an expert horseman, and I had the utmost confidence in him as a driver, and very little in myself; and yet at two different times I involuntarily reached out, with that feeling as if I must take the reins from his hands, but it would have been sure destruction if I had. There were no words exchanged, but after we had passed the extreme danger he silently handed the reins over for me to take and to do the driving; and I recall even now how I felt as I drew back, saying, "Oh, no, no, no! I don't want to take the reins."

I never forgot the realization I had of the frightful consequences, if I had taken the reins into my own hands on that dangerous mountain side with that great rock-ridged canyon far below.

Many times when I have been tempted to take things into my own hands and realized that I had the power of choice and that I could take things into my own hands if I wanted to do so, that incident has been brought to my mind, and I have felt to say to the Lord, as I did to husband, "Oh, no, no! I do not want to take the reins in my own hands." And had I done so, a deeper abyss than Rock Creek Canyon would have been my doom. The temptation to independently manage ourselves doesn't stop with our own affairs, but extends to managing others as well, and it follows us into the sanctified life, and seems unending, and no doubt will follow us to the end of our probationary state.

There are fine points and perplexities right here. There is a vast difference between reliance upon God, and relying upon ourselves; a soul attitude not easy to put into words, or to differentiate. When you first conclude to move out independently on some line, there is often a pleasing exuberance as that of a little child with a promise of some new pleasure, a sweetness that is not of God, yet sometimes falsely called the blessing of the Lord. But it is transitory, evanescent;

and we are soon questioning, uncertain, and fearful of results, though we had asked the Lord to help us, but we had asked amiss. (James 4:3.)

But when we move out, relying on God, cooperating with Him, with a "thus saith the Lord," no matter what difficulties are involved or what opposing forces we encounter, we can go steadily forward with peace unbroken, with a restful confidence as to the ultimate outcome, with all the accusations of the enemy to the contrary, and can look up into the face of our beloved Master ever at our side, with, "This is the best I understood to be Thy will," trusting Him to be our defense, and overrule where, because of our own lack of understanding we had not fully let Him rule, and all clamoring of the enemy and our poor, weak nature must subside. To depend upon ourselves is one of Satan's most obscured phases of self-exaltation and most successfully hidden snares.

But it has been robbed of its enticement, for we learn the value of obedience by the things we suffer. Experiences in the past have taught us our insufficiency (2 Cor. 3:5), and as we recognize our inability and weakness, and trust His grace that is sufficient, the enabling power of Christ does rest upon us. (2 Cor. 12:9.)

Having actually abandoned ourselves and our every interest unto the Lord, receiving Him, our Holy Guest, and maintaining that abandonment through the first few severe testings, out of love for our Lord, there springs up in our hearts that same confidence in His wisdom that we have in His love. Fathomless love beyond understanding, but oh, so real!

When we realize something of the foreknowledge of God, that all is one eternal Now with Him, and that the future is as the past, all open and known (Heb. 4:13), we quickly reject every suggestion to independent self-management, in things small or great, and turn lovingly to Him with, "What about it, my Lord?" and are content at last to be as a branch in the vine (John 15:5) and accept the fact our Savior stated, "Without me ye can do nothing." Then the very thing that in the natural we resisted, or at least chafed under at times, becomes our greatly appreciated asset; and we become troubled if a temptation to get along without the Lord at some point hangs around us very long, lest half unconsciously we may have given it a passive consent. And sometimes we wake up to the fact that the temptation has become a desire, a choice, and go down before our Lord in humility and confession, for readjustment.

In this long-drawn-out battle, wresting life from the very jaws of death (Jer. 39:18) to glorify God in my body, there have been times that I have grown weary of the continual conflict. I always had a feeling that, if I only knew how to do my part, it would all be different, and one time I said to the Lord, "I want to be well and strong and not have to depend upon you this way." I was shocked at myself, and laid my hand upon my mouth, and bowed my head in shame.

But that Divinely-tender, patient voice replied, "Yes, I know;" then added. "The whole mechanism of the body is worn out and, according to natural law, the physical would have been dissolved decades ago, and only the uninterrupted supernatural inflowing of my life can keep the machinery moving and performing its functions. There is no other way for you but to receive life for the body just as you receive life for the soul."

"I see it all, Lord Jesus, and I will be honest With you." And do you know it means a good deal more than one might think, to be actually honest with the Lord in acknowledging our own heart attitude? Why is this? No doubt there are many reasons. One is, we think it is temptation or the accusation of the enemy; (sometimes it is). We do not want it so, we refuse to have it so, and we are prone to believe it is not so.

Here, again, we can see the longsuffering of Him who is guiding us into all truth. He patiently waits, and quietly draws our attention to the indications here and there, along the way, until we understand and bow in humility before Him. I have often said to the Lord, "And you saw all this time that defect, that distressing infirmity, and that mistaken choosing, and yet revealed yourself with such blessings to my soul." (Almost unbelievable love.) We have to be reconciled to the fact, humiliating as it is, that "we are in the making." Not much room for spiritual pride with this clear vision; no indeed, it is utterly eliminated.

My humble answer was, "It is shocking and shameful, I know, and I deeply regret it; but, awful as it is, it is true. I wanted to be well and strong and independent like other folks, and I did not want the constant impartation of Thy life for my body. I didn't want it that way."

I can but marvel even yet how He could patiently stand by, and so tenderly answer me, with those indescribable soulful eyes, with gentle, compassionate love, yet searching, looking clear through me. He only said, "There is no other way." And my heart was melted and flowed out in silent adoration and praise. Oh, the condescension to such a creature of the dust; and the love, and also the wisdom of our Lord! (Rom. 11:33; Col. 2:3,) We do trust His love; let us as unhesitatingly trust His wisdom and guidance, cooperating with Him, and never yield to the temptation to take the reins into our own hands. (Prov. 14:112.)

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### 013 -- WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK?

Quite a bewildering temptation comes along the line of pleasing people, wanting their approval and good will. Nothing wrong in that, is there? Well, that depends. Carefully scrutinize your motives, watch that mainspring, and trust Calvary's stream to keep it clean and operative, and maintain at any cost the heart attitude of pleasing God first, out of love for Him; and, second, pleasing people for their edification (Rom. 15:2) and positively never for any personal aggrandizement. (Was not that the unchangeable attitude of Jesus, our Lord?) (John 8:29.) And in following Him closely you find the cross that has a marvelous double action (Gal. 6:14) crucifying two ways. For it means something to go outside of the common conventionalities of life (Heb. 13:12) and quietly, lovingly accept your share of the reproach that the world feels toward our Lord and His peculiar people. But here is where we find our wealth of blessing (Luke 6:22; Acts 5:41), our strength (2 Cor. 12:10), and greatest riches (Heb. 11:26). From many angles will be brought, intermingled with truth, most subtle suggestions of prudence, giving unnecessary office, hindering individuals that we hoped to win, injury to the cause, and so on. And sometimes there will fall, like a sudden blow, "What will they think?"

But all can be calmly and firmly met, and offset, with, "What does God think?" and settled from that standpoint, according to our best understanding of the Word.

There is a delicate point in there, and it must be carefully guarded, and we must learn to differentiate. For the deceiver often quotes Scripture, and he may be half right, or pervert the truth just enough to suit his evil designs. A presented half truth is treachery, for there are two hemispheres to truth, and he will often deceive the unwary. We are ever to be careful to avoid even the appearance of evil, but for the sake of our Lord Jesus and the purchase of His blood. And what exquisite anguish wrings our hearts when we have reason to believe we have hindered a soul, till we take it to the Lord and trust His overruling mercy! We are to be all things to all men, but with the motive "that we may win some," (1 Cor. 9:22.) We are to guard with strong, loving jealousy the honor of God's holy name, and leave our reputation in His hands and let Him be our defense (Psa. 59:16, 17; Psa. 5:11; Isa. 31:5), and let Him vindicate His own, in His own time and way.

Personally free in spirit, under Divine approval of intention (not always of our judgment), glad to be corrected, to find a more excellent way, yet a restful consciousness that God can take care of it all, overrule, and bring to pass, and that it really did not matter what they thought, and thus maintain that marvelous deliverance from public opinion.

"Reputation is what people think you are, character is what God knows you to be." When we cooperate with God in the molding of character according to the pattern shown us in the mount, the life of our great Exemplar (John 13:15; 1 Pet. 2:19 to 23 inclusive) we may be assured that He will take care of our reputation. There may be somber shadows cast over us, but God has a way of bringing forth true judgment as the light. (Psa. 37:5, 6, 7.) And He will justify His own somewhere. (Rom. 8:31 to 39 inclusive.) We know whereof we affirm, from blessed experience; and it is heart-breaking when we realize that, with all these gracious provisions of the free, unmerited favor of God, with such eternal and glorious sequence, there are men and women today who will allow themselves to be beaten back from the path of life by that cudgel in the hands of Satan, "What will they think?"

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"I RECEIVE NOT HONOR OF MEN." (John 5:41.)

Praise of men is the converse temptation;, and it is perplexing sometimes to know just how to meet it, though we ever hold it in the greatest aversion and have a holy jealousy for God. Anyone actuated by the indwelling Paraclete will be worthy of honor. There is in development an excellence of character, nobleness of mind, which rightfully attracts esteem, (Matt. 5:14-16), and causes another to consider, and think with favorable regard. There is an esteem due, and paid, to real worth. Men may respect the quality of moral excellence and stability of character that they esteem valuable, and see in you; and at the same time utterly disregard and even despise our gracious Potentate and the potentiality of His grace, that has inculcated that distinction of true worth. And even those who know something of the transforming power of free grace may sometimes fail to see that it is all of God, and offer us words of commendation. But we ever feel as John B. Gough said, when he saw a helpless inebriate lying in the gutter, "There lies John B.

Gough only for the grace of God." In the sense of appreciation we never forget "the pit from which we were digged," or what we might have been by this time, had it not been for the merciful intervention of that free, unmerited favor of our exalted Sovereign; and our hearts are ever singing,

"Grace, grace, God's grace,  
Grace that can pardon and cleanse within,"

through the amazing Atonement of Jesus the Christ.

Most emphatically did our great Exemplar (1 Pet. 2:21) say, "I receive not honor of men." And we grow very sensitive of the honor of our own God, and are quick to detect the spirit or expression in conversation, that would trend to exalt the human; and we adroitly turn it to the honor and praise of God.

With grateful remembrance of the last clause in the prayer that was first taught to the twelve as they sat at the Master's feet, and with such an established attitude of soul, we hear very little of the praise of men, for there is something in us that so abhors it that it withers on their lips, half said. But enough tests come our way for us to have ample opportunity to choose between being honored by one another or having the honor that cometh from God only (John 5:44), and to prove again and again that our hearts' deepest choice is our Lord's approval -- and never any more the praise of men. (John 12:43.) But when it is thrust upon us, what shall we do -- offend the dear one who unwisely offers it? Oh, no, not necessarily so; we can explain in a few words, and without a moment's delay make it an offering unto our gracious God. Over and over my joyful lips repeat, with vibrations of music through my soul, "Thine is the power, and the glory forever."

We need not enter into temptation either from men or the subtle deceiver, though he has special, detailed, well qualified, and well trained emissaries, watchful and active at this point. Can we have any true conception of the sad, far-reaching consequences of receiving honor of men? Note carefully the references given. It is an awful thing to esteem the praise of man (though it be not given or received) more than the approbation of God.. Take you concordance, look up the words, "Whose heart was lifted up," and" notice what followed as a result: Deut. 17:20; Deut. 8:14; 2 Chron. 25:19; 26:16; Prov. 30:32; 2 Chron. 32:25, 32. Read of that far-reaching calamity spoken of in Dan. 5:18-31; then turn to the shocking example recorded in Acts 12:21, 22, 23. There are just as great calamitous consequences that will follow (unless arrested) in our spiritual life, if we receive honor of men.

We have known not a few valuable servants of the Most High, who have walked the highway of holiness, but who, as God worked in them and through them, and some special service was successfully rendered to mankind, received into their own bosoms the legitimate esteem expressed for true worth, instead of making it an offering unto the Lord; and they have stepped aside just a little upon a nicely constructed, carefully concealed, flower-strewn platform of "praise of men." And they were let down, almost imperceptibly at first, but steadily lowered onto the low plane of men-pleasing (that sweetness that is not of God) and lost the power for spiritual usefulness. And some, on that platform scales, have been lowered clear down into the quicksand of sin, and are still sinking. No wonder the Lord Jesus said, "Woe" (Luke 6:26), for He knew it would indeed be "Woe"!



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## JESUS IS THE WAY

Jesus is the way out of condemnation -- sin;  
Jesus is the way, into purity within;  
Jesus is the way out of bondage's cruel chains,  
Of habits formed in early years, that can but cause us pain;  
As we behold them as they are, in God's clear shining light,  
We know they'd bar us out of heaven, that land of pure delight,  
But Jesus is the sinners' Friend; bring all things then to Him.  
Acknowledge all your heart, He's near and always listening.  
Yield all to Him -- your doubts, your fears, that warring inward strife;  
Take Christ the Way, and enter in that gate (Luke 13:24) of endless life.  
(Written on the back of a Scripture card to an unsaved friend.)

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Those who cease from their labors (their own righteousness) depend not on works, but on God, and rely on the Spirit to cleanse and abide. They believe, and do enter in.

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"THE PATH OF THE JUST." -- Prov. 4:18.

Thornless? No, not always is the Winding path of life,  
But inward peace flows on, and on, amid its pain and strife;  
And sun-crowned ever, if above the storm clouds we arise  
And keep our gaze fixed eagle-like above the vaulted skies;  
'Tis then the pathway proves to be just as a shining light  
That ever shineth more and more with heavenly radiance bright,  
Thus far, I've proved this blessed truth -- and does He not declare  
It shineth more and more, till perfect day -- up there?

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## 014 -- THE HOME PATH

In returning home from the city one cloudy afternoon, I was belated; and to my astonishment it began to grow dark before I left the crowded street car, and I had a muddy road to cross to reach the little iron gate and find my way through the cemetery, that densely populated city of the dead with its many crossroads and by-paths that lay between me and my home.

I well knew the course I was to take and did not hesitate, though guided only by the stars and an occasional flash of light from the electric cars in the distance. Strange fancies flitted through my mind, and fears in varied forms were presented as I passed along where death held

sway. But all vanished with the realization of heaven just above my head, the watchful care of my Heavenly Father, and angels watching over the ransomed dust; and instead of companionship with fears and fancies, a company of angels seemed to throng about me till it seemed I rarely touched the ground, so buoyant was "my spirit.

I soon came to the place where I was to turn into a narrow path not well defined at the turning point, and yet a landmark could be discerned on either side. There had been considerable improvement going on in that part of the cemetery, and had obliterated the well-known path of former years, and it took courage and confidence to turn and follow the course, trusting to find the old path a little farther on.

The way just at this point was full of difficulties; barbed wire fences on either side might cause painful laceration. The pegs driven into the ground marking future burial places frequently caused one to stumble. Still farther on they had been plowing down the hill, and it was only with great difficulty that I could keep on my feet; and with such strenuous watching lest I fall, I forgot to keep my eye fixed on the landmarks beyond, and became somewhat confused. I kept on, however, and passing the broken earth, found myself not in the old path as I had expected, but amid a tangle of tall grass, ferns and briars, and I stumbled and fell nearly to the earth again and again, losing the outer covering of my feet, and was in much perplexity. I knew from a landmark on either side that I was not far from the footpath and that it must be to the right. I would often start in that direction, but would turn back with fear from a steep incline that I knew lay just beyond it. And so I struggled back and forth, making very little, if any, progress toward home till, wearied with my efforts I stood still, lifted my heart to God and trusted for guidance into the old path.

Presently it came to me that the incline I was afraid of lay on the other side of the path, and I would reach the pathway before I came to that; and with astonishment that I had not thought of that before I took a straight course toward what I had so often turned back from. With fear and trembling to be sure, but with settled determination, and in a few minutes I reached the solid pathway which so many feet had trodden, and went tripping lightly homeward.

How well I knew the old path the moment my feet reached it. How clear the stars were shining, how frequent were the electric flashes, and how quickly did the path bear away from that dreadful incline. Bright were the prospects before me as I neared my home, for a suburb of our city lay out upon the broad hillside, beautifully illuminated with electric lights. I was glad indeed I had reached the old path and was through with floundering.

Do you not see something of an allegory in this simple pen-picture readily recognized by many home-bound toilers in a certain locality? May we not liken that convenience of the suburban dweller -- the street car, with its hurrying, clinging crowds, and rapid transit -- to the rush of commercialism of this age; and the unseen motor power of the god of this world? And when one turns from it all, across the miry road of Repentance and goes through the iron gateway of Faith in Christ, he may not know much about the way, but he will know what course to pursue. Is not the brilliant evening star of Bethlehem shining still, and are there not other lesser luminaries sending forth their reflected rays? And those flash lights of the Holy One how they quicken, illuminate and cheer! One does not go far on the homeward way till he recognizes the fact that he is passing through where the dead are all about him, the dead in trespasses and sins. But the fears and fancies

are hushed and silenced in praising God for His protective presence and the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who will become heirs of this great salvation, though silent and dead to its claims and calls as yet. And are there not many crossroads and by-paths with temptation at every turn, where one must wholly rely upon the course, the right, the exact right as best he can discern?

Shall we go further with the allegory? Does not each one sooner or later come to the place where there is a turn into a narrow path, where from henceforth he is to walk with Jesus alone? And to so many the indistinctness and difficulties seem almost insurmountable. Has there not been so much so-called improvement just here that it has nearly obliterated the old path that should ever have been kept plain for pilgrim feet—a path of blessing at every turn -- that it takes the manly courage of honest conviction to turn and follow the course; and although the two landmarks (abandonment to the will of God and faith in the blood) stand out in bold relief, do not some fail of the straight course, and struggle against cruel barbed wire till, torn and bleeding, they yield to discouragement and turn back and find a burial place among the dead, while others, though wounded, yield not, but humbly seek until they find the way through and pass those dangerous barbs? In man's endeavors to plow down the hill and make the way easier, has he not made it most difficult and confusing? As souls struggle through the shifting earth of human inventions, while considering themselves and the uncertain footing so constantly, they become somewhat confused as to the landmarks of obedience and trust, especially of obedience, and lose much of that fixedness of purpose and that unswerving adherence to principle; and becoming fearful of a steep incline on the one side they go too far on the other and find themselves on a dead level in a tangled morass of difficulties greater than before, in which they flounder back and forth with many a stumbling fall. They know they cannot be far from the pathway and that it must be on the right, for an old landmark stands out prominently. But that sharp incline just beyond the path; and in fearfulness they turn back again and again.

What is that incline—you fear so much in your mental horizon, my friend? Is it fanaticism? Is it non-support -- a suffering family if you preach God's Word? Or is it a possible consequence of doing what you have felt you ought to do? Of what is it? What is that one thing that frightens you back so many times when so near the pathway? You have floundered around and wasted months and perhaps years of the best part of your life, making no progress homeward and even losing the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, sorely tempted to turn back and find the road you have passed over back there, and which, if you endeavored to do, could mean only one thing—another among the dead.

The gifts and callings of God are without repentance. You may have changed your mind, but He changeth never, for He is ever absolutely wise and right. Fling to the winds your fears, stand still and lift your heart to God for His guidance into His way, and move out unflinchingly; and though you tremble, go straight toward that duty, cross or calling that stands out against your mental horizon, face it and get a closer view, and you'll see God's guiding hand and protective power; and as you take up your cross in Jesus' name, you will find that blessed path not far away, and that it lies with all its light and blessedness just in between you and that dreaded danger -- and of necessity you must reach it first, and when you stand upon its solid footing, you'll know it well. The almost forgotten stars will beam down upon you with a supernatural radiance; the continuous flashes of light from above will marvelously illuminate the pathway deeply worn by many

pilgrims' feet, and 'twill soon lead far away from that incline of so much dread. The suburbs of the City, "the lights of home," will soon burst upon your enraptured vision, and with gladness of heart, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, you will rejoice that you took the "home path after all."

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## 015 -- ENCOURAGEMENT BLESSINGS, AND MISINTERPRETING THE VOICE OF THE LORD

"Him shalt thou serve, and to him shalt thou cleave .... His is thy praise, and he is thy God."  
-- Deut. 10:20, 21.

How often do we" learn only by the things that we suffer, when we might have learned by the study of the Word, kindly Christian counsel, and the experience of others.

When I was first converted, knowing but very little about the Bible, I saw as in a picture a pathway straight and narrow that leads through this world's darkness clear on up to Heaven.

The pathway was all lit up with a soft white light reflected from the City, down to where I stood, and increased in brightness as I advanced. (Prov. 4:18.) No matter what came or went, I was peaceful and happy as long as I was in the light. But I did not know how to keep on that pathway, and would stumble into the dark on one side or the other; and after distress and struggle and prayer, I would get back into the light, and would not understand how I got into the dark, or how I got back into the light again. But I finally learned that the counsel (Psa. 73:24) that I needed could be found in "The Book," and that "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" were not the intimidating demands of inexorable despotism, but commands given by our almighty Friend, for our guidance and protection, and I began to appreciate the commands of the Bible.

And yet many were the missteps, for deeper and deeper I must needs learn to keep God first, as an underlying principle running all through the minutiae of life.

I recall seeking special directions in regard to a temporal affair that would require a good deal of my time and strength, and then, at the suggestion of a member of my family, to please them, I undertook to go beyond what I had permission from the Lord "to do, and unwittingly chose to please another instead of keeping God first.

I felt a decided check in the free flow of fellowship with my Lord, and tried to find the cause; and as far as I could see I had not committed sin. I searched my heart and did everything that I knew to do, and struggled for days, but could not find my way back.

Sabbath afternoon we attended the Olive Branch Mission, and during the song service the blessing of the Lord suddenly fell upon me and impelled me across the hall praising the Lord, to the surprise of myself and others, for I was usually quiet and undemonstrative. The next day my son, with kindly questioning in those soft brown eyes, said, "The Lord did surely bless you yesterday." (He was spiritual and had observed the change and struggle, although I had said nothing to indicate it.)

I said, "Yes, son, but it was an encouragement blessing. I had sidestepped and I was not right with God. I knew it, but I did not know what was wrong.

"But since that wonderful blessing, in gratitude and deep humility of spirit I went to the Lord, and He explained how I had chosen to please a dear one, in that instance, instead of choosing to please Him. And when I saw that, He quickly made the readjustment, and everything is all right now."

We both saw deeper into the importance of keeping God first in temporal affairs and all other details of life, instead of pleasing another, even if they do misunderstand us, and misjudge our motives. And to be forever grateful for the blessing of the Lord that is poured out upon the struggling soul who has unwittingly broken step with his Lord. Thank God for encouragement blessing. (1 John 3:23.)

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#### MISINTERPRETING THE VOICE OF GOD -- (John 21:22, 23)

To make mistakes is a human failing, and we need not be surprised if, at times, we misinterpret the voice of the Lord, or grasp only a part of what He would convey to our understanding, just as the disciples did many times; for an instance read John 21:22, 23.

There was a very commonplace incident in my life that indelibly impressed this humiliating yet important lesson upon my mind. (And who has not found "The glory in the commonplace"?)

There was some talk of the property where we lived changing hands; and we were looking for a house, yet with a strong hope that we could stay where we were. While standing before an unfinished cottage, the blessing of the Lord suddenly descended upon me, and filled with praise I said, "That means that we will not have to move," and went on home rejoicing.

My interpretation proved to be the exact opposite of what the Lord intended; the property had been sold that day. Later on we fixed up that very house, and it was our home for some time. I would not allow myself to be disappointed, but recognized my ignorance, accepted it in humility, and was grateful for the valuable lesson; and I often praise the Lord that I can have His blessing, and hear His voice, even if sometimes I do misinterpret.

I heard a minister say, as he reverently turned to read from the sacred page, "Listen to the voice of God; He may not say the same things to each one, and you may not fully understand. But He will speak, if you will give a listening ear." (Rev. 2:7.) And how often we have heard the voice of God in the ministry!

In John 12:28, 29 there is described an incident in the life of the Master, where different people heard the voice of God and their interpretations were quite diversified; with the many it was only a startling confusion of unintelligible noise, and their conclusion was, "It thundered," while others, recognizing the supernatural, said, "An angel spoke to him." That came nearer the

truth. But John the beloved lived so close to the heart of God that he did not misinterpret; but with an understanding heart said, "A voice from heaven," and could even reiterate the very words of the great I Am. (Ex. 3:14.)

How precious the thought, 'tis for all, oh sublime,  
As for John the beloved and blest;  
We can live so in touch with the "Holy, Divine"  
As to know what He saith, and rest.

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## INTRUDING WRONG OR UNWORTHY MOTIVES

I do love to give. But while living the poured-out life, like many others I have had little to give in the way of money. Years ago I felt it keenly that the privilege to add to the offering being taken was not in the region of possibility. I did not carry the purse. Brother H-, our kind, considerate pastor, may have sensed my difficulty, at least, when he said, "Those of you who cannot give, you get blessed because you can't." The blessing of the Lord fell upon me, and I was entirely delivered from the painful longing to do what I could not do.

In later years, while unable to be a wage earner, and dependent, yet being a careful "tither," I always had something to give. But it was so little; and I felt I should get directions from the Lord as to where He would have it placed. As an offering was being taken, with joyful eagerness I looked to the Lord as to how much I was to give; and with His answering smile I understood it was to be one dollar.

But before I could lift my hand, or designate the fact, the enemy, in a most complacent, despicable way, said, "Yes, you give a dollar, and these people who know your poverty will think you give a good deal, and will give you some money." I recoiled from such a thought. I said, "No, that is a wrong motive," and I did not subscribe that dollar. How could I?

But I was troubled about it. I felt that it was right, and at the same time it was wrong, and I could not see into it. After awhile there kept coming to me such words as, "Separate the precious from the vile, discern between the evil and the good," and finally I understood how the adversary had intruded a wrong motive, and that it was one of his subtle devices to supplant a right motive by one unworthy or even a wrong one, if we will assent to it. And I learned to differentiate, and quietly say, "No, I will not do it with that motive, but I will do it with this motive, yea, with the purest of incentives, because it is pleasing to my Lord." The enemy of God and man is untiring in his endeavors to persuade us to be actuated by a lesser motive, on every line, for it will give to him a better opportunity to bring in the unrest of apprehensive quandaries.

To illustrate: A sister who seemed very efficient in many lines of service was often in dejection. After she had labored faithfully and accomplished something apparently of great value for the Lord, she came to me, tortured with doubtful questionings. In trying to get at the difficulty and help her, among other things I asked her was, "Did you carefully inquire of the Lord, and was this your best judgment as to what would please Him?" "Oh, no," she said, "I just thought it ought

to be done, and I went at it and worked it through. But ever since I have been in distress lest it will not ultimately work out right."

Of course we will make mistakes, and will be accused when we do not; that is to be expected. But if we will unhurriedly wait upon the Lord to know His will in a matter, and decide according to our best understanding of His will and way, and go forward with the unmixed motive, just to please the Lord. then if everything seems to fail, and we are accused of making serious blunders (which could be possible, you know), yet because of the assurance that "our heavenly Father knoweth" that our incentives were pure, we can look up in faith and trust Him that in some way He will overrule it for His glory, leaving it all in His hands and then be at rest about it, and quietly go on living for God, and without a shadow of discouragement take up every new duty (no matter how trying or intricate) that comes to us in His glad service.

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#### 016 -- "THE REMEDY FOR DIVORCE"

We read and hear a good deal about the demoralizing effect of divorce and its devastating results, and rightly so; but we do not hear very much about the remedy. It reminds me of what I heard an unsaved man say: "They tell us we are sinners, we know that; they tell us of the effect of sin, we know that; they tell us of the final consequence of sin, and we believe that; but they do not tell us of the remedy," and he drew a long, hopeless sigh as if there were no remedy. But some of us know by blessed experience that there is a remedy for sin; and there is a remedy for divorce, and among us there are many who have found it. But there are others who have not yet known that there is a safe, sure remedy for this gigantic evil. But there is, and we can best describe it and the way it works, by telling you of just one among many that have tested it out. I will give it to you in her own words.

"I was married when very young, too young to know what real love meant. A young man of good family crossed my pathway. He was pleasant and kind. There had been only general kindness in my life since the death of my parents only a few years before, and I was hungry hearted and appreciated kindness. We had been such a happy, congenial family, and I had lived a sheltered life. My ideals were high, noble and pure; I had never known anything else. When he spoke of home and companionship I at once thought of the happy home of my childhood, for it was ever my ideal. There was much about him that I liked, but there was also something about him that I instinctively drew back from, and it was so strong that I would not have considered his proposal had it not been for friends' reasoning around my every objection and impelling me on to compliance with their wishes and his.

"And so, after a few months' acquaintance we were married, and I bestowed upon him all the wealth of my girlish affections so really that I cheerfully put aside all my plans, deferring my hopes and high ideals to the beautiful island of somewhere, out in the future beyond. There was much that was perplexing, but the thing that really troubled me was that so often I drew back from him with that same repulsive feeling that I had felt from the first. I had tried so hard to overcome it, for I knew it ought not so to be, yet every once in awhile it would almost overcome me, and I could not understand why it was.

"It is not difficult for me to understand now, as I look back, for we had lived upon an altogether different place; our environments and associations had been very different. Mine had providentially been among those on a high plane of moral purity, while his for a number of years had been among the low, vulgar, and profane. There were times when he seemed to be reeking with moral filth, and it was no wonder that I inwardly drew back with revolting disgust. Time went on, but before my first baby could lisp my name, I waked up to the fact that I did not love my husband. It was a shocking thing to me for, young and inexperienced as I was, I had read enough and heard enough to know that a woman who did not love her husband was in danger of many temptations, and I was afraid of what might come to me, and what I might say or do.

"I had been really converted in my early teens; and while I had drifted far away from the Savior, in my distress I remembered how the Lord used to help me, and I so needed help (and I could never speak of this to a living soul, never) that" I wondered if He would help me now. When that awful feeling would roll over me, involuntarily I found myself inwardly crying out to God.

"One day, while doing up my work, I picked up some of his clothes, and all of a sudden such a heart-sickening loathing toward the man came over me, and so alarmed me that I dropped on my knees right there, and threw my hands up toward heaven, and while tears fell like rain I cried right out, 'O God, for Jesus' sake take this awful thing out of my heart, and put love in my heart for my husband!' and it was not very long until something happened. It seemed that out from the blue dome above me a beautiful white dove flew right into my heart, and I clasped my hands across my bosom and laughed and cried at the same time. I picked up the baby and hugged her, and ran all around, so happy I did not know what to do with myself.

"After awhile, when I got back to my work again, it was just a joy. That revolting thing had entirely gone, and I could almost hear the soft sweet song of that little white dove in my heart. When husband came home from his work in the evening, he looked so good to me I could hardly keep from putting my arms about his neck; but I had learned that an impulsive expression of pure love, or a caressing touch, was misinterpreted, and I refrained. But, oh, how I loved him!

"As the years came and went, the dove in my heart did not always sing. It would often droop and be silent. There were hard things in my life, and I did not always meet them right. One time, when he was jokingly telling of some of his former 'orgies,' I remember saying to him most emphatically, 'If you ever go back to your drinking, I'll take my children and leave you. I will never raise my children with a drunken father,' and I meant it. But when I was alone and quiet, the Lord said to me very tenderly, 'For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband,' and I melted before Him, and laid it all down in His hands, and my dove began to sing again.

"There would be times when the dove in my heart would be so deeply wounded that it seemed that it would surely die. Then it would be revived and sing once more. But there came a time, an epoch in my life, when my heart was so emptied and cleansed that the dove in my heart took up a new strain of continuous victory. No matter "how I suffered, it just sang on and on. Nothing that husband could say or do could stop the perpetual flow of that song of perfect love. Not very long after that this man was born again, made a new creature in Christ Jesus, and at last



the early ideals of home and companionship began to be realized, for our home held much of heaven."

Knowing of such illustrative incidents out of real life, I can say with the utmost confidence that there is a remedy for divorce. An evangelist who had formerly been a physician said this, "When I was a doctor prescribing for the sick, I had two troubles. My first trouble was, Would they take the remedy? My second trouble was, If they did take it, would it do the work? But as a preacher of the Gospel, I have but one trouble, and that is, Will they take the remedy? for if they will take the remedy, I know that it will do the work.

And that is true concerning this remedy for divorce. (Solomon's Song 8:7.)

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#### 017 -- A HARASSING QUESTION SETTLED

It is a great blessing to have some mother in Israel to turn to (as described in James 3:13) in the many perplexities that arise in the reconstructive period of the sanctified life, until we learn more fully to rely upon "Him" to illuminate the Word.

Such a mother was dear Sister P\_\_\_\_\_ of precious memory, who is mentioned in the first chapter. She was no small factor in helping me to understand my own experience in that process of establishing, strengthening, settling, spoken of in 1 Pet. 5:10.

At one time, when oppressed with the accusations of the enemy and disturbed with uncertainty, and when doubts pressed upon me, I went to her, ready to accuse myself, saying, Sister P\_\_\_\_\_, I do not love everybody alike. I seem to love each individual in a little different way, and there is a great difference in the way I love real Christians and the unsaved; and I thought that when perfect love fully reigns in the heart, we should love everybody just alike."

Patiently, she so clearly explained that the question was settled. It is no small thing to have a question concerning any fundamental "settled." Would that I could give you her exact words, but I can give them only in part. First of all, she startled me by saying, "God does not love everybody just alike." While He does love everyone, He loves the sinner with the love of benevolence, to do them good,

'Saw our poor fallen, world, pitied our sorrows,  
Poured out His life for us, wonderful love.'

"But those who have yielded to His wooing, acknowledging their transgressions and trusting the sacrificial offering of His Son, and are reborn, accepted in the Beloved, He loves with the love of complacency (1 John 3:1, 2; Zeph. 3:16, 17; Jer. 31:3) for we have let Him lead us up "into tae gladness of making God glad."

The Bible has exhausted the vocabulary of mankind in an effort to convey through the mind to our slowly believing heart "the love of God that passeth knowledge." The love of God does not

change as it flows through our hearts out to those about us, but it has many forms and degrees of intensity. There are, as in natural love, great variations; we love each individual differently-the babe in Christ, and the more matured soul, and occasionally there is one among the Bridehood company who has come up into the mount of God through trials and testings parallel with our own, and has caught the same beatific vision; and we stand together in that hallowed circle of light, with understanding hearts in a fellowship of holy love far too deep for words. (1 John 4:16.)

"The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

But for the lukewarm, the sinner, the deceived professor, there is a compassionate pity, a deep, heart-yearning desire to do them good, that would go all lengths to help them to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and that draws our heart out in importunate prayer till we go down into the depths of soul travail, taking on conditions, feeling the enormity of their sins against God, confess and forsake them in their behalf, as the sins of our own soul, and pray on through to victory, and hold the promises for their salvation.

The more we pray for souls, the deeper and broader becomes the stream of that benevolent love that flows through our hearts; for as we gaze upon the middle cross on Mount Calvary, which ever stands as a monumental proof of God's love, our own heart beats in unison with the Christ sent from the heart of God. (1 John 4:9, 10.)

"From this cross there flows a hallowed stream  
Full of power, sinners to redeem;  
To this fountain let the sin-sick go,  
And its stream will wash as white as snow.

'Oh, this stream of crimson flood,  
Oh, this hallowed saving blood,  
Let the world the blessed tidings-know,  
That Jesus' blood can wash as white as snow."

\* \* \*

TAKE EVERY CROSS -- (Matt. 8:24)

Take every cross  
You face in heaven's pathway;  
Thickly they stand awaiting there for thee.  
Welcome each one, and press it to thy bosom,  
Then thou the glory of thy cross shall see.

Deny thyself.  
Oh, heed the words of Jesus,  
"If any man" -- He speaks the same today,  
Deny thyself the privilege of many,

Humbly before Him tread the narrow way.

Walk in the light,  
Recall the words so precious,  
That whatsoever makes manifest is light,  
Feed on the Word, yea, search the sacred pages,  
Trusting the Spirit's 'lumination bright.

Oh, fear thou not.  
Remember great assurance,  
All through the Word, unto His own is given.  
God's "perfect love casteth out fear," yes, ever.  
Those of "the fearful" do not enter heaven.

Trust in the blood,  
Or vain were bearing crosses,  
All self-denial, or walking in the light.  
These only bring us where atoning mercy  
Streams down from heaven in its cleansing might.

Commit to God,  
As to a faithful Father,  
All thy small comprehension cannot grasp;  
Into His hands all life may hold, relinquish,  
Then He can enter His abode at last.

No human heart  
Hath e'er conceived such blessing,  
Rest, peace, and joy; a kingdom vast He brings.  
Christ crowned within, revealed and still revealing,  
Oh, how the soul adores her Savior King.

As ye received  
Christ Jesus Lord as Sovereign,  
So walk with Him, and He'll abide for aye;  
This is the path of light that ever shineth  
Brighter and brighter unto perfect day.

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#### 018 -- HEALING BROKEN HEARTS AND NUMBERING THE STARS

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names." (Psa. 147:3, 4.)

"Meet me at the depot at 12:30, Wednesday. Will have a two-hour wait between trains. Must see you, my heart is breaking."

So read a brief note received from one of God's own I had known for many years. When the southbound train arrived, I was there to clasp her hand and lead the way to a place of privacy where she could unburden her overcharged heart.

There are all kinds of sorrows in this world. There are those that are largely imaginary, or rather exaggeration of trifles, that could be quickly adjusted and triumphed over. But there is also the real, the deep, unending heartbreaking, the severing of the heartstrings from the legitimate object of affections, that is a part of the very life; and when a daughter-in-law steps in between a mother and the son of her old age, in her widowhood, and claims all his affections for herself, refusing a share to the mother who bare him, compelling him to send her adrift, especially when mother and son had been close heart companions from his babyhood, as she and Charles had been, this ruthless tearing away of the heart-tendrils is painful in the extreme, far beyond the power of human sympathy to reach.

"And only the blessed Jesus, He that was sent to bind up the broken-hearted" (Isa. 61:1) can bind up such wounds as these. And all I could do was to lay my heart alongside of hers, and out of my own experience say to her, "He healeth the broken in heart," and for a moment lift the curtain that had been drawn over the deep heart sorrows that, through great grace, had been triumphed over in my own life.

I truly had "a shoulder for the burden," and the weight was shared, and the light of hope shone through the rifted clouds upon that saintly face as she took the train that was to bear her farther and farther away from her youngest born. And she wrote me later that the little visit was used of God to enable her to get to the place of heart submission to the permitted will of God, and an actual commitment unto Him; and such a deep, sweet resignation was hers that she too could say: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all their wounds."

Oh, how real does the compassionate Christ become to us as we turn to Him alone, so that He can lay that nail-pierced hand upon the aching heart and soothe the pain! And in that mystic process pour through be an unending stream of Divine sympathy for all who suffer.

And is not this one of His gracious designs (among others) of sorrows permitted to come to His own who fully trust Him?

The old adage, "Suffering makes all the world akin," holds much truth, especially sanctified sorrows; or in other words, sorrows that are kept prayed through and committed into those nail-scarred hands. But there is another part of our text: "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." And with bowed heads we would, with grateful reverence, say, "Great is our God."

What condescending depths, binding up all the wounds of a broken heart! And such incalculable heights, calling worlds into existence, appointing to them their courses, telling their numbers and names! (Job 9:8, 9, 10.)

How often have our hearts adoringly echoed the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained!"

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Small indeed is our conception of "our Friend" -- who has set His glory above the heavens, or the vast universe, visible and invisible, that He has created and upholds by His power. Someone, in trying to enable the human mind to grasp something of the greatness of God and the immensity of His handiwork, has given us a vivid imaginary pen picture which I would append.

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## THE PEN PICTURE

Let us imagine some great railroad magnate, like James J. Hill, who controlled the Great Northern Railroad, walking down the street, and noticing an advertisement -- "Excursion to Centauri on the 'Interstellar Rapid Transit Light Line.'" He studies the advertisement, and says, "What does that mean? 'Rapid Transit -- stellar' -- I know what interurban means; that means between towns. 'Interstellar' must mean between stars, but I do not understand the word 'Light.' I will go and find out." He goes to the office, and says, "What does that advertisement mean that I saw down the street?" He is told that it refers to a new system of travel which they have, a rapid transit road that is traveling between the stars, and is operated by light; that they hook the trolley on a ray of light, and travel as fast as light. He asks, "When does the train start?" "Today noon, prompt." He asks the fare on this excursion, and is told that it is a dollar for 1,000,000 miles; or in other words, 10,000 miles for a cent. He chuckles over the cheapness of the trip." He goes home and tells his wife he is going to take a trip (will start at twelve o'clock, noon) to the nearest star; that is, the nearest sun outside of our solar system. His wife asks him if he is going to take his lunch, and he says, "No. I will be back for supper. We will travel 186,000 miles a second, and I will soon be back." He goes to the ticket office, and says, "Give me a ticket to Centauri," and hands the ticket man a hundred-dollar bill. The ticket man says, "Mr. Hill, do you know what the fare is to Centauri? The fare is just \$25,000,000." Mr. Hill says, "I will never back out," and writes him out a check for \$25,000,000 and boards the train. Just as he gets his feet on the steps, it starts. Before he gets into the coach, he passes the moon, in one and one-third seconds. Just as he gets well situated, he passes Venus. It has been just two minutes. After he is comfortably situated, things begin to warm up, and he looks out and sees a great globe of fire. Upon inquiring, "What is that?" he is told that they are just passing the sun. It has been just eight and a quarter minutes. He settles back in his seat, reads the newspaper, takes a nap, gets out a tablet and begins to figure how he can sell the Great Northern "Railroad and purchase a controlling interest in the "Interstellar Rapid Transit Road." He looks at his watch, and it is four o'clock. He is surprised that they have not reached their destination sooner, traveling at the rapid rate they are. About that time a great world heaves in sight, and Mr. Hill grabs his suitcase and starts for the door. The conductor says, "What are you going to do, Mr. Hill?" He says, "I am going to get off the train. Is not this Centauri?" "No, sir," says the conductor, "this is Neptune. We are just getting outside of our own village." Says Mr. Hill, "We have been running four hours, and traveling 186,000 miles a second, and I want to ask you the question, 'When are we due at Centauri?' " The conductor, with a twinkle in his eye, says, "Mr. Hill, if we have no accident on the way, we will be due in Centauri in just

exactly four years and six months.". He looks up in astonishment into the conductor's face, and says, "Suppose that we had got on the train that goes to the remotest star that we know anything about, how long would that take us?" The conductor says, "If Adam and Eve had started out for that star on their honeymoon, they would still be going."

We smile at the amusing pen picture, the soaring of the imagination among the stars, but astronomy will bear out the fact that the imagery is on a true basis.

This is indeed a vast universe created, upheld, and kept moving in the most perfect rhythm by our own God. And we need this expansive vision, for our conceptions are dishonorably small.

Just a little further on and we will be divested of these physical limitations and revel in the immensity of the Kingdom of our God and His Christ, and travel with the velocity of light.

But not yet; we are still in the world "where the sorrows be;" and underneath, at the heart of the gay, the most frivolous pleasure-seeker there is the gnawing of sorrow or the gloom of disappointed hopes, for "earth disappoints full measure," and despair is facing them all -- that are out of Christ.

And because of the fact that "there is no respect of persons with God" (and with my heart overflowing with sympathy for every suffering soul) with the utmost confidence, out of my own experience I can say in these words of another:

"O hearts that are crushed with sorrow,  
Whose eyes with weeping are dim,  
Look up, for the Master calleth,  
Bring your load of grief to Him,  
For He soothes the brow of sorrow  
And He calms the heaving breast  
And He heals the broken-hearted  
And He gives the weary rest."

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable." (Psa. 145:3.)

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard." (Psa. 19:2, 3.)

"And He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all their wounds," for He is just as truly our Father as He is God. (2 Cor. 1:3, 4.)

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It must have seemed but a little thing to Moses when he turned aside to the burning bush (Ex. 3:4) but God spoke to him. After the revelation of His power, when Moses was through with excuses, and ready to obey as sent of God, He made him an instrument of deliverance to his brethren. We also might be used in the deliverance of those who lie so near our hearts, if we would hearken to that voice, be done with excuses, and obey.

It was but a little thing for one of the young men (1 Sam. 25:14) to tell Abigail of the mistreatment of David's servants, who were good neighbors to them in the fields. But Abigail's prompt action prevented the "shedding of blood causeless." And no wonder David said, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me . . . which hast kept me from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand." How often someone is needed to say or do the little things that will set in motion the powers that meet, and turn back some terribly tempted soul, and instead of the murderer give to the world the sweet singer of Israel. That young man may be surprised when the books are opened.

The lad with the five loaves must have thought, "What are these among so many?" But in the hands of Him who had all power they were made to feed the multitude. The secret of it was that it was brought to Him. He blessed, He brake. We too, like the loaves, in His hands may be blessed and broken. The blessing is so sweet that, although the breaking is sometimes painful, it is for Him, and we are glad. Perhaps some soul will be fed that otherwise would have fainted by the way.

Dare you call it a little thing when you failed to go to that unsaved wife or mother with the message on your lips that God had given you, for fear of how it would be received? When in a short time someone in that home drops into eternity without hope; when your obedience to the Holy Ghost might have been the opening wedge to that heart's door, will not this one act of disobedience bar your pathway until you repent in sackcloth and ashes, with the opportunity gone forever?

Is it a little thing to fail to go to that brother or sister, even with fear and trembling, and tell them what God lays on your heart? No matter about the knife thrusts afterwards. Leave that to Him. Better obey, or when you would reach God for some urgent need, you will find a barrier and you cannot quite touch the throne.

Think you. it is a little thing to permit the "cares of this life, deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, to come in and choke the Word until it becomes unfruitful?" Beware! Beware!

You may look at it as a little thing to hesitate to face a trial that lies across your pathway like a wall. But to falter is to grow weak and become an easy prey to the enemy, who indeed is seeking whom he may devour, and he will contest every inch of the way: but he is a conquered foe. His power was broken on Calvary.

Oh, listen to that voice that spoke in the burning bush; receive His transforming power into your very life: get through with excuses to God: be willing, yea. determined, to diligently obey the voice of the Lord. Like the unknown young man, be prompt in speaking, the few words of warning. How little be thought it was one of the events that God would use to roll the inspired melody of the Psalms of David down the ages! and like the lad with the barley loaves who put them into His hands, give Him all you have and are. for His blessed breaking and marvelous multiplying, and

thus be used to feed some of the earth's starving millions for whom Christ died. Heed not the shrinking of the flesh, nor the clamoring of the powers of darkness, but hasten to the side of the unsaved, when God gives you another message. Trust the Holy Spirit to speak through you His own words, nor dare to consider their reception. Obey God.

Go quickly to that brother or sister and deliver the message in love. You have done your part and now you can pray for them. Look your trial square in the face, calmly holding the victory. Claim the promise of Him who is almighty and, in defiance of the powers of darkness, trust on and go through with God.

Is anything too hard for the Lord? No! Nothing is even hard for Him. And if we keep in touch with the Divine, an unhindered channel for the free flow of His power, nothing will be really hard for us, though on the face of it, it may seem so. It will all depend on obedience and trust, for we cannot really trust if we will not obey; neither will we have strength and courage to obey if we do not trust, and to fail here is not a little thing.

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#### 020 -- OUR DAILY CROSS -- WHAT IS IT? -- (Luke 14:27)

How often have I asked that question! Some years ago, in reading "Soul Food" by G. D. Watson (published by God's Revivalist Office), I saw something that helped me to understand my own experience, for it seemed written out of my own heart. Let me give you the substance, for you may be perplexed as I was.

When we realize that Jesus gave to us an unalterable fact when He said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple," we begin to comprehend and feel strangely the importance of knowing what He meant, and make no mistake here.

Since we have once tasted of the supernal joys that come with loving Him supremely, we could never be content only as a disciple continually learning of Him, who is our rest, supreme rest to the soul. Of necessity we must needs understand something about this personal cross that we are to take up daily, if we maintain that blessed fellowship that comes only in closely following our Lord.

Dr. Watson asks, "What is our daily cross?" It is that one or more things which are unavoidable in our lives, and which produce suffering of body or mind or heart. It is that thing which in our poor judgment seems to hinder us, and we are tempted to say, "If it were not for this."

Sometimes our cross may be composed of a combination of things, but as a general rule it is some one instrument, or cause of suffering to the soul. (Were there no suffering of some kind involved, then there could be no cross at all, for the only thing in a cross is its pain.) The outward form of our daily cross may change with years, or some part of it may be changed, or the same cross may continue till death; but in some form it abides.



It is your daily cross that makes you weep more than any other thing; that sends you to frequent prayer; that leads you to search the promises, and look up into His face with, "Why is this, my Lord;" that causes you to put both arms around the neck of your Savior in yearning love. Oh, precious old, homely, daily cross, what deep, tender, far-reaching effects thou hast wrought through all these prayer-paved years!

There is an hallucination about getting free from our daily cross that needs to be broken; it is one of those mental pictures to be rejected, that just ahead of us we will be rid of our cross and will have no hindering, painful annoyances, and then our feet can fly unimpeded toward heaven.

Alas, that so many pilgrims should get their eyes set on this will-o'-the-wisp dream! If you want deep union with Jesus, taking things into your own hands to get rid of your cross is the very thing to defeat it.

There is a better victory than freedom from the daily instrument of pain, and that is to pass into the ocean-depths of the Christ-life where every trial can be borne in the same spirit that Jesus bore.

Boundless tender love is the condition for triumphant bearing of our daily cross. When our cross has driven-us so deep into the warm ocean-heart of Jesus that we are kept melted and flooded with quiet, lowly, tender, yearning love for God and His Kingdom, then the cross will have proved its own balsam, for it will have driven us into that deep oneness with Jesus Christ. And we learn to bear our daily trial as Jesus did-bearing it meekly, quietly, lovingly, as unto God and not to man.

How long it takes to accept our daily trial as the present permissive will of our Lord! His eyes are upon us; He notices our inner spirit so tempted to draw back and yield to our own choosing.

It is by persevering prayer that we get on the sunny side of every sorrow, and on the triumphant side of every trial, the victory side of every cross. The Holy Spirit can reveal to us the disposition in which Jesus bore His daily trials; and when we bear ours in the same spirit, then indeed do we have fellowship with Him, which is more valuable than all our chosen blessings. If it does not please our Father to remove our trials, it is because He wants us to seek and receive an overflow of tender love that will bear us on over the trials and in spite of them. Pure intense love for our Lord is the only true victory over trial. It then becomes love on fire, and seeks to pour itself out to others for Jesus' sake. It loves its enemies with a sweet, gentle, yearning affection, utterly beyond what they would be willing to believe. It can be bruised and trampled on, and turn with a quivering speechless lip and a tear-dimmed eye, and kiss and pray for the foot that, under pretense of religious duty, is trampling it in the dust. (How well I know this to be true!)

It is modest and retiring and loves to get out of God's way and see Him work. It would be glad to take other people's sufferings and give them joy. It has a deep interior vision of the soul of Jesus, and is smitten with the Divine beauty of Christ's inner heart-life, and longs to live over again up to their small measure His very life.

This is the spirit that opens the gate of heaven without touching it. This is the spirit that wears out the patience of persecutors, that softens the heart of stone, that in the long run converts enemies into friends, that touches the hearts of sinners, that wins its way through a thousand obstacles, that outwits the genius of the devil, and that makes the soul that has it as precious to God as the apple of His eye.

This divinely beautiful spirit of self-immolation cannot be defined. It can only be faintly described. It is a heart quality, a soul-essence, too fluid to be held in words.

When the soul comes to the epoch of entire sanctification and enters into that covenant relationship with God, it experiences just the beginning of this spirit, "and of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end" (Isa. 9:7).

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021 -- "THESE THAT STAND BY" (Zech. 3:7)

A dear sister, whose conflict in the fight of faith for the salvation of her family has been terrible at times, told me that strength and courage in this unending battle came to her, as the pastor's wife said, "I know, Sister A\_\_\_\_, that this is your fight, and I can't seem to help much, but I'll stand by."

How often there seems to be nothing we can do for another under trial or in distress, but to stand by in prayer, and give our hearts to God as a channel of faith through which He can get help to them.

One precious sister for some time had been going through deep heart-breaking trials, over the wayward son's becoming entangled in a terrible network of sin. She mentioned a little over the phone, and my heart was painfully throbbing with sympathetic sorrow; but all I could say was, "Be encouraged, sister, there is a way through, and the best I know I'll stand by."

As I hung up the receiver the adversary went beyond bounds in accusation, criticism and bitter sarcasm, "You, stand by-you. That is not even a biblical term." It was a fierce assault, but turning to my Lord I said, "Thou dost understand what I meant, Thou dost know how my heart aches for this mother; a dreadful calamity has come into her life, an unprecedented trial. She surely needs the uplift of another's faith, and I take my stand by Thee, trusting Thee to sustain and help her through."

Still the accusation continued, that it was not a biblical expression. Not recalling at that time any sword of the Spirit to use as my defense I picked up the Bible. As I slowly turned the pages, my eyes fell on Zech. 3rd chapter. Not only did I see that it was a Bible term, but I got a deeper insight of what it meant to stand by, and of the essential qualifications to enable one to stand by in a true Scriptural sense.

With all this there came a most precious personal application. It was the voice of my Lord to my soul. "If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge . . . I will give thee

places to walk among these that stand by." I bowed low before my Lord, for ever since the blessed Holy Spirit came in that wonderful anointing, and especially since that re-baptism of love referred to in another chapter, the desire to help souls has been an all-absorbing passion. All classes and conditions of men, everywhere, deeply appeal to me; but especially God's children, that they may triumph through Christ.

I felt all through me that I would far rather be "given places to walk in, among these that stand by" than anything else in all the world, glad to deny myself and forego much that may seem essential to many, if only I can help a soul to know my Jesus as their Savior and King. How precious was the assurance that the desire of my heart should be granted yet more and more. With deep humility of spirit I tried to express something of the gratitude of my heart for the inestimable privilege of being among "the anointed ones, who stand by the Lord of the whole earth."

This once more proved that out of permitted assaults from our inveterate foe can come lessons invaluable, and great blessings. I also better understood the reasonableness of the apostle's exhortation to count it all joy. (James 1:2 to 5.)

What a remarkable pen picture that is in Zech. 3rd chapter! How many, like Joshua, "brands plucked out of the fire," are weaklings by being absorbingly conscious of Satan's standing by their side in resistance! Was it not because of those filthy garments of inherited depravity?

The Lord not only rebukes Satan, but He turns to His anointed ones, His intercessors, those that stand before Him, alert to do His bidding, and gives to them a special commission. He then addresses Himself to Joshua, then once again to those that stand by Him. There takes place some marvelous changes, and not the least among them is this; instead of that intimidating, disheartening consciousness of "Satan standing at his right hand to resist him," he grows strong with the conscious realization that the "Angel of the Lord is standing by." (Psa. 118:6; 16:8,9.) (Entire sanctification is indeed a great change.)

Then it was" that there was spoken to Joshua that wonderful promise, (conditional? most assuredly so, as is each one of God's promises) "If thou wilt (continue to) walk in my ways, and if thou wilt (continue to) keep my charge . . . I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by." The Lord has always had His "stand-bys," men who will not bow down (Dan. 3:17, 18), those whose heart attitude is, "Here am I; send me" (Isa. 6:5-8). These stand-bys have always been "wondered at." The world has never understood these people. but the Lord understands them, and appreciates them, and depends upon "these anointed ones that stand by."

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## 022 -- LESSONS FROM THE SEA -- (Psa. 77:19)

The ocean ever speaks to me of God. In many ways it is an emblem of the Creator, and His great salvation.

I recall a parable of the sea, that came to me while waiting upon the Lord during a meeting conducted at Long Beach, and that has been amplified and become a helpful vision of faith.

The encompassing shore line was as the hard white sands of Scripture statements frequently shifted about with various winds of doctrine; yet unchanged, they still remain the hard white sand of Scriptural statements.

The rock-ribbed structure underlying that vast basin scooped out by the hand of the Almighty was as the unalterable fundamentals of the immutable Word of the Infinite.

The volume of that "measureless, fathomless flood" symbolized the blood of Jesus. The vast extent, the peaceful stillness down in those profound depths, the incessant activities, wonderful utilities, and marvels of neutralization, and much more, are all there. As you meditate upon the subject, you will find that every benefit that the ocean holds for man, in this natural world that the mind can comprehend, and beyond, has an analogy in the spiritual realm, through the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, which is indeed like an ocean of blood.

Take just one similitude, for instance, that of neutralization. Think of the multiplicity of cities, small and great, the world over, whose emptying sewers are neutralized by the inherent purifying power of the briny deep. How forcibly it reminds us of the "Fountain opened to the house of David . . . for sin and uncleanness!" (Zech. 13:1; Heb. 9:4; Rev. 7:14). What becomes of the awful sewers of the sins of yews, unclean, diseased conditions of soul and body, when a repentant sinner, relying upon the promise of mercy, surrenders to God, looks away to the middle cross and trusts the Christ who hung there, to atone for him? Why, they are gone, remembered against him no more forever -- a clear case of neutralization!

Sometimes at our altar services we sing, "Step out on the promise, get under the blood," and some have had the humility and courage to tremblingly walk out upon the promises of God (by faith) just as really as they ever walked out upon the solid footing into the billowy surf, and just as truly as did the water permeate the bathing suit, did the blood of Jesus penetrate and neutralize soul defilement and disease.

"The promise doesn't save (alone) though the promise is true:  
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through."

The whole bottom of this sea is a consolidation of the promises of God, and to continue to go out -- "Deeper yet, deeper yet, under the precious blood" -- is to find the most wonderful promises upon which to rest, and the deep sea of God's peace. In that holy hush of profound stillness, we can actually hear the very heart throb of the Christ, over this prodigal world He died to redeem, and enter into the fellowship of His suffering, join with Him in the conquest, and share the joy of His glorious achievements. (Rom. 8:17, 18; 2 Tim. 2:12.)

Another phase of the same figure often helps me in intercession. When I have gone down before the Lord; when I have humbled myself, confessing their sin or acknowledging their need, as if I were praying for my own soul, and there is no more I can do, then by faith I must cast them away out upon that ocean of vicarious Atonement, and watch them as they sink down, down under its unchanging efficacy, until they lie prone upon some special promise given in their behalf, and commit them unto God.

I remember one precious sister who was most acutely suffering under a sudden stroke of Divine providence, a bereavement that seemingly shattered every earthly hope, yet without a murmur she lovingly clung to the hand that smote.

Day and night, with prayer and fasting, I carried her upon my heart lest she fail of the grace of God (that is sufficient, if we could only realize it) and "be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow," or the frail physical would succumb under the strain of the breaking heart; but one night the angel of the Lord -- the blessed Christ Himself -- came and tenderly lifted her from off my heart, to His own broad bosom and bore her away out upon that vast expanse, and descended with her into those fathomless depths, and laid her gently down, as upon a couch of the richest tapestry composed of that all-embracing prayer that the Holy Spirit prayed through the lips of Paul (Eph. 3:14-21), and I knew He was "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I could ask or think."

That promise was most assuredly verified, "He healeth the broken in heart." (Psa. 147:3, 4.) That exquisite sorrow was transmuted into holy joy (John 16:20 last clause, also 22) with such a flooding of Divine love for God and souls, far beyond what she had known, that she has been like a flaming meteor, reflecting His glory, and many have been arrested and drawn to "seek the Lord until He came." (Hos. 10:12; Jer. 29:12, 13.)

This parable of the sea has enabled me more and more to realize the vast extent and solidity of the promises of God, embracing every human need, and the immensity and adequateness of the atoning merits of His Son, which insures as a guarantee of the verification of the same, and also how they are inseparably conjoined and cannot be divorced.

Again, as all the people in the world could be submerged in the sea, so also could the sins of the whole world (1 John 2:2) be covered and neutralized by the blood of Christ (John 1:29; Rom. 4:7), a fact so unquestionably true that without the least hesitation we can say to every sincere seeking soul, humbling themselves before the Lord, "Believe the promises" (Prov. 28:13; John 6:37; 1 John 1:9), and "Trust the blood" (Rom. 3:24, 25, 26; Eph. 1:7; Heb. 13:12, 13). For just as surely as there is repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the miracle-working Spirit of God, according to promises, will bring things to pass. We are witnesses to these things.

This allegory has meant much to me, it has been a continuous vision of faith; "and not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." (Rein. 5:8-11.)

His propitiation and our appropriation must conjoin to countermand or revoke the law and countervail the wages of sin (Rom. 6:23.) "

Yes, "I have seen the sea" of redeeming love, and yet how little have we seen of the vast expanse that lies out beyond us! We deeply feel and appreciate the truth of the following simple poem.

"A little child was playing by the shore of the broad blue sea.

And oft he looked away across the waves, so wonderingly.  
"It was a new, entrancing sight to him, that watery waste.  
The tossing billows breaking on the sand with foam wreaths graced.  
"And often in his distant inland home, with childish glee,  
The boy would say to young and older friend, I have seen the sea.  
"And so he had; the child made no mistake, his words were true;  
But yet, how much of ocean's vast expanse had met his view?  
"Only the waves that rippled on the shore; while far away  
The broad Pacific in its depth and strength beyond him lay.  
"And thus we say we know the love of Christ; and so we do;  
'Tis no exaggeration or mistake, but sweetly true.  
"But, ah! how much of that unfathomed love do we yet know?  
Only the ripples on the shores of time, the nearer flow.  
"The mighty ocean of redeeming love rolls deep and wide,  
Filling eternity, and heaven, and earth, with its vast tide.  
"We know it by a sweet experience now; yet shall explore  
Its breadth and length, its depth and height of grace, for evermore."

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### SECTION THREE

Written on the Flyleaf of "Our Own God" by G. D. Watson, published by God's Revivalist Office.

Truly, pure wine of the Kingdom flows free from these pages rare.  
Deeply my heart has longed with you, these precious truths to share.  
But perhaps when the hand that pens these lines is crumbling into dust,  
After the face that looks in yours is under the earth's brown crust,  
When past is your power to bring joy or pain, or comfort to heart or brow,  
You will read this book, and gratefully drink from the nectar you turn from now.  
-- Mother.

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### 023 -- VISIONS OF GOD

"I don't know what is the matter with me, and just came over to ask you to pray for me," said a sister I had recently met. We had a close heart to heart talk and prayer together, and as she was leaving I gave her G. D. Watson's "Soul Food" to read. In common with the many, she was disregarding an all-important command (1 Tim. 4:13) not realizing that her soul's continuous need was to be "nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine (or teaching). (1 Tim. 4:6.) All must sooner or later learn to give attention to reading, for it is as essential to nourish the soul as it is to nourish the body, and also according to its requirements. We are left largely to search it out in the Bible, and from books written by spiritual writers. We may be listening to good preaching up

to certain demarcations, and yet not get the soul food that we need, because we need something beyond that point.

I remember years ago saying in my bewilderment, "Isn't there anything beyond the second work of grace? There is much preaching up to that point, but I don't hear anything beyond." But the fact is that everything lies out beyond. That is only like the children of Israel just across the Jordan, the great country lay out beyond them. The first and second work of grace are a deeply laid, unshakable foundation on which to build that great structure of the soul, a symmetrical Christian character. There is often a dearth even among our holiness people in this; and is not that one reason we have so many "tread-mill" Christians?

How I suffered with soul hunger until I discovered that the Bible is God's governmental commissariat, furnishing provisions for His army, and that books that feed the soul were even now at hand, or within reach. I remember one winter when I was very poorly (as I usually was at that season of the year, hardly able to be up at all, much of the time). For some weeks my soul seemed shut up in a small place, shut in, and as a caged eagle beating against the bars, longing for -- I knew not what. I was greatly perplexed, and carefully searching my heart, reviewing my consecration. The witness of His abiding was clear, my heart was blessedly assured; and yet there was still that peculiar sense of being circumscribed, that I could not understand.

Brother D\_\_\_\_ had spoken of a book which they had just finished reading, and sent it to me by the little girls. It was "Our Own God," by G. D. Watson. As I lay there I opened it listlessly, but the very first sentence arrested my attention, and I paused. I read a little farther and paused again; great volumes of truth seemed compressed into one brief sentence. Slowly I turned the pages, my soul fairly drinking in that wonderful vision of God. It was just what I had been unconsciously hungering for, and all that sense of being shut up vanished, and I was let out into what seemed to be limitless space just waiting to be explored. Truly, "a land of far distances" (Isa. 33:17, marginal).

Day after day I fairly reveled in the study of the character of God, till nothing else seemed worth while. "El Shaddai" was indeed revealed to my soul.

I was only part way through the book when one day, as I lay there, I started to reach over to the stand for some simple remedy to alleviate the racking cough, and involuntarily drew back as the thought suddenly flashed across my mind, "There's enough in God." Then I lay back upon my pillow, looking out as into a vast expanse, feeling all through me, "There is enough in God, enough in God." Enough in God for every department of my being, yes, and for every other being on the face of the whole earth. Enough in God.

I wasn't thinking specially about healing, though the Divine touch had often been upon my body, but, oh, I saw God; far beyond even my own previous thought of Him, away out beyond I saw God. The next day I was up. A three weeks' revival meeting began, and I got under the burden, and night after night I was among the last ones to go home.

For years I have been fully persuaded that no matter what the need may be that presses upon us, the one great all-embracing need of every soul is frequent visions of God. The Bible abounds with just such wonderful word-pictures, waiting for prayerful deliberations to divulge

and convey through the intellect to the inner being, food that will build soul fiber, moral tissue, and sinews of steel that will be able to endure hardness, or do exploits (Dan. 11:32) for God. (Heb. 11:27.) If the vision tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come. (1 Kings 8:5, 6.) It is written, and how often we have seen it verified in Christian experience, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." -- Prov. 29:18.

I don't know how to leave this subject, it is such an imperative need, and at the same time the most superlative and character building of blessings, and is as free as the air we breathe to every sincere soul that longs to know Him. (Phil. 3:10.) Truly it is "treasure," and hid in a field, but we find it to be of such value that, like the man in Matt. 13:44, for joy we part with everything else to secure and explore that field.

With grateful heart I recall those years that I was kept much of the "time heavily under opiates (in the effort to control those convulsions) debarred from reading; and my mind was nearly robbed of the power of thought. How in mercy the Lord would paint a picture on the mental horizon, and then stand by and teach me from the picture, thus nourishing my soul, in those days of famine for the Word of God, with precious truths that later on to my joy I found written in the blessed Book. (Hosea 12:10.)

At times He would lift the "veil" that thinly hangs between, and I would lie looking over the narrow divide, and the "light" that is not of earth was balm and blessing to soul and body. (Would that I could find words to describe that clear, strong, yet soft and soothing, white "light," and those mansions which seem to be a consolidation of that same white light. I don't wonder it is called. "the pearly white city." But after I had learned to read again, it was through the opening up of my understanding (Luke 24:45) that came the vision of truth (which is far better) from the Bible, and also from books.

The writings of Rev. G. D. Watson, Daniel Steele. Kenneth MacKenzie, A. B. Simpson, and many other spiritual writers. fed my soul. S. A. Keen's "Praise Papers" gave me a glimpse of "much land ahead to be possessed," while Oswald Chambers' "Biblical Psychology" disclosed a veritable treasure mountain (Isa. 45:3) which greatly enhanced and intensified that personal, passionate devotion to Jesus Christ. His studies in the Sermon on the Mount deepened conviction, while "Discipline of Loneliness" led the way more and more clearly on up into the Mount of God.

But the Bible itself was my treasure Island. These godly writers enabled me to more fully appreciate "The Book." and also to better understand my own experience. This is of no small significance, for the discipline of perplexity comes to all.

The vision of God will bring us, in more or less degree, the same blessed experiences that it brought to Isaiah (6th chapter) and to Job (42nd chapter), and it is ever freighted with endowments of character building. (2 Cor. 3:18.) For instance, take the study of each separate attribute. (The concordance will help you here.) For days I have followed my ever-present Teacher (John 14:26) through a continued lesson on the patience of God, till my soul was silent before Him, in unutterable gratitude and praise for just His patience.



To appreciate is to appropriate, oftentimes unconsciously; and I found the channel of faith that linked me onto the God of patience, unobstructed, enlarged, and strengthened, so that I have not been overcome with the vision of the world-wide "white" fields, and the sorrowful sobbings of "earth-born souls, sore under sin," that vibrate through my being. Knowing as I do that God's unfailing panacea is Jesus the Christ, although fettered by manifold limitations, the love of Christ constrains the conserving of every ounce of strength, to use as best I under stand to make Him known. And when overtaken with exhaustion (as is frequent) I am enabled even then to give my patient God a patient heart.

Then on through the list of the known attributes that comprise the adorable character of the Infinite, till I don't wonder that Paul, in writing to Timothy (1 Tim. 1:17), breaks right into what he had started to say with, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever."

Then there is the great plan of Redemption, the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, the entrancing study of Jesus Himself, the human side, the God side, and their beautiful blending. (1 Pet. 2:21.) And there is the blessed Holy Spirit, the executive of the Trinity, and how He deals with sinners, and how He deals with saints through the various stages of spiritual development, from the babe in Christ, to those more mature, and those of the Bridehood.

Someone has well expressed a great truth in the following: "As servants, stewards, soldiers, and sons, God controls, chides, and chastises us; but when we enter the Bridal relation, the place of utter, loving abandonment, He graciously and patiently shows us what is His best for us, and leaves us free to choose."

In this transcendent, transforming (James 1:25) study of the Infinite there is unending multiplied diversity, which runs parallel with eternity. And our hearts slowly (Luke 24:25) grasp the truth concerning our unchangeable Friend, Omnipresent, Omniscient, and Omnipotent, who was brought into visibility by the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ (John 14:8, 9; 12:45; Col. 1:15; Heb. 1:3) to whom be glory now and forever. (Col. 1, 9, 10, 11; Jude 24, 25.)

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## 024 -- OUR BLOOD BROTHER

Someone has said, but no matter who said it, they probably got it from someone else, for there is nothing original about us except original" sin, and we got that from Satan; so said. one of our eminent divines. That trite saying, "We are a part of all that we have met" holds much that is true.

I presume the nearest approach to originality is when truth has been so assimilated as to become a part of us, and we pass it on with the impress of our own personality. We all see things from a variation of angles, or as the same sunlight passes through different shades of tinted glass, the irradiation in each case is a little different light.

As we have gathered from pulpit and pen, and corroborated by experience, we have found that an understanding of customs and habits of thought, among the people of the Orient, greatly simplifies things and strengthens faith. When Jesus said to the Jews, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was I am," they at once understood what He meant; and that explains their extreme hostility toward Him, for it was a common custom of thought among them, but not with us until we search it out. (Ex. 3:13, 14; John 8:58, 59.)

We are told that the blood covenant was one of those age-old customs, the absence of explanation of which may be taken as an evidence of its being so well understood that an unfolding of its meaning was not considered essential. Our Bible is an Oriental Book, with Oriental ideas and figures of speech, dealing with the everyday life and customs of the Orient. We have read that in Palestine and other lands, if two parties desire to enter into a covenant of blood, each cuts his flesh and causes the blood to flow, and the two bloods are then mingled. They now consider themselves partakers of a common life, and sometimes each party drinks some of the mingled blood. The two are then looked upon, to all intents and purposes, as one man with a common purpose and object in life.

If two heads of a tribe or clan enter into such a covenant, every man in the tribe is included, and the two are considered more closely related than any earthly tie could make them. They now engage common foes and share mutual friends; they have now greatly added to their power and prestige, and rules and regulations are laid down. The greater entering into the covenant with the lesser reserves the right of laying down the conditions to be met by the lesser. As a proof of their unity they each add the other's name to their own, or blend the names together.

This custom is of great advantage to one of low station, or the head of a small tribe who has entered into a blood covenant with a great chief, for he may travel under the greater name, and that name carries all the weight, power, and prestige of the one who bears it. When he is beset by enemies, his most formidable weapon is to call out the name of the great one, which he now bears. The enemy no longer sees a solitary, unprotected individual, for back of that one stands a mighty host bearing the invincible name of a mighty chief. (Such is the name of our God to His covenant people.)

Rev. Kenneth MacKenzie, in "Our Physical Heritage in Christ" (published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 158 Fifth St., New York) says. we are told, that if we could transport ourselves to some parts of Africa today we could witness a similar ceremony of the blood covenant. The people gather together, the tall, gray-bearded priest stands in the midst, and before him are two stalwart young fellows who are to take the blood brother oath. the most solemn and binding obligation known. Addressing the first in tones of deep reverence, he asks. "Koblo, wilt thou have this man Saba for thy blood brother? Wilt thou abide by him in all conditions and circumstances of life; where he may be, wilt thou be found? Wilt thou make his friends thy friends, his foes thy foes? Wilt thou die for him if needs be? Shall he be to thee as very life itself?"

When the affirmative response has been given by each to the other, the priest, with his lancet, cuts a gash in the arm of the first, and the blood drips into a cup from which the second drinks; then the latter has the same operation, and the former drinks his blood; or else the hands are clasped and a vein severed, the blood mingling and falling to the ground. They are now by this

ceremony made blood brothers. How much like the words of Ruth as she pledged herself to Naomi! (Ruth 1:16, 17.) Ruth was severing home-ties, abandoning her native land, turning away from her Moabitish god, and all culminated in that heart cry, "Thy God shall be my God."

How clearly we can see that these traditions hold a parable that can be amplified to interpret the strong, sacred covenant relationship, with its many-sided considerations, that each individual can enter into with the Savior of men.

In that incident in John 6 where Jesus spoke so emphatically of "drinking his blood," in all probability the minds of the people at once reverted to this age-old custom and the identification that it shadowed forth, for from this time, many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him; and down through the years there have been "disciples" who said, "This is an hard saying." We pity those who draw back, for their loss is irreparable, and we would do all we could to help them to reconsider their decision; and who among us has not wept burning tears of sorrow, in sympathy for the unrequited love of our condescending Lord? And yet have not you and I, in our earlier experience, sometimes come up to hard things in the way of faith that so shocked us we stood half paralyzed until we heard the same interrogation that the Lord Jesus put to the twelve; and while still facing the grave possibilities that lay out before us, our hearts gave back to Him the same conclusive answer? (John 6:67, 68.)

Let us ask a question. Do we go deep enough into the subject of His condescension? The fact that He came from another world would make the blood covenant the more comprehensive to those who have studied into its sacred associations and obligations. As our Blood Brother, He took our blood from the veins of His human mother; but He came from that other World to impart to us, as His blood brother, the life which Deity only could confer. A rebellious world, a dying world, is made the recipient of life through the incarnate Son of God, flesh of our flesh, that our blood might flow through His veins; conversely, that the life which was in Him should be ours by our willingness from our hearts to actually accept the blood brother bond He came to establish. As a result of this bond, the friends of our Blood Brother became our friends, and our foes became His.

Let us go back a moment to that incident referred to in St. John 6, in verse 53. There comes into visibility a spiritual union that far transcends the illustration used. We have no words to adequately express the union that a soul can enter into with its God. The nearest approach to one phase (and there are many) is the electric current filling and transforming a dead wire into a live one, with its manifold utilities. Out of this inexplicable union there springs a passionate, personal devotion to Jesus Christ that overwhelms all other loves, even the most tender ties. When this union has been intelligently comprehended and established, it takes on the irreversibility of sterling integrity; and while the heart is patient and tender toward all men, and suffers if it has to grieve them, yet it will go gently but steadily right on, across the wishes, opinions, and even the commands, of dear ones, if need be, in obedience to their Lord; for His foes do become our foes, and sometimes they are those of our "own household.

For instance, a woman (who was myself) with Bible convictions concerning the wearing of gold, was given as a Christmas gift a gold watch by an unsaved member of the family. She did not desire it, but the reasoning was, "If I tell him how I feel, it will offend him, and hinder him from

getting saved. I will just have to wear it until he is converted." But there came a shadow between her and her Lord. But later on, after she had received the "pledge of His espousals," with clarified vision she realized that her obligation to obey God was the first consideration and unchangeable duty, as well as gracious privilege, and out of her full heart she said to her "Holy Guest," "I will never put gold on your temple again; I will not grieve Thee; I will choose rather, if I must, to grieve this dear one that I love more deeply than I ever knew it was possible to love, before you came." And as gently as she could, she told him of her convictions. But he who had been her lord for so many years was unwilling to relinquish his lordship, even to the great "I AM," and the long-drawn-out suffering of love has been hers. But in and through it all she has kept God first, and He has kept an ever-widening stream of Divine love flowing through her heart, out toward all, and she realizes that it is not so much her loving them, but God loving them through her. The world looks upon her life as lonely, but Hosea 2:19, 20 is her portion:

"And those who walk with Him from day to day  
Can never have a solitary way."

But His friends also become our friends. Let us pause a moment and consider what that expression embraces. The latter part of Hebrews 12 tells us something about "what we are come unto." But we love Him personally beyond all the blessings He can bestow here or hereafter. Let us illustrate with an incident from my own life. I was in a dying condition. Jesus, more real than any earthly person, stood by me with His strong, supporting arm underneath my half-reclining form, and I could but think, How beautiful it is to die. I felt such a sinking down into utter helplessness, but not one suggestion of fear, for I was in His arms, and oh, the rapture of His presence! Earth was receding, heaven was approaching, when suddenly He spoke, "But live and declare the works of the Lord." I heard Him, but oh the bliss of dying! He spoke the second time, "But live and declare the works of the Lord." Then I understood that He wanted me to still abide in this suffering body, and I loved Him so truly that I challenged all my will power, and my heart slowly responded, "Yes, my Lord." At that instant a flood of life was imparted direct from the person of my Lord, sweeping all through the helpless body. The pangs of dissolution ceased, the heart began to function regularly, power of speech returned, and I was soon restfully sleeping. Yes, we love Him better than heaven.

In this identification, do not all His foes become our foes? Have we not taken a positive stand against His enemies and ours; and should we be surprised as being antagonized and opposed? Have we forgotten Eph. 6:12? And as we advance, are we not taking territory that the usurper has claimed as his own? Will he not contest every step of the way? And do you suppose that he would back down before one whom he once held in the bondage of slavish fear, without an exhaustive effort on his part to terrify? Is he going to relinquish his set determination (without a long-drawn-out battle) to rob God of a soul? But will he not the rather bring into activity all his artifice, subtle devices, and fierce assaults? Should we expect anything else?

Let us never minimize the hostile powers that have held the world in bondage, but with fortitude and fearlessness reverently recognize our union with our Blood Brother expressly united to us, that through Him these foes might be effectively defeated. And such is our confidence in Him that we refuse to retract, but go forward conquering and to conquer. And as we keep step, and

fellowship is unbroken, there emanates from His personality a radiation that like a shield breaks the force of the blows aimed at us, and we are utterly unafraid.

How often we have positively refused to enter into controversy or conflict with the adversary, and referred him to the fact, "Not I, but Christ," and the phalanx of the enemy fell back, the roar of their threatenings subsided as the raging storm when our Lord rebuked the elements that threatened to engulf His disciples on the sea; for the adversary will never again order, or engage in, a personal combat with the invincible Christ.

Kenneth MacKenzie, in the same book, goes on to say, "As our Blood Brother, we came to see Him in the light of New Testament teaching, united to us, and we to Him, in the bonds of God's marvelous love: the love with which God loved Him is ours, because we are His. But this love thus joining us cannot be until we are willing to acknowledge that it was consummated in the death of the Son of God for us. Our Blood Brother had to die, that was the culminating purpose of His coming; in His death on the cross, among other great consummations, He met our foes and overcame them for us, and we are to recognize these forces as defeated by our Blood Brother in our behalf.

"Having come into the world to meet sin and its author in our behalf, our Blood Brother lifts us to where we have redemption, freedom, and fellowship. The terror of God that naturally resides in every human breast is removed in that one who has met the conditions, and accepted Him as their Blood Brother. They are reconciled, they are in the Beloved, they receive of His Father, who now has become theirs, the favor and affection which have always been His.

"How blessedly does this concept remove us from the pride of humanity, the poise of self-sufficiency, and the exaltation of intellect! Meekly do we bow before Him and acknowledge Him as our life. He is the unique Son of God, the possessor and dispenser of life, for life is in Himself."

"Henry M. Stanley relates that he took the blood covenant with over fifty tribes, and not once was it violated. Shall we not pause right here with bowed head and uplifted hand to pledge a similitude of unswerving fidelity to the exalted personage of our Blood Brother?"

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## 025 -- THE FAITH OF THE SON OF GOD -- (A Study)

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32.)

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. 2:20.)

I wonder if you were ever perplexed, as I have been, over the expression, "The faith of the Son of God" -- what is it like, and how can I receive it? For there is a vital connection, as you will discover if you will run out a few references, a fundamental principle that is often overlooked.

You remember, it was on that last memorable evening that the Savior spent in quiet converse with the eleven, after Judas went out -- quite a significant fact, if you will stop to think about it -- for it has ever been only to the true-hearted that He tells some things. Although His love and benevolence extends to all, there are those that will be drawn from the larger circle to the circle within the circle. Peter, James and John were a circle of three on the Mount of Transfiguration, But it was John who was drawn into even a closer fellowship, intimate, and so sweet that he leaned his head upon the bosom of the Master at supper and asked close questions, and so strong that he went with Him right into the palace of the high priest at the mock trial. And you and I will not crowd out another, if we, like John, find the closest relationship with our Lord. But it may take the judgment hall to prove our integrity and love. But I have digressed. It was when alone with the eleven that He told them many things unspoken before. (John 14:15, 16.) Among other things of vast and vital import, He spoke of "His peace, His love, His joy." They understood that His peace meant the same kind of peace that He had, a peace that did not depend upon outward circumstances. And His love was that peculiar, inexpressible "Love Divine, all love excelling," that actuated His whole life, which had so often surprised them. (Mark 9:38, 39, 40; Luke 9:51-56.) And His joy was that superlative something that gleamed through all His activities. (Heb. 12:2.) This was all clearly understood so far; but their comprehension of the magnitude of His peace, His love, and His joy was as meager as is yours and mine.

Now when Paul speaks of the faith of the Son of God, it is also to be understood as that inherent principle, or original faculty of His, that we call foreknowledge or, from our human standpoint, the evidence of things not seen (Heb. 11:1), just the same as His peace, His love, and His joy. That is all plain, is it not? And yet that does not answer the questions, What is the faith of the Son of God, and how can I obtain it?

It would help us greatly to do a little thinking right here, for our spiritual life (and the physical life as well for some of us) is dependent.

I recall how it came to me as something of a shock, that Mark 11:22 was a command, and intensified when I noted the marginal rendering "Have the faith of God." And I questioned, "Does God ever declare His faith? Why, surely He does," I answered in the next breath, "many times. 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world' (Rev. 13:8), 'Works finished from the foundation of the world' (Heb. 4:3; Isa. 46:9, 10), all indicate faith, or foreknowledge we call it, when in reference to God." But has not real faith been proven to be foreknowledge many times? Not absolute, no; but there are times, if we can be trusted with the secrets of the Lord, when it is His pleasure to "show us things to come." (I recall that at the funeral of the precious wife of a godly minister it was whispered to my heart, as a profound secret, who was to be his future companion, and in after years it became an apparent ordering of the Lord.) One of the fruits of the Spirit is faith, and is it not an attribute as well?

The answer to the question will come to us best in the quiet studying of the incidents in the life of the Son of God Himself, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit. For our Savior said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

All through the miracles, one by one, we note a quietness, the utter absence of all ostentation. It was His "Peace be still," in that fearful storm, that brought "a great calm." "He cast out the spirits with His word," quietly spoken. The mightiest miracles were wrought without stress or strain or, as we say, desperation of faith. Did He not weep and groan, coming to the grave, at the raising of Lazarus? Indeed He did; and have not you and I done the same when we saw, by the Spirit's illumination, men and women all about us as dead, in trespasses and sin, as they knew Lazarus in the grave to be? They misunderstood at that time, as when they said, "It thundered." (John 12:28, 29.) "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." (John 11:5.) But the groans and tears were not for him, for the answer had been given before He started. (John 11:11.) "Father, I thank Thee" was on His lips before He said, "Lazarus, come forth."

And again, did you ever pause to consider what an amazing faith His must have been, that after He passed through that sacrificial suffering, fulfilling all prophecy concerning Himself, and launching the great scheme of redemption, He could leave it to be propagated in the earth by the few common ordinary men, subject to like passions as we are, that had been drawn to Him and had become His disciples?

Someone has well illustrated the faith of the Son of God, by supposing that Gabriel and Christ had the following conversation after the ascension.

Gabriel -- "Master, you died for the whole world, did you not?"

Christ -- "Yes."

Gabriel -- "You must have suffered very much."

Christ -- "Aye, Gabriel, I cannot "talk about it, even to you. It goes too deep."

Gabriel -- "And do they all know about it down there?"

Christ -- "Oh, no, just a little handful in Syria know about it thus far."

Gabriel -- "Well, Master, what is your plan? What plan have you made to tell the world that you have died for them? What arrangement have you made?"

Christ -- "Well, I asked Peter and James and John, and some more of them down there, just to make it the business of their lives to tell the others; and the others, yet others, and still others, until the last man in the farthest reach has heard the story, and has been caught, thrilled and enthralled by the power of it."

Gabriel -- "Yes, but, Master, suppose that, after awhile, Peter forgets. Suppose that John, after a bit, loses his enthusiasm, and simply doesn't tell the others. Suppose their successors away

down there in the twentieth century get so busy about things -- some of them good things, church things maybe, some of them not quite such proper things maybe -- suppose they get so busy that they do not tell the others, what then?"

Christ -- "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans. I am counting on them."

Marvelous faith! The faith of the Son of God, how it rolls down the centuries like the sweep of a mighty river! I was at one time very familiar with the grand old Columbia River, and came nearly going to the bottom with my babe in arms as: the overloaded rowboat, manned by unskilled hands, was caught in the whirlpools of sunken rock. It is a great river, wide and deep, yet there are places where it goes over falls, and through narrows, and does not appear to be as it really is, a majestic river sweeping on irresistibly to the sea.

One morning as I stood on the northern bank, to my astonishment the Columbia was running the wrong way. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there it was, a swift strong current at my feet, flowing east instead of west. As I looked out, and still farther out, I saw that the main current of that grand old river was rolling on with unobstructed majesty. What I had seen in nearer vision going the wrong way, was only a minor current that had been turned aside by obstructing rocks, and it soon found its way back into the great current, drawn by that volume of measureless force that, all undisturbed, swept onward to lose itself in the mighty deep.

I saw a lesson of faith that has helped me ever since. How much our little faith coming up against hard things is like that minor current! Arrested with doubts and questionings it draws back (Heb. 10:38, 39), and the whole Columbia River seems running the wrong way, until we look out beyond ourselves, and catch anew the vision of the invincible Christ and the indisputable progress of the Divine program, and are gently drawn into unison again, blended and unborn with the majestic current of the irresistible, all-conquering faith of the Son of God, rolling in unobstructible, silent, majesty, like the grand old Columbia, onward to the vast ocean of eternity beyond.

Paul speaks of the faith of Christ, once and again, in the second chapter of Galatians, in language that fairly startles us, closing with a strong statement of personal testimony.

When Paul speaks of the love of Christ or the patience of Christ, we do not hesitate, for we have had a better comprehension of those component parts of His multiform nature; but the faith of Christ -- well, we are bound to believe him, as the inspired apostle, and then too there is also the argument of our own heart continually longing for something; and we wish Paul had told us just how he had received it ("for there is no respect of persons with God"). Perhaps he has and we have overlooked it. Why, yes, here it is, Gal. 2:20. Read the whole verse, for the first part is what must go before, as a preparatory course, you know. "And the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and.. gave himself for me."

Gave Himself for me? Yes, gave Himself for me; He took my place. He gave Himself for me, to be my Savior, my intimate almighty Friend. He gave Himself for me as my Lord, and my Teacher, my honored abiding Guest. He gave Himself for me, and to me, as really and up to the same measure as I gave myself for Him, to Him. If the yielding of myself to Him is complete, He



becomes my very life, and condescends to take up His abode in the temple (1 Cor. 3:16) of my personality and brings all of those innate qualities of His Divine nature in with Him, supplementing my insufficiency, to be imparted according to my need (as I realize my dependence upon Him) for the development of "Symmetrical Christian Character," and for utilization in glad service for Him, which includes His peace, His love, and His faith. I have a love faculty through which He pours His love till, like an ever-broadening stream, it flows out to all mankind, and I am conscious that it is not my love, but the love of Christ. (2 Cor. 5:14.)

The following incident, in the life of one I know well, illustrates what I am trying to say. "Love your enemies" kept pressing on the heart of this Christian woman, suffering over the robbery of her once devoted husband's affections, by another. "Jesus, my Lord," she said humbly, "how can I love one so wicked, who has so deeply wronged me, and broken up my happy home? I just cannot love such a person. There is no use for me to try." "But," He whispered, "I can love her through you, if you will yield your heart fully to me." "Well, if you can do that, all right," she answered; and there began to flow through her heart a stream of compassionate pity and benevolent desire toward the woman, as she prayed for her (Matt. 5:44, 45); and when the poor woman came to her, under conviction, acknowledging her wrongdoing, this love stream overflowed its banks, and she put her arms tenderly about her, and gave her a kiss of reconciliation.

She lived on in her lonely, broken home, battling with poverty, and brought up her little son, while the untrue husband advanced in position and popularity. The love of Jesus was her comfort, and the peace of Christ garrisoned her heart.

The faith of the Son of God continues in just the same way as the patience of Christ to meet our lack, and it holds the heart steady and still under stress and strain. "You have wonderful patience," said one. "Oh no," was my reply, "you misunderstand; but I am linked onto the God of patience, it was the patience of Christ." (Rev. 1:9.)

At another time, when everything earthly in every direction was in a turmoil and seemingly going the wrong way, and these shattered nerves were almost at the point of convulsions, people said to me, "You are so calm and peaceful, I just want to get close up to you." But again they misunderstood; it was not circumstantial peace (John 16:33), nor yet the peace that Jesus said, "I leave with you," which was peace with God; but it was what He referred to when He said, "My peace I give unto you" -- His own peace, the peace of God (Phil. 4:7) that had attracted them; and their weary hearts, full of unrest and longing, were drawn toward the broken earthen vessel, because He who is "our peace" had enabled us to find the secret of the deep Sea of "His peace."

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows loud contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the deep commotion  
A peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

"Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

"So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Father,  
There is a temple, sacred evermore,  
And all the babble of Life's angry voices  
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

"Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise kind and peacefully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieth,  
Disturbs the heart that dwells, O Lord, in Thee."

So also it is with His joy, and other inherent qualities of His Divine nature, and why not His faith? We have a faith faculty just as we have a love faculty; and why may not this inherent attribute of the blessed Christ be available, supplementing our faith, the same as He supplements our patience, our peace, and our love?

It is a bit difficult to put it into words for we are not used to thinking of it just this way, and some may be tempted to reject the way. I am putting this phase of this inexhaustible subject; for there are those who do not know how they can accept even the pure water of life if pressed to their thirsty lips by an unfamiliar hand, in a cup a little different from what they have been accustomed to; but they will all agree With me in this statement, that no twice-born soul, who has settled down to the real business of living for God, has gone very far, who has not appreciated the sudden upspringing of faith at times, that has held like an anchor holds a ship in a storm.

Many times in your life and mine have we held onto the promises of God, and would not loose our hold; and all at once there was an impartation of that evidence of things not seen, a sudden flash of foreknowledge, a realization of things to come (John 16:13, last clause), thee so settled the question that prayer was changed to praise, and our face "was no more sad." (I Sam. 1:18.)

We say we prayed through, we touched Divinity, the Lord gave us the promise, our hearts believed God, and many other like expressions. We try to differentiate, calling it head faith, and heart faith; the grace of faith, and the gift of faith. These may be the many different phases, or component parts, and all true; but after all is said, when brought down to the last analysis, was it not an annexation or the supplementing to our faith, the faith of the Son of God? It was Andrew Murray who said, "Faith in exercise is the breaking out of the Divine life within."

It is noticeable that all through His ministry nothing seemed to draw from the lips of the Master such expressions of astonishment as the destitution of faith. (Mark 9:19; John 20:27; Luke 18:8.) He was not surprised at the sinful conditions of mankind, but His pure humanity seemed to recoil before that appalling absence of faith. (Mark 4:40.) How His great loyal soul must have suffered in sympathy with the Father as He forcibly felt the calumny which vile unbelief would heap upon the holy, beneficent character of God! (Yet with such incomprehensible compassion for the deceived and unbelieving.)

Have we not also, in our limited comprehension, entered into the "fellowship of His sufferings" at that point? (I Peter 4:13.) How we have felt to take our stand by "our own God," and be strong in faith, and up to our circumscribed capacity vindicate His holy, benevolent character before the world! Yet at the same time we have been strongly tempted with discouragement over the "slowness of our own heart," to believe all that the prophets have spoken (Luke 24:25) especially" in our intercession for others, until, from the sense of our great need, an urgent cry has gone up from the depth of our being, "Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake;" "Quicken thou me according to Thy word," (Psa. 143:11; 119:25.)

We have realized more and more the imperative need of oft-recurring quickenings of that inert, inappropriating assent to the truth (which for lack of a better word we will call "unfaith") upon the extensive concretion of Scripture that I have hid in my heart. We do believe God's Bible, indeed we do, and will stand by it to the death; but there is an indispensable necessity of frequent quickening of the Word (John 6:63) making it a reality to our hearts, and a living, forceful factor in our lives by that potent, effectual energy of the faith of the Son of God. This will surely come to us through earnest, persistent, definite prayer, but only as we press on through, exercising the faith that we already have. (Rom. 12:3 latter clause.)

We may not always have that strong sense of "undergirding," but in one way or another the realization will be given. "And so it is written.., the last Adam (the indwelling Christ,) was made a quickening spirit." -- Cor. 15:45.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me," can be looked upon from different viewpoints of substitution. This is a marvelous subject of which we need a fuller comprehension. "He is made unto us" (1 Cor. 1:30; Eph. 2:14), awaiting our appropriation, above all that we can ask or think. (Eph. 3:20.) "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell" (Col. 1:19), and "ye are complete in Him." (Col. 2:10.) "The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." The one token of His presence and working is always the spirit of faith which He brings with Him.

"There is a faith which gives to its possessor a confidence and patience and sweet composure, under every varied and troubling aspect of events, such as no man can realize who has not felt its influences in his own heart."

Substitution has a broad application. There are among us those who still abide in these frail houses of clay, because He gave Himself for us, substituting or imparting continuously His own Divine life to the failing physical, and thus preventing the mechanism from slowing down to a final stop, because it is His will that we "live and declare the works of the Lord." Yes, substitution is a great and far-reaching subject.

Do we catch a faint outline of the answer to the question: What is the faith of the Son of God like, and how may we receive it and utilize it for His glory?

Let us keep on studying the Son of God Himself, in that absolute yieldedness of spirit to Him as our Sovereign and condescending, indwelling Guest. Thus following on to know the Lord,

the unfolding of this inexhaustible potentiality will continue to go on, with deeper, richer, enlarging significance to our comprehension.

On every line? Yes, this is the gracious design, the way in which "God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." -- Phil. 4:19.

Let us once more repeat this all-embracing Scripture verity, and gaze upon this superlative mountain peak among the vast range of God's unchangeable truth. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" -- Rom. 8:32. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." -- Gal. 2:20.

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## 026 -- THE JOY OF ACHIEVEMENT

That there is an intrinsic inherent joy in achievement, estimable and right, is accepted without a question.

We see it reflected in the face of the little one taking his first steps; we see it in the schoolboy, the farmer, the banker, and mankind generally. Everywhere it is this hope of achieving success that, in every sphere of activity, urges men and women to keep "rowing hard against the tide."

Of course there are motives underlying this hope, commendable and condemnable as well; purposes as high as heaven and purposes as black as the bottomless abyss, indefatigably pursued, sacrificing everything in the hope of achievement.

But we would speak of the joy of achievement in living for God, and laboring for the upbuilding of His kingdom in the earth. For with this joy of achievement that is inherent to all, there are other joys that the world can know nothing about. (1 Cor. 2:14.) Among them is the joy of soul, rest assured you will be a sharer in the fellowship of His joy (I Cor. 1:9) at the rebirthing of that soul, and sometimes the joy among the angels in heaven (Luke 15:10) "over one sinner that repenteth," will come like a landslide of glory inundating your whole being.

It is a fact that in true Christian living and activity for the Master, there are, subjoined and blended, joys that far surpass all that can come from the most exalted earthly achievements.

The unregenerate may well envy the regenerated, for they have every pure inherent joy that they can have, with manifold additional joys. It is the twice-born soul that has the promise of the life that now is, as well as the life that is to come. (1 Tim. 4:8.) But we would speak more especially of that unchangeable joy in the heart of every true child of God, that is not recognized and valued always as it should be, and is sometimes unconsciously crowded out by the more transitory joys of Christian service; and when it is, and the joy of achievement begins to wane, that

soul soon becomes like a vessel floundering at sea, driven hither and yon, and is often found a wreck upon some deceptive shoal they had hoped was a safe harbor.

The danger of substituting the second commandment for the great underlying foundation principle of the first commandment faces everyone. And unrecognized by many, Satan most stealthily works away at that point, and his efforts are unending. How often in my life's glad service for others, I feel to pause and look up into the face of the Master, with the question, "Art Thou first, my Lord; is this for Thee?" and sometimes there is revealed the need of readjustment.

But by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, the peace of God can keep the heart, and quickly adjust the mind. (Phil. 4:6, 7.) It is written, "The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord (Isa. 29:19), "In thy presence is fullness of joy (Psa. 16:11); and when we find that full adjustment, and maintain it by His grace, there is frequently such an overflowing of that fullness of joy that we long for the vocabulary of heaven to give some expression of what we feel in our soul, and break out with the Psalmist when he said, "Thou art the God of my strength . . . O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me . . . then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God." Psa. 43:3, 4.

There is a joy in God Himself. While this joy is little understood, yet it is of such transcendent preponderance that it can "hold the soul steady if all other joys are removed at a stroke. (Psa. 142:4, 5; Psa. 119:57.) But like other constituent characteristics of spirituality (quoting from another), "It cannot be defined, it can only be faintly described. It is a heart quality, a soul essence too fluid to be held in words." If one will be careful to consciously keep this "first love" (Rev. 2:4) first, that soul can obey God, and be rushing at full speed on lines of joyful service and duty for Him, and then at the touch of God's providential air-brakes, it can be brought to an instantaneous standstill, without shaking the train to pieces, yea, without a single jar, or the least jostling of the will from its perfect repose in Jesus."

John 15:9, 10, 11 throw some light upon the subject "My joy," that the Savior would differentiate from "your joy," and the beloved disciple tries to tell us of a "surely fellowship," but his vocabulary fails him. (1 John 1:3.) But this we know, it is something that comes direct from the heart of God, that so links our hearts to His that when all else is gone, we find that God is enough. (Psa. 16:5.)

"He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures." (Gen. 15:1, last clause.)

Not everyone has found the sufficiency of this joy that sustains when all else is swept away. There are many reasons and various causes.

It may be they have not wholly maintained their consecration, that relinquishment of the Island of their personality as God's rightful dominion; and, in their self-choosing at some point (half unconsciously perhaps) they have forfeited much, and His gracious designs for them were marred.

Or they may not have recognized that there are angles in the will of God. Or possibly they may have gotten their eyes upon second causes, and forget that "men are God's hand" (Psa. 17:13, 14; Psa. 66:12) and that God permits much that He does not send. The purposes of God often run parallel with the plots and plans of men. Their purposes exhaust, and run their race; while God's beneficent purposes go right on to their consummation. God's parallel runs all through your life and mine; and He will make "all things work together," transmuting everything into good, if we will uninterruptedly keep in "agreement" with His all-embracing purpose, which is that we may be "conformed to the image of his Son;" or, in other words, the development of symmetrical Christian character. If that supreme purpose characterizes our lives, and if we thus truly love and live for God, with the singleness and strength of an undivided heart, we will find that all the wheels of providence were either being moved by the touch of the hand that was leading us, or so restrained and overruled that, in looking back, it will be difficult to decide whether it was a special providence or the overruling of the mistaken or evil purposes of others, where God's purposes ran parallel (Psa. 76:10); and so far as we personally are concerned, it did not matter which way it was. It is true we did not see all this back there (retrospection has a clarified vision) and we were "shut up to faith." But "even your faith" is victory.

To be "an example of the believers" in going through the temptations, accusations, and perplexities, as they arise, with the heart echoing the words of another (Lam. 3:24), "Thou art my portion, saith my soul," honors the Lord, and gives the incredulous, undeniable proof of the sustaining sufficiency of God alone.

I do not forget that painful, transitional period in my own life when, because of failing health, active mission work was laid down; and I have an understanding heart, and prayerful solicitude for anyone who loves the Lord and His glad service, and who for any reason is laid aside, that they may realize this transcendent joy as they make the transit and transmute activities into intercessory prayer, and with calm composure relinquish what seems to them their life's work, with all that joy of achievement. Someone has said, "We may find, after all, that more has been accomplished by prayer than in any other way."

We have seen sad shipwreck of faith at this point. One case was that of a minister of sterling worth, in the Northeast, who had stood strong by the rugged truths of the Gospel for decades. When years advanced and strength lessened, he came west, but the great joy of achievement was gone, and everything seemed so different. Confusion came in, accusation against themselves, and accusation against the brethren, and embittered in soul, denunciatory in speech, they finally went off with those in erroneous doctrine, all because they did not find that transcendent joy of God Himself.

How my heart has ached as I have interceded for ministers and Christian workers who, for various reasons, must relinquish their joy of achievement, that they may realize this joy, with steadying grace, that hushing of soul, and restful repose (Isa. 32:18) until some avenue of usefulness for the Master opens before them.

One dear sister among my tract work friends has been passing through just such a period of transition. Dear heart! She and her devoted husband, she wrote me, had for many years been carrying cups of cold water to the thirsting ones in the highways and hedges, with nothing back of

them but "The Rock of Ages;" and just as the way was opening up for these gray-haired soldiers of the Cross to go into the great swamps of North Carolina with the Gospel message, a drunken driver ran them down, and left her a wheel-chair invalid. How my heart heat in sympathy with her as I read her letter, and I could see that her soul was calm in the grace God alone can bestow! But how well I know what it means to feel the value of the purchase of Jesus' blood, that indescribable passion for souls, as fire shut up in the bones, an unquenchable desire to preach the Gospel to the poor, and then suddenly relinquish that great joy of achievement.

I must have been given a share of her burden for those isolated souls, for I could not finish the letter for tears; it seemed that my heart would break over souls hidden away in the desolate places of the earth, without God, many of them as truly heathen as across the sea; and I felt that I was in agreement (Matt. 18:19) with her, as I prayed the Lord of the harvest, in some way to send forth, or raise up from among themselves, those that will tell out the tidings of great joy. And for days I could see, as in a vision, those great swamps of North Carolina, and the blessed Holy Spirit, like a great white dove with wings extended over them, brooding, ever brooding, to bring forth.

There is the strength and compassionate courage of a Christian conqueror (Rom. 8:37), in this woman's letters; they ring true, and as I read them the touch of the living God comes upon my soul. The Lord is leading her out more and more, as one who stands in the breach, with the few that will intercede for the transgressors, and as an example of the believers, an unimpeachable witness to the fact that the joy of God Himself is a joy that pre-eminently transcends the joy of achievement. (Heb. 6:17, 18.)

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027 -- DO YOU LOVE HIS APPEARING? -- (2 Tim. 4:8)

"In these, the closing days of time, what joy the glorious hope affords that soon -- oh, wondrous truth sublime -- He shall reign, King of kings, and Lord of lords."

"While its hosts cry, Hosanna, from heav'n descending,  
With glorified saints and the angels attending,  
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,  
Will Jesus receive His own."

For many years I have rejoiced that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James 5:8), but have been rather reticent on the subject; for like some other sacred truths, it has not always been spoken of wisely, oftentimes dragged from its beautiful setting, desecrated, and trailed in the dust, "wounded in the house of his friends." Yet the thought of my returning Lord ever stirs my heart with a peculiar, incomparable joy, and at times I have been caught away.

I have a sympathetic fellowship with Paul when he wrote 2 Cor. 12:2, 3, 4, "Whether out of the body, I cannot tell . . . hearing unspeakable words," yea more, unthinkable words. The mind could not hold them; they are not possible for a man to utter. But, oh," the bliss of soul, enraptured,

transcendent! It was not for me to remain; but between my Lord and me there is a sacredly sweet understanding.

The first real awakening on the subject came through reading that tract, "The Missing Ones," and I was so impressed with the calamity of being left behind that I cried right out, "Lord Jesus, that would break my heart; I just could not stand that;" and like the Bereans, while I received the truth with all readiness of mind, yet I searched the Scriptures, whether these things were so.

At another time I was aroused by a dream. There was a man that I knew personally who had a world-wide reputation as a Christian philanthropist with the gift of healing. In my dream I had been employed as governess for his children. On my way to his palatial residence I observed a strange appearance in the atmosphere, and in hushed voices was heard on every side, "The world's on fire!" I found Dr. Blank in his office, seated before a table piled with valuable papers, notes, mortgages, and deeds; with ashen face and hopeless gaze he was fumbling those papers that represented his possessions on which his heart was set. I said to him, "Hadn't I better take the children to a place of safety?" He hopelessly replied, "Yes, if there is such a place." I started with the children, and as I opened the door the terrific roar of flames reached my ears, and I awakened myself by saying, "The world is on fire, and I am glad my pos. sessions cannot be burned up."

It was only a dream with its irregularities, but it brought a great joy to my heart that my treasured possessions were laid up. (Matt. 6:20, 21.) Later it caused me to seriously consider many things relating to values on earth or in heaven.

As I read about a great magnet sweeping over the yard of an old iron plant and of those pieces of iron and steel long buried being drawn up, it appealed to me strongly as illustrative of the coming of our Lord. Will it not be like the sweep of a great magnet? And will not those of the Bridehood company who lived the utterly detached life on earth ascend to meet their Lord in the air, as those pieces of iron were drawn up by that powerful magnet? (1 Thess. 4:16, 17.) And as naturally as the Blood-washed, spotless, and detached ones shall rise with great joy from the earth, will not those who have refused to be detached from the things of earth, and have let them eclipse and outweigh the wooings of His grace, just as naturally cleave "still closer to the dust" and turn to the earthly, and in great sorrow and disappointment cry for the rocks and the mountains to continue to obscure the real (2 Cor. 4:18), but all in vain? (Rev. 1:7.) "For every eye shall see him, . . . and all kindred of the earth (or clingers to the earth) shall wail because of him." My own heart is ever saying, "Lord, at any cost keep me detached, utterly detached." Frequent tests given me prove that "he is faithful that promised," and this world can be used as a loose garment to be laid aside instantly.

Someone asked my pastor, rather irreverently, why he did not preach on the second coming of Jesus. His answer was (and I thought he answered wisely), "I am too busy trying to help people get ready to meet Him with joy when He does come; surely that is paramount." The greatest need is found expressed in 1 Thess. 5:23. My heart has ever been in accord with" 2 Pet. 3:9; while personally "with joy we welcome His returning," yet all personal longing has been put aside, and we have been thankful that the Lord in His longsuffering and wisdom delayeth His coming and tarrieth still, "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."



"He cannot come too soon,  
And I can wait if He comes late."

But while the Bridegroom tarries, I am not asleep. "The breast-plate of faith and love," that all-consuming passion for souls, and the honor of His name, that the blessed Holy Spirit brought with Him when He took over the Island of my personality to be His habitation, is a Divine urge pushing me out on every available line to make Him known, that others may catch the vision of their Savior, their Holy Guest, their coming King, and live the detached life.

Sometimes there is perplexity as to what course to pursue in regard to education or some enterprise of faith for the Lord. In view of His soon coming, I often recall the reply that dear Father G\_\_\_\_ gave to a young man who was considering the question of taking a college course or going forward as a soul winner without the schooling. Father G\_\_\_\_ said, "If the Lord should tarry, you will need the education as an equipment for larger usefulness; therefore this would be what He would want you to do at this time." And he added humbly, "I want to be found doing what He would want me to do at His coming."

This has helped me to settle many questions of preparatory work; for while we know that the next epoch in the world's history is the second advent, and we are in the Saturday evening of this dispensation, yet we are not ignorant of the fact that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Pet. 3:8). Although the temptations may come, there need never be paralyzing restrictions put upon laying deep and strong the foundations on which to build a superstructure for our Lord, when it is, to the best of our understanding, what He would have us do, if He should delay His coming for a few decades; for preparatory work can be just as truly work for Him as the work we are preparing for.

Many precious experiences come as a natural outgrowth of the realization of the near approaching of our Lord's return.

One time at a camp meeting, at 6:30 A. M., we found a seeking soul at the altar. After being on our knees in prayer with her all day, just at sunset she broke through and glory flooded the camp. As I went to my tent, walking on air, involuntarily I threw up both hands and shouted. I had caught a glimpse of the Lord ascending from the rebirthing of that soul, and at first I thought it was our Jesus coming back to earth again, and it seemed I surely would "go up" for very joy. I often smile at the mistake, but I shall never forget that moment of superlative joy; perhaps it was just a foretaste of what it will be at His coming. There is something indescribable in the joy of the Lord; it "passeth understanding."

A well-known author from whom I often quote said, "There is something in spiritual peace and joy, intrinsically healing. I remember once in my early ministry calling upon a dying man who had just trusted in Jesus as his Savior. The physicians had given him up to die, and he was not expected to survive the night. His religious joy was so great that I remained with him for hours, unwilling to turn away from even one word of the wonderful things he was continually uttering, as he seemed to speak from the very gates of glory, and to have a transfigured life.

"Never in all my experience have I met a case so filled with joy and rapture of the eternal world. It surely seemed as if heaven were opened on earth.

"Late in the night I bade him good-bye, never expecting to see him alive. But when I called the next morning, I was astonished to find that he was almost entirely well. The doctors were utterly unable to explain the transition, but one of them admitted that it must be the extraordinary stimulus that came to him from his extreme happiness.

"Although at that time I knew nothing of Divine healing, yet I have always attributed his extraordinary recovery to the influence of the Holy Spirit that had so filled his entire being."

It was A. B. Simpson who, in speaking of Isaiah, Elisha, and others, said, "Just as these ancient saints looked forward, and overlapped, and got into the age to come in some measure, by their faith, so God permits us to live under the powers of the age to come, and come into the border zone, where our feet are yet on earth, and our heads, our eyes, and our hearts are in the coming Kingdom.

"Divine healing is one of the overlappings of this coming age. I think it is a very significant intimation that the coming must be very near, and has put within us a little sample of the resurrection life, a foretaste of the powers to come, an earnest of our inheritance."

How that thought has inspired and helped me in wresting these decades from the grave, to glorify God in my body! Dear Sister S\_\_\_\_, in praying for me once when sick, said, "Sister Helm is going to have a glorified body soon; give to her an earnest of it now, that she may have strength to finish her work." "Why not?" I said. "Yes, why not?" and in a measure it has been even so.

A. B. Simpson adds, "Our spiritual intuition does feel the nearness of the Parousia (which is, in other words, the presence of the Lord). I cannot help thinking that the Lord's Parousia will approach us gradually and that nearer and nearer His longing heart, His magnetic touch, will come to this world to which He is looking so lovingly and longingly. As He gets nearer, the very air will seem alive with the thrill of a supernatural presence (to those who are looking for and hasting unto the coming of the Lord). A heavenly presence and a Divine atmosphere is abroad. It is gathering day by day and month by month. The mighty attraction is coming nearer; the Parousia is in the air, and our hearts are responding. Some day soon the attraction will be supreme, and we shall be caught up, and the gravitation of earth will be counterbalanced, and we shall be with Him in the air."

Most blessed truth for all who will yield to the heavenly attractions and the gentle wooings of the Holy Spirit! But those who will persist in going on still in their own way, "that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. 1:7-10) we must leave in the hands of the Infinite.

Even with our limited realization of Church and World conditions we cannot see how the Lord can delay His return much longer, for surely "except these days should be shortened, there should be no flesh saved. But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." (Matt. 24:22.) Never until recently has there welled up involuntarily from the depths of my being an unutterable

cry that can find only partial expression in those significant words in the closing chapter of the Word of God. "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

"Jesus' coming back will be the answer to earth's sorrowing cry,  
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky:  
God shall take away all sickness, and the sufferer's tears will dry,  
After Jesus shall come back to earth again.

"Then the sin, and sorrow, pain, and death, of this dark world shall cease  
In a glorious reign with Jesus of a thousand years of peace;  
All the earth is groaning, crying, for that day of sweet release,\*  
For our Jesus to come back to earth again."

[\*As I interpret Second Coming prophecy, "that day of sweet release" will usher in, not "a thousand years of peace" in this world, but will bring in the eternal Messianic Reign of Christ with His saints in the New Heavens and New Earth world without end! -- DVM]

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## 028 -- A BAPTISM OF LOVE

During one of those times of prostrations that have been frequent all through my life, one great wave after another of irresistible longing rolled over me, just to look into the face of my beloved Master, whose presence had been so real to me for years. It seemed most reasonable that there could be but little, if any, value to my Lord in continuing to abide in this tenement of clay.

The birdlings from the home nest had flown, and the nest had been broken down; what had seemed to be my life work was closing up, and I just let my heart go out in deep desire till I lay with alert yet restful anticipation, listening for the blessed voice that I knew so well to say, "Come." But instead, the heavens opened; and in the following verses I have tried to express something of the answer.

I have never been the same person since, for there was reflected into my very being such an overwhelming love for souls that I did not know what to do with it; it was like billows of flame within me, with little outlet. I longed to lay hold on every person I saw across the street, on the cars, everywhere, and tell them how Jesus loved them. Handicapped as my life has been, this love has never left me, but has increased in volume, and has pushed me out into every avenue within reach to help souls to "behold such love." (John 15:13; 1 John 3:1.)

\* \* \*

## HIS ANSWER TO MY CRY

As I lay so near the crossing  
Of the line of worlds again,  
Such desire to be with Jesus

Unvoiced by word or pen.

And I reasoned with my Savior.  
For my loved ones 'twould be best,  
As I seemed no longer needed,  
And I longed to be at rest.

I was homesick, oh! so homesick,  
Just to see His blessed face,  
Beyond this earthly veiling,  
This God of wondrous grace.

My yearning reached to heaven,  
I knew my cry was heard,  
And I watched to see His coming  
Or hear Him speak the word.

But the starry veil just parted,  
And there within my sight  
Were those pearly white domes of heaven,  
That City of love and light.

And out on the open portal  
Before my wondering gaze  
Was the form of the One I so loved  
And a chariot all ablaze.

One foot was placed upon it  
As if in a moment more  
He would leave those portals of glory  
For my soul on this storm-beat shore.

And His eyes just pierced clear through me,  
Those eyes of love and might,  
As I lay transparent before Him  
Enraptured with the sight.

With a holy awe transported  
As I looked into His face  
(For my heart was pure and spotless  
All through atoning grace).

Then He turned and looked down over  
Those battlements of light,  
Toward the earth as it rolled beneath Him,  
Enwrapped in sin's dark night.

Oh! the volumes all unspoken,  
That I read in that face Divine,  
Undying love -- compassion --  
For the lost in this world of time.

And He saw a soul, yea, many,  
By me He might reach through,  
And draw them to God and heaven,  
If to Him I would be true,

Endure, and wait, and suffer,  
Till His appointed time;  
And gladly my spirit responded,  
"My Lord, Thy will, not mine."

'Twas thus my cry was answered,  
I saw that blessed face,  
And deep in my soul was reflected  
His love for this lost race.

Years since then have been added,  
Most blessed fruitful years  
Of sowing beside all waters,  
With prayerful love and tears;

For His love that was, then imparted,  
Flowing out through this heart of mine,  
Longs to draw every soul to the Savior  
To behold such love Divine.

'Tis the goodness of God, remember,  
That leads men to repent  
And yield up their lives to their Sovereign,  
Who for them to Calvary went.

And His love is still unchanging  
(Oh! I saw it in His face)  
As when on the cross He suffered,  
To redeem this sin-bound race.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the life of a true child of God there is no place, or circumstance, but what can be lived through to the glory of God, work together for our good, and the good of others that touch our lives. Among the invaluable outgrowths of my long stay at the hospital was lifelong fellowship with twice-born souls. But few now remain; most of them have crossed the narrow divide to that "sun bright clime." Dear Sister K\_\_\_\_\_ still abides, a calm, sweet, saintly pilgrim.

Some years ago she wrote concerning a dentist that had joined their church. He had been converted, but was not doing well, and she asked me to pray for him, and also asked if I could make her a visit. Perhaps I could get in touch with him and help him. As I read the letter, husband said, "You had better go, and get that tooth filled."

Later on I did so, and the evening I arrived I went with her to their prayer meeting, Only a few were scattered over that big church and everything seemed cold and lifeless. But the Lord met me as I praised Him for His great salvation, and prayed for those people.

I have observed that the Lord ever manifests Himself in some special manner when I am away from home, and go to the house of worship that is at hand, even among the cold and formal; for my heart is ever yearning over hungry-hearted souls who do not know anything but an outward form, or the worship of an historical, dead Christ, and have never known Him as their personal Savior, their living Lord (Rev. 1:18), nor anything about that satisfying portion that can be found in Him. Often have they crowded around me, longing for the water of life that silently rolled like an Amazon through my soul. The experience of many hearts has been given expression in that old song:

"All my life long I had panted  
For a draught from some cool spring,  
That I hoped would quench the burning  
Of the thirst I felt within."

But some of even these can now sing:

"Hallelujah! I have found Him  
Whom my soul so long has craved;  
Jesus satisfies my longing,  
Through His blood I now am saved."

As we went home, on inquiry Sister K\_\_\_\_\_ said, "Yes, Dr. Blank was there, but went out early." The next day I went to his office, and by way of introduction I mentioned Sister K- as an old friend recommending him. But he had already recognized me as being with her at prayer meeting. As I took my position in the dental chair, he began asking me questions concerning salvation. The man was hungering for God, shrinking from the cross, full of questionings, and dense with perplexity. He told us afterwards that some time before there had been a touch of Divinity on his soul, that a strange sweet change had taken place, while he was alone in his room.. His heart grew strangely light, the trees and flowers looked different, even the brown dress of the meadow larks looked new and beautiful, and the world was full of singing; and he had caught a glimpse of the narrow way, that "path of light" that shineth more and more. (Prov. 4:18.) He went

to a near-by church and testified; they were pleased, and very courteously complimented him. (Just think of it!)

He soon saw that others did not feel as he felt, or see things as he saw them, and he did not want to be peculiar. What would they think? You see, the cross was right there, and he hurriedly concluded that they must be right. But to his surprise, the world ceased its singing; even the meadow larks put on their old rusty clothes again. His heart was heavy, and there was a hunger beyond what he had before known.

He tried to content himself with the thought that, as he did not see this in other Christians, perhaps he was mistaken, and there was no great salvation after all; and he tried to settle down, to go through like other people were doing. But as I was praying at the prayer meeting, "he was overwhelmingly convinced that God did have a great salvation, and that stranger knew something about it. There was no respect of persons with God; and he did not need to go on with an empty form, a fearful soul, and an unsatisfied heart. He had been thinking seriously, and when I came in, there sprang up a great desire to find the way through.

It took him a long time to fill that small cavity, and I could answer only a fraction of his questions, but I told him of a holiness mission carried on by Uncle John and Aunt Hattie Glascoe, humble, devoted colored people wonderfully under the anointing; and I would have them come up and talk with him. The next afternoon Aunt Hattie, another sister, and I went to see him. We heard him say to someone in the "chair," "I'll be back soon;" but an hour or more went by unheeded, as Aunt Hattie answered his questions in her own inimitable way, and poured out clear, uncompromising Gospel truth upon that perplexed soul drawing back from the real way of the cross. (The lady in the chair was very angry when he did come back, so he told us afterwards; but he was so hungry for the truth that nothing else seemed worth while, and this was his chance.)

From that time, conviction settled upon him in such a measure that he could not rest till finally he made up his mind that he would go down to that "Nigger" mission as he called it; and to his surprise he found a large congregation of white people, hungry, like himself, for true soul nourishment. The blessed truths of God's Word were very simply set forth with great tenderness of spirit, yet unmistakably clear, uncompromising, and forceful.

The Lord most graciously honored those humble saints with His presence, and clothed them with power to uncover sin, and lift up "Christ the Cure," God's effective remedy for sin, and point out the way. Night after night he knelt at that humiliating altar rail, counting the cost. It was hard for him to "come down." But at last he paid the price (which is unconditional surrender to God, for every soul) and was gloriously saved.

You would be interested to know something of the history of the man. Do you realize that if we knew something of the environment and obstacles encountered, and what they had come up through, we would appreciate people more than we do? And the charity that suffereth long, that patience of hope, and forbearance of Divine love would flow over them as a stream. "Love covereth" many defects in habits of thought and life that grace in time will change and reconstruct. If we will not forget this humbling truth, "We are all in the making," it will help us to bear with others, as the Lord has borne, and is still bearing with us.

Dr. Blank was an orphan boy, brought up by an industrious relative, and was well drilled in manual labor on the farm. He fought his way through to a fair education, worked his way through the dental college, and was in many ways a remarkable self-made man. But, as is sometimes the case with self-made men, "he worshipped the man who made him," or in other words Dr. Blank stood very high in his own estimation; and without grace was it surprising that he did so?

Do not ruthlessly condemn a man because he thinks too well of himself. Perhaps if you knew what he has overcome in his natural make-up, circumstances, and environment, and what he has fought through to achieve his place of honorable regard among men, you also would appreciate the moral fiber thus developed, and highly esteem the value and true worth of the man. (Of course you and I would give God the glory, for we see God in natural proclivities and powers of achievement.) But a man not recognizing God, and knowing the obstacles that he has overcome, takes all the credit to himself, and most naturally becomes somewhat egotistical.

I know it is a deplorable trait of character in a Christian, even a babe in Christ; but be very patient with such a man, for after the heart is changed and the affections centered upon the Lord, there is much to learn. Old habits will sometimes reassert themselves, till new habits become established. But these Christians will learn obedience by the things they suffer; and as they follow on to know the Lord, this strong self-reliance, the best thing outside of grace, if well ordered can soon be transmuted into "God reliance" the greatest potentiality in grace. Many a man with a future value to God would have been conserved for the work, if some could have seen this as clearly as did others, and through prayer and faith held their confidence in them, through the Lord. (Gal. 5:10.)

Dr. Blank's wife was by nature a gentle woman, an unconverted member of the great White Temple Church, ignorantly drifting with that crowd that have a religion with no cross in it, and no salvation either. There is a vast difference between a religion and God's great salvation, and religion without the cross is not salvation; yet Mrs. Dr. Blank vainly thought she was saved. She was very anxious for her husband to get "religion," and was proud of being called Mrs. Dr. Blank, a member of the "White Temple." After he did get the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, it was a great grief to her. "But, wife," he said gently, "didn't you want me to get religion?" "Yes," she said through her tears, "but not that kind." You can readily see that it meant something for this strong man of the world to humble himself and take the true way of the cross and actually follow Jesus. It was no child's play with him. There were days and nights of agony, and a plain unalterable choice between heaven and hell.

He was no sooner converted than, with his heart full of love to God and all mankind, in mission hall, on the street, anywhere, everywhere, he would "persuade men" most effectually. By nature he was endowed with unusual discernment, which salvation greatly augmented, and he had a marvelous discernment of spirits. He seemed to see right through a man, and tell him what "was in the way, and point out clearly the path to take to find peace; and many a discouraged, despairing soul found the sinners' Friend.

The call of God was strong upon him, and he was wonderfully used of God as long as he kept humble and was careful to give God the glory. But he did not always remember that he was



only a channel through which God came to the hearts of the people; and after he had unusual help of the Spirit, he would be overwhelmed with most subtle temptations to self-complacency, that so quickly merges into self-exaltation, and that old habit, lifelong (the thing for which he had forged through difficulties innumerable to attain) would sometimes reassert itself. Then there would be days of shame and humbling sorrow before the Lord, till he got that despicable egotism under his feet.

You see, he had not yet learned how to meet the appreciation and compliments of the people, or what to do with the legitimate esteem given to true worth. It is all clear to me now, but it was not always so -- simply to meet the people with, "It is the Lord," and instantly make it an offering unto Him. Even the adversary will recoil before the adoration of your soul, as your lips repeat, "Thine is the..., power and the glory," even now, and forever.

He soon came in touch with the Olive Branch Mission, and found true fellowship among those pilgrims. He often preached for them, and became a real soul winner.

After husband was converted and we were among our people, Dr. Blank attended the camp meetings and was "clearly led to cast his lot in with this humble, uncompromising company of believers. To him it seemed like a great stepping down, the relinquishment of the hopes of a lifetime of being "somebody"; and as far as this world was concerned it was, but in God's sight it was a stepping up, of being a broader channel through which the great God could work, and in the truest sense being somebody for Him. But he saw only the humiliating side, and it was indeed a dark picture that confronted him, although he knew "God's worst was better than the devil's best." Yet it took him days of counting the cost, and of desperate struggle, to get to the place where he finally won his heart's consent to become reconciled to see all that he had hoped for, his ambition, plans, and wishes, lie at his feet in ashes, and to actually "let go and let God.." The one encouraging feature to train with this unpretentious company was this: If the Lord continued to give him seals to his ministry (2 Cor 3:2) among these people there were fathers and mothers in Israel who would tenderly watch over new-born souls. There were also among them those who were "examples of the believers" (1 Tim. 4:12), and these babes in Christ need never have the perplexities that he had encountered: This was no small consideration in his estimation, and finally settled the problem.

At the close of the camp meeting, to his surprise a prominent evangelist invited him to travel with him as an assistant, which he did for some two months. From that time he received calls to conduct revival meetings, and was very successful, especially in helping bewildered souls: Men and women living back of light, those that have but little life because of something in the past, or hold some mistaken attitude somewhere; those that like "dead branches still hang on the tree of life, and those who have a name to live and are dead. (Old snags, they are sometimes called.) That natural discernment, intensified by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, gave to him a remarkable insight into their condition, and he saw them like an open book. It was almost unbelievable the discernment that man had, and the courage for Jesus' sake to use it. He would tell perfect strangers just what they were "hung up on," and afterwards they would pray through to deliverance, acknowledge it, and thank him for his faithful, tender dealings; for he was tender, and spoke the truth in love. While it does hurt to have the heart cut wide open with the sword of truth, yet when it is really done under the solicitous urge of the Holy Spirit in Divine love, one feels that

they have been wounded but to heal; and although they suffer, they are grateful for the faithful woundings of a friend (Prov. 27:6; Psa. 141:5, first clause), and the Spirit of God works out deliverances beyond all their hopes; for they are brought face to face with God.

He was so marvelously used of God to help such cases that he was in demand, and complimented (unwisely so) on every hand, till that subtle self-exaltation and self-sufficiency began to creep in. (At least it was apparent to this mother in Israel who watched over his soul, and ever tried to be faithful to him. But my gentle admonition was not received in just the same spirit as formerly, although he said not unkindly, "All right, Mother Helm, all you have got to do is to stay around here and keep people straight.")

As a consequence there gradually crept into his preaching more of the drive, and there was less of that pervading tenderness in his courageous denunciation of sin, which increased till one would fairly shudder as they felt that the hurling of truth, with the lack of the oil of grace, ("Compassionate tenderness") would so lacerate and bruise that it would be resented, and people would see the man more than the truth of God, and poor needy souls would be left in a worse state than before. (Oh, how much the evangelist needs to keep out of sight, hidden behind the Cross, especially in dealing with the judgments of God! "Pray much for me, brethren, for I must have great tenderness of spirit as I deal with this awful subject," said S. K. W., that strong man, while preaching on the doom of the finally impenitent; and there surely is great need.) I wondered at the change in Dr. Blank, but did not understand, till some years later, that it was "The leakage of love." The least exaltation of self will ever cause the leakage of love, and in this instance it came about because of that wonderful discernment that he had been endowed with. That had made him so effective when he kept himself out of sight and maintained that full flow of Divine love.

Once more I would quote from G. D. Watson for he gives a very good photograph of this man, and many others that need the patience of our faith in God, in their behalf, to bear with them until they begin to understand their own experience, and to help them past that dangerous sunken reef on which many a vessel well equipped for God's life-saving service has been wrecked.

"When a soul is thoroughly sanctified it is wondrously illuminated. It sees the church, the obligations of the ministry, the duties of religion, and human character, under an intensity of light and solemnity of conviction almost indescribable; and" it will act and judge and speak according to this intensity of vision. Other believers, whose hearts are still partially veiled by the carnal reason, can have no conception of the intense light of the fully sanctified. Hence, that which seems harmless to the partially blind may be monstrous and offensive to the fully illuminated.

"Now it will take an immense amount of love to keep the gentleness and charity of the heart up equal to the sharp discernment of the mind.

"Mr. Wesley often observed that great light upon religious matters, without great love, was dangerous.

"If the flow of love in the heart is not kept up to the measure of conviction, then the sharply defined convictions will assume a harsh and unkind edge that will cut contrary to the mind of Jesus. We must keep the affections pure, and warm, and tender, at any cost.

"Love is the very substance and marrow of moral perfection. "There is a danger of the leakage of love out of the heart that many are not aware of. Love is like a flame or a volatile fuel; it is not like a rigid, fixed substance. It is ever in a fine, subtle motion, and needs constant feeding. A piece of wood is solid and stationary in its form, remaining the same year after year; but the soft quivering flame is very different. So you may have the clear, specific doctrine of sanctification fixed as an unchanging truth in your mind, and yet the quivering flame of love in your heart is another thing; and persons who were once truly sanctified may go on holding the well-defined doctrine and testimony of holiness, while, unconsciously, the fragrance and warmth of holy love have leaked out of the heart. It is much easier to retain certain truths fixed in the reason than to retain a fixedness in the affections; our affections leak out of the soul unawares. It requires much diligence and the adding of heart fuel to keep a lowly, loving flame in the soul.

"Occasionally you will find a person who has been sanctified, still holding the profession, and grasping the clear doctrine, but who has, from various causes, allowed the warm, loving spirit to leak out; and he is restive, impatient, and harsh under neglect, persecution, and opposition."

This seemed to be the way with our brother, till the spiritual decline was apparent to all; and sad to say, he failed to recover himself from this awful, most subtle snare of the enemy, and went on down this precipitous incline till lost to view. Poor man, he must be well up in years now, somewhere in this world or the other; but wherever he may be, he carries with him vain regrets, and the sad memory of a "lost life work," through the "leakage of love." Let me quote again those words of G. D. Watson that have been a continuous warning to me. "We must keep the affections pure, and warm, and tender at any cost." "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." (Prov. 14:12; Rev. 2:4, 5; 1 Cor. 13:13.)

We all know that a good physician can diagnose disease, describe symptoms, tell you the cause, and the eventual termination. But when it comes to the remedy, that is quite another question, for oftentimes the disease is irremediable. But not so with the leakage of love; there is a proven specific, a sure remedy.

In this bit of true history the disease has been disclosed, the root cause revealed, and the importance of prevention noted. But if there has been a leakage of love, what then? Shall we believe the enemy of God and man, when he says, "No remedy"? In my early Christian experience the deceiver was believed for two years. But through the testimony of another, I began to believe God and the snare was broken. (Psa. 124:7.)

I know there is a remedy, and more than that, it is within the reach of every Sincere soul. And the steps leading up to it can be made plain. First, the discovery; second, the acknowledgment; and, third, a most definite appeal to the Great Physician. He only has the specific. "Christ is the cure," and it is His joy to pour from His great heart, into my heart and yours, a stream of Divine love that will not only replace the leakage, but overflow the narrow boundary, out to others, until we love with His love, up to our ever-enlarging capacity. (We are witnesses of these things.)

Let us again carefully consider this thought. "It requires much diligence and the adding of heart fuel, to keep a lowly, loving flame in the soul." "And needs constant feeding." As this is

essential, how can it be done? Well, in many ways, first of all by regular, unhurried, prayerful communion and feeding on the Word (even if we must take time from sleep.) "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." Give attendance to reading (1 Tim. 4:13) not the newspaper, but soul-nourishing, spiritual reading, and reaching out for others, beginning right in your own household -- "at Jerusalem" (Acts 1:8). Performing the common, everyday drudgery as unto the Lord (Col. 3:17) we will soon find the "glory of the commonplace." While the trying place you live in may use up grace rapidly, yet as you keep these channels open, the stream will ever flow and there need not be a leakage of love. But there is a subtle foe, and if some channel becomes obstructed and you are conscious of a leakage of love at some point do not be discouraged, "Your heavenly Father knoweth" where the obstruction lies, and can discover it to you, and a freshet will wash it away.

Someone asked me if the leakage of love was toward the Lord. My answer was: "It usually shows itself toward someone, some trying individual for whom we have labored and sacrificed much. Unrequited love, and long seemingly fruitless labor are hard to bear, and test and try the soul, especially so when the white fields are calling. And on the other hand (for it works both ways) the leakage of love may be felt toward one who has made much willing sacrifice for you, and you have accepted it rather as a matter of course, and have failed to keep the vows that the Lord laid upon your heart in return for their labor of love. "Inasmuch as ye have done it not unto the least of . . . ye have done it not unto me," also 1 John 4:20. The first commandment will ever be marred before the second is broken, so, after all, the leakage of love is toward the Lord.

We do well to remember that there is never a vacuum in the human heart. If there is a leakage of love, something of an opposite nature has crept in, which can be flooded out only by the process of a Divine inflowing. Frequently call to mind Peter's exhortation, 2 Peter 1:4 to 12, "If ye do these things ye shall never fall."

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#### AN APPEAL TO ONE WHO STUMBLED OVER ANOTHER

God has forgiven, can you?  
The unfaithfulness, untrue  
To the Savior, who has died that I might live.  
Oh, look not on human faults  
But to Christ whose love has sought  
Your heart to win, that  
He might you forgive.  
There is work for you to do  
Waiting (all undone:) for you.  
Will you fill the place in life  
He planned you for?  
Oh, give back to Him your heart,  
Choose today the better part,  
Do not grieve Him by  
Your fruitless wandering more.

He is just the same today  
As yesterday and aye,  
Only you have changed  
In wandering from His arms.  
Oh, come back to Him and prove  
All the changelessness of love  
That once did fill your heart.  
With untold charms.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 030 -- JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR

(Mark 16:12, 14; John 21:5-14.) We read much in the Bible of the ministration of angels (Heb. 1:14; Luke 1:11), and we know we are living in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost (I would speak His name with reverence, for He does not speak of Himself, 1 John 16:13), and He is ever taking the words of Jesus and making them real to us. Upon our mental horizon He is ever painting some picture of the Son of God, or of the Father, eclipsing His own personality although He is the executive of the Trinity. Yet there are times when manifestations are given of the blessed Holy Spirit, as well as of the Father, and of the Son; and to the quieted soul (Psa 46:10) the distinction is usually quite marked.

It has been my observation, as well as experience, that in the healing of the body nearly always the manifestation was of the Son of man, as He was when He walked the earth in the body of His humiliations, "going about doing good, healing all that were oppressed" (Acts 10:38), just as He must have appeared to the poor disappointed man at the pool of Bethesda (John 5:5 to 9), as a calm, tender, solicitous human Friend, yet vested with Divine authority and power. Especially does He manifest Himself if the disease is of an acute or critical nature. And I have learned to judge the seriousness of my condition by the sudden and powerful manifestation of Jesus Himself. And as a tired babe upon the mother's bosom I sink into that repose of soul, and await the revelation of His will, or the fulfillment of the words that have been spoken unto me (John 6:63), letting everything go right into His hands. (1 Pet. 5:7.)

When I had smallpox and the air passages were closing up and my breath was gradually shortening, I said to the Lord, "If my breath keeps getting shorter I will soon be with Thee in heaven," and instantly my eyes were opened (2 Kings 6:17; Luke 24:31), and Jesus, the blessed Savior, stood right by my bedside with such blessing that I left everything to Him and dropped to sleep. I did not sleep long, and when I awakened I discovered I could breathe freely and naturally. The next day I was up and about as usual.

Another instance of His sudden "appearing" was when the "Flu" scourge was raging. I did not understand much about the disease, but I tried to live in the 91st Psalm, for when one lives alone, it is very trying, to say the least, to get down sick. I did not know at that time that no "one in my condition with tubercular trouble could hope to recover.

I was trying to rest one afternoon (full of pain, but that was not unusual) when suddenly I found myself dreaming with my eyes open. Reaching for the thermometer I found that my temperature was 103. I said to the Lord, "Well! I must be sick." Instantly Jesus appeared and stood by my side, just as real as any friend ever did. As I looked into that dear face that was so marred, "more than any man" (Isa. 52:14; 50:6), I was filled with a sacred holy awe, nothing akin to fear, but indescribable comfort. All night long He stood by me. I knew not if I was to go or stay; I had no choice, I had Him, He was enough, enough. In my half-delirium the 91st Psalm would keep repeating itself over and over, and along toward morning the words, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation," stood before me till I said to the Lord, "In that case Thou dost want to heal me," and the fever abated, and I slept.

The next day I was all right. But that sacred hushing of His presence lingered, though my eyes were holden (Luke 24:16) and I went about with hushed spirit communing with my Lord. I told Him I was thankful for the healing, but for the wonderful realness of Himself standing by I was unspeakably grateful. And He said to me, "I am always just as really with you, but I do not manifest Myself because I want you to walk by faith." Afterwards, in talking with the city nurse I found out that I had been delivered from the scourge.

A year later I was stricken again, and was blessed with a similar experience. But this time I recognized the disease and realized the extreme danger. But Jesus Himself drew near, and stood by; and I was quite sure I understood, as I looked into that blessed face before me, that He wanted me to still abide in the flesh.

The conflict that time was fearful, but with every overwhelming fear hurled at me, I would say, "Thou art the Lord of life; death cannot come, positively cannot come, without Thy permission." With the dawning of the morning that threatening "specter" that I had plainly seen sulking in the shadows, but that could not approach because the Lord of life stood in between, had vanished. Only weakness remained. As I went about my work, that hallowed benediction of His presence pervaded the atmosphere, and the blessing to the soul utterly eclipsed the miraculous deliverance to the body; and my grateful heart would involuntarily repeat, "Thou art the Lord of life, Thou art so really here."

Again He said to me, "I am always just as really with you, but I do not manifest Myself, for I want you to walk by faith." I might mention one more of the "sudden appearances" where Jesus Himself drew near, for my Lord has permitted my life to be full of calamities, where He could show Himself strong (2 Chron. 16:9; Psa. 89:8) and has taken me through for the purpose of the proving of His power (John 9:3), for the strengthening of my faith (1 Pet. 1:7; James 1:3), and for the encouragement of others (1 Thess. 3:7; 2 Thess. 1:4). It was the next morning after the "flooding" of His presence, at the anointing service in the sitting room (or prayer room as we call it), when the Lord electrocuted the tubercular germs that I had battled with for many years. I was preparing my little breakfast, and I had occasion to go into the prayer room; and as I opened the door, involuntarily both hands went up, and I shouted and praised the Lord. You know, if a big bouquet of sweet peas were shut up in a room, how the fragrance would meet you on opening the door. Well, just as real was the indescribable glory of the presence of the Lord, and in astonishment I cried right out, "Why, Lord Jesus, are You here yet? Thou art so real." And once more He spoke these same precious words, "I am always just as really with you, but I do not

manifest Myself, because I want you to walk by faith." It was like those three times that He said to Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Repetition in Scripture is always for emphasis; some things it is essential that we do not forget. (See Heb. 13:5, last clause; Psa. 15:8; Matt. 28:20.)

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### 031 -- GOD'S PARALLEL PURPOSES

The purposes of God often run parallel with plots and plans of evil men; their purposes exhaust and run their race and fail, while God's purposes go right on and on to their consummation. With what clearness this is brought out in the life of Joseph; how he did see God, over and over reiterating, "God sent me, God did send me." To be sure they had thought evil against him but God -- His purpose ran parallel and was worked out.

History and the lives of God's children today are full of such parallel purposes. You have only to pause and consider to see them. For instance, there was a lonely orphan girl that was induced to cross the continent with distant relatives whose evil purpose was to get control of the small inheritance that was hers, and send her adrift. But the purpose of God that ran parallel was to bring her where she would come under the gracious power of the Gospel for the rebirthing of her soul. Their purpose ran its race and failed, but God's purpose went right on; and for a half-century she has been deeply grateful for this parallel purpose of God, for among her earlier associates there are not those who really know God, while her life has been rich with the fruitage of the Spirit. Another unmistakable parallel purpose of God was in the case of that Christian woman, with wrecked health, who was sent away on a visit, and the return to her home prohibited (which entailed much sorrow); and yet the overshadowing of the blessed Holy Spirit, the warm sun-laden air under southern skies was balm to the diseased lung tissues and lengthening of life and usefulness.

A widowed mother who knew nothing of God's great salvation but the beautiful dead form of the Episcopalian, left her infant son with some kind Catholic friends while she was a patient in the hospital; and on her release from the hospital she discovered that the people had left the country, leaving no trace, and taking the babe with them. In a few years this Catholic woman grew tired of the child and secretly placed him in a home for foundlings, where a few months later he was adopted by an earnest Christian and carefully brought up for the Lord. The parallel, providence is very plain in this case, for he now is a preacher of the Gospel of our living Lord -- a soul-winner.

And so one might mention case after case of God's parallel purposes; right in your life and mine there are not a few. They are not always discernible in the passing through, for we are too much occupied with the Christian conflict that comes with them. Joseph caught a glimpse of usefulness out in the future somewhere, but how little he understood that right alongside of the evil intention of men and women, God's parallel purpose ran, even using these very things for discipline and development that were to fit him for that place of future usefulness. But he went steadily on, maintaining his integrity, and he came to the place where he saw God's parallel purpose. And when we, too, thus see God, there is a boundless compassion for those who have conspired against us, and we feel like Joseph must have felt in that Genesis story.

It is quite natural for those who have wronged us to think that we feel toward them as they did toward us. But when they went to their brother in acknowledgment, in tenderness and tears he listened to them, pointing them to God, and said, "Yes, ye thought evil against me, but fear not," and comforted them as he could not have done if they had not first sought his forgiveness, and said to them again, "God meant it for good;" or, in other words, "Side by side with your evil purpose was this great parallel purpose of God." (Gen. 50:20.)

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## 032 -- BY-PRODUCTS OF OUR CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

Is that young woman, with her remarkable ability and well-balanced Christian character, a sample product of the Seattle Seminary?" I asked of my pastor at the first Conference I attended, after coming among our people in 1903. Later on I became a resident of "Ross" (for some years), and as a burden-bearer entered into the activities of church and school, which are inseparably conjoined, and prayerfully watched over the development of souls, as would any devoted mother in Israel.

But I would speak not so much of the product, as of what we will call the by-product, if you will permit the phrase. When the mind is directed toward an institution of learning, the first thought is of accumulating knowledge by mastering the textbooks; this is usually considered as the principal product.

There are some large manufacturing concerns, of which it is stated that the output of the various by-products aggregates more in value than the primary product. And that statement is unquestionably true in regard to our Christian schools. A few brief sketches from real life will illustrate and corroborate the assertion, to anyone who may hold a doubtful attitude.

J. B\_\_\_\_ was one of those unfortunates who could not express himself for stuttering; and in those self-conscious years of early youth he had not been able to overcome the ridicule and thoughtless amusement of his school-fellows, and had given up the thought of an education, and settled down to run the farm with his father. When he was about twenty-three years of age he was deeply convicted of sin, and really born from above, among those of another denomination. Following his conversion he received an unmistakable "call from God" to preach the Gospel. That there was much to overcome was very apparent.

He knew nothing about our people, but he heard there was a Christian school in Seattle, and with the courage of his convictions, he determined to go there and make a desperate effort to secure an education. He had suffered so keenly from the inconsiderate and unsympathetic that, when he found himself in a strange city, about to enter an institution of learning with all his handicaps, his heart nearly failed him.

As he approached the building there was no one in sight; but as he came up the steps he saw one of the students, who was working his way as a janitor. The student, with broom in hand, met him kindly, shook hands with him, answered his inquiries, took him up to the office, and



introduced him. to the President. J. B\_\_\_\_, in telling me about it afterwards, said, "The true kindness of spirit that your son manifested toward me on that eventful morning meant more to me than words could express. My fears were disarmed. I felt at once that I was among friends, real brethren in Christ."

(One never can know how much it may mean to a new student, especially if he is awkward or handicapped, to be met with true friendliness.) He had to take his place with the children, for he was quite low in the grades. But the very atmosphere of the school eliminated that cruel, thoughtless amusement and ridicule that he had encountered everywhere all his life. No one seemed to notice that he stuttered, and all seemed to try to help him to forget it.

He was an earnest Christian, and unobtrusively entered into the spiritual activities of the school, and was no small asset. He applied himself closely to his studies, was soon promoted, skipped grades, made up back work, and advanced rapidly. The handicap that was his hindrance was overcome, and one would not have thought that he had ever stuttered. He was called home by the death of his father, before he had finished his senior year, and did not return. Some years later I learned that he had taken a course in a Theological Seminary and, with his wife and little son, was then on a pastorate doing faithful service for the Lord. This was one of the by-products of our Christian school.

Another case, quite different, was that of T. M\_\_\_\_. He was a man of about thirty-five, of very pleasing demeanor. He had rambled about considerably, was in colportage work for a time, doing Christian work (just for a job) without salvation, and very little of even intellectual knowledge of God (which is a dangerous thing to do, as one will most naturally give mental assent to everything that seems to be connected up with Christianity, and unconsciously become involved in labyrinthine bewilderment). But somewhere he had stumbled into a mission and was gloriously saved.

His early education had been sadly neglected, but he came to us as much for Christian fellowship as for educational advantages. It is always considered commendable in our schools, and we honor a man who will press through difficulties to secure an education late in life, when it has been denied him in his youth; and that greatly relieves the humiliating embarrassment that comes to one in being in classes with the children. But his difficulties were doctrinal perplexities; he had so many notions, erroneous suppositions, and queer ideas, bordering, it would seem, on the vagaries of an unbalanced mind; and he would ask the strangest questions.

I overheard a couple of students, in their kindly criticism. in private conversation, say, "Brother M\_\_\_\_ is wonderfully saved, no doubt about that; why his face fairly shines with reflected glory, yet he says the queerest things, and asks the most questions." "Yes," was the reply, "his heart is all right; he got salvation heart first, and his head has not caught up with his heart yet; but it will, after awhile, if we will patiently bear with him, give him plenty of time, and keep praying for him." I smiled to myself at the way they expressed it, but it was a true diagnosis of his case.

As time went by, his problems were solved, his doctrinal difficulties disappeared, and he became a man mighty in prayer, weighty in testimony, and forceful in exhortation.

It took the osteopath physician to prove that structural difficulty disarranges the whole body. And likewise, any diversity or dissonance of fundamental Bible doctrine deranges, confuses, and weakens the entire spiritual life; and, unless corrected, will cause spiritual decline, and eventually the life of God will die out of the soul.

I said to our Elder (who had been speaking of the benefits of our school), "There is reason for deep gratitude for what the Lord has done for Brother M through the school. He came to us in a maze of doctrinal entanglement, and now he is all straightened out, and as clear as a bell." In that hush of grateful praise he answered reverently, "God has done great things for our brother."

The last I heard from Brother M\_\_\_\_ he was doing colportage work, testifying, preaching, and carrying the pure, effectual Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ from door to door in those sparsely settled regions where there is a famine for the Word of God. All of this was a by-product of inestimable value.

There are many valuable by-products on various lines, that one among those that have stood by, in prayer and faith for decades, has observed with gratitude to God. Among them are the wholesome benefits of association, in character-building, and on other lines as well. The whole future life is often shaped or shattered, made or marred, by youthful association.

In the pioneer days of the State of Washington, an intelligent local Methodist preacher, with his wife and large family of interesting children, located a homestead on a fertile fiat in the celebrated peach-growing belt along the Columbia River. It was a valuable place, with wonderful future possibilities for fruit growing and stock raising. Uninhabited by man, the hills of fine grazing land for stock, and mountains rolled back of their homestead, where the bear, the mountain lion, and the beautiful deer roamed at will. A remarkable money-making prospect it seemed, but delusive and eluding.

Entirely isolated from neighbors, the only communication they had with the outside world was made by their own rowboat or by "flatboats" passing.

There were a half-dozen girls, and boys younger; the mother, "a fine woman," was their teacher, and they did not lack education or good training; and these girls developed into beautiful, modest, intelligent young women. At that time there was considerable transportation crown the Columbia River, on wood scows, or flatboats as they called them. The W\_\_\_\_ ranch soon became a regular stopping place, for, as is customary in a new country, an isolated homesteader keeps open house, and welcomes anything that is human. These flatboat men, or river rats as they were sometimes called, were of the lowest type of backwoodsmen, most of them foreigners, illiterate and uncouth, and in some ways not far removed above the four-footed creatures that roamed the forest about them. These men, constantly coming and going, were the only immediate associates the family had. When I knew them, the father, after realizing his mistake, had finally extricated himself, and moved the family back into civilization. But before this had been accomplished -- well, there is created in every true woman's breast a slumbering ideal, legitimate, pure, and beautiful, of home and loved ones; and when it becomes awakened, and among her associates there is no one that corresponds to that high ideal, she will choose one that is far below, exalt him in her imagination,

and bestow upon him, though utterly unworthy, this inherent ideal, "only to discover her mistake when the pleasing idealization is unmasked by the real. And, as I was about to say, before the situation had been retrieved, four of these lovely girls, one after another, united in marriage with flatboat men.

Associations are of such vital import and sequence, on every line, that it has an intrinsic value as a by-product of our Christian schools.

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## THE BELLS OF HERMON

Who has not seen the Angelus,  
That celebrated painting,  
With toilers far and near afield,  
Their busy labor ceasing.

The bells ring out their call to prayer.  
All pause; a hush is in the air;  
Heads bowed, hands clasped are everywhere,  
While bells for prayer are pealing.

Poor darkened souls, they know not God;  
They worship a religion;  
Yet is there not a lesson here  
For every earnest Christian,

To pause, to pray, 'midst busy care;  
God waits to grant believing prayer.  
The lack, the loss is everywhere  
Because of hurried living.

And, when our bells peal out so clear  
At morning, noon, and even,  
Can I not pause and breathe a prayer  
Or lift a hand toward heaven?

Can I not bear upon my heart,  
Teacher and taught in every art,  
That grace, more grace, God may impart  
While ring the bells of Hermon

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## SECTION FOUR

My first acquaintance with Brother and Sister Dewey began in 1906 or 1907, at Seattle, Washington. We were drawn into very close fellowship, as I was with them in meetings and kept house for them while they were conducting revivals, etc., and have intimately known these remarkable Christian characters.

He that had ears to hear could not fail to hear the voice of God in the ministry under Brother Dewey's preaching, for he declared the whole counsel of God, and especially so as he read from the Holy Writ. Hushed and awe-struck, I have heard people say, "Why, when Brother Dewey reads the Bible, it is God speaking." And it was true; God spoke through those lips of clay. In private conversation I once drew his attention to this, urging him to give a larger place to reading the Word. In public He bowed his head in that true humility so characteristic of the man, and said, "We ministers do not give God's Word its rightful pre-eminence in our meetings; too often it is read just to fill in." And sadly shaking his head, he said, "God help me."

One of the Spirit-led characteristics of this man of God was his faithfulness in tender but deep probing of the pilgrims in those preparatory meetings, in revival effort, for reviewing of their consecration, or renewing of their consecration if they had broken down at any point; for it is true, as one has said, "There is need to dig about and enrich the trees of the Lord's planting." And in those gatherings of the pilgrims around the sacred altar, he would go from one to another in that gentle but penetrating power of the Spirit, with most pointed interrogations. I remember to this day that first revival meeting and his faithful "digging about" this "tree of the Lord's planting," and the enriching that followed. I noticed that he was dealing with that long altar full, and I was silently praying for him that he might help them, and was lost to everything else when I was recalled to my surroundings by his voice near me, and to my surprise he was saying to me, "Are you sure you are sanctified wholly?" As I lifted my head and looked into that earnest face, those great, dark, soulful eyes seemed to look clear through me; I felt no sense of guilt or fear, but a holy awe and a humble welcoming of that searching gaze of the man of God as I answered, "I have every reason to believe that I am." "In the stress and strain, cares, and disappointments of life are you sure you have not lost the keen edge from your experience?" he continued. "I am not conscious of any loss of purity of the deep underlying motive and intentions of my heart, but I am very conscious of my many infirmities, and every moment know I need the merits of the Blood," was my reply. With a few encouraging words he passed on to others. I again took up the burden of prayer, but that interrogation had gone deep into my soul; and after I went home, and was alone, it all came back to me, and I looked up into the face of my blessed Master and said to Him, "This man is a true servant of Thine, and Thou hast given to him great discernment of spirit, for the work Thou hast called him to do; and while I am not conscious of any defect in my consecration, or loss of purity, or the marring of perfect love, yet because of my many infirmities and defective judgment, this could all be there, and more; for why should this, Thy servant, be led to ask me such questions, if there was not an unconscious loss somewhere?"

"Thou dost know, my Lord, and I trust Thee that by the light of Thy countenance Thou wilt reveal to me my heart attitude and soul condition as it really is at this time; for I cannot tolerate the possibility of a doubt in regard to so vital a question as this." And I bowed low at the feet of Jesus, in that humble, unhurried waiting upon my Sovereign Lord. I steadfastly refused to allow sudden

fear or floods of accusation to overwhelm me, and positively denied myself the seeming privilege of ruthless self-incrimination on the one hand, or self-righteous vindication on the other; but in true humility of spirit, in absolute sincerity of soul, and with unwavering confidence in the love and faithfulness of the gracious Revealer, I waited before Him.

Under great illumination, I went over my past life, carefully examining my consecration, point by point; and from the depths of my being there welled up a full response, a glad amen to all the will of God -- to the active, and the passive, and even the permitted will of God, with all its demands and its denials and dark possibilities -- for I loved my Lord with a personal, passionate devotion; it was the Lure of Divine love that drew me on, and, oh! I could but go through with Jesus at any cost.

I could not find a defect in the absolute consecration that, through all the strange vicissitudes of life, by great grace, had been maintained intact for several consecutive years; and with all the infirmities of mind, and body as well, the desire to please my Lord had been kept paramount and pure by the efficiency of the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, and the witness was as clear as the sun shining after rain. The Blood cleanseth, the blessed Holy Spirit abideth. With all this, there came great enrichment of soul. It was like the annual rising of the River Nile inundating the Delta, and in the gradual receding of the waters leaving a rich deposit, that results in great fertility with luxurious growth of flower and fruitage. Or in other words, there came to my heart a re-anointing of the blessed Holy Spirit, just the preparation that I needed for the revival meeting.

"Yes, it was true that God seemed to look through those kindly eyes of this servant of His, and speak through his voice with a power that penetrated to the very core of the being of saint and sinner alike. It was like catching the rays of the sun on a looking-glass and reflecting them down into a deep, dark well, clearly illuminating the very depths.

A young woman, who had only an empty profession, made the remark, "I don't like to have Brother Dewey look at me, it makes me feel just awful. Why, he looks clear through me." (But how different I always felt!) I said to her, "I like to have people look clear through me. I welcome his searching gaze." "Well, I don't," she said with a toss of her head, "and I don't want to go around him;" and there were reasons for it, as a sadly wrecked life proved later.

In one of his later visits to my home, I made inquiry concerning a vacillating backslider that he had tried to help for years and failed. I knew the past life of this poor soul, and I felt to tell him of a covered-up crime that lay away back in their life, that had wrought wreck and ruin in the life of another, and that had never been acknowledged. I shall never forget the shocked expression upon his face, as he lifted his right hand and, looking up to heaven, with a great heart throb, said, "Oh, to be free from the blood of all men!" and I am sure there is an echoing response to that cry, deep in the heart of every true minister of God.

When the telegram reached me, of his departure, instead of yielding to the many half-paralyzing temptations, and the overwhelming sense of loss to the work of God in the earth, I fell on my knees and thanked God for this life "born out o] due time" to be a minister of the Word,

and for the miraculous continuance through these sixty years of fruitful service, and besought the Lord with all my soul, that his mantle would fall upon his brethren in the ministry.

I was not surprised to learn, through letters from different friends, of the wonderful manifestation of the presence of the Lord at the funeral; and the end is not yet. I often praise the Lord for those "vials of incense" and for the continuation of the blessed results that are still to follow, in answer to Brother Dewey's prayers.

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#### 034 -- CONFLICT AND VICTORY -- A FEARFUL ASSAULT

Soon after going to the city of S\_\_\_\_, I called on Sister D\_\_\_\_, and our hearts ran together like two drops of water. In our conversation she told me of her husband, and asked me to take him on my heart. He was getting old, his time was short, and he had been a vacillating backslider most of his life.

As time went on, he began to fail; hardening of the arteries began in his feet, and slowly crept upward. As he faced death; he felt his need and turned his face toward the Lord. God is light, and that unerring light discovered to him the enormity of the sin that lay between him and the only One who could help him now. There was real conviction of sin.

The Spirit of God graciously assisted him in humble acknowledgment to turn away from it all (genuine repentance) and plead the mercy of God. He made restitution, straightened up everything that he could, forgave as he hoped to be forgiven (Mark 11:25, 26), went to the bottom, and truly repented toward God (Psa. 51:4), and through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that vicarious sacrificial offering (John 6:27) on Calvary, took the real way of the cross, the only way back to the Father. Most assuredly he was received (John 6:37), and with true humility he gratefully appreciated the mercy of the Lord in giving him time to repent.

And we, as a little band of pilgrims, sang from our hearts:

"Glory to God, he's got home.  
Glory to God, hops got home.  
From sin and crime,  
And from feeding the swine,  
Glory to God, he's got home."

After some little time of rejoicing in the blessedness of sins forgiven, as to every truly converted soul Who walks in the light, there was disclosed to him the deep inward depravity inherited from the fall, that cannot be absolved by pardon, and for the inbeing of which he was no more responsible than for the color of his eyes -- for each alike came to him by inheritance. The only absolvent for inbred sin is the blood of Jesus.

But when we discover the corrupt nature, that internal unfitness for heaven, and realize through the "Word" that there is cleansing in the Blood; when we discover "the sin" and God's

remedy for "the sin," and fail to make application to the Great Physician and take the prescribed remedy, the blood cure, the only infallible specific, that is when we do most assuredly become responsible. We then transgress a fundamental, well-known law in nature and in grace; it is an incontrovertible fact that nothing but eternal progression can prevent retrogression. We must either go on or go back, either grow or die, and as by stealth. But with fellowship unbroken we can walk on in undimmed light, till we reach and cross in that clear demarcation, and know "the blood cleanseth."

Dear old Brother W\_\_\_\_\_ moved away out on the rim of the world close by the sea, to get away from everything that would remind him of his obligations to God, for he considered Him to be a hard master. (Matt. 25:24.) After some years, he barely escaped death from blood poisoning; it left him with nervous prostration, a cancerous ulcer on his face, and other incurable maladies. Knowing that he must soon obey the summons to stand before an ignored and insulted Sovereign, he began to sue for mercy; and there was made (to him) some of the most wonderful discoveries. First, that God could have mercy on him, and give him peace, for Jesus Christ's sake; second, that He was his Friend and not his enemy; third, that with His gracious pardon of all his transgressions He included the complete healing of his pain-racked body, which was far beyond all he had asked or thought. His love and gratitude to God knew no bounds. Up and down that sparsely settled seacoast he went, visiting every squatter's cabin, telling with tears of regret, and grateful joy, of the way he had treated the Lord, and how good He had been to him. With inexpressible love for the Lord, and appreciation of His mercy, he yielded up his every mortal power, a glad love slave to do His bidding. "I just crowded my whole life right into His hand," he said, "and to my astonishment something more wonderful still took place. They told me afterwards that that was entire sanctification, that in that absolute abandonment of the entirety of my being unto God, which was my part, He could perform His part, and cleanse my heart from that depraved condition of which as yet I had not been made conscious."

This testimony corresponds with Rom. 12:1 and 1 John 1:7, and undoubtedly is the most gracious design and the original plan of our Lord. I know there are varied opinions and much perplexity concerning the second work of grace. Would I could make it plain, for many dear ones are confused, and yet the steps are clear -- distinct -- wonderful in simplicity, yet profound. Any twice-born soul who is honestly walking in the light he has, living a fully justified life, must, first, accept believingly all that the Bible has to say concerning this root cause of evil within, and confessing the plague of his heart, meet every interrogation with one eternal "yes" to God, seek Him "till he comes," actually receive the Holy Ghost, and then work out day after day in practical living what He has worked in. (Phil. 2:13.)

But we must go back to our sick brother. He had failed rapidly and was confined to his bed. He earnestly sought deliverance from that "enmity against God," that he knew would bar him from the presence of his Savior who in great mercy had forgiven all his sins. Every condition seemed to have been met (his infirmities were very great) and the simplicity of faith seemed intricate, and he did not see that now the only thing he could do was to rest his soul on the Atonement of Jesus Christ, just as he rested his helpless body upon the bed. He was so low he could have only an occasional visitor.

As I was doing some house to house visiting one day I said to my Guide, "Which way now, shall I go home?" The answer was, "Go and see Brother D\_\_\_\_." I went, and Sister D\_\_\_\_ said, "Yes, you may see him; no one but the pastor has been in today, but we must stay only a few minutes. No, he hasn't got through yet," she said as she led the way up to his room.

We had a few words of prayer and, as I clasped his hand in parting, I said, "Brother D\_\_\_\_, the eternal God is your refuge, and 'underneath are the everlasting arms.' Rest down in them." As I spoke, a power went through me like an electric current. He looked up quickly and said, "Is that it?" I said, "Yes, that is it; 'underneath are the everlasting arms.' Rest down in them," and I shook from head to foot.

His face suddenly lit up. Sister D\_\_\_\_ said, "we had better go now." But I asked the privilege of going into an adjoining room to. pray. I walked back and forth, and with wringing hands and smothered groans, I had a hand to hand fight with demons; but I stayed with the battle, in the name of Jesus, till in my. spiritual vision I saw the whole horde rush down the stairs and out the door; and I committed him unto God. I told Sister D\_\_\_\_ I had fought through, and went on home.

In a few days I called again, and she met me with a radiant face and said, "He's all right." The next time I went up to his room he was shouting the praise of God with all his little strength. He lived only a week or so after that, and I did not see him again; but they told me that his every breath was praise and that his room was flooded with the hallowed presence of the Lord, an anteroom to heaven.

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#### A FEARFUL ASSAULT AND WHAT I WAS TAUGHT FROM IT

While Sister D\_\_\_\_ was still talking to me, the almost visible presence of the adversary, like a shadow, drew near; and as I went on home, that hideous presence, just as a person, walked by my side with his hand upon my shoulder, complimentarily saying, "Just see what you have done. You prayed him through -- they couldn't, but see how your faith prevailed, etc." I felt terrible. I said, "No, I did not do it; it was the Lord; it was not my prayer, his wife "has prayed for him for years, and the whole church has been praying for him. My part was just like a tiny grain of sand in with the others."

But I couldn't stop him, and it seemed that I'd never get home for the oppression of the horrible presence; but when I did, I threw myself on my knees and buried my face in the pillow to smother the sound, and screamed till I screamed it out, and deliverance came. When all was quiet, still on my knees I said, "Lord Jesus, what is the lesson in this? for you would never allow such a terrible assault of Satan unless there was somewhere a lesson of great value." There always is a lesson, if one will stop and inquire, but often one is just glad for the deliverance, and runs along failing to get the priceless lesson the Lord designed to teach in permitting it.

The lessons from the daily pages of providences and permitted temptations ought to be considered as great assets, but they are not always accepted as such, and as a consequence "our



wealth" does not increase as it might, does not accumulate so as to enable us to make many others rich (2 Cor. 6:10), and we are apt to gravitate into that class that are "ever learning," but never come to the knowledge of the truth. Do not get into that vacillating class; it brings such a reflection upon your exalted Teacher. If you find yourself there, be encouraged; you can, by application, soon become eligible for promotion.

Wait before the Lord in humble inquiry for the precious lessons, and grasp your treasures. (Isa. 45:3.) Do not hurry away, and impose upon Him the necessity of permitting another assault and still another. Oh, the patient persistence of Infinite love, that will bring around, from different viewpoints and through many avenues, the same lessons. We will surely find it somewhere on the pages of providence as we turn them day after day, until we have gained the priceless knowledge of some essential truth.

I have been very slow of heart to believe (Luke 24:25), and much that my Lord would have been glad to teach by revelation He has needed to permit fearful assaults of Satan, using painful measures at times in teaching His child; and I have suffered being tempted. But the God of all grace, who called even me unto His eternal glory, utilized it all to settle me into the Rock. To Him be the glory forever and ever! (1 Pet. 5:10, 11.)

The incident just related has been as an object lesson from which I have been taught many valuable lessons of faith. One was, never to give up a single soul, follow them, with faith in God, to the grave; even when the mind is clouded or heavy with opiates, God can speak to the soul, as He does oftentimes, "when deep sleep falleth upon man." For there is occasionally one saved from eternal burnings, even on their deathbed, (if there be a faithful messenger with them). Who has not seen the light of God illuminate the dying face of a seeking soul saved as by fire? There comes to mind one that I carried on my heart (the subject of many prayers) a truly penitent seeker who got past speaking before the witness came; but we held on quietly in prayer and song till the glory of God flooded the room and the saints shouted for joy. Not one sign was the dying man able to give, but we knew we had the witness from God. And there was an atmosphere around that vacated tenement of clay that was heavenly, death was even then swallowed up in victory. Never lose faith in God for a soul.

Another priceless lesson is well expressed in these words, "And he seeing their faith," united faith, "agreement." (Matt. 18:19.) The figure is this, a soul is in the balance, heavy laden, weighted down with the view of his own sinful nature. The great balances of God are tipped down toward the pit. And that awful weight upon them must inevitably soon precipitate that soul on down to the bottomless abyss. But the prayer of individual saints, their faith in the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, like little grains of sand are piling up on the other end of the scales until it overbalances all else, and lifts the soul, and he catches the Vision, and trusts the Christ who, through Gethsemane, went to Calvary as his substitute, paid the debt that he could not pay, and redeemed him with His own blood.

Because of the Atonement the assurance comes to him, if he will confess his sins; God in mercy to him, in faithfulness to His Word, and in justice to His Son, will not only forgive every outward act of sin, but will also cleanse from the very inbeing of sin. And in this instance it was

my little grain of faith that was the one last additional grain needed to lift this soul, and that was all there was to it.

Is not this one of those marvelous arrangements of Infinite wisdom to keep His own in the unity of faith, and also to save us from that diabolical pride that would take the crown from the sacred head of our Lord? For He understands how frail humanity is, how deep was "the fall," and how slowly we journey back to the bosom of the Father. Also it has helped me to keep sensitive, and quick to investigate, detect, and reject, the subtleties of Satan at this point.

There have been times when I have been so frail that it seemed soul and body could hardly hold together, when I have inquired of the Lord if I should stay to the altar service, and His answer was the simple question, "How do you know but your little grain of faith is needed for some soul?" Sometimes He would say, "Go and kneel close up to that seeking soul, and give me your heart as a channel of faith through which I can come to her."

At other times I would be directed to go and stand over a seeking soul and hold the vision of faith, and I have stood for an hour or more looking into the open heavens until they caught the vision and broke through. Sometimes I was to remain at my seat, sitting or kneeling, carrying the burden, or on my feet, with uplifted hands, recognizing and welcoming the descent of the Holy Spirit.

Sometimes I have been led to go to-my home, put the frail physical to rest, and all night long my spirit has been in an attitude of intercession before the Lord. And as the kneeling much went on, lower and lower I sank down in humility before Him and, by His Spirit encouraged and drawn, inspired and emboldened, I really approached the great white throne, actuated with the incentive that it was His desire, till my own heart yearning was utterly eclipsed, lost in the realization that it was indeed His desire; and with unconquerable zeal that His will be done, in deepest self-effacement, trembling in every nerve with that inexpressible reverential awe, I have steadily advanced right on into that circle of indescribable "light" (1 Tim. 6:16) and in my unworthy hand (by faith) have taken from the outstretched hand of the great and holy God the gift that in His incomprehensible beneficence He was wanting to bestow.

At other times I have gone home and to sleep, with the confidence of a little child that "the government was on His shoulders." But I can never turn away, or ignore the possibility that my little grain of faith may be a need, and might be the last grain needful to bring the balance down and lift a soul up to God, for often it has seemed to be that way. These responsibilities are very great. (James 5:20.)

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#### DELIVERED FROM INSANITY OR GRACIOUS RESULTS OF ONENESS IN PRAYER

There was another lesson which was brought out more clearly in another incident. Our gentle Sister L\_\_\_\_ had erysipelas and it seriously affected her mind. It was such a shocking sorrow to us all. One after another of the pilgrims seemed to pray through for her, but she raved on for weeks. I tried to encourage the distressed family and told the daughter that I had obtained

promises, and I was assured of her deliverance, but I did not understand the delay to the answer; the only thing I knew to do was to keep believing God, and contend for the faith that had been given me for her restoration. (Jude 3.)

At prayer meeting one evening Brother P\_\_\_\_, one of our younger brethren, said, with tears in his voice, "I was at the hospital to visit Sister L\_\_\_\_ today, and it is just heart-rending to see that saint in that condition. It does seem that we might get help from God for her." The pastor, dropping on his knees, said, with suppressed emotion, "Let us pray;" and a burden of prayer fell. Everybody seemed voicing that one petition; the volume of prayer rose higher and higher till it suddenly broke through into praise, and the next day we found our sister all right. How our hearts had been blended together in this, our common sorrow (1 Cor. 12:2 5), and in the joy of the deliverance that, in itself, was a great blessing to us all! Does not that account for the many delays of answered prayer among us, especially when the one prayed for has been in Christian work, or before the public? This has been my observation. But "God's delays are not God's denials."

One humble little preacher woman, that for years I have carried on my heart, met her Lord in healing as she knelt in company with the pilgrims, at the altar in that hallowed corn-reunion service. Another gracious deliverance came to her as they knelt together in the Olive Branch Mission, where she had gone, though burdened with infirmities, to carry the Gospel to those submerged under the tyranny of sin and Satan, that hard master.

I remember well, being delivered from the fast-growing helplessness of enlargement and stiffening of the joints of the whole body with arthritis, at the close of our weekly prayer meeting at a specially-called altar service where the Lord included much blessing for others. There was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, the pilgrims were greatly blessed. A backslider found her way back to Father's house. A young woman was healed of epilepsy, and others were touched in their bodies.

A widowed mother was kneeling with us whose only child was seriously afflicted. We had been standing with her for the recovery of this thirteen-year-old daughter who through an inheritance was gradually losing her mind; she had kept her in the hospital a long time, and was without hope from earthly physicians.

The mother was young in the way, and not always steady in God, but she had said to me, "Sometime the Lord is going to heal Emmo Jene. Sometime in great mercy He will revoke the inexorable law of heredity, release the child, and let her go free, for Jesus' sake." And we were in agreement as to this. When the presence of the Lord was so marvelously manifested, this mother, in the simplicity of her heart, said, "Lord Jesus, while you are so near would it not please you, at this time, to reach out your hand away over to the hospital and lay it in healing upon poor little Emmo Jene?"

With the confidence of a little child she believed He would. And He did; why sure He did. We noticed at once a marked improvement in the child, and in the changing of physicians the new doctor on that ward said to the nurse, "What's that child here for?" and she pointed to the chart. He shook his head, saying, "There are no indications." Later a blood test was taken, and the doctor said, "It must have been a wrong diagnosis, for there is not a trace of anything of the kind;" and she

was discharged. But we who were believing God knew beyond a shadow of a doubt, "Himself hath done it," and our grateful hearts still echo His praise.

When our beloved pastor appointed that anointing service to be at the close of the prayer meeting (which we would not have chosen to have so public, but time and place had been left with him) we had no thought of the different and far-reaching mercies that the Lord could include in pouring out His Spirit upon us together. I had been looking to the Lord in expectation of deliverance for some months; was gradually getting worse, could hardly be around, and wondered at the delay, but proved again that "God's delays are not God's denials." His love embraces us all, and He tarries for that blessed oneness (Eph. 4:16), for He delights to include above all we ask or think. (Eph. 3:20, 21.)

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### 035 -- THE MORNING WATCH -- (Lam. 2:19.)

The brethren of the "Great While Before Day Prayer League" might be quite surprised if they knew of the many who had become one with them in this, or of those who will yet be inspired to do so. In my half-invalid life, so frail that I must keep in a recumbent position much of the time, because of spinal trouble, I found a way by piling up pillows with a warm blanket about the shoulders; and morning by morning for a number of years there has been a yielding to the Spirit of intercession, and petitions have been answered that have brought blessings to many.

Sometimes in those long-drawn-out burdens, when the answer did come, the silent night re-echoed the praise of our God." I recall a backslider that I carried on my heart for weeks, that I shouted over till voice and strength were gone, who later, under deep conviction staggered to the altar and confessed his way back to God, and today is a class leader on fire for the Lord. I have rejoiced over some of the Lord's healings of serious sickness beyond the help of earthly physicians. Conversion of sinners, sanctification of believers, and what sometimes seems even a greater work, keeping pilgrims moving steadily on with their Lord, have been among the answers to those intercessory hours taken from what might seem needed sleep, that are precious secrets between my Lord and me.

What if we are weary the next day or even prostrated occasionally through labor in prayer? It is the way the Master went, and God's appointed way, and the servant is not above his Lord. And also I have found that in and through this intercession for others, as in no other way, is the ever-unfolding answer to that normal heart cry of every true child of God, expressed by Paul, "That I may know him, axed the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." (Phil. 3:10.)

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### 036 -- KEEPING FIRST THINGS FIRST -- (Matt. 6:33)

Remarkable, isn't it, that a few words can be so used of God as to change the outlook of the whole life? Years ago, I read something that has helped me ever since. It was these words, "You

need never spend your time in praying for money; see to it that you live a clean life, keep free from a harsh spirit, and live where you can prevail for souls, and I will see that all the bills are met."

I knew it was written from a preacher's standpoint, and for preachers; but my calling was to intercessory prayer, and these words were the voice of God to my soul. Disabled physically, "a living" seemed a serious question; but through this, I saw I could leave the financial problems in His hands, content to live within the means provided, and go on with my work. While I have had the pinch of poverty, I haven't felt it. It has been kept all on the outside, by the true riches within.

There have been times when I saw some great need, or longed to help someone, and my tithe was so small, and I have gone to the Lord about it, and from the secret place He tenderly answered, "It is not yours to give money, you have your calling;" and from a lower place at Jesus' feet I have looked up into that blessed face, our eyes have met, and He saw that deep heart cry, "Lord, help me." And He did help me, and the thought of my small petition for the "legal tender" of this world, was eclipsed -- lost sight of in the possibilities on every line, through the mighty moving of the Holy Ghost on the hearts of the children of men, in answer to the intercessory prayer, if yielded to the swaying of His Spirit. And I have seen things come to pass, sacred secrets with my Lord.

I want to pass on this excerpt from Brother \_\_\_\_'s book, that helped me; it may help another. It is as follows:

"I was fasting and praying for means to carry on mission work, and feed a large family of workers, when God put His hand on my mouth, 'You need never spend your time in praying for money; see to it that you live a clean life, keep free from a harsh spirit, and live where you can prevail for souls, and I will see that all the bills are met.' "

That was a wonderful revelation; and several times since then, when we were financially pressed, and began to pray for money, God always referred me back to that covenant. Then instead of praying longer on that line, I would look around to see if I had broken step with God. After a season of humbling myself before Him, things invariably began to unlock, and we had all we needed. Time is too valuable to plan and pray for money. Get and keep the mighty unction, and yearning for souls, and you will have that which is best for you. In speaking of money, the accursed thing has ruined more than one, and I am determined it shall not get the start of me. The avarice and grasping spirit of men hurt them more than all the opposition that can come against them for hurling the truth at the people.

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037 -- THE ARGUMENT OF MY OWN HEART -- (John 16:8)

We do not hear of the opposition to holiness that we once did; perhaps it is because the standard (in the minds of men generally) is as much too low as it was once too high.

Honest, spiritually-minded men stood strong against what they thought to be an impracticable teaching of Adamic or angelic perfection, and justly so, if that had been true (and

perhaps it was in some instances) and thus they were blinded to the real, the true experience of perfect love, love out of a pure heart, Christian perfection, or the various expressions used to denote the second work of grace.

Nevertheless, every twice-born soul who keeps living and active has a heart that hungers for the experience even if, for lack of understanding, their lips denounce it.

Reverend J. B. \_\_\_\_ was a very fine man, and a splendid preacher, with the "solar light" beaming from his countenance; yet he fought holiness, and considered it his duty to do so, because of the conception he had of the teaching. Here was a man with an incredulous mind but an honest soul, who, like the man in the following poem, needed to see entire sanctification lived as well as dearly taught, to offset, overbalance, and outweigh any theological teaching that comes short of the second definite instantaneous work of grace.

"I'd rather see a set, non than to hear one, any day.  
I'd rather one would walk with me than merely tell the way,  
All travelers can witness, the best of guides today  
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who leads the way.  
Fine counsel is confusing, but examples bring no fear.  
Right living speaks a language that to everyone is clear.  
The best of all the preachers are the ones who live their creed,  
More what they are than what they say will cause men to take heed.  
Though an able speaker charm me with his eloquence, I say  
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day."

Somewhere this man had touched a life that had convinced him of something beyond him, and started a train of thought as to a possibility that he had not conceived. I remember well the first sermon I saw, on the inward, undisturbed peace of entire sanctification.

In the providence of God, an opportunity was brought about, and he attended meetings conducted by an evangelist that enjoyed the real experience, as well as preached it. J. B. \_\_\_\_ carefully studied the man, as well as the doctrine as he taught it. He compared by the Word (Acts 17:11) and the outcome, before the meetings closed, was a seeker at the altar. He found what he sought, and this is what he told us afterwards:

"I was very incredulous. I could arraign and impeach every presented evidence. I could down every argument until it came to the argument of my own heart. There was that irresistible, unsatisfied longing. My heart was craving purity, and longed for the cleansing blood. It yearned for perfect love, and inexpressible was the desire for the indwelling of the blessed Holy Spirit. This argument overcame every other argument, and I could no longer withstand the argument of my own heart."

We, as a congregation, appreciated this man's sermons before this epoch, but from that time on he fed the flock of God. (John 21:17.) "We know not how the Spirit moves, convincing men of sin." (John 16:8.)

How marvelous is Bible conviction, especially noticeable when it falls suddenly upon a soul. (Acts 9:3.) Preconceived ideas, vital questions, that were thought to have been settled by strong argument beyond controversy, are swept away by the overwhelming argument of a hungry heart.

An unusually intelligent young man, that we had been praying for, had imbibed atheistic ideas, and had long since settled the question of his responsibility to God from that viewpoint. One morning during the progress of a revival meeting, just as he started to his work his mother gently appealed to him to go to the meeting and give his heart to God.

He looked up in surprise, and said, "Why, Mother, you know I do not believe in those things any more. That question is settled." He went on to his work, but, he said later on, in testimony, "Right there began the argument of my own heart, that soon made a complete overthrow of all those 'settled' questions. I wondered why my breast should heave; why I should sigh and groan; and why should tears blind me so that I could not go on with my work, when I did not believe in the Christian religion. But all I said did not make any difference. There was the irresistible argument of my own heart." By the convincing power of the Holy Spirit he realized the truth, and it was the decision of his judgment that the only common sense thing to do was to give his heart to God, and at once. He knelt down right there, in the basement where he had been working alone, but he encountered such strong opposing forces that he realized he must have the help of the prayers of others, and make a full surrender of himself to God, if he ever could get away from the power of the enemy that held him. Yes, he would go to the meeting, or do anything. But could God for Christ's sake forgive all his sins?

We will never forget that night. As he came to the altar, dry-eyed but with determination written on his countenance, he said to the evangelist, "I don't know if I feel as deeply as I ought." The evangelist looked him right in the eye, and said, "Do you mean it?" "I do," and we knew he did. "That's enough, God will help you." It was a transaction. He was dealing with the Infinite. Surrendering to God meant something; a fearful battle ensued, the unseen forces of evil, that had held him in bondage so long, fought hard. But "those that stand by the Lord of the whole earth" became desperate in prayer, and prevailed. God came, broke the shackles, and set him free from the thralldom of unbelief, the one great power of the deceiver of the nations, that holds them like cables of steel.

Freedom to serve our gracious God is a wonderful privilege, and he has since been greatly blessed in His service, and has been intrusted with a large and growing work which has prospered in his hands.

As we intercede for souls, how we ought to ask in faith, to really expect the Holy Spirit to move upon them with such irresistible force as to overthrow, to bring to end, to utterly defeat, every other argument but that all-convincing argument of their own hearts. He gives His people an expected end. (Jer. 29:11, 12, 13; Psa. 62:5.)

Many years ago, an aged mother in Israel told me of her father's experience in his last illness, when she was a child of twelve summers.

He was a saved soul among a people who lived the first work of grace, but knew nothing of the second work.

He lay sick for some months, and died, or appeared to, but revived and lived some weeks. While he was unconscious to things of time and sense, yet he was thoroughly conscious to things of the Spirit, communing with the Lord, repeating Scripture, and praying for a clean heart. He would plead and pray, with the tears rolling down his face, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

Like any child perplexed, she said to her mother, "What does Father want?" Her reply was, "He wants the Lord to give him a clean heart." "Why doesn't the Lord give it to him?" "He will," answered the mother; "now you watch over him, while I work." "I did watch over him," she went on to say, "very closely indeed, for if God was going to give him a clean heart I wanted to see when He did it; and I did, I surely did.

"My father had been praying and pleading the promises until his pillow was wet with tears. The earnestness of his soul I shall never forget. Suddenly there was a wonderful change. His face lit up with 'a light ne'er seen on land or sea,' a heavenly radiance; and simultaneously praise burst from his lips, and he shouted and praised God with all his limited strength. I ran out to Mother, saying 'He's got it, he's got it. The Lord did give it to him,' as happy as I could be; and great joy beamed upon my dear mother's face, as she saw the reflected glory, and listened to those words of adoring praise. He lingered still another week or more praising God with every breath, but remained utterly unconscious to the most tender solicitations of loved ones, or any effort to win his recognition."

It was one of those strong proofs of the undeniable argument of the human heart hungering for holiness, and that it can be met, even when beyond the realization of earthly surroundings. For God can deal with a soul at such a time, just as "in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the eyes of men, and sealeth their instruction. (Job 33:15, 16, 17.)

For years, I have had a settled conviction that I must never give up a soul that has been laid on my heart, but keep believing; for even in their latest moments, they may catch the vision of the Christ. It is possible that the seeking Savior may so be revealed that they can even then let everything go under the atoning blood, and trust such love. This is the confidence I have in Him.

I could mention many incidents in which this undoubtedly was the fact; for that "solar light," the glory from the upper courts, illuminated the dying face and was lingering still when we looked, upon it for the last time in the casket.

My one great desire is for an early yielded life of blessed service, and I deeply feel the heartbreak to see souls living for themselves, carelessly ignoring the claims of God to whom they owe everything. They are missing the best here in this life, and may miss heaven in the hereafter. Yet, I feel to hold on by prayer and faith, still pleading pardoning mercy, even to life's close; for if they will yield and are saved, yet so as by fire, there is an eternity in which to love and serve the Lord.



It is a most unbearable thought, that anyone that I have carried on my heart these years should spend eternity hating with over-increasing hatred their beneficent Creator.

For this reason, beyond all other reasons, I, will never give up a soul this side of the great divide. (James 5:20.)

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 038 -- EXAMPLES OR OBJECT LESSONS -- (2 Tim. 3:16)

"For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." (Rom. 15:4.) "Now it was not written for his sake alone . . . but for us also." (Rom. 4:23, 24.) "For our sakes no doubt this is written." "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold, we count them happy who endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." (James 5:10, 11.) "For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." (1 Tim. 1:16.) "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps." (1 Pet. 2:21.) "Young men likewise exhort to be soberminded. In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned." (Titus 2:6, 7, 8.)

In referring to the children of Israel, it is written: "Now these things were our examples (or object lessons) to the intent we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted. Neither be ye idolaters, . . . Neither murmur ye (and so on) . . . Now all these things happened to them for examples; and they are written for our admonition." (1 Cor. 10:6 to 11.) "And angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day . . . Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them., are set forth for an example." (Jude 6, 7.) "Turning the cities . . . into ashes . . . making them ensamples (or object lessons) unto those that after should live ungodly." (2 Pet. 2:6.)

The Bible could well be called a picture gallery, of object lessons. What were those parables, that were so often on the lips of the Master, but object lessons -- "the lilies of the field;" the Kingdom of heaven likened to a mustard seed; the similitude of the lost sheep, and the prodigal son? On the other hand, those Galileans whose blood Pilot had mingled with their sacrifices, and those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell (Luke 13:1 to 5); the barren fig tree; the story of Simon, "thy money perish with thee" (Acts 8:9 to 24); Ananias, Sapphira his wife, (Acts 5:1 to 13), are object lessons that have caused not a few to ponder the path of their feet and begin to believe God's Word.

How often in your life and mine have we been pointed back to some incident in the past, for admonition or encouragement; and the gratitude of our hearts has known no bounds, as we have taken time, and remembered all the way which our Lord has led us these years, to humble us, to prove us, that we might know what was in our hearts, whether our choice was to keep His

commandments or no. Yes, He humbled us, and suffered us to hunger, with deep soul hunger, then fed us with manna; and we have verified the fact that man does not live by bread alone (cannot be satisfied by material things), but by the Word of God doth man live. We have considered in our hearts, and realized that as a " wise, tender father trains his son, with chastening if need be (Heb. 12:5 to 12), so has our Heavenly Father been training us, and we at last rejoice for the privilege of walking in His ways. (Psa. 128:1; Psa. 37:34.) How often we have been edified and encouraged to go forward, as we have studied the pages of Christian testimony, or watched saintly characters, noted their honesty of heart, their kindly spirit, and good works; observing their chaste conversation coupled with filial fear, and their bright, restful countenance. We were conscious of the benediction of God that rested upon them; and realized that it all came about by believing the Lord and refusing to believe the enemy. Object lessons from the experiences of others.

Object lessons everywhere in earth (Psa. 33:14 to 17; Matt. 24:37 to 39), and sea (Luke 8:22 to 25), and sky (Luke 12:54, 55, 56; Psa. 8:3). The injunction, "Consider," meets us at every turn. "Hearken unto this . . . stand still, and Consider the wondrous works of God." (Job 37:14.) "When I consider thy heavens . . . the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained." "Which commandeth the sun . . . which alone spreadeth out the heavens . . . which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south. Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number." (Job 9:7-11.) "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by-their names. Great is our Lord . . . his understanding is infinite." (Psa. 147:4, 5.)

There have been times when we have had an extensive vision of God and this vast universe above us, upheld by His power; and then in thought we have come back to this small globe on which we live, and have taken into consideration the fact that, from the Garden of Eden, right down through time, there has continuously been brought into visibility by object lessons the appalling consequence of believing the adversary on the one hand, and the blessed transforming results by believing the Lord on the other. Both have been indisputably demonstrated by individual lives that we have known. And a question has been raised as to the possibility that it will be disclosed to us in some distant future, that this world, staggering under the weight of sin, the curse of believing the deceiving usurper (Rev. 12:9), that traitor from remote ages, and redeemed from such a curse, and brought back into peace and harmony by believing the beneficent Creator, was one of those fathomless mysteries permitted by infinite wisdom as an object lesson to other worlds beyond the range of human knowledge as yet.

The fall of man, and all it has included, could not have been a surprise to the Infinite. 1 Pet. 1:18, 19, 20, and other Scriptures confirm this. And although limited indeed as is our comprehension of the adorable character of God, yet we know that infinite love and mercy, in conjunction with infinite power, would never have permitted such a calamitous disaster to invade a portion of His created universe unless infinite wisdom saw it to be in some way Divine economy. And among a multiplicity of other reasons that are beyond the finite mind to conceive, there may be this irrefutable object lesson for other intelligent beings, who are looking on, to consider and realize what it has meant of sorrow, suffering, and shame to the inhabitants of this world, because of that paramount sin of believing Satan, instead of God.

However there is little mentioned in the Bible to substantiate such a possibility; and we have no desire to be wise "above what is written." Like many other questions that may arise, if it

were essential for our salvation, it would have been made plain; and we are just as content to give our blessed Lord our heart's deepest trust as if we understood all mysteries. For above all other mysteries is that most marvelous mystery, "Redeeming Love," which has engrossed our attention for many years, and has proved to be our greatest bequeathed asset. This is a mystery so profound that

"The angel hosts all wondering see,  
But fail to solve the Mystery.  
Amazed, entranced, they sing above,  
Redeeming love! redeeming love!"  
(1 Pet. 1:10, 11, 12; Eph. 3rd chapter.)

\* \* \* \* \*

039 -- SAVED FROM AND SAVED TO

"Tho' the way seemed straight and narrow,  
All I claimed was swept away,  
My ambitions, plans, and wishes  
At my feet in ashes lay.

"I will praise Him, I will praise Him,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain, etc.

We all sang rejoicing together as those young men and women of the college class stood with upraised hands, and that "solar light" illuminating their uplifted faces. What real battles they had just fought through (on their knees) with high ambitions, large plans, and strong natural desires, to choose the will of God -- accepting every possibility in the will of God. Anyone could see that,

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,"

for the seal of God, the witness of the Holy Spirit, flooded their souls with heaven's own joy and their faces with light, "ne'er seen on land or sea."

How little they knew what they had been saved from, or what they had been saved to, even in this life, aside from the glories that await the Blood-washed throughout the eternal years. As my heart rejoiced with them, and for them, I could but think of Brother Fred, and what his ambitions were leading him into, and of the merciful intervention of God and the gracious outcome.

He was a young man, brought up on the frontier, with a bright, original mind; and he had gathered material from every -source available, and for several years had worked on the manuscript of a volume on which he had built great hopes. It contained much of authentic Indian history and legendary tales handed down from generation to generation among the various tribes with whom he was conversant. But it was woven throughout with atheism, spiritualism, and the vagaries of a highly sensitive and assertive imagination. "Unique," "fascinating," "unusual authorship," were the comments of those who had read the advanced pages. His ambitions were

exalted in the extreme. He not only aspired to be the greatest novelist of the age, but with his erroneous views of the future existence he expected to go right on with his overmastering achievements. But there was a praying mother miles away, and God interfered.

Those spiritualistic theories that he had accepted and woven into his writings became an avenue through which the demons thronged him, and what had been but a pleasing pastime became a torture, and night after night he would walk the floor of his room in resistance till exhausted. One night the battle became so unbearable that, in spite of his infidel ideas, he began calling upon God, but no answer came. In his dire distress, when despair seemed settling upon him, it came to his mind that if we call upon God in the name of Jesus, for Jesus' sake He will hear us. Most earnestly he called in that sacred name and surrendered himself to be God's man, His obedient servant; and suddenly God came and delivered him from the demons that he said were determined then and there to drag his soul from his body.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, when he met the widowed sister with whom he lived, she saw at once that a great and happy change had taken place. He rehearsed the fearful struggle and deliverance and absolute surrender to God, with deep gratitude of soul, and at the close of the narration calmly said, "And my book has to go -- go right into the fire." At once the sister began to reason with him and plead for that manuscript, but he said, "No, it will stand between me and my Lord and the work that He has for me to do." He arose from the table, and brought in that pile of manuscript almost ready for the printer; and, sitting before the stove, and with his sister pleading with tears, deliberately fed the flames till the last leaf was gone.

His personal, passionate devotion to Jesus Christ so constrained him to seek souls that he became at once a soul-winner. In a few years, in a community where he had gone in quest of lost ones, a humble church had been built, and a little flock was under his shepherding care.

Among his parishioners was an elect lady, Mrs. Dr. B\_\_\_\_, who, in learning of the history of the book, and knowing him to be established in the truth, suggested the rewriting of the Indian history and legends by weaving them into a clean, useful book. In course of time, with her assistance, the book was published, and at once became widely read, and for years has had its place in public libraries, high schools, and institutions of learning, and is a classic on Indian history. The story of the noble missionary woven throughout makes it pleasing and profitable reading for youthful minds.

The most legitimate ambition of any author has surely been realized in the circulation of this book. But he was so truly meek and lowly in heart that, instead of becoming exalted over God-given achievements, as some have done, he gratefully made of it all an offering to his Lord, and escaped all pride of popularity.

At one time, in speaking of the book to the writer, he said, "It has its weak places, but it is only one of a series, the others will be more distinctly spiritual." But the "series" were never written, for the strenuous life and conflict while writing the book to burn undermined his none too strong constitution, and he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus before he was thirty. But there were a number of years of blessed soul-winning service for his Lord, and this helpful, interesting book.

I will leave the reader to make an estimate of what he was saved from, and what he was saved to, because of the compassionate interposition of God. It means something for a strong-willed young man or woman to fight through and win his own heart's consent to cooperate with God in taking out of his life, and putting into his life, according to His will and His way. But those who have actually done so have witnessed to the great river of God's peace. In this consummate surrender, they have discovered that "they can trust the Man that died for them;" and this strong confidence is a channel through which can flow that personal, passionate devotion to Jesus the Christ; that supreme love, overwhelming every other love, which is like the "grip" of the car that is run by a cable which carries the street car steadily up every incline to its destination.

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040 -- GATES OF PRAISE -- (Isa. 60:18)

W\_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_ was a blessedly saved young man, sensitive toward God, or as we sometimes say, over-conscientious.

Since coming to the college he had yielded to his naturally retired disposition, and "sat back;" and, as you may know, the consequence was that he became bewildered."

During the revival meeting conducted by his father, who was the evangelist, he humbly knelt at the altar to review his consecration, and to renew it at those points where he had failed to maintain it intact, and enter into covenant relationship with God in an ever-broadening comprehension of what it means, that will come to all.

As the evangelist walked back and forth, exhorting the seekers, he paused before his son, and said, "The trouble with W is, that he hasn't been putting himself into this meeting as he should." (A good thing for us all to remember as a warning.) Dear old Brother C\_\_\_\_, now in heaven, and Sister E\_\_\_\_ were faithfully dealing with him, leading him through, while I was holding on in faith. Sometimes faith sees through things, you know, and I saw there was a cloud, like a thin fog, hanging before him; but just on the other side was a beautiful crown glittering with gems, and how my faith was inspired, for I caught the significance.

He struggled and wrestled to win his heart's consent to absolute yieldedness to the will of God, over and over saying "Yes" to God; and at that psychological moment (as we say), guided by the Holy Spirit Sister E\_\_\_\_ began to exhort him to praise the Lord. "Swing in on praise gate, swing in on praise gate," she kept repeating, until soon he did begin to praise the Lord, and the glory fell, not only flooding his soul, but other souls as well; for he actually swung into liberty and out of bondage on praise gate.

Since then he has become a faithful minister of the Word, winning gems for that crown (that I saw by faith) to lay at the feet of the Master.

There is a valuable lesson right here: How often has the oppression of the enemy been lifted as I have deliberately paused and, as the Psalmist said, "I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar" (Psa. 42:6), I began to offer the sacrifice of

praise, or to express my appreciation to the Lord, when the emotional nature was unmoved; and the slumbering gratitude of my heart soon awakened, and I forgot the tortuous enemy, in contemplating the goodness and mercy of my Friend, or in other words, I swung in on praise gate.

One morning, awakening from restless slumber, feeling as a heavy weight my many infirmities, oppressed and accused by the foe, with the Lord seemingly far away, and too sick to reach up through it all, I took up the Bible that lay by my side (for I never sleep apart from my shield) and turned to the Psalms for soul nourishment. There is everything in the Psalms; they are so truly Christian experiences that there is always something for us, even in weakness. But even the mental grasp seemed paralyzed that morning; and as I turned those sacred pages, they seemed sealed; about all I could see was those words. "Praise the Lord," and they loomed up from almost every page. In my weakness I laid the blessed Book lovingly across my breast, saying, "Thou art unchanged," and wearily closed my eyes. Even with dosed eyes I could still see those words, "Praise the Lord;" and gradually it dawned upon me that this was a command, and I began to be obedient to this command right against all feelings to the contrary. "What are you praising the Lord for, with all these miserable feelings?" was a most sarcastic remark injected into my mind that stung me into action, for I never will accept or even tolerate an insinuation against God; and I said to the Lord (for I will not talk to the devil): "I am praising Thee for just Thyself; for the knowledge of Thy adorable character that was imparted to me with the rebirthing of my soul; for Thy goodness and mercy that have followed me all the days of my life; and for the passport I hold, signed with the blood of Jesus, to that heavenly country, into Thy immediate presence."

About this time the oppression of the enemy had been lifted, "Himself took my infirmities" in charge, and my soul was all aglow; it was the sacrifice of praise no longer, but the outgushing of a grateful heart awakened by a command to praise the Lord, and I am ever deeply grateful for the discovery to my soul of the "gates of praise." (Psa. 100:4, 5.)

We are so prone to look upon many of our Lord's gracious commands as merely suggestions from which we may pick and choose, at a great loss to our blessed Lord, as well as to ourselves; for our every heart's attitude, or act, that glorifies God will react upon us for our highest good.. For our instruction and encouragement it is written, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." (Psa. 50:23.)

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041 -- SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME

(Job 10:12)

Sister Shelhamer has a definite call from God to use one tenth of her time evangelizing among the colored people, the illiterate, and oppressed. She was conducting (with the assistance of her husband) what they most appropriately called "An all nations' tent meeting;" many nations were represented, the white people outnumbering by far all others.

The colored people, with their strong, full voices (many of them twice-born souls) led in the singing, and not a few of the old plantation melodies were sung as only the converted Negroes can sing them; and heaven and earth were often sung together.

One Sabbath afternoon the Christian people from the various churches in the city not only filled that large tent, but surrounded it. Many of them had come in faith, expecting to meet their Lord. Some came just to hear the "darkies sing;" while still others, uninterested in the Gospel message, came out of curiosity, because it was something different.

The meeting had not progressed far until it was wonderfully manifested that "God was in our midst," and the hearts of the people were moved as the trees of the forest are moved by the wind, and their faces plainly indicated their spiritual conditions.

Some were fearful, and some kept looking in different directions, as if they would like to escape. Others were curious and wondered what it all meant, as it was entirely new to them. But others, who knew the Lord, yielded themselves more fully to Him; while those who loved Him with all their hearts, and were living entirely for His glory, just drank in of His gracious presence, with faces marvelously illuminated with "a light ne'er seen on land or sea," a light reflected from the upper courts of glory; for the very peace of heaven pervaded the atmosphere.

Suddenly, as if under the inspiration of the Spirit, they struck up that old plantation melody with its many verses and oft-repeated chorus:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home."

And as they sang on and on, an indescribable power drifted into that tent, as real as you ever saw a dense fog drift across the horizon. It was the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost (Joel 2:29; Acts 10:44) arresting the rebellious, melting the hardening hearts, and bowing the humble-hearted in grateful submission and adoration before the Lord; God was dealing with men as face to face.

I recognized His coming and reverently arose to my feet (for we should ever thus honor the coming of an august presence). But when that power reached to where I stood, I was lost to everything for a time. Enraptured beyond words, I saw "the chariot, coming for to carry me home," right by my side, and without a question I started to step into it; but I paused as I thought of the Master (who in the rapture I had forgotten) and said to Him, "Shall I go now, or would you prefer I would stay a little longer?" I well understood His wordless language; and His approving smile made it easier to deny all my natural inclinations and longings to go, and let the translation be deferred until His appointed time, for I loved Him and His will for me better than heaven, with all it means. (But let me whisper a sacred secret: "The chariot has never been withdrawn; it still "swings low," waiting for to carry me home.)

When I again realized my surroundings, all over the tent there were sobbings of praise, and suppressed shouting; and many of that vast company were upon their feet, moving back and forth, swayed by a joy unspeakable and full of glory. God had visited his people.

"This awful God of ours:  
Our Father and our Friend,  
He still sends down His mighty power,  
And will unto the end."

That Sabbath afternoon marked an epoch in many lives; men and women wanted God. That long altar, and the whole front, was filled with kneeling penitents. The great deeps of hearts were broken up; and with strong crying and tears they confessed their transgressions against God, and soon broke through to the Blood, into glorious liberty.

What a seal (1 Cor. 9:2) was put upon the efforts of this humble handmaiden as she went forward against opposing forces, in obedience to the call of Divine mercy, in giving a tithe of her time to the uplifting of the colored people, who are largely left to themselves, with only a few generations removed from crude heathendom and the oppression of slavery. (Isa. 58:6.)

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#### 042 -- THE HEART CRY OF THE BACKSLIDER

Companionship with Jesus, right through life's vicissitudes for more than a score of years, has meant so much to me that my heart is pained for anyone who has really known the Lord and has let things come in between, and has lost that blessed fellowship, the only thing that can satisfy that inexpressible craving of the human soul. And in one of those all nights of intercessory prayer for some of these dear ones, the following words came to me (a transposition of a song we sometimes sing), and I send it out with the hope of helping someone. Is that someone you?

\* \* \*

#### O, WHAT A CHANGE

O, what a change from the clearest of light,  
Into the fast deepening shadows of night;  
Back to my weakness from power and might;  
O, what a change; O, what a change.

#### Chorus

O, what a change in my life there has been,  
O, what a change; O, what a change.  
O, what a change since I drifted from Him,  
O, what a change; O, what a change.



O, what a change, how I hunger for bread,  
Far from the place where God's children are fed  
Lost is the blessing of life from the dead;  
O, what a change; O, what a change.

O, what a change, all this burden of care  
Bars out the love He invites me to share;  
Lost is His joy -- ah, the sorrows I bear;  
O, what a change; O, what a change.

O, what a change; but 'tis all, all, in me;  
Never a shadow of change is in Thee.  
Lord, I come back; Jesus' blood is my plea,  
For Jesus' sake transform and change.

Last Chorus

Bring back the light and dispel this dark night,  
O, how my heart longs for the change;  
Loyal I take up the armor and fight,  
Choosing the cross, blessed exchange.

Hear the Word of the Lord for your encouragement: "Return unto me, and I will return unto you." (Mal. 3:7.) "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord." (Hosea 14:2.) "Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." (Jer. 29:12, 13.)

"Therefore also now, saith the Lord, Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful . . . and of great kindness." (Joel 2:12, 13.)

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isa. 55:7, 8.)

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way." (John 14:6; Isa. 1:18, 19; Jer. 3:12, 13, 14; Jer. 14:7; 1 John 1:9.)

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." (Isa. 42:16.)

\* \* \*

COME OVER AND HELP US

The cry of Macedonia still trembles on the air,  
The world is white with harvest -- workers needed everywhere;  
The little town of Goldendale is only one place more  
Where God's own troops are needed, more now than e'er before.

Our pastors are a trio of earnest-hearted men;  
They tell the Gospel story again and yet again,  
But something is the matter; the people stand aloof,  
And all around ungathered are diamonds in the rough.

And some who once with gladness haze trod the narrow way,  
Today with hearts of sadness away from Christ doth stray;  
Have slowly, surely, drifted back in the way of death;  
Those gems that once were gathered, now are diamonds in the rough.

While others are deluded and strive with might and main  
To live for selfish pleasures, and heaven at last to gain.  
Of the lowly way of Calvary they do not hear enough;  
Alas, they do not know it, but they're diamonds in the rough.

The faithful few are pleading God's promises so true.  
For Holy Ghost salvation does He not call to you  
To bring the simple Gospel in God's own power today?  
Oh, heed the call, my brother; oh, heed the call, I pray!

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#### 043 -- THE SAFE, SURE ROAD, OR A PLEASANTER WAY

The foreign missionaries tell us that they get the attention, and impress the truth on the stow minds of the heathen most successfully by pictures; and in my half-invalid life I, too, have been taught by pictures.

Not long ago I lay down upon my couch, with my Bible, to receive some truth revealed, and to pray for the prayer meeting in the evening. In my regular course of reading I read the thirteenth chapter of Luke. Looking up the references on the twenty-fourth verse, and meditating upon them, I realized with regret that my weariness was too great for study or prayer. I laid the Word across my breast with a half-formed wish that I could absorb some precious truth, when fired nature gave way to sleep. I slept but a short time, and in those moments of returning Consciousness a picture like a passing panorama crossed my mental horizon. The personal figure was myself, while at the same time I seemed to be a spectator, and saw as from a distance, yet feeling it all as a living reality. Since then, in the unfolding, I have been taught helpful lessons which I would pass on, trusting an interpretation may be accorded to the reader.

The Picture: A smooth, well-beaten road, on either side a high stake and rider fence; not a broad highway, but abundantly wide for every necessity and comfort; and it lay through a slightly

rolling country in a gentle ascent toward a city away in the distance. The whole country was divided into fields, large and small, some with waving grain of one kind, some of another, in all stages of development. Others were fields of grass, waist high; some were only short, soft and green; others were dry and brown waiting for the match to burn the useless waste, while still others already lay burned, black and hard.

I was a traveler going through -- the city was my destination. I had an inheritance there. I could see it in the distance as it lay on an elevation enveloped in a light of peculiar pearly whiteness. The towers, glimmering in their soft beauty, seemed to reflect the light along this pathway, bringing such restful contentedness and assurance that I had made no mistake, but was on the right road. Later my attention was drawn to a seeming curve in the road, and at the same time to a perfectly straight route across a field of short, velvety grass. Then came the suggestion that it was not only a little nearer, but so much pleasanter. Clouds with beautiful silver lining hung low, casting pleasing shadows; trees were here and there, and it did look inviting. I debated the question for some time, feeling I had better keep in the old paths -- the well-worn roadway--and yet I did not see any reason why I should not take the shorter way. There surely could be no danger, for I could ever keep my eye on the city. In my longing and indecision the way that at first had been so satisfactory began to seem hard; the fence seemed like prison walls instead of protection as before. The air seemed hot and oppressive. I could almost feel the cool, soft grass beneath my feet, and I longed for the sheltering shadow of the clouds, when to my astonishment there was a gap in the fence as if someone had laid a part of the rails back from one corner for my special benefit. "A providence, perhaps," thought I, as unhesitatingly I tripped over the remaining rails, onto that carpet of green, with such a sense of self-gratification as would be difficult to express. A glad exuberance, a childish glee for desires obtained, that I was fain to call assurance.

"How much pleasanter this is[ How I enjoy it! I am glad I chose this way; it is so much easier. How wise I was," I kept saying to myself reassuringly, to drown that still, small voice that would bring a little uneasiness in spite of the oft-repeated assertions that my eye was on the city and that the miraculous opening in the fence showed that it was all right.

So much reasoning greatly marred the pleasure I had anticipated. There was not the poise of the soul, that perfect rest that comes with an unquestionable knowledge of being right; but instead a hurried restlessness to reach the city, to escape that tiresome reasoning, and the many things so different from what I had expected.

The grass was soft, but hid many a stone and many a thorn that bruised and pierced. The clouds' soft shadow that looked so inviting caused a haziness in the atmosphere, a dimness that was perplexing instead of comforting. Many strange, unheard-of difficulties attended my course, I lost the clear view of the city, and I missed the light that had so illuminated the road before me. But I was so sure I knew the direction that I thought only of enduring, and endeavored to find comfort in complimenting myself for having a martyr spirit to endure such hardships, with self-complacency and much self-pity.

In great haste to reach the city and escape it all, I was hurrying along with rapid strides when, to my horror, I nearly took the one step more that would have plunged me down the perpendicular bank of a narrow, dark, swift stream that wound like a serpent across my path. With

a shudder I fell back; and as I lay with averted face and closed eyes, to shut out the terrible sight, the restful picture of the plain, smooth road, the protecting fence, the clear light, began to dawn upon my vision with an answering longing to go back, but I thrust it aside and with great effort arose to my feet, and began to look for a way to cross this sullen stream that sent the horrors through me with every glimpse of its death-dealing waters.

So occupied had I been with the perplexities of the way that I had scarcely given a thought to what lay before me. At this sudden halt I looked beyond; the shadows lifted like a curtain, and a gradual slope of green stretched out. But beyond were barren plains, and a low range of rugged, forbidding mountains shut off the view, and in reverie I wondered how many death-traps wound serpent-like across that emerald green. And what was there anyway at the end? I shuddered, and sick at heart turned away from it all, when lo, away on my left, far above where I had been looking, shimmered an atmosphere of light that I knew must envelop the city so long lost to my sight. Oh, how glad I was for the glimpse once more; and the eagerness was so intense to cross that it seemed that with one mighty bound I could clear that narrow chasm, escape those angry waters, speed over that trackless mountain side, and soon reach the city; but fear clutched at my heartstrings, and I dare not venture.

I knew the road that I had left lay near, for I had diverged only a little way as yet, but I was loath to leave my chosen course. While still hoping for a way to cross, involuntarily I went in the direction of the fence. I saw a well-built bridge was on the highway, if I could only get to it. But here I was in a corner, that dreaded stream on one side and the fence on the other. It was impossible to get through or climb over, for I tried again and again with all my strength and energy born of desperation, and I realized that I was helpless.

I then began to call upon God, whom in my perplexity and haste I had almost forgotten. He seemed a long way off. At last He drew near, and I began to tell Him what a place I was. in, of my haste to reach the city, and of my helplessness. I acknowledged His great power. He could so easily lift me over. But to all my reasonings and appeals, the answer was a silent pointing back to the gap in the fence where I had left the highway. My head dropped; I felt the hot blood tingle in my face, and I sank to my knees as I remembered with awful clearness the roadway, the restful certainty, and the longing, the reasoning, the choosing, and the disastrous results. But it was humiliating to go back; besides I had wasted too much time already, I argued, and I must go on. I sprang to my feet, and lifting my hands high above my head cried out to God in almost commanding tones born of a frenzied haste and desperation, to lift me over just where I stood; but the only answer to my cry that ended in a wail of despair was that silent pointing back.

I melted before the Lord, and in deep contrition of soul acknowledged my error, and on bended knees, with tear-stained face, I humbly pleaded with Him to lift me up, with a solemn vow upon my lips, wrung from the very depths of my being, that I would never leave the dear old path till I entered the gates into the city. Yet still in tenderness and love that silent pointing back.

At last, with a truly humbled spirit and an utter yielding of will, I crept slowly and painfully back, wounded and weak, but with Divine assistance reached the place and tremblingly clambered over the rails and stood once more on the well-beaten road.

Oh, how good it was to be back in that path of certainty again! The evenness of the roadway, the clear, soft light were all so blessed, even the air was freighted with life-giving power and fragrance. I lost that tiresome eagerness to reach my destination, so calm and restful was the way. The city was in view, and the path before me was all ablaze with reflected glory. I wondered how I could ever have been tempted away from such a heavenly atmosphere. As Solomon says: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 14:12.) "But the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Prov. 4:18.)

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#### 044 -- IF I REGARD INIQUITY IN MY HEART, THE LORD WILL NOT HEAR ME

(Psa. 66:18)

Let me tell you, every soul struggling toward God, trying to get free from the entanglements of the depraved nature, that the Lord will hear your prayer; for you do not regard iniquity in your heart, or, as Webster puts it, "you do not hold it in respect or affections." You do not have any esteem for it, "you hate it with a perfect hatred," and are endeavoring to find the way of deliverance. You can be encouraged; God for Christ's sake will hear and answer your prayer for yourself; yes, and for others.

One of our vacillating sisters came to me for prayer, trying to find her way back into peace and fellowship again.

I listened thoughtfully, as she unburdened her heart and told me how she had not been careful to mind the Lord, and her sincere regret. Before we knelt in prayer I, too, had a humble confession to make, and told her how, for several days, I had been suffering with my spine, and my faith was wounded because I, too, had not minded the Lord, and did some work that was too heavy for me, just because I got in a hurry to get through with it.

The Lord had often put those vertebrae back for me; but -- well -- we were both "confessing our faults one to another," without remembering it was written (James 5:16), and as we prayed one for another both were delivered.

Her heart was moved in compassion for my sufferings; and as she led in prayer the vertebrae slipped back in place and the pain instantly ceased. She was a penitent soul, and did not have any estimable regard in her heart for iniquity, no, indeed; and the Lord did hear and answer her prayer.

At another time I was suffering with my teeth. Not a few miracles have been wrought upon these worn-out grinders, that have done service for some sixty years. At one time I was prostrated with suffering with a molar that the dentist said was all right. But in answer to my cry, the Lord killed the nerve, and that big double molar never ached again. Later on the whole top broke in, showing that the decay had begun on the inside. The dentist, in preparing it for filling, looked his

surprise that there was no live nerve to be treated, which was an undeniable proof of answer to prayer.

Another time a dentist informed me that I had a bad case of pyorrhea, which had much to do with my poor health; he said many of the teeth were loose, and all should be extracted. But I took it definitely to the Lord, gave them just ordinary care, and they grew solid and were all right.

Quite recently I suffered for days with a severe attack of neuralgia which seemed to involve all the teeth. There were several that were so worn down that the nerve was exposed, and I could scarcely eat or sleep. But I kept looking to the Lord; and at our regular Monday half night of intercessory prayer, among the requests for prayer that had been sent in, I made mention of this condition, stating that I believed the Lord would be pleased to dispatch those exposed nerves and relieve me. Committing it to Him, I took up the burden for souls, and forgot all about it.

A dear one met with us that night, who had been a backslider, and for some time had been struggling with the clinging entanglements of sin, trying to get free once more. She was kneeling near me. We had been on our knees for some hours, blessedly conscious that Jesus was in our midst (Matt. 18:20); and as she humbly prayed for herself and others, grateful for the mercy of the Lord, she laid her hand upon my face, and besought the Lord's mercy in my behalf, for relief from that suffering. The Lord heard her, and that prayer was answered; I was entirely relieved, and no return. She did not regard that iniquity that was in her heart, but was battling against it, and seeking deliverance.

At another time I was healed of a very serious condition, as one prayed for me, who, I found out afterwards, had failed of the grace of God at some of the most vital points, at times, for years; but most of the night before had been spent with their Bible, upon their knees before the Lord.

Evidently, at that time they were not regarding that iniquity in their hearts. I have observed this to be so on other lines besides healing. But I am writing out of my own personal experience, to encourage those who have broken step with God, or whose faith has been wounded in the battle with infirmities or sin.

It is the humble cry of the truly penitent, in the name of Jesus, that reaches the heart of God.

"Jesus, that name to sinners dear,  
That name to sinners given."

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

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045 -- AND YOUR FEET SHOD -- (Eph. 6:15)

The daily duties of my outdoor life often called me up steep, side-hill paths and slippery places where it was difficult for me to keep on my feet; and with all my carefulness I not only made slow progress, but the slipping and sliding wearied me, and sometimes resulted in a fall that laid me aside for awhile.

For years I tried to find a remedy. Some suggested one thing, and some another; but, all efforts failing, I came to the conclusion that slipping and falls were the inevitable. But there came a time when I saw a sister going over very similar places with unsliding steps. I watched her in astonishment and said to her, "How did you do it?" "Do what?" she answered in surprise. "Why, go up that hill without slipping." "Oh," she said with a cheery laugh, "it's because of the kind of shoes I wear, these ground-grippers; see?" Then she told of an unpretentious shop in the city where I could secure them. It took some time and the assistance of friends before I obtained a pair of those shoes, comfortable, noiseless, safe, and sure; but since then I can go up hills and no sliding back, and over all kinds of places without slips, falls, and injuries.

All this has been so much like my Christian experience. I was truly-born again, and I did love my Savior; but my life seemed all uphill, and for several years I did not know how to hold my ground for, try as I did, I would Slip back more or less with every advancing step, making progress slow and wearisome, and occasionally a serious fall and much discouragement. I felt that it should not be so, but I saw that it was much the same with others, and so I concluded that this was the best I could do, and perhaps after all there was nothing much better in this life; and yet, something down in my heart seemed to tell me that this was not God's great salvation.

About this time I went for a visit to a neighbor of other years. She was a little woman with five small children, was in close circumstances, frail health, and had a querulous husband. But such a full heart-welcome for myself and family, and such a poise of soul she had in the midst of the many imperative needs of those five children sometimes all clamoring at once, and the fretful demands of the husband! I was with her several days and watched her closely. At first I felt sorry for her, then I resented the whole situation and especially that querulous husband, and said to myself, "I wouldn't stand it. It isn't right, and how can she endure it?" But her face was so peaceful, her answers to all their clamoring so gentle and considerate. There was not only an utter absence of impatience or complaining, but instead a something that awed me, yet at the same time drew me on, till I was conscious of a great heart hunger for that something that I saw in her but could not understand. And as opportunity came I asked her how she could be so patient in such circumstances. (Steep hills, indeed.)

She then told me something of her experience -- that she was naturally off a quick, nervous temperament, and was often inwardly impatient, and resented what seemed unjust; but she saw that such a disposition could not enter heaven or glorify God on the earth. And how she sought Him, the blessed Holy Spirit, and yielded all these perplexing problems to His control, bringing them to Him one by one, submitting them to Him and leaving it with Him to let them go on just as long as He permitted it. And how He came -- the precious blood of Jesus cleansing her heart's deep underlying motives, altering the mainspring of action, and filling with that warm, glowing fire of heavenly love. And how He was abiding -- and with her full consent and cooperation worked in her both to will and to do of His good pleasure -- keeping her heart quiet and peaceful, at rest in His great love. She spoke of the Christians' armor, Eph. 6, and how He was all this to us. She

talked on till a sudden interruption -- an urgent call -- came; and as she quietly rose to her feet to go she said, "And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace." How those words stayed by me, but it took a good while for me to understand and meet the conditions of this wonderful bestowment.

But I had caught the vision, "There is no respect of persons with God," and He drew me on, revealing my heart's deepest need, until every knotty problem of life was submitted to His control, and every possibility in the permissive will of God was assented to, and He came and took His rightful place on the throne of my heart, swaying His scepter over all, making even the most untoward circumstances work together for good.

Since that time, in following my Lord though the hills of life have become more steep, and the side-hill paths have led along precipitous cliffs where a misstep would have proved disastrous, yet for more than a score of years I have been enabled day by day to "press along the upward way" without those serious slidings back and disheartening falls. With the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, comfortable, safe, and sure, there comes such a love for our Lord, such reliance upon Him, and such strength from Him, that we just keep coming on up through all things in the way of tribulation that may lie across our pathway to the skies.

The long steeps and rock-strewn pathway have been robbed of their terrors, because of the restful certainty that our God is able, and His unfailing word is: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." (Deut. 33:25.)

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## SECTION FIVE

### 046 -- CONQUEST AND VICTORY -- GOD WITNESSING

I had met Brother and Sister F\_\_\_\_\_ in a distant state. For many years she had been a circuit preacher, and he too had assisted in breaking the bread of life to the famishing for a time, but he had lost out, largely through the temptations that come with infirmities; for he had been in failing health for years. She had come with him to California and was doing housework or most anything to provide him with food and shelter. He had very comfortable rooms with an old friend of his, near my home. When he took to his bed, she came at once and cared for him day and night, and together we held on in prayer for the restoration of his soul. Poor man, he had sinned against much light (John 12:35, 36) and great was that darkness in which he had groped for a long time. (2 Cor. 4:4.) I had seen him occasionally come into the Olive Branch Mission when I was a worker there, and my heart ever yearns over the backslider, one who has really known and lost the joys of God's great salvation -- I cannot think of anything so dreadful. (Why the least suggestion of a shadow between my Lord and me is unbearable.)

We know so much about individual responsibility and the deceiving power of the evil one, the earthly side of things, that sometimes we let it partially eclipse the power of the Almighty. And shocking as it is to say so, sometimes we wake up to find that at some points we had more faith in Satan than we had in the great God. Was it Bud Robinson who said, "If you have a big devil you



will have a little Jesus, but if you have a big Jesus you will have a small devil?" I am not surprised that there is such a command as "Have faith in God."

But prayer changes" things; yes, and prayer changes us, and we begin to see Omnipotence. The promises commence to seem real to us, and confidence springs up; that Divine love can find a way, somehow working in him to will and to do, and as we trust He worketh. (Psa. 74:12.)

Away down in every human heart there was originally created a desire for God, and nothing but God Himself can satisfy, or fill, that aching void; and the untiring endeavor of that traitor, from eternity, is to stifle and destroy that normal desire, by pressing upon us to accept slanders against God, and offering fair promises and presenting bright delusions one after another as a substitute. In answer to believing prayer light is given, the enemy is compelled to stand back, and that desire becomes a cry, and that cry becomes a call, and the answer to that call is salvation; for "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. 10:12, 13.)

We just must have faith for backsliders, for their faith faculty seems unresponsive, inoperative, and half paralyzed; and if they honestly hold to a profession, a hope based upon an intellectual knowledge of salvation, though long lost has been the Divine life in the soul, it seems very difficult to reach them. Someone has said, " 'Lucifer, son of the morning,' lost nothing but his holiness" when he fell (but that loss included more than the human mind can grasp), yet he retained those intellectual powers which far surpass comprehension. That is what makes him the adroit deceiver and indefatigable enemy that he is to mankind. There is no saving faith in merely intellectual knowledge of salvation. At this point there are confusion, perplexity, and subtle dangers. We surely need to differentiate. Devils believe and tremble, but men can believe and cease to tremble, or to be even moved by either hope or fear as they face the truth, so stupefied are they with the morphine of hell.

While I was in the hospital, the morphine that they administered, in their efforts to control those convulsions, did not always produce unconsciousness, but the senses were benumbed; everything seemed unreal, I was uninterested and unmoved, the mind seemed to be like the eye trying to see through a fog.

In one of our revival meetings a man (a minister's son) who had been some years a backslider, after seeking the Lord continuously for a week and more, told us afterward that the only thing that alarmed him was that he was indifferent, unconcerned, without any feeling on the subject. It was only from principle and common sense reasoning that he made up his mind to find his way back to the Lord, if he could. It was a terrible experience. "Why," said he, "it seemed I never would find God." But he kept seeking, and at last in humble gratitude he could testify that God for Christ's sake had pardoned his awful sin of ignoring the claims of his Creator, Preserver and Friend.

I do not forget how the pilgrims labored in prayer for that man, actually lending him their faith. Yes, there is such a thing as lending our faith or, in other words, holding the promises in faith for them, until light penetrates and, like the healing rays of the sun (Mal. 4:2) begins to dispel the deadly miasma of dull despair, and there arises a hope in God's mercy; then you can press upon their hearts such promises as Isa. 42:16, and maintain unwavering faith for them "till he come."

One has said:

"While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return."

Well -- yes, and yet there is always much controversy at that point; the enemy puts up a strong argument and we all know

"There is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath."

But if you can go down before the Lord, in humble confession, as if it were your own soul, and can win the true spirit of intercession in their behalf, be encouraged, pray on, for there is hope; for the Word holds exceeding great and precious promises for just such as they. (Hos. 13:9; 4:1, 2; Jer. 3:13, 14; 3:21 to 25.)

At that time I did not understand the character of God as I do now, nor did I know my Bible as I have known it since, and it made it more difficult to get through to real heart faith for a soul in his condition. The temptation was to give up the seemingly futile conquest, for we are slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." But how could I relinquish that hope in God's mercy for a soul suspended between heaven and hell? I prayed on, till I found a resting place of faith; for there is a resting down upon the foundations of our faith, the Word of God (Psa. 89:19; Rom. 4:21), upon that special promise which God has spoken into our soul (Heb. 11:1; John 6:63), and the unchanging character of Him who has spoken, which we call heart faith. ("With the heart man believeth.") Heart faith lays hold on the thing desired in the will of God. It grasps the promise of God, refuses to see the hindrances, and is just as strong when every indication is against it, because it rests upon the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ. This heart faith lays hold on things that are beyond reason, and expects God to do things that are impossible, or far beyond our understanding of how they can be done; it clings to the word spoken, sees the invisible, and is what the Bible calls "the evidence of things not seen."

For a short time Brother F\_\_\_\_ seemed much better, his mind was clear, and for some days he lay looking back over his misspent life, speaking of this and that, and how he had done wrong here and there, asking forgiveness of his companion, and in a truly penitent spirit his face was toward the Lord, earnestly seeking His mercy, when weakness suddenly overcame him, and much of the time was seemingly unconscious. We were not satisfied, for there is a "witness of the Spirit," and we held steadily on in faith. The pilgrims, much in prayer, came and went; sometimes kneeling in silence, or quietly breathing a prayer, singing softly, and sometimes quoting the unfulfilling promises.

Do you know that it is a wonderful privilege to live among true pilgrims? And an inexpressible blessing to die among them, especially if the spiritual sky is hazy? I often think of

those words, "If there be a messenger with him." (Job 33:23.) The pilgrims had been singing that sweet old song and chorus,

"O come, angel bands  
Come and around me stand,"

As they were singing the last and most beautiful verse,

"O bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me,  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin  
And gives me victory,"

the blessing of the Lord descended like a sudden shower of rain upon all, and some of the pilgrims shouted for joy. It was the answer to our heart cry, "the witness of God," and we were assured beyond a question.

Our departing brother was past speaking, and seemingly unconscious; but we intuitively felt that he did know, and it was the rapture of his soul in which we were joining. It was heavenly there; God was in the place, wonderfully manifesting Himself. I began to sing softly:

"Face to face with Christ my Savior,  
Face to face -- what will it be?  
When with rapture I behold Him,  
Jesus Christ who died for me.

"Face to face -- oh, blissful moment!  
Face to face -- to see and know,  
Face to face with my Redeemer,  
Jesus Christ who loved me so."

Before I had finished the last verse, it became a glorious reality to him, he was gone. But that holy benediction from the upper glory lingered. One pilgrim said, as she gently laid her hand upon the placid brow, "How heavenly it is around the empty casket of a soul recently departed to be with Jesus," and it surely was.

As for myself I was quietly but powerfully lifted and carried away out up into the heavenlies, and for days to come I hardly knew whether I was in heaven or on earth; and during those wonderful days there came to me the appended verses:

\* \* \*

AT THE CROSSING -- (Tune -- "Face to Face")

At the crossing, in the passing,  
Souls for whom the Savior died,

Some are trusting in His mercy,  
Some have turned it all aside.  
Some who once have walked with Jesus,  
Through the subtleness of sin,  
Wake to find in life's great crisis  
They have drifted far from Him.

Some through grace have been triumphant,  
Closely sheltered by His side;  
In the shock of dissolution  
Faith grows weak, His presence hides.  
Ye who watch beside the dying,  
Look past death's resistless wave,  
To the Christ who still is Conqueror  
Over sin, death, and the grave.

Plead His mercy, oh, His mercy;  
Plead His love, His mighty power;  
Plead the merits of Atonement,  
Holding on from hour to hour,  
Breathe the Word of God unfailing,  
Softly sing sweet hymns of praise,  
In that hush of full assurance  
A believing heart upraise.

Catch the gleams of glory bright'ning,  
Hold the vision for the soul,  
Till the very air around them  
Is surcharged with His control;  
Till His gracious living presence,  
God's own benediction given,  
Silencing all doubt forever  
Bears the soul away to heaven.  
(Gen. 32:28; Job 33:14 to 20, inclusive.)

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#### 047 -- DIVERTED FAITH AND SORROW FOR SIN

Not long after going to the city of S\_\_\_\_\_ there was one of those peculiar burdens laid upon me. It was to go and ask the privilege of praying for the healing of a lad of some fifteen years, who had been seriously afflicted from his early childhood, with epilepsy. There seemed some very good reasoning against it, and yet it lingered. I lost all desire for food, a fast from the Lord was in evidence. On the fourth day of the fast I went to an "elect lady," voicing my convictions, and sought her counsel. Her answer was, "By all means go and pray with them." But I said, "You see, I am a comparative stranger, and the boy's father is an elderly minister." "Yes," she said, "I know, but

ministers need the help. of the pilgrims just like other people." (And I have since realized that she was right, and often as I tenderly pray for the "ministry" my heart cries out, "O God, they are but men.")

I went, briefly stating my errand, and the dear overburdened mother said, "Well, praise the Lord, every once in awhile the Lord lays Jay on someone's heart; perhaps He wants to heal him after all." (And to this day I am sure :.that was true.) The father was more reserved, made several close inquiries, and finally said, "You can come and pray for him;" and the time appointed was 2:30 the following day.

I had the boy lie down upon the cot, where we could all gather around him. The mother and I knelt by his side, but the father and the pastor, whom he had asked to come in, knelt part way across the room. Their attitude was more like tolerance than cooperation. But the starved heart of the worn-out mother, yearning over her child, went with me just as far as she could go. My thought was to stay on our knees till the miracle was wrought, but evidently it was not their thought.

As I began to pray, the hush of His presence pervaded the room, and I sank lower and lower at His feet, then began to rise, and was lifted up into the heavenlies. A great light appeared, and I knew Jesus was coming with healing for the boy. As the light drew near, I saw Him, the utterly indescribable, majestic Christ, (Rev. 1:14, 15) descending. With a hush of spirit and sacred awe, yet great joy, I held the vision. That holy awe increased till it was almost overwhelming. The poor mother was afraid, and began to pray for herself, and call on the Lord to have mercy on her soul.

The reason that she was so afraid, when she saw that light, was that she thought that Jesus was actually coming back to earth again, and she was not ready. (Do you know that it is a serious thing to live on such a low spiritual plane, or under the oppression of cares, toil, and trials incidental to this life, that just a gleam of glory as of the "coming of the Lord [Matt. 24:30; Rev. 1:7] to receive His own [1 Thess. 4:16, 17] would make you afraid? [1 John 4:17, 18.] It is serious for a good many reasons. One among them is, that you would be in a place where you might at any time, all unintentionally, be the cause of arresting His. coming with great blessing, salvation, or healing; and only mercy drops would descend, instead of the floods He wanted to pour out [Isa. 44:3] defeating the very answer to the great burden of desire of your own heart, for some dear one, which would bring honor and glory to the name of our God.) I understood, and was in that blessed receiving attitude for the healing of the boy. But her cries for mercy increased, and, shocking to say, I allowed myself to be diverted. A voice as of human sympathy seemed to say, "Poor Sister Blank," and I responded, "Yes, Lord, help her." I was diverted but an instant, but when I lifted my eyes again toward the heavenlies the descent of the Savior had been arrested. He had paused and was actually ascending, the glory was fading, and was soon entirely withdrawn; and prayer and praise alike subsided. The pastor quietly slipped away, and the father said, "You folks can pray as long as you like, but I have to go." But the spirit of prayer was not restored. The mother did get real help, the boy was blessed in his soul. (He had been really converted before his mind became so affected.) His pillow was wet with happy tears and his face was shining. But he was not healed. I appreciated the vision of Jesus, and the blessing; and yet I went home with such a sense of falling short, of failure and loss, yet was wonderfully comforted by His gracious presence that seemed to pervade the whole earth. (Rev. 18:1.)

Later on the Lord made some things very clear to me, calling it interrupted, intercepted, or diverted, faith. Faith that fails to carry through to the crisis, that falls short, fails in the culmination to the accomplishment of the thing earnestly sought. Oh, the multiplied instances we have seen on every line! Souls seeking regeneration come short of the witness of God. (Rom. 8:16; 1 John 5:9.) And others seeking deliverance from the deep depravity of their hearts meet the conditions step by step, and then come short of the "sealing of the Spirit" (Eph. 1:13; 2 Cor. 1:21, 22; Eph. 4:30). They don't go quite through, as we say.

Every prayer burden bearer has felt this deeply, and learns to hold steady at that point, and never hurry a seeker through; but repeats such promises as Mal. 3:1; Jer. 24:6; Heb. 10:36, 37, holding undivertedly the promises for them, till that wonderful thing takes place, that the Lord Jesus told Peter was a personal revelation of God to the soul. (Matt. 16:17, 18.) The absolute certainty that comes with the new birth, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, so unquestionably assures the heart that it gives to them an irresistible testimony. (Heb. 11:5; Luke 21:15.)

This heart knowledge of the Christ (Rom. 10:10; Gal. 1:12) is "this rock," the only foundation that standeth sure, on which the superstructure of a true Christian character can be builded, that will enable them (for the love of Jesus) to patiently and triumphantly endure the stress and strain of the trials of this life, and the pangs of dissolution, and give to them an irrevocable passport through the gates into the city whose Builder and Maker is God. (Heb. 11:10.)

"On the Rock of Ages founded  
Naught can shake my sure repose,  
With salvation walls surrounded (Zech. 2:5)  
I can smile at all my foes."  
(Isa. 32:2, 3, 4; Deut. 32:4; Isa. 42:11; Psa. 18:2.)

Someone has said, "Faith has two parts, belief and trust; or the apprehension of a promise or person, and then a confidence or dependence on the promise or person. Faith is always first a vision, then a repose."

I had the vision of faith but failed to hold it undivertedly till it passed the crisis, and became the repose of faith; or in other words, till faith became an unwavering dependence upon the Lord, an actual commitment unto Him.

Turning aside in weak human sympathy, instead of leaving everything to the Lord, had closed the channel of faith through which He was descending with that miraculous intervention which He wanted to accomplish for the boy, and would have included blessing for her, and others, beyond what we could have asked or thought. It was an all-important, essential lesson, one I did not forget; but oh, at so great a cost.

Yes, there was real good came out of it, for even when we so signally fail, and disappoint our Lord, through ignorance or fear, He is still our Father, we are still His little children; and He does the best He can for us, though" our faith does so sadly limit Him. Bless His holy name!

The dear boy with his half-obsured mentality clung to me and was always glad to see me; and often when he would be raving, they would send for me, and he would always quiet under the influence of the blessed Holy Spirit, through prayer and song; and I stood by them to the end.

I remember that last night that I watched by his bedside while others slept; toward morning the shadows lifted from his mind for a moment, and he smiled up into my face, and said, "I want to tell you something." I bent over him, and he put his arm around my neck, drew me down, and kissed me, saying, "I love you," and soon afterward quietly fell asleep. I did not see him again till after the poor, convulsed body was at rest, and the noble soul released from those lamentable limitations.

But this coming short, this failing the Lord, that has been all through your life and mine, is sad, it is calamitous. It greatly retards the work of God in the earth, thwarting many of His gracious designs.

While there is not that sense of remorse, that gnawing pain of anguish of guilt (because of the perfect life and sacrifice of our substitute on Calvary, the marvelous Atonement of Jesus, the Christ), yet there is, and there should be, a deep tenderness of pervading, thoughtful sorrow for even these sins of ignorance. It does not in the least weigh us down, but instead puts wings to our devotion.

The late G. D. Watson, in speaking of sorrow for sin, said: "It consists in a growing hatred of sin, and a growing sensitiveness of the conscience as to what sin is. As we gaze upon the refulgent glory of God, it strengthens our vision to more clearly detect what is imperfect and unworthy. Abiding sorrow for sin-will give no resting place for the self-life to put its foot. We grow in a Divine sadness, but with such humility and faith that it floes not allow of disquietude. True sorrow for sin, as a fixed grace in the soul, is affectionate more than self-criminating. It is a quiet fountain of tenderness, which inclines to prayer; and though it is a sorrow, it is at the same time a supernatural sweetness. This very grief for offending God draws the soul closer to God. This is the principle Jesus referred to when He said those who had much forgiven would love much. It lives by the fountain of Jesus' blood; it weeps silent tears; it embraces the compassion of God with an inexpressible appreciation. This affectionate sorrow for sin delivers the soul from many spiritual dangers; it throws a tenderness into the whole character; it makes us deep and flexible to the least touch of God; it takes out all our harshness; it makes us charitable toward all others. Constant sorrow for sin keeps the heart melted, so that there is not an ache or a calamity in one of Christ's members which does not awaken our sympathy, and make us more keenly alive to the dangers of this world: and the advantages of being in heaven."

\* \* \*

ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE -- (Written to an unsaved friend)

Your soul's like a ship on the ocean of life,  
With its rolling billows, and the waves of strife.  
When you have not traveled this ocean before,

How can your own hand guide you safe to shore

Here lie sunken rocks and great reefs and shoals,  
And the dangers unseen there are manifold.  
There are maelstroms and whirlpools that draw one down  
Till they helplessly sink to the depths and drown.

Your great need is Jesus, a Pilot so true,  
Who will stand at the "wheel" and pilot you through.  
So relinquish the helm to those nail-scarred hands;  
He has traversed life's sea and He understands.

'Twas His love brought Him down from heaven, for thee,  
And the proof of that love is dark Calvary,  
And He knows all the dangers upon life's sea.  
You had better let Him as your Pilot be.

To trust Him, your Friend will relieve your distress,  
He'll pilot you through to the haven of rest.  
You'll rejoice all through time and eternity,  
That you ever did let Him your Pilot be.

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048 -- SON, REMEMBER -- (Psa. 77:3, 4)

"You women folks don't know what you stirred up. Why, I've been remembering things that took me years to forget; I went to South America and all over (Deut. 28:65, 66) and hadn't thought of them for twenty years. But ever since I was here last Sunday, they have been coming back, from away back there in war times," and he looked at us as though we were accountable and blameworthy for the memories that had tortured him till he could scarcely eat or sleep, and looked like a sick man.

He was a man up in years, of Scottish descent, with gigantic frame and remarkably keen intellect." He had just been discharged from a two years' term in a Federal prison where he had been incarcerated for counterfeiting. The sister who occupied the same house with me, and who had known him for some years, had recently been converted, and had been writing to him of the great, happy change that had come into her life. It evidently was something entirely new to this man, and he could not figure out how it could be; and just as soon as he was released he came to see her.

She was greatly blessed in telling of her convictions leading up to the new birth, and of the marvelous change, how old things had actually passed away, and all things had become new. (2 Cor. 5:17.) He could not help but see it was true, "and listened intensely interested, with a great heart hunger for just such peace and blessedness as she plainly enjoyed; and she pressed upon him the fact that "who-so-ever will may come," and later on requested him to kneel with us while she



poured out her heart in grateful adoration and praise to God for the blessed change He had wrought in her nature, and then prayed earnestly for him.

It was the next Sunday afternoon that he came, pale and trembling, suffering intensely under deep Bible conviction (which is just a little foretaste of what awaits the finally impenitent, unforgiven soul, and which is given in great mercy, that they may flee from the wrath to come). He expressed himself in unmistakable language as quoted at the beginning of the chapter; and rambled on, telling a little here and there out of the dark past, as if he must make confession of what seemed so awful now, under the light of God. He would start to relate an incident, and suddenly stop, then try to find some excuse, but fail; the words would actually die on his lips half said, and he would be silent. God as a Sovereign was dealing with him, and man cannot make excuses to God, but quickly becomes speechless. (John 15:22r marginal; Matt. 22:12.) The panorama of his life was evidently passing before him. "I broke my poor old mother's heart," he said sadly, talking more to himself than to us; "she was a good woman and did her best for us. But I left those parts and never went back, or even wrote to her; and she died grieving over me."

What caused this man to so clearly remember sins committed away back there, that he had crowded out of his mind, and had not thought of for decades? Was it not that he had come in contact with Jesus Christ in one of His little ones, who had been praying for his soul; and that the Holy Spirit, true to His office work (John 16:8, 9), was saying, "Son, remember"? And he was remembering. We tried to help him with assurances of forgiveness from the Word of God, but we were appalled at the seemingly hopeless sorrow over the remembrance of things that he never thought he would have to think of again; repentance toward himself, and repentance toward those he had wronged, but not yet had he come to repentance toward God. But you know it is repentance toward God (Psa. 51:4) and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ that brings salvation.

We were young in the way and did not know that we could have in desperate, determined faith grappled with the promises of God right then and held up the Christ of Calvary and impelled this soul along upon the rising tide of the Spirit's power, to confession of his sins against God. (1 John 1:9; Prov. 28:13.) There are times when we need to break over the pleading part of the spirit of intercession, into deep, humble confession of sin against God, in their behalf, as if it were our own souls, until they catch the inspiration, and groan out in unison with our spirit what they know not how to put into words.

He was persuaded to kneel with us, and did begin to pray, but soon sprang to his feet, glaring wildly around, frightened at the thought of confessing his sins. He went with us to church, however, that evening, and was persuaded to go to the altar; but his lips seemed sealed, and he soon left the altar in silence and disappeared in the darkness, still carrying within his breast the brimstone of unconfessed sins.

Is not that one great reason that the unsaved do not like to come in close contact with a true child of God, especially one of much prayer, where Christ is the one great factor in their lives? (Gal. 2:20.) They at once begin to remember; and as they do not know of anything to do with things that trouble their conscience, but to forget them, they most naturally avoid everything that will cause them to remember. Do not be surprised if your own kin avoid you; keep on tenderly loving them, say little, but pray much. The Lord can cause them not only to remember their sins, but to

repent of their sins, and can bring them through to a place of peace where they will have a conscience void of offense toward God and man. (Acts 24:16.)

The sister met this poor man on the street afterwards. "You haven't been out to see us lately," she said socially. "No," he answered, "L\_\_\_\_, I am afraid of you; I can hardly keep away from you, but when I do come I remember every mean thing that I ever did (John 4:29) and I'm not coming any more." And he did not come back, but our prayer followed him. He wrote briefly occasionally, and the last letter was a strange mixture of seeming penitence and rebellion, written from a Federal prison in the South where he was again incarcerated for the repetition of the same offense, counterfeiting coin. Faith claims this soul for God; the Lord may patiently wait till he is reduced to the helplessness of a little child, as He does sometimes, but I believe He will yet find a way to answer the prayers that He has inspired, and we shall see this soul among the redeemed by the blood. (Rev. 5:9.)

These are sad memories, yet freighted with valuable lessons that have helped me in dealing with, and praying for, the unsaved. Among them is this: It is of utmost importance to keep in close, vital relationship with Christ our Lord, "let nothing between;" our personal trials and affairs on all lines kept prayed through to commitment unto Him, so that we really have

"A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize."

For if anyone needs true, Divine sympathy it is a soul under deep conviction for sin. Not that weak human sympathy, that would be disastrous; we must differentiate.

During a revival meeting a mother, remarkable in many ways, but not an aggressive Christian, came to me in tears, telling me that for several days R\_\_\_\_, her son, had been suffering. "Why," I said, "it is the Lord dealing with him," and my heart was glad; for strong convictions from God are a great though often painful blessing. "But I can't bear to see him feel so bad when he is so good," and her tears flowed afresh. While her sons are good, fine young men, yet there are lacking those staunch characteristics, those sterling qualifications born of overmastering convictions from God adhered to and lived out, that develop leadership, and wield an irresistible influence for God wherever their lives touch. Weak human sympathy has hindered.

Divine sympathy is deep and broad; it sympathizes with the Savior, as well as with the soul. It comprehends the suffering on both sides, and enters into the sorrow for sin against God, as well as the utter wreckage of the soul for time and eternity; the painfulness of breaking violently with sin and the author of sin, in an utter self-surrender and the yielding of the whole will up to God. It feels it all, with the same compassion of Him who could say in love, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." (Matt. 5:29, 30.) It seems cruel to an onlooker, but it is just the opposite of cruelty when it presses upon the soul the sentiments contained in an old song:

"Come, my fond fluttering heart,  
Thou and the world must part.  
I've list to siren's song,  
Earth has prevailed too long;

'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
But, oh, you must consent, my heart,  
You must, you must consent, my heart.

"Welcome, thou bleeding cross,  
The only way to God.  
My former gains were loss,  
My path was folly's road.  
At last my heart is undeceived,  
The world is giv'n and God received,  
The world is giv'n and God received."

There is an unspeakable gratitude for the "light" that undeceives souls and discovers to them sin, righteousness, and judgment.

True, it causes consternation, sorrow, and suffering, a foretaste of "perdition of ungodly men." (2 Pet. 3:7.) But godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of. (2 Cor. 7:9, 10.) It would be a most painful process for some people to be arrested, and arraigned before the tribunal of their own conscience, and compelled to face facts; but they must do so either here or hereafter; there is no escape. But if they will face their sins now, they can be sent before them to judgment (1 Tim. 5:24), and will not follow them till life becomes unbearable. One of my neighbors, in a frenzy of anger, committed a serious crime; he became a fugitive from justice, but returned, so weary of life that "anything," he said, "could not be worse." Outraged conscience is a terrible accuser when once it gets upon its feet. Strong men cower before conscience when God says, "Son, remember."

But there is forgiveness with God. There is provision made through the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ, that sin can be cast into the sea of God's forgetfulness (Micah 7:18, 19) to be remembered against us no more forever. (Jer. 31:34) latter clause.) But it takes Divine sympathy to stand by and go through with a terribly wrecked soul, over this painful route; but the sure blessedness that awaits them gives one courage to do so, and not stop short of the witness of the Spirit. (Rom 8:16.)

Not long ago my heart was wrung till it seemed to weep tears of blood, in an agony of Divine sympathy as I, with a soul, saw the painful pathway she must take to find deliverance from the sea of unrest (Isa. 57:20) within, that was wrecking her own life and the lives of others. As my heart silently took the way before her, with all it might mean, suffering intensely as if it were my own soul, her heart was moved to yielding, and at length she lifted up her voice in pleading penitence to God; "at last consenting to what seemed to be so hard," yet the only way through. Over and over she moaned, "It's hard, but I'll take the way;" and soon peace came, so deep, so full, so sweet that it did not matter about the hardness of the way after all. Dear girl, she had made (like many others) a thorny pathway for her trembling feet to tread. But with the peace of God in her heart, and the consciousness of the Savior by her side, she can walk along any pathway, with abiding joy, to the heavenly home.

Yes, yes, heaven is just on the other side of deep convictions for sin, if souls will but go through; and that sympathy that is Divine, in sharing their sorrow for sin, helps them to repent, confess, and take the way (Isa. 55:8, 9), and go on through to gracious deliverance, with strength of character and soul fiber; while human sympathy, unmerged into the Divine, debilitates, and if they do not press past it, they can be but weaklings at best. We greatly need to differentiate between human sympathy and Divine, and especially when dealing with those seeking the second work of grace; and faithfully hold to the line of separation expressed in the sentiment of that old song, "Let Me Die":

"So dead that no desire shall rise  
To appear good, or great, or wise,  
In any but my Savior's eyes;  
Let me die, let me die;"

by faith looking just beyond that epoch in grace, "When they shall live," and be of great value to the Lord. (Gal. 2:20.)

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#### 049 -- SUDDEN CALLS TO PRAYER

Many and varied have been the sudden calls to prayer. I will mention a few for your encouragement and -- warning. During the three weeks that I was in that remarkable meeting in the city of W\_\_\_\_, I detected that the evangelist, though deep and clear and wonderfully under the anointing of the Spirit, was "with us in weakness" of body; and the Lord said to me, "He is a valuable servant of mine, and his strength is failing. Will you take the burden of his physical, and pray for him every day?" My answer was, "Why yes, my Lord, if you will help me to remember." I took the burden and prayed through to the promises for him, and day after day for some two years I was reminded to pray for Brother S\_\_\_\_\_.

During that time there came a special call to pray; a sudden, inexpressible fear came over me, a sense of some calamity about to befall him; and yet it did not seem that it was him personally, but closely connected with him in some way. The burden was so heavy that real soul travail was my only recourse; and as I yielded myself to the sway of the Spirit (Rom. 8:26, 27) the prayer turned to pleading for the restoration to health of his helpmate, and I did not rest until I touched Divinity, and could commit her unto the Lord and rejoicingly hold the promises He had given me for her.

Later on I saw by the paper that somewhere in the East Sister S\_\_\_\_\_ had been sick unto death. But the Lord had raised her up, and again I rejoiced and praised the Lord.

Another time, I was awakened out of sleep, in great distress for a neighbor who had gone north some months before; and I said to the Lord, "What has gone wrong with Sister S\_\_\_\_\_? Is she sick?" And as I prayed I felt to very definitely ask the Lord to bring her home, and work things out "after the counsel of His own will." Within a week the husband came in, telling me that they had come home, that she was sick, and wanted me to come over and pray for her. It was late on

Saturday, and I told him I would be over in the morning, before church. I felt the need of being alone with the Lord, to inquire of Him, whether He wanted to take Sister S\_\_\_\_ to heaven at this time, or heal her as He had done many times before. While still about my work, I said to the Lord, "What about it?" and the answer came at once, "I will come and heal her." I did not need to pray a long time; I knew, the evening before I went, that the mind of the Lord was to raise her up. It was a good thing I did know, as my faith might have faltered; but God had spoken.

I found her in a very serious condition, indeed, in the last stages of "Bright's disease," confined to her bed, emaciated and so copper-colored that I could hardly believe it was she. As I knelt by her cot and held her hand, she told me something of her condition and how she had felt for some time, that if she could only get home among the pilgrims the Lord would heal her, but that she was so sick they were afraid to undertake to move her. One night she definitely asked the Lord to wake Sister Helm up out of sleep, and lay a burden of prayer on her heart for her (which, as you know, He did) and in a few days they had the courage to start home with her. She wanted me to ask certain ones among the pilgrims, and the new pastor if he had arrived, to come in the afternoon for an anointing service. Before leaving I lifted my voice in prayer, and "the power of the Lord was present to heal," and rested upon her in great blessing. I said to her, "The healing is yours now." She hesitated and said, "Yes, but I want the pilgrims to come and pray with me, and I want to be anointed."

I went on to church, and after services I spoke to the different ones she had mentioned and also to the new pastor, who had arrived from the East late the night before. The pilgrims gathered there in the afternoon and, like myself, were shocked in finding her so near death. The pastor anointed her (James 5:14, 15) and just began to pray; then suddenly the blessing of the Lord fell, and Sister S\_\_\_\_ arose and walked across the room, praising the Lord. The pastor, in speaking of it at the evening service, said, "I just started in to pray, expecting a real battle, when to my surprise God came, and I found out afterward that an old woman had prayed through before we got there."

The Lord did perfectly heal her, and she is still living, a benediction to all. But as she had hesitated and put the Lord off, so He put the manifestation off, and for some weeks their faith was sorely tried. I was enabled to "stand by" for their encouragement, for "Faith, mighty faith the promise sees, and looks to that alone." One morning she said to the Lord, "Wouldn't it please Thee to give the manifestation today?" and before night those diseased organs were performing their functions normally again.

The patience of faith was especially difficult for them, because of former instantaneous miracles of healing. I recall that one time she lay helpless for some months, peacefully awaiting the dissolving of the "earthly house." (2 Cor. 5:1.) But I didn't see it just that way, and talked and prayed with her at different times as I came in to give her a bath or do little things for her; and she finally began to look to the Lord for healing, and then asked the pastor to come Sunday afternoon and anoint her. Friday evening, as the family gathered in the dining room for the evening meal, they heard her praising the Lord (which was not unusual), but pretty soon she walked in and sat down and ate supper with them, and the next day was about her household duties just as if she had not wasted away till she was only a shadow of her former self. Instead of an anointing service on the Sabbath, as planned, she was in her usual place at church; and our beloved pastor (long since in

glory) spoke of it, with joy that was shared by all, and said, "The Lord got ahead of the preacher that time."

At another time, I was peacefully sitting alone in the quiet of my home one evening, when a great fear and burden of distress, connected in some way with my son 1500 miles away, so suddenly was dropped upon me that it precipitated me to my knees, till prayer and faith in God brought relief. Later on I learned that at that hour he had received a telegram that his wife, who was in the hospital, was in a very serious condition, and to come at once.

At another time, I felt an inexpressible apprehension in regard to him, and I leaned to my own understanding and concluded it was a temptation to worry. I resisted it, and tried to overcome it for days, till I became confused and in such distress that I appealed to my pastor who very kindly counseled with me, and prayed for me and also for my son; peace was restored, and confidence in God sprang up for the outcome, whatever it might mean. In a few days came a letter stating that he had undergone a very serious operation and for several days life was despaired of; but he was believed now to be convalescent. They did not let me know, lest it would cause me distress, but it would have been a kindness if they had done so, for I had more distress by calling it temptation than if I had known and prayed through.

But out of it I learned a most valuable lesson that I never forgot: That no matter whether it is a temptation, or whatever the cause may be, it is a call to prayer; and the only way of peace is to pray till there is a commitment, in faith, unto God.

We do not know very much about prayer, but we know enough about it that we feel a great responsibility, and never lightly turn aside a fearful apprehension for any soul, but ever look upon it as a call to prayer. (1 Sam. 12:23.)

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050 -- PERSISTING IN FAITH, OVERCOMING OBSTACLES -- (1 John 5:4, 5.)

"We must go to Muriel," I said to Sister M\_\_\_\_ at the close of our little holiness meeting. I had missed the child the Sabbath before, and today it had been announced that she had been in bed two weeks with inflammatory rheumatism, and requested prayer.

Muriel was a truly saved girl of about fourteen; and my heart was moved in her behalf, and I was sure that the Lord wanted to undertake for her again. Monday I pushed aside other things to go to her. Just before I started I opened the Bible, and my eyes fell on these words, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it;" and I would not have been surprised if we had found her all right, for the words were so spoken into my soul that my faith took on that living, active, present appropriating expectancy.

I drove up for Sister M\_\_\_\_, and together we drove out to Muriel's home in the suburbs. We found her lying there almost helpless; one arm entirely so, feet and limbs terribly swollen, and the least movement causing excruciating pain. They were very glad to see us; but when in our greeting we said, "We have come to pray for you, and the Lord is going to raise you up," she shook

her head. They told us that at first she also was sure that the Lord would come to her help; her aunt, who lived near, was in the week before and prayed with her, and the Lord came in quickening power. Muriel rose right up, and started to get out of bed, when her mother's faith failed, and she cried out in fear, "O Muriel, don't, don't" and the child fell back in great pain and distress of mind.

The next day her pastor's wife, a dear sweet woman, came to comfort her, and told her all about her own former painful experience with inflammatory rheumatism, when she was in bed for six months. As a result the dear girl gave up all hope of the Lord's healing, and just settled down to lie there helpless for six months because someone else had such an experience. Just like many others have done, she supposed that was the will of God for her; and it was no wonder that she shook her head.

But we had come with the present expectancy of faith; the words that had been spoken into our soul indicated restoration immediately, not six months in the future; so we quietly reasoned with her and reassured her, prayed awhile, quoted Scripture, sang, and prayed again. Oh, I suppose we were on our knees, with closed eyes seeing the invisible, a couple of hours, praying "things" out of the way, repeating the promises in that quiet insistence of faith. (Heb. 11:1.)

I had been repeating those words spoken to me before I came, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it," when she suddenly said, "Yes, and I can get up, take hold of my hands." The pain was excruciating, and she nearly fainted, but she set her teeth, and with our assistance got upon her feet; and as we supported her, one on either side, she walked out into the adjoining room and back. "The swelling is going out of my feet," she said; and after we had made the circuit the second time, she asked for her clothing, dressed herself, laced up her shoes and sat down and partook of the hastily prepared dinner with us,

Just as we were about to take our leave she said, "Before you sisters go I would like to ask you to lay your hands on me and ask the Lord to give me strength, for I don't feel very strong." Once more we knelt down, she kneeling with us, and with praises and thanksgiving "made our requests known unto God." Strength was given, and as we drove off we saw Muriel a block away on the road to tell her aunt of the miracle of the Lord's healing. (Isa. 44:23 to 26.)

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## AN UNUSUAL CROSS

At the close of a camp meeting in another state, an unusual cross was suddenly laid upon me, which was to ask the privilege to pray for the healing of the young lady in the home where we had been entertained over night. M -- had been extremely frail from birth, afflicted with a peculiar condition of the heart and nerves.

She had been drawn to me, and the Lord had used me as a channel to help her into a good place spiritually; I was strongly impressed that He wanted to undertake for the frail body and that, unless He did, she would soon lose out in her soul. I had understood that they did not have much faith for the body, and I reasoned that the Scripture reads, "Let him call for the elders," etc. (James 5:14, 15.) But I understood my Lord's desire and I loved Him, and would obey.

I told the mother of my convictions and asked her if she was willing. "Why certainly," was her answer. I then went to M -- and said to her, "I feel that the Lord wants to undertake for your frail body, and wants me to pray for you before I start home this morning." She rather reluctantly followed me, and we went into the bedroom alone. "Now lie down upon the bed as if it were composed of the promises of God," I said, and I knelt down beside her, in prayer. In just a few minutes the room was flooded with that rapturous awe of the presence of the Lord, and I turned the case entirely over to the great Physician. The carriage was waiting for me, and I said to her, "Lie still in His arms, and go to sleep," and left her.

In a week or so I received a long, grateful letter from her, in which she said, "The Lord surely did undertake for me, I feel as though I had been made over new." The heart trouble that she was born with was entirely gone, and she was like another person, and greatly blessed in her soul. I was very grateful that, out of love for my Lord, I was obedient in the unusual (though it was a heavy cross), and gave to Him my heart as a channel of faith through which He could operate.

She developed into quite a strong, healthy woman; and the last I knew of her she was a happy wife and mother. "Himself hath done it." (Acts 4:10.)

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"QUENCHED THE VIOLENCE OF FIRE" -- (Heb. 11:34)

One Sabbath morning as I was getting breakfast, my wrist was deeply burned with steam from the boiling teakettle. Instantly I stepped to the door and, lifting up my hand, I said, "Lord Jesus, this is your hand, quench the violence of fire so that I can finish breakfast and get this family to church where they can hear Thy Gospel," and just like a cooling breeze passed over that painful burn.

The widowed daughter and her little son who were visiting us saw it all; and when we were coming back from church, she said, "How is your wrist, Mamma?" I told her how for a time it would start to burn every little while, and I would repeat the Scripture, "Quenched the violence of fire," and just like a cool wave of air would pass over it. "I guess it wasn't burnt much," she said lightly, and such a pang went through me because she didn't give God the praise, for I knew it was a deep burn.

I said nothing to her, but I whispered, "Lord Jesus, in some way show her that you did quench the violence of fire." That prayer was answered, and how do you suppose it was answered? By that burn becoming so inflamed and swollen that she said in astonishment, "Well, you must have burned it deep." I said, "Yes, it was a bad burn, but the Lord quenched the violence of fire;" and with the purpose accomplished it was soon well.

There is a point right here: When you ask the Lord to show some soul something that they ought to see for the glory of God and their own highest good, are you willing to endure a little pain, inconvenience, or trial, to be an object lesson to them? You have said, "At any cost," and did you mean it?



How could this dear girl, with her incredulous turn of mind, have been convinced in any other way, and brought to an acknowledgment of the truth of the Scripture? I loved this unsaved child of mine and was grateful for anything that would help her to see how good was my beloved Master, for her master was hard and cruel and was already impelling her along a pathway of sorrow and disappointment, young as she was.

There is for each of God's children such a volume of the love of Christ as will constrain them to endure with patient quietness all the incidentals of living in this fallen world; and until the Lord relieves us we can give "our patient God a patient heart." First, out of love for our Lord; and, second, for those He died to save, so that we will not yield to the natural and draw back and fail to be "an example of the believers;" or in other words, refuse to become object lessons to those of skeptical turn of mind, who must see the Gospel lived, if they are ever saved.

That was more than twenty years ago, but since then that Scripture has ever been my panacea for burns; and I refuse to take a backward step at this point, or any other, for myself or for anyone else that I have prayed through for.

I contend that in a spiritual sense God meant just that when He said, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you . . . from the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river . . . and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun." (Josh. 1:3, 4.)

"Much land ahead to be possessed,  
I'm going on, I'm going on;  
And all is mine my feet have pressed,  
Bless God, I'm going on."

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051 -- "I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE, THAT THY FAITH FAIL NOT" -- (Luke 22:32)

We go through some places that we never want to go through again; and we need not get into such places repeatedly, if we will search out the lesson designed, keep recollected, and watchful of beginnings, and diligently fight the good fight of faith. (1 Tim. 6:12.)

We may not understand all the reasons why we should "watch and pray," but we have learned if we do not watch and pray we will enter into temptation. (Matt. 26:41.) It is in the attitude of prayerful watchfulness that we detect the subtle workings of the adversary.

If one is in soul despondency, or spiritual decline at any point, a good thing is to go back over the past carefully, to the point where declination began (Deut. 8:2); for in patient waiting before the Lord, in honesty of purpose, the point of divergence from the will of God will be disclosed, and can be noted for future admonition.

Sometimes temptations come like the sudden sweep of a hurricane, and the premonitions were either unrecognized or disregarded. I recall a most distressing temptation that swept over me concerning an individual that I had held steady faith for, through many trying years. It was a peculiar situation; few, if anyone else, realized this soul's needs, and I did not know of anyone who was "standing by" in faith for their salvation. The very foundation of my faith seemed swept out from under my feet. (Psa. 11:3.)

I could never put into words the anguish of spirit and sense of responsibility, as I saw the possibility of that soul's sinking down into the abyss, if my faith should fail. We know God works through channels of faith, and sometimes there is nothing that we can do for a soul but to give God our hearts as a channel of faith. It is indeed a dark hour for a real intercessor, when they feel that their faith is failing, or has failed, for an immortal soul.

There are times when we sorely need the uplift of another's faith; and according to promise (Phil. 4:19) there will be someone within reach, if it is a real need. It was true in this instance. My troubled heart was turned to dear Sister B\_\_\_\_, and she listened with that patient Divine sympathy -- so characteristic of a true saint -- as I poured out my distress of soul. In the season of prayer that followed I felt the quieting of a steady hope. (Rom. 8:24.)

The next morning, before I left my room, in those early, quiet hours of waiting upon the Lord, Abraham's experience (Romans 4, and elsewhere) was opened up to my understanding, with a special personal application. I was then enabled to step out upon "the foundation of God that standeth sure" (2 Tim. 2:19) with a faith far beyond what seemed to have been swept away in the storm, for my feet pressed the unchangeable rock of God's Word; the shifting sand had all been swept away. One has said, "Faith grows in a storm." It most surely does -- it must grow or die -- and it also grows stronger in the years of waiting. "He faileth never."

"If you will keep the intense burning there,  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere." (1 Kings 8:56.)

One of the priceless treasures I received from the darkness (Isa. 45:3) of this trial was the realization that the prayers of the Bible have an application in this day and age -- yea more, have a present personal application; and are even for me. (John 17:20.) It all came to me as over and over my Lord would softly whisper within me those same words that He spoke to Peter, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." How little we have realized what "prayed-down" equipment there is even now, upon those long shelves of the great commissary of God's governmental supply stations for His soldiers. (2 Tim. 2:3, 4.) Take a good look at Eph. 1:16 to 23; 3:14 to 21, and many other Scriptures, besides that all-comprehensive, high priestly prayer of our Lord Jesus. (John 17.)

Another time, when Christian Science (falsely so-called) invaded the household of a near relative, robbed, spoiled (Isa. 42:22) and eventually broke up a happy companionship, as it so frequently does, an overwhelming fear pressed upon me, lest my faith fail for this loved one. The foundations seemed shaking, and continued to shake (Heb. 12:28, latter part) until, in distress, I went to my pastor. As he prayed, the memory of the previous experience came back, and hope sprang up. ("Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" is a strong leverage of faith.) And the same sweet

words, whispered softly, sent vibrations of joy through my soul, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

When you are in perplexity of distress, or are hard pressed by the enemy, and there seems no way to get through, recall some of the many prayers that have been prayed for you, and are written out and preserved in God's Book; and appropriate the answer at this time of need, with a grateful heart. "Your heavenly Father knoweth." He has anticipated and made provision for this time of need, and we honor Him by taking the things that are freely given to us of God." (1 Cor. 2:12.)

"Do not forget to pray for me," was the oft-repeated plea of a sister whom I had carried in the arms of faith for years. She needed to be upheld, for she was weighted with infirmities and was weak. (Rom. 15:1.) I told her I was sure that the Lord would not let me forget; and to ever remember that there were "bottled prayers," and also many recorded prayers, that are just as truly for her as for those that were mentioned by name, for Jesus said, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on me through their word." Some years ago the Lord laid a burden of prayer upon me for her deliverance. All desire for food left me. The conflict was terrible; the battle was long-drawn-out, for I was contending for the restoration of an unbalanced mentality, and a tortured soul which was plainly the work of demons. Time dragged slowly, but I knew God was able. I could not "loose my hold" (Gen. 32:26); I would not be denied. On the third day, the words of Paul, on a Scripture calendar, strongly impressed me. They seemed to stand out as in raised letters. "Wonderful words!" I said. But those words were Paul's statement of faith (2 Tim. 4:18), and really it is my faith too.

"But, Lord Jesus, I so much wanted something for Sister C\_\_\_\_." The light suddenly flashed, and I saw that, as "there is no respect of persons with God," I could lay claim and hold it by faith for Sister C\_\_\_\_; that I could put her name right into it. The burden began to lift, and I seemed to walk on air as I repeated over and over, with joy unspeakable, "And the Lord shall deliver Sister C\_\_\_\_ from every evil work, and will preserve her unto His heavenly Kingdom. To whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." (2 Tim. 4:18.) There were testing times, but the promise held, and gradually the change that I saw by faith became apparent to all.

"Unanswered yet? faith cannot be unanswered,  
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, 'it shall be done' sometime, somewhere."  
(Heb. 11:1.)

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052 -- ALONE, OR THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS -- PART FIRST

"Look unto Abraham your father, . . . for I called him alone." (Isa. 51:2.)

The most exquisite soul anguish comes to one as they see a soul for whom they have travailed in birth, and mothered, carrying them in the arms of faith, fighting their battles with them, rejoicing in their victories and development through years of spiritual babyhood, and seeing them take on adult life (1 Cor. 13:11) and begin to settle down to the real business of living for God, where their lives begin to count for Him in helpfulness to others; and then see them start off in some divergence, some fanatical notion, or some subtle deception, that we well know would soon rob them of their "simplicity" and "godly sincerity," and possibly lead them far from the Lord.

For some time I had observed that they were glorying in their achievements; and I felt over them like the great apostle must have felt when he penned 2 Cor. 11:3; and I had reason to fear that as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtlety, so their minds were being corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.

They had heretofore regarded our gentle admonitions and gave consideration to our loving counsel. But now, in their self-commendation, even our faithful warnings and pleadings were disregarded.

There was at first only the sense of the marring of fellowship, the annulment of that blessed oneness of spirit that had been maintained for years; and then that realization of separation, of something immovable between us, and of their turning away to their own hurt

To see them drifting farther and farther away, knowing they were deceived (Obad. 3:4; Isa. 44:20), and being blindly misled, was heart-rending. I had always been able to help them before, and they so sorely needed help at this time, but I was powerless, utterly barred out, and could not get to them to help them. It was almost unbearable. The conflict, the perplexity, and the accusations of the enemy were terrible.

Even prayer seemed unavailing, and all we could see that we could do was to commit them unto a merciful Creator, and trust Him to do the best He could for them, and open their blind eyes at any cost.

We thought of what Paul said in 1 Cor. 5:5, and shuddered; for Satan is a tortuous master.

I know of no greater soul agony, or deeper "fellowship of his sufferings" (Phil. 3:10), than this sympathy with the Savior in this turning away from Him of one "he so loved." For the fact remains that one does not turn away from a true child of God except there is, in some measure, a turning away (unconsciously perhaps) from the Lord.

While I suffered over the immeasurable loss to this soul, it was the love of the Lord Jesus unrequited that broke my heart; for once again I felt the tears in His voice as He said so yearningly, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem;" and I wept burning heart tears in sympathy with my Lord over the loss of His own.

In all this, I suffered in silence alone; I well knew that one that had not spent long years in spiritual motherhood could not understand. It was an impossibility, and they could not help it. Finally the burden became so heavy, and the physical so frail, that the home call Seemed near; and

sorrowing I said, "Who will care for this soul?" And for that reason I felt to mention it in confidence to one who carried a deep interest in souls, telling them of my fears, and the turning away from me in spirit, and asked them to take this soul upon their heart.

At first they would have it that it was a mistaken idea of my own, but when convinced that I was correct they criticized me severely, and strongly admonished me, considering it to be my fault; and I was so sincerely humbled that I did not know but that they were more than half right, and I was silent under their censure. Yet I knew that "my heavenly Father knoweth" that my one desire had ever been to "walk humbly with my God" in regards to this soul.

I never felt to blame them, they were too young in the way to understand; but later on the Lord did lay this soul upon their heart, till they, too, suffered soul anguish beyond anything they had ever before experienced. Thus there became the agreement of two (Matt. 18:19), and that promise holds.

After the billows of sorrow had begun to subside into the calmness of "the fellowship of his sufferings," one day as I pleaded His mercy (and we haven't anything but His mercy to plead) there came a hope that this soul would soon get to the end of their rope (as we say) and begin to retrace their steps. It was a steadying hope, which I clung to with unyielding hold. But I grew sick at heart as I thought of the dark "via Doloroso" over which this soul must go alone in retracing such steps, and the unregainable loss. For even after they do obtain the gracious forgiveness of God, an eternal regret must remain.

Never for a moment think you it is a light thing to break step with God. The rebuilding of our faith is so slow, and the assaults of the adversary are unending. One must needs take strongly and gratefully the humble attitude of confiding trust alone in the amazing Atonement of Christ Jesus on Calvary, against the enemy; and say in the words of another, bowing low, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I will behold His righteousness."

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy . . . I shall arise (out Of this darkness) the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Mic. 7:8, 9.)

Let us ever be deeply grateful that "there is forgiveness with God." That "the eye of the Lord is upon them that hope in his mercy, to deliver their soul from death.) (Psa. 33:18) 19), "and to them that call upon him in truth," it is recorded.

"Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions." (Psa. 99:8.) Inventions in this connection, according to the concordance, have reference to: 1st. Contrivances, tending toward evil. 2nd. Sinful practices. (Psa. 106:89.) 3rd. Idolatrous acts (Psa. 106:29.)

4th. New ways for making one's self more wise and happy than God has made him. (Eccl. 7:29.)

Or, in other words, choosing their own course in life rather than the plan of infinite wisdom; turning to their own way) thus playing right into the hands of our unchangeable foe. For it is impossible to refuse the direction and control of God, and escape the subtle directing power of Satan; and sooner or later terrible entanglements with his inventions will follow, as surely as night follows day) because Satan is the author and instigator of evil inventions.

One does not quickly recover from the effects of his operating agency, or the results that follow as a consequence. There are certain retributions that are only slowly retrievable. Sin wounds deeply, and the wound heads slowly; and, in the words of another, the heart cries out, "Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous . . . Truly this is grief, and I must bear it" alone. (Jer. 10:19.)

"Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache,  
And reddening scars remain to make confession;  
We are not what we were before transgression."

But we can be gratefully conscious of Divine forgiveness. And if they will almost live upon their knees, keeping close up to that wounded side, trusting in the flowing blood, deny themselves, and in true, humble obedience take up their cross daily and follow Jesus, they can keep pressing on the upward way and finally make it clear through to the heavenly country.

"The ransomed spirit can reach that shore,  
Where they sin, And suffer, and weep no more." -- (Rev. 21:4.)

"There the wicked cease, from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest." -- (Job 3:17.)

Before leaving this intricate, perplexing subject, let me say with deep sympathy and Divine courage that I know that the retracing of the steps of a backslider is a "via Doloroso," for in soul travail I have been over this "way of pain" with many a dear one, sharing their sorrows, standing by in faith for them, and have seen them triumph; and I can say I know there is a way through, if you will win your heart's consent to take the way.

One of the hardest things one has to undergo is the loss of the good opinion of people that came to them as they walked with the Lord, as an appreciation of true worth; but which was forfeited back there when they first broke step with God. And right here is where so many will cling, and suffer deeply, before they win their heart's consent to become resigned, and sustain, without sinking, the loss they have thus suffered, and enter into the composure of humility of spirit; willing to go on with the Lord alone.

If they can appreciate what God knows them to be new, through His redeeming power, they can patiently endure what people may think them to be, as they remember the past.

Deep appreciation of the approval of God will offset and utterly outweigh the adverse opinion of men, based upon the life that they had formerly lived.

One that had been lifted by power Divine from the depths of sin to a plane of respectability and honor said this: "I have found that the only way I can keep this blessed peace of God in my heart, and walk at liberty (2 Cor. 3:17), is to take, and continually maintain, this attitude before the Lord. If all my friends, and everyone else, should know of my sinful past, and accuse me with taunting sneers, I would answer them humbly, with patient tenderness toward all. Yes, that is all true; I acknowledge it with sorrow and shame. But Jesus died upon Calvary to save such as I; and unbelievable as it may seem to you, all that old life has passed away, and I am actually a new creature (2 Cor. 5:17), redeemed by His blood (1 Pet. 1:19). Yes, and more, I would be willing, for Jesus' sake, if it would be for the salvation of one soul, to acknowledge it to the whole world." She felt as did the great apostle when he penned 1 Tim. 1:15, 16, and would often sing with grateful tears:

"I was once far away from the Savior,  
Just as vile as a sinner could be,  
And I'll praise Him forever and ever  
For saving a sinner like me." (1 Tim. 1:15.)

This is true in every case. In this attitude of soul only can the Holy Spirit electrocute that arrogant pretentious pride, and "love of the praise of men more than the praise of God" (John 12:43), that extensive component part of the depraved nature inherited from Adam, clothe them with humility, and give to them an unquestionable passport to the skies.

Did you ever stop to consider that it was because of that acknowledgment of his sins and his just deserts (Luke 23:39, 43), before that accusing, bloodthirsty mob; and that reverent heart appeal to the dying Son of God, that those gracious words were spoken, that gave to the thief on the cross a passport to Paradise, although he still had to endure the penalty attached to his sins until released by death? And such as you and I ought to have so great an appreciation of God's gracious pardon and an indisputable passport to Paradise that it would seem a very small thing to bear, even to the close of this life, any penalty put upon us by the opinion of the people; and to go forward with the Lord, faithfully performing every known duty, content to live for the approval of God alone.

This is the only way of peace unbroken, and that calm, sweet liberty of the Spirit, freedom from any servitude or bondage. (Rom. 8:2.)

There are those among us that have been proving this true day after day for many years, and so can you (I am talking to one in soul despondency now), "for there is no respect of persons with God."

One dear sister that I carried in the arms of my faith as she traversed this "pained way" told me that there came a time (that made me think of 1 Pet. 5:10) when the Lord said to her that He would drop, as it were, a marvelously wrought curtain composed of His mercies between her and that sad, dark past of sin against God, her own soul, and others, and she was never to lift the curtain.

Instead of that constant brooding over vain regrets, "If I only had," or "Why did I?" etc., those fruitless lamentations that engender self-pity, she was to look upon the past only through the curtain of the manifold mercies of God, and say in the words of another:

"I look not back; God knows the fruitless efforts,  
The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets;  
I leave them all with Him, who blots the records  
And graciously forgives and then forgets."

But that curtain must never be lifted; companions in sin and all old associations back there must be forever abandoned; as far as she is concerned "they are extinct," she is separated unto God. And if she were to step back of that curtain of intervening mercy she would be again exposed to "the wrath of God" against sin (Rom. 1:18; Eph. 5:6, 7); and the command rang in her ears, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

The word of the Lord to her was, "Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old. Behold, I will do a new thing, now it shall spring forth, shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the deserts. This people (or person, which was she) I have formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." (Isa. 43:18, 19, 21.) She heeded the voice of God; and when her thoughts would revert back, she remembered her covenant, and refused and resisted the temptation, in Jesus' name, till deliverance came, and would not be drawn back of that protecting curtain again. Gradually the mercy of God so revealed His love as to utterly eclipse the old life, and it so faded from her horizon that as occasionally one of those old associates would cross her pathway, they were simply as one among the multitude, their power had become entirely annulled.

A life of prayer and usefulness opened up for her, and many a perplexed soul has she encouraged, as she has prayed for them and told them where she had found a strength in her distress, "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall" (Isa. 25:4), and how she had found Christ Jesus our Lord to be "as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isa. 32:2.)

Many and fierce were the conflicts with the contesting forces of evil. But through it all would oft be spoken the same steadying words that Jesus once spoke to Peter, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not:" (Luke 22:31, 32.)

While it is true that the way back to God is a *via Doloroso* because of the threatenings of a powerful enemy who has held us in bondage, yet by believing God, our almighty Friend, we can reach the highway. "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast, but the redeemed shall walk there. The ransomed of the Lord: with songs of joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isa. 35:9, 10.)

"What if the iniquity of our heels (our past life) does compass us about, wherefore shall we fear." (Psa. 49:5.) "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea



that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God (the place of power) who also maketh intercession for us." (Rom. 8:33, 34.)

"Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers."

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. 7:25.)

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## 053 -- ALONE, OR THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS -- PART SECOND

There are such marked parallels in human lives that some who read this may conclude that a reference has been made to themselves individually, or someone that they knew who has closely touched my life. They may be right or they may be wrong, for there are those in different states in the Union, and also across the ocean, that I have had great conflict in prayer for. Many who have not seen my face in the flesh have unburdened their hearts, in writing long letters; and through a continued correspondence I have gone with them step by step over this "way of pain" until the path of peace was once more regained.

One of the most painful long-drawn-out prayer burdens was for a sister in Australia; and out of an almost overwhelming desire to help this bewildered soul, the love of Christ constrained to the unveiling of some of the sacred secrets of the Lord's dealings with my own heart; which later on became the genesis of this book.

The evil inventions (Psa. 99:8,) in which she had become entangled were shocking, erroneous teachings, complex and disastrous in the extreme. But the Lord in great mercy led her out and delivered her from what she afterwards designated as "Doctrine of Devils," and brought her back to the simplicity that is in Christ, and a restful certainty comforted her troubled soul.

Later on she wrote me something that should be an encouragement to every Sunday School teacher, and to those who have the care of children. It was this: When she was a little girl, for a short time she attended Sunday School and was faithfully taught the fundamentals of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ -- true Bible doctrine. And while all these years it lay buried under the chaos of those half-satisfying fallacies of man-made religions, that living germ of truth remained; and what I had written out of my own heart, after much prayer, was used of God to bring to her remembrance that early teaching, with such complete corroboration that her heart was assured of the true, and she renounced the false, and utterly repudiated that terrible entanglement that she had rightfully called the "Doctrine of Devils." It was a *via Dolorosa* for many a long month, but her weary feet at last pressed the path of life, and she went on her homeward way, happy with Jesus alone.

I would repeat again, to every backslider, "There is forgiveness with God." And there is a way through. But let us remember, and not forget, that as pride in some of its multiplicity of forms

(Prov. 16:18; 29:23) will usually be found to have been the root cause of the divergence from the pathway; so also will it be found that humility, deep and true, before God, will be the only way back.

Even as I write, my heart is sorrowing over one who had lived a most exemplary life, abounding with remarkable revelations and achievements for God, until spiritual pride, the most subtle and deceiving of all forms of pride, obtained access by flattery or stealth into her once cleansed heart. Self-exaltation is ever followed quickly by covetousness and every other sinful propensity.

For some time she had been in great danger, withdrawing herself from the saints, saying that they did not understand her, etc., and was so sure that she was led of God that she could not accept their kindly counsel, nor heed the tender but faithful warnings of those that "stand by." Even the clarion call from the Word of God was disregarded, yet how clearly does the weeping prophet give the unmistakable warning against spiritual pride, (Jer. 13:15, 16, 17) "Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud: for the Lord has spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride; and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive." (See also John 12:35.)

This is ever the spirit of the true intercessor, and we will never let go our hope that they will yet humble themselves, hear, and live.

While we have rejoiced to see not a few take the path of humility back to the Father's house (Luke 15:17, 18), and whosoever will may come, yet there are many who are still stumbling upon the "dark mountains." Some are near the "shadow of death" with "gross darkness" close at hand. And I must not fail my Lord.

The more I know of God and His plan of redemption, and realize the power of prayer that He has placed within reach of those who abide in Him (John 15:7), the more I feel like encouraging all who are responding to the call "to stand in the breach," to continue to follow the Master in "making intercession for the transgressors." (Isa. 53:12, last clause.) Let us in our small capacity fill up that which is behind of the affliction of Christ, in our flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church. Even to rejoice in the sufferings that of necessity go with it. (Col. 1:24.) It is written of the Christ, "He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;" and if up to our small capacity we enter into this most sacred fellowship of His sufferings for fallen humanity, may we not expect, when we cross the great divide, if not before, that we shall in many other instances see that travail of our soul, and be glad through all eternity for our small part in sacrificial suffering?

If you are among those called "The repairer of the breach, the restorer of the paths to dwell in," and have taken your place as an intercessor, you will understand, and appreciate the following:

Throughout this long-drawn-out battle there were many personal conflicts, temptations, and accusations to be met. But I lived low at the feet of Jesus, in the very dust of humility before Him, and maintained unbroken fellowship. I did sometimes wonder if one should go through so much, because of the willful transgression of another; but when I thought of that Garden of Gethsemane and the Son of man alone, I silently bowed my head before that scene of suffering. But this is digression.

Especially painful was the accusation that this sorrow I had felt was of a selfish nature, not so much over the sad condition of this soul, or the unrequited love of the Savior, but self-sympathy and self-commiseration. It was because I wanted their love and fellowship, I had "stood by" faithfully for years, and now, with my increasing frailty, I just wanted this dear one to stand by me; self-centered to the very core, and also I was utterly unwilling to go on with the Lord alone.

This all came to me as a startling possibility. Knowing as I did the subtlety of self-pity (Matt. 16:22, marginal), how it would stealthily creep in, and hide under every possible pretense, I could but admit to my Lord that there might be some truth in the accusation. I had ever been careful to refuse and steadfastly resist all such temptations as they were presented, yet it could be possible that selfish interest had insinuated itself and displaced that pure selfless concern for God and souls that had been predominant in my life ever since the Holy Spirit took over the Island of my personality in 1903.

A doubt could never be tolerated for a moment at that point; I must have definite knowledge.

Oh, the comfort to remember "all things are naked and open" to the Lord at such a time as this! He knew, and in His faithfulness He would reveal to me the true state of my soul.

In deep heart searching, my hushed spirit waited before the Lord. In memory I went back in my life, to where I first began to understand His call to me to go with Him alone; but I had not faltered.

With great tenderness the Master spoke, "To be separated from this needy soul means more to you than some of those separations back there" (and my soul bowed in painful acquiescence).

"If this spiritual child is taken out of your life by the deceivableness of unrighteousness (2 Thess. 2:10; Gal. 6:3), and you are unable to help this dear one any more, will you be true, and go on with Me alone?" and I knew the Master saw this to be by eternal choice.

But the test questions kept coming, and they were carefully weighed and assented to, until I saw one after another of those whom I had stood by, in their dark hours of need for years, become so absorbed, and so forgetful of my increasing infirmities as to pass by on the other side; and I, silently loving them and holding the promises for them still, without one heart murmur could go on with my Lord alone.

The very depths of my soul had been sounded and rang true. My heart's consent had long since been won, and had become established. And as the result of these severe testings and deep

heart searching, great enlargement of soul was realized, and my heart was assured, beyond a question, that this painful burden of prayer had not been a selfish sorrow. Through the grace of God, that prerequisite of all true Christian living had been maintained, which is the deep heart willingness to go on with the Lord alone.

"Look unto Abraham your father . . . for I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him." (Isa. 51:2.)

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## POSTSCRIPT

For the encouragement of your faith, let me tell you that above all we had asked or thought has been the answer to one of those long-drawn-out burdens of prayer mentioned in this letter, which was written some months ago. Acts 26:18 has been literally fulfilled.

Spiritual pride was clearly revealed, and to what it would lead, until the cry of her soul unceasingly went up to God for deliverance, and in that joyous acclaim of faith my heart silently responded in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou answerest them, O Lord, our God. Thou wast a God that forgavest them." But, you know, vengeance had to be taken upon those inventions of self-exaltation, and the proud heart must become humble, and even with God's gracious forgiveness there was a *via Doloroso* before she could see that the only way to escape the entanglements of these inventions was to relinquish the entire Island of her personality unto God, and to accept whatever God permitted to develop out of the past sad failures, and trust Him for enabling grace to meet it in the calm composure of true humility of spirit.

But she was held to the line to forever give up her right to herself; and after days of abstinence and desperate prayer, she saw there was no other way, and yielded up to God the last requirement, the very last, even that one point that was like death to give up. But that also was relinquished, and she knew it. There was an unmistakable knowledge that the entirety of her being was handed over to God. Given up forever was that detestable "my right to myself," and she knew that God saw it to be a fact. She did not find that step of faith that receives the Holy Spirit as difficult as some do. And the reason was plain; she had laid a solid foundation for faith by meeting the conditions according to God's Word, and she had the witness of her own heart that she had done her part. She knew it with a heart knowledge, an assurance beyond a question. At such a juncture as that a doubt as to God's doing His part was not in the region of possibility. There was a heart assurance at that point also.

She came to my room on that memorable night, calm with the knowledge that in this unprecedented battle with Apollyon she had won her heart's consent to the actual dethronement of self, and the utter repudiation of every false claim of the usurper who had entrenched himself in the citadel of her soul.

Kneeling at my bedside, she said, "At last I am where I can plead the promises for the coming of the Holy Spirit to take charge of His rightful domain and eject the usurper." How the

promises were brought to mind! And with the insistence of real faith they were pleaded before the Lord with that confidence in God's veracity that ever brings an answer from the skies.

It was one of those clear, normal transactions with God, in the spiritual realm, and I just lay back upon my pillows and in faith joyfully watched the scene, and --

"Caught the gleam of glory brightening,  
Held the vision for the soul,  
Till the very air around her  
Was surcharged with His control.  
For the Holy Spirit came (John 15:26),  
Taking over His domain,  
On the 'Highway' once again (Isa. 35:8, 9, 10),  
Stood this soul without a stain (1 John 1:7)."

That hallowed presence flooded the room, and softly we sang over and over again that song that is such a heart echo to every entirely sanctified soul, "The Comforter Has Come." Some time afterwards, in speaking of this epoch, she said, "It was not so much what we usually call 'blessing'; but oh, I knew -- and I know yet, and that is the greatest of all blessings." And you will agree with me that she was right.

And others knew it. Her public testimony was different, humble but clear, and had a convincing power, an unconscious, resistless argument. (Luke 21:15.) Her presence was restful, and there was an outshining from within, in her very countenance as she went about the commonest duties of life, that made souls hungry, and they would open their hearts to her and ask her to pray for them. The spirit of prayer, like the mist from the ocean, was ever ascending, and long hours of intercession were esteemed the greatest privilege. All this was there, and much more, and, as you know, are the normal outworkings of the blessed Holy Spirit when He has been given undisputed sway in the whole realm of our personality.

So gracious is our God that I must reiterate once more for the encouragement of every backslider, "There is forgiveness with God." There is a way through. And to every one who would intercede for souls, I would repeat this Scripture verity, God is able "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive the forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified." (Acts 26:18.)

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#### 054 -- CONFLICT BETWEEN FAITH AND SIGHT

(Psa. 119:89; John 6:63; Deut. 11:18; Psa. 11:3.)

A long-drawn-out battle was in the case of that elect lady, Sister B\_\_\_\_. Accompanied by her husband she had been a pioneer preacher many years, opening up new work in the wilds of Oregon. She was very frail, and much worn by hardships endured, when I knew her, but still carrying heavy load, in her endeavor to raise and educate half-orphaned nieces.

My own life of frailty makes me keen to detect what others do not see, or pass lightly by, and I saw an overburdened woman, a sick woman, not far from death, though still on her feet. The Lord laid a burden of prayer on me for her, and one night I prayed through for her deliverance, but said nothing, for it was like many another prayer burden, a secret between the Lord and myself. I expected to see an improvement; but when we again met, she looked so bad that I went home in distress, and had to pray through again till I rejoiced in the assurance that the Lord had undertaken for her. Later on we met on the street, and she looked so much like a walking corpse that the foundation of my faith seemed swept out from under my feet, and I could hardly get home, for the weight of the burden of distress. I knew God had spoken, I knew I had obtained promises; what was wrong that I could not hold them? (It all came clear afterwards, I had let appearances eclipse the unfailing Word of God.) The only thing to do was to pray till I got past appearances, etc., and rested upon the promises, with restored and strengthened confidence in the power of Him who had promised.

This time faith held steady, and after a time of testing I saw the improvement that I had been believing the Lord for. Then I told her of the battle and the lessons learned, and we were drawn into close fellowship; we frequently prayed together, and fought through some long-drawn-out battles for souls. Seemingly hopeless cases of backsliders were reclaimed, abnormal mental cases restored, demonized delivered, and so on. I learned much from this remarkable saint, this humble handmaiden of the Lord, in those two years that the Lord spared her from the heavenly courts after that.

When came the final call, "Come up higher," it was a surprise to me, and also to her. The Lord had inspired the prayer of faith in some heart, and raised her up so many times, that we just naturally expected it. I was conscious that I had not prayed the prayer of faith, but kept thinking I would be given the help of the Spirit to do so, or someone else would; but it was not so. During the last week of her stay with us, I found her very weak and weary, when I went in to see her that afternoon. I questioned her closely; and to relieve my anxiety she told me that she had not slept the night before, had been burdened, and prayed through many things, till everything now was entirely in the hands of God. And then she told me of things to come. (John 16:13, last clause.)

For some months Brother B\_\_\_\_\_ had an open wound on his face, originally caused from ulcerated teeth. Some doctors pronounced it tubercular, some cancerous, but held out no hope of recovery, and he was in poor health generally. He had always leaned heavily upon her spiritually and did not know how to move out alone for the Lord. During that night, all this had been brought definitely to the Lord, and assurance had been given. Among other things she said, "Mr. B\_\_\_\_\_ will be perfectly healed, and will move out for God as he never has yet done, and will help many souls into the kingdom." All that she told me came to pass, it was a sure prophecy; and some months afterwards, to comfort him (for he was greatly bereft) and encourage him, I felt to tell him what she had sacredly confided to me.

This was her last long-drawn-out intercessory prayer, for she gradually failed. One day she said to me, "I don't think I am going at this time; I know what the Lord told me to do, and I haven't finished it yet. But you know that there was only one life lived on this earth that could say beyond a doubt, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' "

As I stood by her that last night, I still hoped for that prayer of faith, till I understood from the Lord that He wanted His loved one by His side. I so longed to be alone with God that I left her to the care of others, and went out into the hush of midnight, under the stars that seemed to look down with that quiet serenity of confidence in God, yet in great tenderness upon me, and I said with uplifted hands, "O Lord, Thou canst have Thine own; I take my hands off, Thou canst take Thine own." And I went back to her bedside with the steadying weight of the benediction of heaven resting upon my heart.

Very gently I said to her, "Perhaps the Lord is coming for you, do you think so?" She said, "Possibly." I answered, "Would it be all right if He did?" "Sure it would, sure it would," was her reply, but I knew she was thinking of that unfinished work for those precious children. Later on, as her breath was shortening, the husband rallied from his sorrow, and tenderly said, "Sweetheart, do you know you are nearing the crossing? Yes, dear, you will soon be over on the other side, but Jesus is here." She nodded her head and answered many questions of assurance, after speech had failed her. Dear Sister E\_\_\_\_\_ softly sang "Just Over the River I'm Going."

"I'll clasp the dear hand of my Savior,  
He'll guide me safe over the foamy  
And I'll fear not the swellings of Jordan  
For Jesus embraces His own,"

and the gracious presence of the Lord was most blessedly real.

While at the undertaker's, around that inanimate form, the presence of the Lord so lingered that saints shouted and sinners wept. The undertaker, who had known her, said to one, as they looked upon that peaceful face, "I would give anything in the world if I were as sure of heaven as I know that woman to be."

Many and varied have been the lessons gathered from these incidents, and I am grateful for them; but I have a request before the Lord, if it please Him, to let me know when the home call comes, so that I will not feel it to be my duty any longer to continue the fight of faith for the physical. For my life has been as a prey (Jer. 45:5), and at my Lord's enabling command I have wrested decades from the grave, to glorify God in my body, and shall rejoice when in His wisdom He shall say, "Enough of service here, a love service awaits you over there."

"His blessed will, His blessed way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay"

is the attitude of soul that I endeavor to maintain, and yet at times I find myself almost overwhelmed with longing to "look upon him whom they pierced," (John 19:34.) "For he was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities, and the chastisement of my peace was upon him, and with his stripes I am healed." (Isa. 53:5.) He has so blessedly revealed Himself to my heart down through the years that the all-absorbing passion of my soul is to know Him (Phil. 3:10) and to make Him known.

"When by the gift of His wonderful grace  
I am accorded in heaven a place,  
Just to behold Him and look on His face  
Will through the ages be glory for me."

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055 -- "HE CAST OUT THE SPIRITS WITH HIS WORD" -- (Isa. 63:7)

Many were the valuable lessons that came with the care and custody of a child (some years ago) who was demonized. My attention was first drawn to the fact as I studied that incident in the life of our Lord, recorded in Matt. 15:22 to 29. I was shocked and unbelieving for a time, but the revelation went on till I was convinced that such was the case. Her inheritance, history, and earlier environment (which I cannot speak of here) gave ample opportunity for demoniac possession.

She was bright, abnormally so on some lines, and extremely deceiving, would falsify and wrongfully appropriate without cause or advantage gained, and her mind seemed occupied with obscene thoughts. But the most trying thing about her was a peculiar, strange atmosphere so nerve wearing that no one could keep her many months without becoming prostrated, she just wore them out.

Before she came to me,. she had been severely punished in every conceivable way, but the bad habits were unchanged. Her widowed mother, a day laborer, had recently been converted among us, and I felt toward her as a mother in Israel should, and we were drawn very close together.

I told her something of my convictions concerning her daughter and gave her the Scripture to read, and she said, "Yes, it may be so." But she was too young in the way to grasp the situation. I spoke to a few about it, but only one other seemed to understand. This sister had had some experience with demonized people, and encouraged me to believe for the child's deliverance.

I read Dr. Godbey's book, "Demonology," and carefully studied each incident recorded in the life of our Lord, and was amazed at His calm demeanor as those great deliverances were wrought, for "he cast out the spirits with his word." It was such a little thing for the Son of God to do when the simple conditions were met, and I was drawn into a deeper acquaintance with the compassionate Christ, with an increase of faith in His willingness and supreme power.

Many perplexities arose; one thing troubled me very much. I had such unaccountable feelings, my very soul recoiled from close contact with the child at times; and the accusation was that if I had perfect love I would never feel that way towards a child; this seemed very reasonable, and I laic[ it out before the Lord. The revelation went slowly on until I saw that those inexpressible feelings were not against the child but against the demons that held a possession there, and that the Holy Spirit in me could enable me to continuously hold the ascendancy over the demons in her, until conditions were fully met and they were cast out. And I proved it to be true. How intensely at times did I realize that strong undergirding of the calm Spirit of Jesus within me



quietly exercising authority over the evil spirits operating in her; she would give me a quick, surprised look, and quiet right down.

During the time she was with me, she was memorizing Scripture, reading alternately at our family prayer together, attending Sabbath School, church, and revival meetings, with occasionally a touch of God, but no real deliverance.

I had such hopes, in anticipating a certain revival effort, that this would be the time; but it passed into history and the child wasn't delivered. I went to the Lord with a heavy heart, and in deep humility, to inquire wherein I had failed Him. He very gently told me that if she were a little child He could "do the work on my faith alone, but she was of such an age that she must have a knowledge of her condition and cooperate with God in connection with the faith of others.

Little by little, so she could grasp it, I explained to her her condition, as the reason why it was so hard for her to do right, and how Jesus could deliver her as He did others when He was on earth, and together we read different Scriptures concerning demon possession.

I steadily held the ascendancy, and with increasing faith looked forward to the next time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; but I was so worn with the conflict that the mother found a home for the child, near me, under the care of a woman of strong Christian character. But the child quickly exhausted her, and another place was found for her; but I begged them to wait till after the revival meeting, with the hope of her deliverance.

Rev. S. K. W. was our evangelist, and that strong man of God attracted her, and she gave him close attention but made no move toward God. Dear Sister C\_\_\_\_ (since in glory) had a close heart talk with her one morning, and she promised her that she would go to the altar that night and seek the Lord. During the altar call Sister C\_\_\_\_ went to her and reminded her of her promise, and she went. Sister C\_\_\_\_ went inside of the altar rail and took her position in front of the child. I knelt on one side, and another sister who had recently become interested knelt just back of her. The altar was densely packed with kneeling penitents, and pilgrims all around, for there was that strong, deep moving of the Spirit of God among us that brings things to pass. Too frail to kneel long, I sat leaning against the altar rail, with my right hand lifted toward heaven, gripping, as it were, the promises God had given me in that never-let-go expectancy of faith.

One Scripture especially was presented with humble, patient, yet persistent pleading (Matt. 8:16), for I seemed to be face to face with the blessed Son of God. "Jesus, Lord, you cast out the spirits with your word." Over and over I silently repeated my appeal to His compassion, and for more than an hour we held on without a move. Others were dealing with the child, trying to get her to pray. She was in an agony of distress, wild-eyed and colorless, but would not call upon the Lord, who alone could help her. "I want to go home," she would wail out, and would start to get up; but dear Sister C\_\_\_\_ held to her, and said kindly, but firmly, "No, dear, you promised you would pray through tonight," and she would sink down with that hopeless wail, "I want to go home."

Finally a spirit of intercession suddenly fell on the saints, and she broke out in prayer, crying mightily on the Lord to save her. My whole soul went up in one desperate cry to God, "Now, Lord, now, she is cooperating with Thee, now, now, now."

Suddenly she threw up both hands and sprang to her feet, praising the Lord; and such a sense of relief came to all that was beyond description, for it had been a hand-to-hand fight with unseen and unrecognized demons. All had felt the tremendous conflict and rejoiced in the victory.

I still held on with closed eyes, as is my custom till victory is sealed by praise, and established my testimony (an important point right there), and in my spiritual vision I saw a horde of black demons hurriedly rush down the aisle and out the door of the church. The child threw her arms about me, saying, "O Grandma, Grandma, Jesus did come!" and was so relieved and happy, and all that awful atmosphere around her was entirely gone.

I knew that she was delivered from demoniac possession, but whether or not the Lord regenerated her soul in conjunction with the deliverance was still a question. I did not know. As there was no one to turn to that seemed to understand, I said nothing, but I did ask Sister C the next day if she thought the child was really converted or just got help as so many do. Her answer was, "I really do not know; there is a great change, her presence does not tire me as before." "As there is some room for doubt, you know how it has been," I said, "let us hold on together and trust the Lord to actually regenerate her soul, if it has not been already accomplished."

A few evenings later her mother, who was there that night, said to the child, "I believe the Lord has more for you." She thought a moment, then went and knelt at the altar and at once began praying aloud; and before the altar call was over, with uplifted hands and shining face, she had prayed clear through, born from above, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and at once began praying for her schoolmates and telling them the way through.

A month later, she told me, when she came back on a visit, that everything was so different. "I don't have any desire to take things, or to tell things that are not true, and I came clear around the block so I would not meet Albert, that bad boy that I used to be so crazy about. My whole life is changed. I am like a different girl." (She was then about thirteen.) It was surely true, a self-evident fact, that she was changed, and there was no return of that deplorable condition. My heart continues to give honor, glory, and praise unto Him who is "the same yesterday, today, and forever." "He cast out the spirits with his word." (Matt. 8:16.)

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## SECTION SIX

### 056 -- DIVINE PROVIDENCES, AND ANGLES IN THE WILL OF GOD

In the mind of the Infinite, with the creation of our being, there was formulated a plan for your life and mine, not only in this present world, but on and on out into the eternities, as a part of the great "mosaic" that will reflect the glory of God before the assembled universe. (2 Thess. 1:10.)

There is much truth in what one has said, who lived in the early part of the last century: "There is a plan working in our lives; and if we will keep our hearts quiet, and our eyes open, it

all works together; but if we don't, it all fights together, and goes on fighting till it comes right sometime, somewhere." The same author goes on to say, in substance, that if we could only see beforehand what it is that our Heavenly Father has planned us to be -- the soul beauty and perfection, the gloriously lovely, spiritual body (or character) that this soul is to dwell in (or to be) through all eternity -- if we could have a glimpse of this, we should not grudge all the trouble and pains He is taking with us now, to bring us up to that ideal, which is His thought for us. We know that it is God's way to work slowly, (we unconsciously protract His working) so we must not be surprised if it takes Him a great many years of discipline to turn a mortal into a glorious immortal being, fitted to enjoy the company of angels. The enemy's subtlety, working through the volition of man, has greatly retarded the development of that plan; yet in looking back we can see it has gone on, like a flowing stream, with many obstructions to overcome, windings, and sharp angles. There have been strange providences of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, prosperity and poverty, bereavement and consolation.

The stream of my life maintained its placid flow under sunlit skies, with everything conducive to happiness, for nearly a decade. I was the youngest born of a family group where careful, conscientious laws were enforced with love and tender regard for each member of the household. Restful, joyous singing (a precious memory) was a part of the daily life; with prosperity of earth and the benediction of heaven we were indeed a happy family -- and then within two years I was a lonely-hearted orphan among strangers whose greatest interest was the labor I could perform.

Some years dragged by; then a distant relative with kind words came into my horizon, and with the consent of my guardian I went with them to their new home in the far West, with the hope of once more having a share in true heart affections; but their one concern was to secure the small inheritance that was to be mine. However, the plan of God was being worked out, and right alongside of their evil purpose ran the parallel purpose of God. Their plan and purpose was soon exhausted and ran its race; but God's plan and purpose went right on, as a most gracious providence, for in this new environment I was brought in contact with the true people of God, and under the influence of the blessed Gospel, and the miracle of the new birth took place in my soul.

Since then there have been many strange turns of providence in my life, painfully perplexing, working together, or as it surely sometimes seemed, fighting together; for strange have been the conflicts, sometimes on one point, sometimes on another; and yet not strange (1 Pet. 4:12) after all, for it is only the Christian conflict which is "common to man."

Even with the heart quiet and peaceful with the realized approval of God, that inveterate foe will rage on, and we must "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered," from every standpoint, and learn to use the "sword of the Spirit." There is also much conflict, real fight of faith, for the body; the attacks are first on one part, then on another; and often we need the uplift of another's faith. Then there are times when the Lord speaks as to one of old, "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle, set yourselves, stand ye still, and see" (2 Chron. 20:17; 20:22); and as a spectator (Psa. 91:8) we do see the battle raging between the two great powers until we can only think of Michael contending over the body of Moses (Jude 9; Dan. 10:13; 12:1); and this is not surprising when we think of Rev. 12:7, 8.

Nevertheless that traitor from remote ages, with all his unchangeable hatred and impotent rage, knows that he is hopelessly defeated; and if we will persistently live in accord with Rev. 12:11, we are invulnerable: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." (Isa. 4:5, 6.)

So whether working together or fighting together, in and through it all, in looking back we can see that the plan of God, which is the development of a symmetrical Christian character, was ever being carried forward.

Who has not observed surprising providences, and watched their outgrowth in other lives; pleasing perspective, then painful perplexity? Delightful exultation transposed to the keenest of sorrow; and in turn heart-breaking sorrow transmuted into superlative joy, by the blessing of the Lord, which is marvelous indeed.

That young woman, the child of many prayers (that we held the promises for so long), while watching, with aching heart, her betrothed waste away with tuberculosis, in her earnestly seeking to help him find the peace of pardon, and internal fitness for heaven, through the blood of Jesus, yielded her own heart to the merciful Savior, and I heard her say in testimony, "I do not know why the Lord sent such a beautiful love into my life, and then removed it so soon; but through it all I caught a vision of 'the glory' and found

'What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear,'

and my heart has been strangely comforted in the midst of sorrow."

The mother, bereaved of her first-born, with heart bound with cords of love to God and heaven, settled down to the real business of living for God, as a result.

The sending of that frail wife from her home for a short visit and the barring of the door against her return, after all, meant only lengthened life and usefulness (with persecutions).

The unmitigated sorrow over a daughter deceived and led astray deeply moved the heart to the faithful warning and rescue of other girls, and boys as well.

And that sacred purity of love in the Spirit, between two matured, deeply spiritual souls, was nearing the consummation of "holy" wedlock, when sudden intervention of death, breaking the heart and prostrating the body, blighted all those beautiful hopes for the future, but eventually enlarged the capacity of the bereaved one to receive "Himself," and prove how truly

"He can take the place of loved ones,  
Wipe the falling tears away"

and fill the heart to overflowing with that indescribable, exquisite tenderness of Divine sympathy for all who suffer.

There is in a strong sense "sacrificial suffering," that we may better understand another's grief, that we may be able to comfort those in trouble, because we ourselves have suffered, and have been comforted of God.

Our humanity so shrinks back from sorrow; but when the stroke descends, turning every earthly hope into the dead ashes of despair, the yielded soul will cling to the hand that smites, and will not doubt His love, neither His wisdom, nor His power to have ordered it otherwise, although the many "If's" (John 11:32) of temptations may arise. And sooner or later the healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds," transmuted the deepest, most sacred, secret sorrow into the very "oil of joy," giving unto them "beauty for ashes."

"Why, oh, why is all this?" is the impassioned cry of the human heart, (Isa. 29:24) until it learns of Christ to suffer and be still. But in that hush of holy stillness (Psa. 46:10) they will come to understand (1 John 5:20) and know (Isa. 11:2, 3). For it is written, "That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified?" (Isa. 61:3, 4.)

Haven't you observed that those who have suffered and triumphed are the ones that troubled souls turn to in their perplexity and distress, when they feel their need of God? Intuitively their hearts turn toward those who are clothed with "garments of salvation," whose habiliments are "the garment of praise," and who have realized that the apportionment of sorrow was permitted only to make opportunity for the revealing of His adorable self as their El Shaddai, the God who is enough. There is something about them that inspires hope in overcharged hearts on the verge of despair.

"I do not know why I have felt to come to you, and have unveiled the secret sorrow of my heart as I have, when I have always buried my troubles deep in my own bosom, and fought the fight of faith through alone," I said to dear Sister W\_\_\_\_ when I was going through "the crisis."

"But my perplexities are very great, momentous issues are at stake, one step in the wrong direction would prove disastrous, and I must find God's way through." "I know why you have come to me," she said kindly; "there has been a parallel experience in my own life; I, too, have suffered and have been triumphant. That is the reason, sister." And I felt that a true heart was moved with Divine sympathy in my behalf. What a steadying support were her prayers of courageous faith in God; and the way was made unmistakably clear, one step at a time.

"One step thou seest -- then go forward boldly,  
One step is far enough for faith to see;  
Take that, and thy next duty shall be told thee,  
For step by step thy Lord is leading thee."

And so it proved. Bless His dear name! So deeply did I appreciate someone to "stand by" (Zech. 3:7) in faith at such a time that I have faithfully endeavored, as much as in me lies, to stand by every troubled soul who has turned to me throughout these years.

There are also angles in the will of God, where our volition is involved, where we must needs take time, and with unhurried earnestness humbly inquire of the Lord, to understand His will, in order that we may cooperate with Him. (Psa. 119:34; Prov. 2:3 to 6; Job 32:8.)

The three following Scripture statements have for years been my reliance. (John 13:7; John 7:17; Psa. 25:9.) I have proved them true by actual experience, in matters great and small-if there be any matters small where principle is involved. Then in connection with these there is Prov. 16:3, "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." I remember well the first time we put that statement of truth to the test, and the marvelous outgrowth. You know, we remember the first time we prove a promise, and recall it more readily than the many times afterward.

We had recently learned that one of our talented young men was in the tubercular ward, and a sister and I had wanted to go and visit him, with the hope that it might please the Lord " to inspire the prayer of faith for his recovery. Another rather urgent call came to us, and as we could not do both, we were perplexed as to which we should do, which was the Lord's preference. Which one, in His foreknowledge, did He see would be of most value to souls? (Have you not observed that there are at least two things that stand out definitely to choose between, sometimes several? Usually the first presented is the one of the Lord's choosing, though not always.) We knelt down at that old Cot, which Sister S\_\_\_\_\_ calls the altar, with our Bibles open at that written statement, before the Lord. Let me tell you that it means more than appears upon the surface to commit your works unto the Lord, and stand perpendicular and let Him choose. I found my inclination leaning toward the hospital and then toward the other errand for the Lord. I kept on praying, and finally I was conscious that I was standing perpendicular; the works were committed, and then slowly, as we waited in the hush of His presence, our thoughts became established as to our Heavenly Father's preferment; and to each of us it was made clear that we should visit this Christian boy in the hospital. We knew; there was no doubt. It is precious beyond words to have your thoughts established; that rest of confidence in God, a consciousness of the undergirding of His power, and calm reliance upon God comes with it.

We went; and while very little was seemingly accomplished that day, yet it was an open door of opportunity, of rich rewards beyond our thinking. The young man was soon taken home to a near-by city, where we visited him, helped him through the "valley of the shadow," and were a comfort and support to his mother. And while stopping there, among other things, in answer to our humble petitions, we saw a young minister healed of spinal trouble, in receiving the blessed Comforter, and he became established in the grace, and was a valuable asset to the work of God, though at the time of his healing he was suffering much, and so discouraged that it seemed he must give up the ministry to which he had been definitely called. A visit to the hospital, or another errand for the Lord, both alike good, was seemingly a small matter about which to seek definitely the Lord's choosing, but the principle of "God reliance" was there (which is not a small matter), and Divine guidance also proved to be of much value to God and souls; and the end is not yet.

That was no small angle in the will of God, to follow, for a frail woman, unused to traveling, to go alone a stranger to a strange city 1,500 miles away; and I shall never forget how the Lord permitted me to be laid aside for awhile, to get my uninterrupted attention (you know He has to do that at times); then how my heart was drawn out in that close intimacy of prayer till it

was like being face to face with God; and then how definitely He spoke with Divine insistence, "Go to Los Angeles," a city I knew very little about. As I began the exercise of my human judgment against what seemed unreasonable and impossible, "Go to Los Angeles" was spoken again with such Sovereign authority that I was silent and acquiescent.

My son was troubled at first when I told him, but I relieved him of anxiety by saying, "Do not be alarmed, I have no choice in the matter, and Mother will not be hurried into anything like this. If this is not of the Lord, as we trust, it will fade away; but if it is God, it will become clearer and stronger, and the way will open." And I reminded him that the Spirit, the Word, and providence would all agree; and we would just leave it in His hands, and not make a move until all was made clear. I then mentioned it to a few praying pilgrims, asking them to inquire of the Lord in my behalf, that I might be led in a plain path.

There were some months of restfully waiting; then came several of those turns of Divine providences, and everything was perfectly clear. Each needed preparation was brought to my mind, and I was directed by the Lord as a little child by a loving father, in all the arrangements; and without a doubt, without a fear, I started out alone, yet not alone, fully conscious of the presence of my Lord, and of being led forth by His hand. (Heb. 11:8.)

Surprising were the providences that were crowded around me on that trip. I never thought strangers would be so kind to a steerage passenger (for I had only a few dollars above my passage money). But best of all, several souls were deeply moved upon, that I came in contact with; and one precious young man, a wanderer over the face of the earth, whose praying mother had gone to her reward, was really won to God; and joy ever wells up as I think of my Australian boy.

Another more clearly defined illustration of angles in the will of God can be seen in the experience of Brother and Sister A people I knew intimately, and with whom I spent many nights in those long-drawn-out altar services until, with the dawning of the morning, the seeking soul broke through into glorious liberty in Christ. Brother A\_\_\_\_ was called into the evangelistic field soon after he was converted, with his heart overflowing with compassion for the purchase of Jesus' blood; and God gave many seals to his ministry. After some years the wonderful possibilities of training the youth in our Christian schools, for the future work of God, strongly appealed to him; and later on came a call to assist in this great work. After a time of prayerful deliberation he saw it to be one of those angles in the will of God for him; and both he and his wife were soon installed as instructors.

He carried the evangelistic spirit into the school and community, cooperating with pastor and people, his influence radiating with great blessing to all. It seemed that he had indeed found his life work.

Seven years had rapidly passed in this glad service when there came to him an overwhelming yearning for those in heathen darkness; and after days of unutterable soul burden, there came a call from God to the rescue. Great perplexity followed, but with prayer and fasting it was made plain that this was another of those strange angles in the will of God. We did not know how to get along without him; but as a people we have great regard for a man with clearly defined and strong convictions. A man or woman who does not cherish and obey their convictions,

following their best light, will soon become like the hulk of a derelict, dangerously adrift with every cross current.

So we bade them Godspeed, and now for a decade they have been with those who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet in the way of peace," as the successful superintendent of our foreign missionary work across the sea. The evangelistic spirit still abides upon him, and not a few have been truly born into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

We consider that a man is in great honor if, when running his train on schedule time, he can (at the command of God) suddenly come to a stop without a jar; or if, in rapid transit through this life, in the will of God, he can turn sharp angles and not wreck his car. (Acts 8:26 to 40.)

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057 -- HOMELESS AS MY LORD -- (Luke 6:40)

In this drifting age, when people are given to change, and "home" holds little of sacredness, but is just a stopping place, one could scarcely conceive the sense of lack and loss that comes to a home-loving nature of one who has always had a place to call home, when suddenly sent adrift.

In consecration and trust I meekly accepted the situation as permitted of God, but it was some time before I could continuously maintain that heart reconciliation in the oft-recurring temptation to long for home; but I learned to meet it with Scripture, the sword of the Spirit, and often said, looking up into the face of my Friend (Prov. 18:24), "But the Son of man had no place to lay his head (Matt. 8:20), and the servant is not above his lord."

Is it not strange, when you stop to think about it, that we creatures of the dust want it easy when He had it hard? Surely it ought to be enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

But after awhile, through understanding, up to my small capacity, how Jesus must have felt in the natural, when "he came unto his own, and his own received him not" (John 1:10, 11), {for His human nature was far more susceptible to suffering than ours could be, and He was in all points tempted like as we are), that painful longing was transmuted into calm, sweet fellowship. "There was peace and not pain at the press of the load." I was glad to be homeless as my Lord, that I might know Him in this. Haven't you realized that anything that helps you understand how Jesus felt is most precious, though the transition may be painful?

A very dear Christian friend of many years seriously questioned if I had taken the right course (judging by what she had heard), when I was so sure that she had understood me. "Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" (John 14:9), came to me with a pathos and patience that I had never seen before. He, too, had thought that He was understood. (Heb. 4:15.) And I was thankful for the disappointment (Psa. 141:5), painful though it was.

Later I wrote to the dear sister, explaining and telling her of the precious discovery in the opening up of that Scripture, and it was made a blessing to her also. We are not commanded to understand people, but we are commanded to love them. (Matt. 22:39.) The answer to the heart cry



of every normal Christian, "That I may know him," sometimes can only come to us over a thorny pathway, for it is in the fellowship of His sufferings that we actually learn to know Him. (Phil. 3:10.) And I knew Him in this homelessness and was willing all through me to be as my Lord, with that sweetness that comes with that indescribable something that we call fellowship.

Several years went by with scarcely a thought of a home on earth, when there came like a breath of heaven, a calm, sweet thought of a little place I could call home, where I could be alone with my Lord. "Yes, it would seem good," I said, "but I am to go through as Jesus did;" and it was dismissed.

But the thought returned, and kept coming back with so much good reasoning that it would be for the best, from every standpoint, that I found there was a strong desire for a little home, and I became alarmed. In distress I went to a deeply spiritual sister (now in glory), telling her of the heart willingness for a decade to be as was my Lord, without a home, and now I had become covetous and wanted a home. (Luke 12:15.) She thoughtfully listened, and said, "I don't know as it would be necessarily covetousness for you to want a home, but we will pray about it." We kneeled down, and in deep humility she laid the whole case out before the Lord and definitely inquired His will concerning it. She soon began to climb and climb, and she broke clear through. The blessing of the Lord fell; she sprang to her feet and, clasping my hand, with tears of joy running down her face, said, "Why, Sister Helm, I believe the Lord would be pleased for you to have a home." I could never forget the radiance upon that saintly face; it was almost glorified.

The powers of the world to come so nearly transported us to another realm that for the time I forgot everything else and was awed into silence. As I was leaving, she said, "Now we must ask the Lord to lay this on somebody's heart, to work it out." That was another new thought, and I went away amazed and wondering what it all meant. It was there that I learned that there are heaven-born desires; and there are legitimate desires to be guarded and kept committed, with, "If it please Thee, my Lord," as well as covetous desires (Heb. 2:18), and I learned to differentiate. (2 Cor. 8:6; Luke 22:15.)

After awhile it came all clear to me that this was one of those angles in the will of God; there had been a good many sharp angles in my life, of various kinds, and this was simply one of another kind.

That question being settled, I began to plan ways and means, for I supposed it must come wholly through my own efforts, without resources, and I saw by faith a little shelter I could call home.

A sister whom I had carried on my heart for some years, whom the Lord had lifted from soul-despondency into the realm of faith in God, and established her feet upon the Rock, when she returned from a few weeks' vacation, told me that while up in the mountains there was a real burden of desire laid on her heart that I should have a home, and that she prayed clear through; and, instead of just a shelter as I had thought, it was to be a real cottage home. (And I remembered that Sister B \_\_\_ had said, "We must ask the Lord to lay it on somebody's heart.")

There was quite a waiting time, but by her prayerful persistence (Psa. 44:3) a lot was secured; and going among the pilgrims, some money and labor was willingly given, and the shell of a cottage erected; and a "lease" was given to me while I should need a home on earth. Then it was to belong to the W. F. M. S., to be kept as a home for returned missionaries.

Listen to this abbreviated Scripture that the Lord gave me in regard to the home. "This also shall please the Lord . . . The humble shall see this and be glad . . . For the Lord heareth the poor . . . For God will save Zion and will build the cities, (one house in the city) that they may dwell therein and have it in possession, (not own it). They that love His name shall (afterwards) dwell therein." (Psa. 69:31 to 36.)

"A wayside rest for pilgrim feet,  
Thorn-pierced, wayworn and weary,  
Until the life work is complete,  
The home call rings out clearly.  
A gift from friends both far and near,  
God's whisper they were glad to hear:  
From Him, through them, came all this cheer  
Among the hills of Hermon."

I wrote to a few close friends, what was being done, and little by little as the Lord supplied the means it was finished off into a very comfortable modern cottage home.

After more than a decade of proving the sufficiency of grace (2 Cor. 12:9) without a home, there has been given a quiet resting place where, alone with my Lord, I can far better accomplish what He has given me to do in these sunset years.

Frequently the question is asked, "Do you live all alone?" I can but smile and shake my head; you see, the home belongs to the Lord; He had it built, He is the occupant, and I live with Him. I do not know how it would seem to feel all alone. His special place is in the front room (or prayer room, as we call it) and Sister S\_\_\_\_\_ calls the davenport the altar, and indeed it has proved an altar to many a seeking soul.

An account of the people who have prayed through -- the deliverances that have been experienced, and the miracles of healing that have been wrought -- in that room would fill a book. For Jesus the Christ abides there, and the heavens are open clear through; and, morning by morning, as I open the door I feel like Abraham of old (Gen. 14:22), and I lift up my heart with my hands unto God. (Lain. 3:41.)

I appreciate the home, but I am careful to keep "detached," which is important. The Lord kindly permits tests along the way to prove to my own heart that it is either detached or needs readjustment. I have never yet had losses by fire. Am ever careful, and then I trust; but the fear of fire was one of the tests. I met it in yieldedness of spirit, saying, "Lord Jesus, the home belongs to Thee, and if for any reason Thou dost permit it to go up in flames, why, that is with Thee."

Again and again a sudden fear would need to be met and overcome. I would take every precaution against danger, and in commitment say to the Lord, as I closed the door, "Take care of Thine own," and dismiss the thought.

One afternoon I was called, with others, to pray for the healing of a very sick neighbor; and while we were on our knees a strong fear suddenly (Prov. 3:25) took hold upon me. "Your home is on fire" rang in my ears, with an impulse to spring to my feet and look out and see the house enwrapped in flames, for it seemed that it must be so. But I said, "No, this is my work now, and that home is Thy property; and if, when I return, it is in ashes it will be all right;" and I stayed on my knees with closed eyes, and saw the hungry flames devour the home till only a pile of ashes remained. And I kept saying, "It is all right," until my heart responded, "It is all right;" whatever God permits is all right, and all was at rest.

Let me tell you right here that you need never yield to the subtle suggestion of that inveterate enemy of God and man, that if you submit to God (James 4:7) He will ever take advantage of you, His trusting child. Never tolerate for a moment such a slander against God, for He never will; and the enemy cannot; for the fact is, such submission and commitment to God is the only attitude of soul where we can "resist steadfast in the faith" (1 Pet. 5:9), and God can work out His best will for us.

I have a dear friend whose whole life is one of continuous dread of losing her home. She suffers needless torture and shuts out the calm, sweet sunlight of His love. If she could only see the blessedness of submission and trust! But because she does not enter into that heart submission and commitment to the will of God, to any possibilities that God will permit, she has not that restful confidence in God that would enable her to resist Satan's tortuous suggestions, and suffers on. For "submit yourselves therefore to God" and "resist the devil, so that he will flee from you" are inseparably joined together and cannot be divorced.

But to go back to my story. All fear left me, and I forgot all about it, and as we prayed together the Lord came in great blessing to the sick one; and on my return there stood the vine-covered cottage bathed in the golden glow of the slanting rays of the setting sun like a halo of glory. It was a signal defeat of the enemy, and he departed for a season. (Luke 4:13.)

A sister I had known in my homelessness said appreciatingly, "You will not be in any hurry to go to heaven now that you have such a comfortable home here;" but I was shocked, and said in my astonishment, "This home could not hold me back one instant from the love call of my Bridegroom. I would go up like a sky-rocket and would not wait to say good-bye, for I am utterly detached."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE HILLS OF HERMON

Just as the mountains round about  
Jerusalem the olden,  
Like bulwarks strong the hills surround

The little town of Hermon;  
Or like great open arms they rise,  
Inviting toward the Western sky,  
Where weary toilers homeward hie,  
Those sheltering hills of Hermon.

A calm, sequestered, restful spot,  
Where toil-worn pilgrims gather,  
Their presence, prayers, and counsel wise  
Are great assets for others.  
The life of Christ they so repeat,  
Between the porch and altar weep,  
Then, faith the clouds of mercy keep  
Low on the hills of Hermon.

There as a lighthouse nobly stands  
Our school, those halls of learning,  
Made sacred by the sacrifice  
Of faithful men and women.  
There youthful minds are trained with care  
(The very cream of earth are there)  
And e'er ascends prevailing prayer  
Within those halls of Hermon.

Children and youth and those whom sin  
Has scarred and warped and wasted,  
In true repentance low have knelt,  
The bliss of pardon tasted.  
The way of Life is clearly taught,  
And new creations God has wrought,  
The very air with blessing fraught,  
Upon the hills of Hermon.

Take courage, faithful pilgrims, all,  
Keep breathing up to heaven;  
In answer to believing prayer  
God's blessings all are given.  
The prayer of faith wilt reach the skies.  
Joy! joy! to see these transformed lives;  
Oh, may great clouds of incense rise  
Above the hills of Hermon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet,  
An empty and broken vessel  
For the Master's use made meet."

An illustration of the Lord's using a broken pitcher came to me decades ago, a picture painted on the mental horizon -- that I could not forget.

The scene was of an old-time camp meeting, a great crowd was gathered under the tent. Singing and testimony had been in order, but now that sea of faces was intently looking toward that roughly constructed pulpit and platform.

As a spectator, I wondered what had put such a hush of intensity upon that large congregation, and I soon saw something that surprised me.

By the side of the pulpit, suspended in mid air, or upheld by invisible hands, was a most ungainly looking pitcher; a portion of the upper part had been broken off, and it was cracked, and so frail that it did not seem as though it could hold together. But there it was, and the water of life was being just poured into it in such a stream that the overflow fell in a shower of spray till the broken pitcher was eclipsed and utterly lost sight of. The thirsty souls began leaving their seats, and crowded around with their little tin cups to catch the spray, which was the very elixir of life, and great changes were wrought as if by magic. It was an inspiring picture. A beautiful rainbow of promise was reflected across the spray, and an inward transformation from unrest to peace was mirrored upon those faces.

It was a remarkable scene, entrancing to me, and I was lost to everything, in joyful contemplation, when that gentle voice that I knew so well, close by my side, said with tender inquiry, "Would you be the pitcher?"

Instantly I caught the import of His words; I well knew He had need of vessels clean and emptied, and there was a spontaneous heart response to His desire, for I was ever yearning over souls, longing to help them. But in the next breath I was overwhelmed with the remembrance of my insufficiency, my frail and broken body, and circumscribed mentality; so much of me was gone, wasted away by long years of invalidism, and the little left seemed so useless. I was indeed like the ill-shaped broken pitcher, that would have long since been considered worthless, except by Him who has the power to utilize and even chooses to use the "weak things . . . the things that are despised." (1 Cor. 1:27, 28.) Oh, how utterly inadequate and unequal I knew myself to be! But I loved my Lord, and how could I say Him nay? And the only answer I could give Him, as I leaned upon His strong arm for support, was, "The pitcher hasn't anything to say."

It was a sacred secret between my Lord and my soul, and for years I never breathed it. But it perplexed me at times, and mentioning it to a deeply spiritual sister, I said, "How could it become a possibility, for I am not a preacher?" She looked into my face, with an intensity of one who knew what she was talking about, and said:

"Sister, you can be just such a pitcher, and never stand upon the platform or behind a pulpit. There are many ways of dispensing the water of life, besides that. There is the preaching by the life, as well as by the lips. You just go right on, walking softly with Jesus; keep lowly under the anointing, where the Spirit can be poured out upon you, and many a thirsty soul will see the rainbow of hope, and reach out trembling hands and catch the spray.

"But remember, and do not forget, the answer you gave your Lord, 'The pitcher hasn't anything to say;' or in other words, be careful to maintain entire yieldedness to the will of God."

After many years, I can humbly testify, to the praise and glory of our God, that what Sister W\_\_\_\_\_ mid that day has been proven true.

I am fully persuaded that any earthen vessel, no matter how marred, broken, or worthless in the estimation of men, if they will choose to cooperate with God in the process of emptying and cleansing (1 John 1:7), and will maintain entire yieldedness of spirit to the blessed will of God, in spite of their small capacity, there will be found for them, in the building up of the kingdom of God in the earth, a humble place of usefulness, by the great Master of assemblies.

"There's surely somewhere some lowly place  
In earth's harvest field so wide,  
Where I can labor through life's short day  
For Jesus the crucified."

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#### 059 -- INCIDENTS OF MISSION LIFE -- (Matt. 25:39, 40)

In slum mission work there is indeed variety, and much of it is so prosaic that every one, even God-sent ones, will not usually continue long to deny themselves, and take up the daily cross of "drudgery," unless they find "the glory of the commonplace." But with it all, there is the blessed opportunity of loving immortal souls into the Kingdom of God's dear Son, if they will only keep "the glory" in the prosaic commonplace that necessarily goes with it.

There are many trying things to be borne with meekness and faith in God; and among them is to have the Superintendent unexpectedly turn to you during the song service, and say, "You bring the message," when there might have been given a little time for preparation.

We do not call it preaching; for the lifting up of "Christ the Cure," a warm, heartfelt, simple message of salvation is what these submerged souls need. I remember one illustration used in my first message there, and my deep sympathy with my Lord, as I faithfully warned and tenderly pleaded with that judgment-bound congregation.

It was that story of two young men, college chums. One, of sterling integrity, became a prominent lawyer; and was respected and honored. The other, Mr. D\_\_\_\_\_ we will call him, was a prosperous business man, but not always as honest as he appeared to be. Mr. D\_\_\_\_\_ eventually got himself into trouble involving large interests, and going to his lawyer friend appealed to him to

help him out. The case was complex; but because the lawyer was Mr. D\_\_\_\_'s friend, and held a high position, by pleading the clemency of the court he won the case and saved Mr. D\_\_\_\_ from what might otherwise have been a very severe sentence.

The association, counsel, and faithful warning of this appreciated friend caused him to be careful for some time. But in after years, old habits reasserted themselves, and he again became involved in litigation. During this time his lawyer friend had become a judge. The lawyer he employed could give little hope of clearing him. But when he learned that the case would come up for decision before his old friend who was then judge, he remarked with great confidence, "I'll get off all right; that judge is my friend. He cleared me once before, and he'll stand by me now."

But when the evidence was all in, to his surprise the judge pronounced sentence against him. In his astonishment he said to the judge, "I thought you were my friend, and would stand by me, as you did when you pleaded my case some years ago; I did think you were my friend." The judge answered him, saying sadly, "I am still your friend, but it is according to evidence that the sentence must be passed. Back there I was your lawyer, but today I am your judge." Do you see the pathos in the reply of the judge? I am sure it will be so with our interceding Savior when the mediatorial throne is exchanged for the judgment seat. (Acts 17:31; 2 Cor. 5:10.) He will still be our Friend, but no longer our pleading Advocate (1 John 2:1; Heb. 7:25); and according to the true evidence (Rev. 20:12, 13) must pronounce sentence as our Judge. (John 5:22.)

There are also amusing incidents in mission work, especially in house-to-house visitation; and one smiles, in looking back, to see how love finds a way to get close up to individuals, when seemingly impassable barriers at first were raised.

"When hearts are oppressed by sorrow,  
When eyes with weeping are dim,"

somehow the soul detects and reaches out toward the real, the true, unfeigned love of Christ flowing out to them through your heart and mine.

One little woman looking forward to the maternity hospital, her husband in the penitentiary, was completely won. I would run in frequently for a few minutes' chat, with something for the children from our poor closet, if we had it, and would drop on my knees for a word of prayer; and although she seldom bowed her head, she would pause. One day I ran in empty-handed, and found that another woman and a half dozen little folks were crowded into that small room. With just a cheery greeting I was backing out, when she said, "Why, aren't you going to pray with us?" I gathered a restless youngster under each arm, to hold them down, while my heart went out to God in grateful praise, and in behalf of those precious souls. At one time I found her lying on a cot, suffering; and as she unburdened her heart, I said, "I wish I could help you." She reached out her hand and clasped mine and said with tears and tenderness, "Mrs. Helm, you have helped me," and talked on softly; and I knew that Jesus, the Savior of men, had melted with His great love that heart that was fast hardening under sorrow and sin.

Some months afterwards I heard that she was a Catholic. However that may have been, she beheld her" Lord. God can save a hungry-hearted Catholic. They already believe in a dead Christ,

and if they can see in you the living Christ, and feel the warmth of the pulsation of His love through your heart, for them, the barriers are burned away or overleaped, and the soul receives the kiss of peace. (Luke 15:20.)

Attending jail meetings and visiting the large city and county hospital was a\* part of my regular work; and you meet up with all kinds of experiences as you come in touch with the underworld that drift into such places. I never seemed to be able to say much (my heart was so full), but what I did say seemed to take hold upon these dear people. I was telling Sister P\_\_\_\_\_ about my lack of words, and she said, "Sister, it is not so much in what you say as how you feel." Often I have proved that true. During an altar call, with my heart yearning over a backslider, I laid my hand gently upon her and tried to say something and failed, and soon she got up and went out. I was bitterly accused by the enemy, but the next evening she came to the altar and prayed through to glorious victory. Afterwards she told her sister that, when I laid my hand upon her and looked into her face, conviction seized her, and she had to go to the altar or go home, and she had declared that she would not go to that altar. She went home, but not to sleep; her sins and the inevitable consequences, as a panorama passed before her all night and the next day. She was glad when night came and she could go to that altar and have the help of the prayers of the pilgrims.

I remember, as I was in among the boys in the jail, giving out tracts, laying my hand upon the shoulder of a youth, and saying, "Son; you do not belong here." He broke down, and with tears he said, "It is the first time, and I'll never be here again." "Give God your heart and follow the Book, and He'll keep you out," I said, and told him of the Olive Branch Mission. Many an ensnared soul came from the jail to the Olive Branch, and was set free. I am fully persuaded that what we are and the depth of compassion we feel for souls mean more and speak louder than what we say. And the opposite also is true, according to that old saying, "What you are (and your lack of love for souls) speaks so loud that they cannot hear what you say." Or if they do hear, it antagonizes or hardens. Psa. 126:6 breathes the very spirit of tenderness.

Often we win the confidence of a soul without knowing it. In our jail meeting with the women (we held meetings in several places) there was Mable who, when she was discharged, came direct to me. "There were several that wanted me to go with them, but I told them no, I was going to Mrs. Helm," she Said. But I had no place to keep the dear woman, though my heart longed to do so. We went to the Superintendent and had prayer with her; she was quite broken and tender. The only thing we saw to do was to take her to the Rescue Home. She went with me humbly, and it was hard to tear myself away from her. I soon lost sight of this immortal soul, deep dyed in sin, yet still the purchase of Jesus' blood. Prayer has followed her, and Mable may be among the blood-washed over there.

When it came to visiting the hospital, an inexpressible spirit of tenderness possessed me. I too had been shut in behind brick walls, with loved ones far away, a helpless sufferer. There was much to encounter and overcome even here, for many "church workers," seemingly without even the milk of human kindness, had so antagonized some that there was apparently an impregnable barrier raised at the sight of the white ties of my deaconess bonnet, and tactfully I must win my way, and carefully follow the Spirit. Wherever I sensed a wall I would pass prayerfully by, and in secret prayer, pray it down, and approach would be given. One woman whom at last I had won, said, "You are not like the rest of them. They say, 'Pray, and trust the Lord, you'll go to hell if you



don't.' But you tell us about One whom you love and trust, and who has given you peace of soul in the midst of suffering, and who wants to help us, and we believe it." And the once hard heart was softened, and she beheld the Lamb of God, through penitential tears, and the light of heaven illuminated that wan face.

I had no creed to offer. I never asked them if they were Christians, or to what church they belonged -- nothing of the kind. Mine was to get close up to them, with that indefinable encouragement of true sympathy of one who had, through grace, suffered and triumphed. My work was to give the message, "Jesus the Son of God, 'who trod the winepress alone,'" with His compassionate tenderness flowing through my own heart, out to them; and to bring" to them the sincere milk of the Word, and the light, as they were able to bear it. The following poem well expresses how I felt, or as I should more properly say, how the Holy Spirit within caused my heart to feel:

"As one who entereth by night a room  
Where sufferers lie,  
Shadeth his lamp to suit the languid eye;  
So cloth the Christ draw nigh  
Unto our world of gloom.  
The light of life He beareth, and doth stand,  
Shading it tenderly with pierced hand,  
Lest the full glare  
Should cause us not to see, but stare.  
Yet through the nail prints some sweet ray  
Divine Will gently shine --  
Dawn which doth for the day prepare.  
Deal gently, deal gently,  
If thou would'st Christlike be;  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As Christ hath dealt with thee."

One dear soul that I slowly won, but so truly won till we had the sweetest fellowship talking about "our Jesus" (as I would enter the ward her face would shine like an angel's), told me a few days before she departed how she had been very strictly brought up in the Catholic faith. She did not know anything else, but she had got past it all, and in spite of everything beheld her Lord and was blessedly saved.

A young man, some mother's boy, lay very sick; and as, with loving hand, I gently smoothed back the clustering curls from his blue-veined forehead, he railed on me, and began a harangue against hypocritical Christians. But the compassion I felt for his soul brought a burden of prayer, and the next time I went he waved his hand as I came in the door, saying, "Here I am." The barriers were removed, and later on the peace of God came into his poor troubled heart; he had seen the Christ.

Another was my Christian Science boy of nineteen. I met some of his relatives at the car station. They gave me the number of his bed in that long T. B. ward, and said he was clinging to

that false hope. My heart went out to him at once. But as he caught a glimpse of the white ties, he turned his face away; and I passed by, without a glance in his direction, to others who knew me, or welcomed the literature I had brought. Week after week his face was turned away; and how my heart ached and yearned over that boy] But one day he watched me, and without looking up I laid a little paper on his bed as I passed. Then he got so he would watch for me, and I would nod and smile or speak a kindly word as I handed him something to read. I kept on praying, and really prayed through; and how I longed to tell him of Jesus, for I saw he was failing, but was still restrained. But one day my blessed Guide said, "Now;" and with a touch of mother love my hand rested a moment upon his brow, and I talked to him about the Christ. The struggle between light and darkness was plainly visible upon that pale face; but the light prevailed, and shadows fled. Jesus Himself drew near with pardon and peace; and as I slipped away, I left him beholding his first glimpse of the King in His beauty, and the land of far distances. (Isa. 33:17, marginal.) My own soul was enraptured, and on wings as I went home. On the next visit my boy was gone, and rejoicingly my heart kept singing:

"Safe in the Glory Forever Evermore"

Tuberculosis had not yet robbed me of the clear, strong voice inherited from my honored parents; and as the Gospel in song rang through those long wards, many would be in tears, and afterwards would tell me that as they listened to the old song that they had once loved, their faith in the love of God was restored, and peace now reigned within. It was really the voice of God to their souls. When I broke, and lost my voice, I could not disappoint my sick people; I arose from my bed and, accompanied by a sister who could sing, I went on with my work till strength utterly failed. After some months I took up this blessed service for my Master again. During the interval, a ruling had been passed prohibiting promiscuous visiting in the hospital; this for some reasons was a good thing. But I felt to "beard the lion in his den" (the Lord going before), and went to the Superintendent, asking for special privileges. He was not only the big man in authority, but he was of gigantic frame, and did look so big to me that day. He positively refused, including me with those proselytizing "church workers" whom he justly condemned. When his loud-voiced lecture was over, I could but agree in part with him, and then quietly told him that I had been a sufferer, and that my only incentive was to encourage and help patients to find the way of peace. When I was through, his attitude was entirely changed, the lion had become a lamb; he shook hands with me and said, "Mrs. Helm, just go on as you have been doing; that will be all right."

There are some things we would gladly forget; for instance, the shocking language that fell from pain-drawn lips, while a bony hand clutched an open Bible filled with markings at which he pointed, as he breathed out a torrent of blasphemy against his beneficent Creator. But on my next visit the voice so full of the upbraidings of the Almighty was silenced by death. What an attitude of soul to become fixed -- yet to continue to increase -- a finite man rising up in antagonistic intensity against the government of heaven, earth, and this vast universe! In contradistinction, in an adjoining ward, another wasted hand clasped a well marked Bible. Adoring love and praise seemed ever welling up from the full heart, as the feeble voice spoke of the goodness of God. The face was bright with reflected glory, and we were as strangely drawn to this one as we were repelled from the other.

Why this difference? The ever-blessed God is the same to all. There is no respect of persons with Him. The last mentioned had laid down the puny arm of rebellion, repented toward God, and through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ had been forgiven and born into the family of God. A vast inheritance had been bequeathed; and the "earnest" already received surpassed all human conception of blessedness. When we found this little white bed empty, we rejoiced at the thought of the fixedness of this happy soul. "For the peace and increase of his government shall have no end." (Isa. 9:7.)

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## 060 -- WHAT WILL THEY THINK?

We often hear it said from our pulpits, "Man cannot sin cheaply." There is a price to pay, a penalty unavoidable attached to sin; and the guilty one is not alone involved, for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

In the following narrative (which is simply a recounting of unvarnished facts) there are some sidelights upon the long train of evil results that followed the breaking of just one of God's commandments; and it is also a forceful demonstration of the Scriptural truth expressed in the last clause of Numbers 32:23.

As an introduction, I want to say that my grandfather was a physician; my mother, a nurse; and there is nothing surprising about it that I should have inherited a natural tendency to study the human body, its diseases and their causes, effects, and cures.

Since I have been in the city of Blank, and especially while in mission work, I have had unusual opportunity for studying these things, coming in touch as I did with nurses, doctors, rescue workers, matrons of homes for fallen women, and a poor abandoned sufferer here and there, and listening to the sad story of their sorrows as they welled up from their overburdened hearts. I have gone with them to the doctors' offices or the free clinics, and have been as a mouthpiece for them, giving the doctor the history of the case, and answering questions of vital importance to both physician and patient; and standing, as I did, in such relationship to both, much was explained that otherwise would not have been.

One case was a fair-faced woman of twenty-five summers, a lovely Christian girl, who for some years had been doing deaconess work, but who had met and married a fine looking young man who had recently been lifted out of the depths of sin into which he had gone down some years previously. He wrecked the health of this innocent girl with that nameless disease, and then abandoned the wreck which he had made, with a helpless infant in her arms.

I shall never forget the kindness, yet open frankness, of those women physicians at the clinic the day that I took her there, as they carefully examined the frail body, and gently drew from those pain-drawn lips a portion of the sad story that she had confided to me. Among other things that those doctors said to me in private was, "Better had it been for her if her husband had killed her outright; for, as it is, hers must be a living death, with little mitigation of suffering and no cure."

And so it proved; for I have watched over and followed this case with deep sympathy, and one painful operation after another has had to be undergone to save life. Poor Lillie V \_\_\_\_!

Another case, more heartbreaking if possible, was that of a Christian woman in her early thirties. She was not only robbed of health by the adulterous husband, but, adding crime to crime, he became abusive and non-supporting, and poisoned the minds and turned the hearts of her boys away from her. To cover this crime, and to maintain the good opinion of people, he circulated false reports, and did all he knew to prove to the world that she was the one who was wrong, instead of himself, which was quite generally believed except by those who knew her well.

The locally diseased organs had been removed by operations; but neither the surgeon's knife nor anything yet known to medical science can ever reach that indescribable disease of the nerves with its continuous torture that seems so utterly unendurable at times. All this, together with the sorrow over her children, has nearly unsettled her mind; and yet her faith in God, and the prayers of the pilgrims, hold her, for she is His child.

A physician's wife (who had lived apart from her untrue husband), speaking of this disease, said she had studied into this disease, learning symptoms, effects and remedies used; and when she herself became a victim, she immediately resorted to remedies which she knew, and was relieved. She added that when the poison once went through the system there was no cure for it. No doubt that accounts for the suffering of innocent, unsuspecting wives, when the husband, who has the knowledge of his crime, finds relief in a measure at least by immediately applying to a physician.

Another case was a woman in early middle life, with a sad record of much suffering and many operations, who later developed tuberculosis, and was turned adrift upon the charities of an unfriendly world. Another I recall was a young mother of twenty-two, in the hospital, who was a victim, and who struggled hard against the inevitable. That expression of mingled guilt, sorrow, and shame upon the face of the husband at her bedside was like an index finger pointing back to the crime that brought her to such early dissolution.

Yes, indeed, the annals of this crime can be read in the wan faces and emaciated forms on the white cots in those long tubercular wards, where I used to be a regular visitor; for the delicate lung tissues cannot long withstand the ravages of this disease, and unless there is an intervention of Providence, the victims are soon hurried away to an untimely grave. But if it settles in the nervous system, in that peculiarly distressing disease of the nerves, unless the nail-pierced hand of the compassionate Christ is laid upon them, the doors of our asylums must sooner or later be closed behind them. While there are many diseases that have their root cause in this one, yet tuberculosis and mental derangement seem to be the more frequent developments.

Possibly you have looked into the subject, and are acquainted with statistics; but I have written largely from observation and personal knowledge of many sad cases, and from others who have endeavored to alleviate human suffering.

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WHAT WILL THEY THINK?

Ministers and Christian workers, in their dealing with souls, find that some of the saddest cases of human sorrow, as well as suffering, grow out of the fact that "they loved the praise of man more than the praise of God."

Mr. Blank was a man well up in years. His parents had been earnest Christians, and there was a large circle of God-fearing relations; and yet he came into manhood without salvation, resisting their prayers and earnest entreaties.

Several years of his youth he was away out on the frontier, with associates such as are usually found there, and became familiar with many forms of sin. In early manhood he returned to civilization and married a young girl as innocent as a child, who knew nothing of the low, sinful pleasure of such people as he had been living among in mining camps and on the trail.

Three children were born to them. The first-born was removed by death; but a son and a daughter were growing up around him. They were bright, interesting, obedient children, for the mother was a true Christian and was doing the best she knew to bring them up for the Lord, and in many ways it was a very happy home.

Prosperity had come to them; and for a short visit with relatives and on some business, he went to a city a hundred miles away. A temptation was presented to him, which grew stronger and stronger; there was plenty of money, and no one would ever know; there would be no danger of being found out. Such reasoning went on until under cover of darkness he wended his way to a district where no honorable, self-respecting man should be found; and Prov. 6:33 was what he had every reason to believe was the result, and so it proved.

The relatives that he went to visit were Salvation Army people; and the next evening he went with them to a Salvation Army meeting and went to the penitent form. He was very much broken up, his strong form shook; he tried to pray, to call on God, assenting to questions and promises put to him by those who eagerly tried to help him; and hope sprang up, and a measure of peace came by promising obedience to God. The burden grew lighter, a great relief came, and no small change, and they all thought he was converted; possibly he was, at least he was greatly helped at the time.

But just what to do about this possible condition was the question that confronted him as his next step; and he saw very clearly that he should tell his wife, and humbly ask her forgiveness, and take every precaution against infection, as the only right way. He could not forget that one of the questions that he had assented to, on his knees before God, was, "Will you go home and ask your wife's forgiveness?"

It isn't an easy thing for a man to make such a confession to his wife, and all that must of necessity go with it in such a ease, especially when the man has proud old Southern blood in his veins; but he knew he should, and he expected to do so as soon as he got home; but when he looked into her face and the faces of those innocent children, full of tender welcome, the sin that he had committed looked so black, by contrast, that he drew back with the thought, "How can I tell her; what will she think?"

His eyes fell, the light faded out of his face, all peace died in his breast, and a feeling of resentful indifference as to consequences came over him, and with it a line of reasoning that quickly came to the conclusion that it wasn't so bad as he had at first thought; it was done now anyway, and could not be helped, and it was not so serious after all.

And as astounding as it may seem, that dreadful disease was communicated to that innocent, unsuspecting wife, the mother of his children. But when he realized what he had done, he was shocked, and filled with regret that he hadn't been man enough to tell her, and take the precautions that he knew he should have taken. But he could not tell her now. It would be terrible to tell her now; what would she think? But he would take her to a doctor and have her all cured up, that's what he would do; and he did take her to a physician and did all that he knew to do; but that was the beginning of three years of helplessness and extreme suffering, many operations, and wreckage of the nervous system, exhausting the skill of many of the best physicians; and nurses, after years of experience, said they had never seen such suffering.

The first few months, as he watched by her bedside and saw her grow worse and worse, his remorse of conscience was terrible, he felt like a criminal (as indeed he was); and frequently when they were alone, and he thought his wife unconscious, he would throw himself across the other bed in the room, and weep and sob and shake with almost uncontrollable grief over the fact that, if he had only told her, he could have prevented all of this; but he could not tell her now.

God only knows how that man suffered the tortures of regret as he tried faithfully to undo the wrong that he had done, but all in vain. But finally the tide did turn, and slowly she came back from the border of the grave where she had lingered so long. She was a mere shadow of the strong woman she had once been, but was about the house, and kept the home together, ever cheerful and uncomplaining, though a constant sufferer.

Years came and went, and there came a time when he became awakened to his lost condition and really began to seek the Lord. There was much that perplexed him on the line of restitution, and he was many months paying old bills asking people's forgiveness, and making things right as far as he could, till he got to a place that the Lord took him on the promise of future obedience and regenerated his soul. He was really a saved man, and what a happy home was theirs!

The remembrance of this sin would come up every once in awhile, and at times he would be right on the point of telling his wife and asking her forgiveness, made as easy as possible under the blessings of the Lord, knowing that she would forgive him with all her heart; but he would hesitate, then reason it away with a deep sigh of regret that he had not told her before. He hated to tell her; but he ought to, and would sometime, but not now.

But there came a time when the light of God discovered to him the deep depravity of the human heart within him; and among other things was this unconfessed sin against his wife, and the suffering of years that she had endured as the result. The Spirit of God brought to his remembrance that, time after time, he had promised to acknowledge this deed and ask her forgiveness, and that he had not kept his word, and that now was the time that he should do so. Powerful convictions

were upon him, days and nights of agony; he was at a crisis. God, as a Sovereign, was dealing with his soul; but he did not yield, and then began to reason around the question that so forcibly confronted him. You see, she had never reproached him, and he thought that she did not know the real cause of her long illness, and he reasoned that it would be better for both of them if she never did know. Why should he tell her after all these years of silence? What would she think?

And why should he ask her forgiveness anyway; God had forgiven him, and wasn't that enough? And so the carnal reasoning went on, until he came to the conclusion that, as no one knew, he would never mention it to a living soul, and was not going to be bothered with it any more -- that settled it.

And that light withdrew, but his heart grew cold and hard; he censured one who had tried to help him, ruthlessly blaming his wife and accusing her wrongfully on many lines, and eventually found out how he could send her away from home and effect a separation in such a way as to lay all the blame on her and vindicate himself before the public. Of course, he had to tell one falsehood after another, and keep it up year after year; but did it with such a humble, sorrowful appearance that he was generally believed and had many sympathizers.

But he was a hungry-hearted, lonely man, with nothing but an empty religious profession; and as revival meetings and camp meetings came around, he would be found at least once among the seekers, but didn't go through, for somehow that unconfessed sin away back there, that he had determined not to be bothered with, or something concerning the wife that he had so terribly wronged, would always come up and stand right in between him and God's great salvation that his heart so hungered for. (Mal. 2:13, 14.)

And how he did wish he had confessed it all to her away back there, or most any time along in the past! But how could he now, for, like the children rolling up a big snowball, there was much that had accumulated in the rolling of the years?

There was a time when a confession to the tender, forgiving wife would have been sufficient, and all would have been well; but now there were others involved, for many had listened to his false accusations and slanders against his wife.

He had come up against this thing so many times, and suffered, again and again, more than he would have suffered in humble confession, that there were times that he felt that he would be glad to tell her all, if she were the only one involved; for in the face of all that had accumulated throughout the years of his wrong doings, he still believed in her forgiving spirit toward him.

But what about these others who had stood strong by him, believed his falsehoods and sympathized with him? And what would they think?

And so he draws back and suffers on, with all this mountain of iniquity right in between him and his God, that would quickly begin to move if he would begin to make confessions, and keep right at it until all the sin had been acknowledged; this whole mountain would be cast into the sea of God's forgetfulness, to be remembered against him no more forever, for then he could trust

God for Christ's sake to do what he could not do, and the deep sea of God's peace would roll over his troubled soul.

There had been a good many who had tried faithfully to help this man through to God, and had seen him stop short, and wondered why. But not one among them, except the suffering wife and a few spiritual friends that she had confided in, knew of this unacknowledged sin, that lay back there in the past, that was ever confronting him, and how he drew back from the adverse opinions of people.

Oh, that we could get men to see how little it matters what others may think of them, when it comes to meeting the conditions of salvation! How often has this man been driven back from the pathway to the skies, as with a cudgel in the hands of the devil, with that satanic hiss, "What will they think?" when, after all, the facts of the case are, that every man whose opinion is of any real value will think far more of a man who will go to the bottom in confession and restitution and really get right with God. God's Word has declared, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

It has always been so; and this man knows that this was true In his earlier experience -- sure. And yet he backs down from making the confession that he would really like to make, and get out from underneath this awful load that so weighs him down. God's terms of salvation are too plain to be misunderstood at this point, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." And how the blessed Holy Spirit has brought to his remembrance, oh, so tenderly, those gracious words, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness!"

There are many petitions of the saints before the throne, in his behalf; and you may be sure that there will be help coming from above when he turns around and starts over his back track.

To be sure, it would have been hard for this man, on his return home, to take his wife in his arms and tell her all, begging her forgiveness; but it would have been easier for him than as he watched her extreme sufferings, with such remorse of conscience. And later on, it could not have been anything but sad (even under the blessing of the Lord) to talk his heart out, with tears of sorrow and sincere regret; but it would have been far easier than when he was under deep convictions, when the light of God showed it all up in its hideousness and fearful results.

But even so, it would have been easier at that time than after his heart grew so hard that he could effect a separation and, to exonerate himself, circulate evil reports concerning her, and keep it lip for years, making it more and more complicated. But, as hard as it would be now for him to go to everybody involved, from the least to the greatest, with the most humiliating acknowledgments, it would be a million times easier than it will be for him if he goes on, and crosses the line of worlds, without making those acknowledgments. This man has actually carried the brimstone of hell about in his soul, because of this thing; and if he has suffered as he has, when there were intervals of relief in forgetting it, and when there still was hope, what will it be when he can never forget again, and when hope has fled, with all opportunity gone forever? And with the rolling of the years of eternity will increase and intensify the same old torture, and he will go on repeating, over and over again, the same words that he has repeated so often while here in this



world; but they will be changed then to a hopeless wail of unutterable anguish, "Oh! why didn't I tell her back there? But I can't now, I can't now!"

Why, that one thing alone (apart from all that has grown out of it) would be hell!

It is heartbreaking to see this poor man, nearing the close of life, just drifting on to such a certain and fearful doom, when even now he could confess his way through to God, and spend eternity with all the redeemed in heaven. God is waiting to be gracious. Surely, somewhere among his acquaintances, there is a man of God whom he could go to and unburden his heart, and who would stand by him, strong in faith.

They would do anything they could to help him; but they could not meet for him the simple, plain requirements that infinite wisdom, love and mercy have laid down. He must needs meet them for himself. He himself must act, for he holds in his own hands the key to his eternal destiny.

Oh, that he would arouse himself, and wake up, and turn around, and start out, refusing, positively refusing, to go on and sink into hell, because "that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world," will persistently hiss in his ears: "What will they think?"

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061 -- "IF WE CONFESS OUR SINS" -- (1 John 1:9)

An opportunity once came to me, in company with dear Sister B\_\_\_\_ and children, to spend a week at the Seaside Rest Home; and we found many opportunities to help souls. One woman came to our room, with tears running down her face, saying, "I know what you sisters have, I once had God's great peace in my soul, too; but I have lost out, and I want you to pray for me;" and she fell on her knees, confessing her sins, and pleading the mercy of God and, with the uplift of our faith, was soon praising the Lord, and went on her way rejoicing.

While en route, our attention was drawn to a young mother with four frail little ones; and with that unflinching desire to get close to her and help her, with gentle tact we soon found an approach through the children. As she, too, was going to the free Rest Home, we were soon in friendly conversation, and she told us of the tubercular husband that she had finally consented to leave in the care of a neighbor, that the children might have this outing.

Later on, as we talked with her about the Lord, and salvation, she remarked, "I don't need anything like that, but I do wish you could talk with my husband; he can't live very long and is restless and troubled."

She was a woman that did not seem to have the remotest idea of God and His great salvation; but by what we had told her, instinctively she felt that it would be a great comfort to the sick husband; and, as we were returning home, she came to us, giving us her address and urging us to come and talk with him. This we were very glad to do again and again, sometimes together and sometimes alone; and we got our pastor to visit him also.

At first he was rather unapproachable, but he soon found that we were his friends.

He would listen to us attentively, and at times respond in prayer. The presence of the Lord was blessedly real, the light of God would flit over his face, and he would seemingly be just on the verge of breaking through, and would then drop back into the hopelessness of despair; something evidently came in between. We did not understand the case, but we knew that God did, and kept on praying for him and visiting him as often as we could.

He seemed to be drawn nearer and nearer to the Kingdom and, at times, when he prayed his face would be all aglow with the light of heaven, and he would begin to praise the Lord; then suddenly the light would fade, and praise would die on his lips, and all we could do was to encourage him to keep on going through until there was nothing between him and his God.

For a week or more before his death we had not been able to visit him; and as he lay in his casket, with reflected glory upon his placid brow, Sister B\_\_\_\_\_ took the dear woman and babies to her home, and she told us of his last days. "For some weeks he would have spells of great distress of mind and would speak with regret of some wrong he had done, and talk of the mercy of God, and grow quiet and peaceful for a time; then something else would trouble him." One night, as she was tenderly caring for him, he looked up into her face so pleadingly, and said, "Ada, you are so good to me, and I have so wronged you, and I must tell you something that will break your heart. I never thought I would ever tell you, but I must. I don't see how you can ever forgive me; do you think you can? Oh, how can I ever tell you? But I will sink into hell if I don't; all my sins are gone except this one against you, and this stands right in between me and heaven, and I can't get past it, I must confess it to you, or the lake of fire will be my portion; there is no other way. Do you think you could forgive me, wife?" "Sure, I could," she said, "I would do anything for you, husband." "Oh, you are so good and kind; but could you ever love me, could you? Oh, how can I tell you of that one act?" Then followed whispered words that were for her ears alone to hear, and he sobbed and sobbed.

"I put my arms around him," she said, "and told him over and over again of my forgiveness and love for him; and after awhile he looked into my face, faintly smiling through his tears, and said, 'You really do forgive me, don't you? and now God can forgive me, too.' " From that time on he kept saying, "Thank you," to the Lord, and she said she had never seen anyone so happy in all her life. "Oh, how wonderful it would have been if he could have lived and been always like that! How happy we would have been! How he loved me, how he loved the children, and how he prayed for us, and kept urging me to get ready to meet him in heaven, and would not be satisfied until I had promised him I would, and bring the children; and then he was happier than ever and kept saying, 'Thank you,' to the Lord, and told Him how glad he was that we were all coming. And to everyone who came in he would tell how God had forgiven all his sins; that there was not one standing in between him and heaven any more, and that he was going to go to heaven soon; and, looking up into my face, with such a look of love, he said, 'And wife is coming, too;' and was just that happy to the very latest breath, and there was such a strange, beautiful light in his face all the time." We told her it was the peace of God in his soul, because he had confessed his sins; and we urged her to get ready for heaven. "Yes," she said, "I want to, and I will, but not now; I must, for I promised him I would, but not now; I can't now, but I will some time."

It was all such an astonishment to her, for she had never before seen a soul led through conviction, repentance, confession, restitution, on into the spiritual realm of the new birth and the joys of God's great salvation.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28:13) is God's unchangeable word to all; and in this incident there is an example of the workings of this vital truth. That unyieldedness of pride that did not want to take the way of humility, and acknowledgment of that hidden sin against the wife of his bosom, would have barred this man out of heaven. There were no instructions from man; the Holy Spirit Himself dealt with this soul, and He held him to confession to the very one he had sinned against, before God's forgiveness could be his. That was what caused the light to suddenly fade from his countenance, and praise to die upon his lips, just as he seemed to be entering the Kingdom, we understand it all now.

There he lay, in sight of heaven and in sight of hell, and his soul soon must rise to holy heights or sink to horrible depths, all hinging upon his voluntarily choosing to humble himself or not, enduring the intense gnawings of an awakened, outraged, and accusing conscience, a foretaste of the tortures of an unforgiven soul, which are sufferings beyond expression.

But when he broke over his pride, and made the confession in true penitence of soul, how quickly he was forgiven! All was swept forever from his horizon, and flood tides of glory, like billows, rolled over his soul, and bore him on to the haven of eternal blessedness, and left an unimpeachable testimony to the verity of God's Word. "There is forgiveness with God." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just (in consideration of the amazing Atonement of Jesus Christ) to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

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## 062 -- INTUITION, VIRTUE'S ARMOR

Dear Friend:--

In answer to your letter of inquiry I would say, No, I do not object giving you incidents of "escapes," if, as you say, you could use them to help someone else, providing I am assured that my name will be withheld; for I am grateful, indeed, that I did escape, all through my life, the various pitfalls along every woman's path.

You know that an unmothered orphan girl, who is the drudge in the family, is untaught but quickly condemned if she makes a wrong move on any line.

The people that I lived with took the pioneer craze and, leaving the home-loving, clean-living, thickly-settled rural district, located where everything was in a most primitive condition. Settlers a long way apart, and of a low, roving class of people; and not a few among them in hiding from justice, with black records behind them.

Without any understanding of the laws of life, and the many things girls should know, ignorantly innocent, I was impelled along into marriage when scarcely in my teens. But, I thought that all young men were like the noble brother I remembered in my childhood, and that all old men were like the kind, loving father who had died when I was quite a child.

The houses were, for the most part, built of logs, and consisted of only one room -- living room, kitchen, and bedroom combined. When distant neighbors occasionally exchanged visits, it was usually for several days; and the only privacy we had was when the fire in the great fireplace burned low, and the lights were out; then each one sought their respective beds which were often only a pallet on the floor.

There was an old acquaintance of husband's, a grey-headed man with a large family, who frequently came for a visit. He seemed very kind; and I often thought of my own dear father, for I never seemed to get over the loss of his tender love. I remember I was heavy-hearted that morning, as I started the fire in the fireplace, preparatory to getting the breakfast. Our visitor had not yet arose, and as I unavoidably passed near his bed, he said something; and not understanding what he said, I paused, and he beckoned to me.

For an instant I just longed to creep into his fatherly arms (as I thought) and lay my tired head upon his breast, as I had so often done as a little child when my own father was living; for, as I said before, I thought all old men were like my dear father. But as I looked into his face, there was a peculiar glint in that man's eyes that I instinctively recoiled from, and silently passed on to my work, half-stunned, yet not realizing until afterward what it had meant, or how innocently I might have been entrapped through the pure affectionate nature of a disappointed child longing for a father's love.

How often we feel much that we do not comprehend the meaning of at the time, which will be discernible later on, if we will not disregard the silent admonitions faithfully warning us. You may be sure that my beautiful ideal of grey-haired men was shattered.

A year or so later, husband, who was of a roving disposition, went still farther from civilization, and located a claim, and we moved back to the foothills for the winter, so he could get out fencing and material for the new cabin on the prairie claim some fifteen miles away.

It was a lonely place; nothing but big trees and snow for miles and miles, where we often could hear the "Yep, yep" of the coyote, the roar of the mountain lion, and the cry of the cougar.

Our only neighbor was an old bachelor, tall, angular, hook-nosed, untidy, unclean, and looking like a fugitive from justice. Instinctively I drew back from him as from a viper and, not understanding the reason for it at the time, blamed myself for feeling like that toward anyone, and yet I just could not overcome it; inwardly I recoiled from the man.

His cabin was near the one we occupied, and he boarded with us; husband seemed to rather enjoy his company, but I could scarcely answer his necessary questions.

The snow was unusually deep, making it difficult to work, and husband concluded to take a trip of several hundred miles, just to be going, to see old friends and possibly transact a little business. Baby and I were to stay there in the cabin. Mr. Q\_\_\_\_\_ was to provide wood for the fireplace and continue as a boarder. You may know that it was a lonesome time; but the little one was my comfort, and I sang much to the baby, and kept up heart.

I prepared the meals for the man, but he ate alone and silently left the cabin.

Some weeks had passed, and early one evening, after Mr. Q\_\_\_\_\_ had finished his solitary meal, instead of going out at once as usual, he stood for a time by the fireplace. Turning to me he said, "Would you be offended if I would tell you what I would like?" I was busy with the baby, and my first thought was that he was not altogether pleased with my cooking, and wanted to suggest something that he would especially like, as husband often did, yet did not want to offend me, because he wanted to be kind; and with that thought in mind I looked up inquiringly. But in that first glance I saw something in that man's eyes that shocked me, and with a sudden rush of indescribable feelings I sensed the import of his words; and something, a power beyond what I had ever felt -- a masterful energy -- rose up within me, and I said emphatically, "I am easily offended." His eyes fell, his whole attitude changed, and he hastily left the cabin.

I bolted the door, fell on my knees, wept and sobbed, and prayed in great distress. The man came to the door and begged me not to feel so bad. "We didn't do anything wrong," he said (Matt. 5:28). But I could not stop, and sobbed on in uncontrollable anguish and loneliness until, exhausted, I crept in beside my sleeping babe and forgot my grief in slumber.

I had always believed (as is quite generally accepted) that no virtuous woman who is discreet in her behavior would ever be insulted, no matter under what circumstances she was placed; but I had yet to learn that there are men so vile that they think all women are likewise.

A week or so later husband returned and, as he was nearing home, chatting with a neighbor, telling of his enjoyable trip, the neighbor asked, "Where did you leave your wife and baby?" "Up in the mountains, cooking for Q\_\_\_\_\_" he said. "NO!" they said in astonishment, "surely not with that degenerate; he has insulted a number of women throughout the country, and they are all afraid of him." And husband, in telling me about it, said, "I told them that Q\_\_\_\_\_ never would insult my wife."

I was afraid to tell husband, till after we had moved away in the spring, lest in a fit of anger he might stain his hands with human blood; and soon after Q\_\_\_\_\_ left the country.

But husband never let me forget he felt sure that I must have been indiscreet in some way, or it would not have happened; that is how he considered it. But he never seemed to think that there was any indiscretion on his part, in exposing a girl wife to such possible insults, while he went off on a trip; and often made life hard for me by his unjust insinuations.

But I had learned a valuable lesson, and never again would I consent to such exposure, and was careful to avoid even the appearance of evil.

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## 063 -- I SHALL SEE MY BOY IN HEAVEN

Upon my wall hangs a picture of a fine-looking young man. Shall I tell you something about him, to encourage your heart to keep believing for a soul, though they do wander up and down in the earth? Albert W\_\_\_\_\_ was between twenty-five and thirty, keen of mind, conscientious, and extremely sensitive of wrong. He had been converted in our Olive Branch Mission, some time before I met him. I seemed to understand him better than some others among the workers; perhaps it was because my own dear boy, far away, was about his age.

Mission workers, just like other people, make mistakes sometimes; and he became offended and could not reconcile their conduct with their profession. He had not yet learned the significance of these words of the Savior, spoken so tenderly to Peter, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

Later on, not being well, he went to the General Hospital; and on visiting day, to my surprise, I found him in the tubercular ward. He built up rapidly and, being away from the influence of those that had needlessly wounded his sense of right, listened to patient, tender reasoning and became reconciled, and renewed his covenant with the Lord; and that "solar light" again played over those finely chiseled features.

When he left the hospital he came back to the mission; but some way he did not do well in his soul. Later on, he went east to his sister who had just disposed of some property "that had long been in litigation, and together they traveled here and there in quest of health (she also was tubercular) till she died, and means were exhausted. He would write to me at long intervals, but had nothing to say of salvation.

I kept on praying for him, and writing when he gave me his address, and often I found my heart saying, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" After a long silence he wrote from a Catholic tubercular hospital, some twenty miles out from Chicago, where he had been for some time. He told me how all these years he had felt that my prayers were following him, and at last he had yielded his heart to the Lord, and was saved, and he wanted me to know that my prayers were answered.

A great joy welled up in my heart, and yet I was not quite sure, there was a question whether or not he was really, truly converted; for I felt he must not come short as so many do. In a Catholic hospital was hardly the place where one would expect a soul to find the Lord. And then he had so much to say in grateful appreciation of one who had done so little, and said so little about the Lord who had done so much, that I did not know how to answer that letter, and I must needs know.

As opportunity came and I was alone, I spread the letter out upon a chair and knelt down in adoration and praise before the Lord, and had just begun to tell Him my necessity of knowing how to answer that letter, when suddenly something struck me like a landslide of upper glory. It lifted

me to my feet, and I ran all over the house, praising the Lord, while tears of joy fell like rain. My heart was so assured that he was really saved that I knew just how to answer that letter.

Several other letters passed back and forth between us; each letter giving added proof of the genuineness of the change wrought in his nature. How my heart did echo the grateful praise to the Lord for His longsuffering, mercy, and love, which the letters contained! But he would insist that it was in answer to my prayers, and said, "I am praying for the Lord to strengthen your poor, frail body, so that you can pray for other boys." Do you know that prayer was answered? I had been extremely frail for many months; and while I was up and around a part of the time, Dr. M\_\_\_\_\_ told my friends he didn't see how I lived at all. I really had no expectation of being any better; but one night the Lord Jesus suddenly manifested Himself, standing by me, just as real as any other person might, and laid a nail-scarred hand tenderly upon my painfully throbbing brow, and I slept. The tide turned, gradually I gathered strength, to the surprise of all. One can never know whose heart will be inspired to pray the prayer of faith that shall save the sick.

Later on, he wrote that he was feeling so well that he was thinking of going into Mexico as a nurse, with a young man he had met in the hospital. My letter in answer was returned, and I never heard from him again. I presume he went suddenly with a hemorrhage. But my heart was assured that it was well with his soul.

As I look upon his pictured face, the words of that verse come to my mind, that helped me in the battle till victory was won. Possibly it may help you, as you persevere in faith for some immortal soul. It is a strong declaration of faith, and it came to me in a crisis of prayer for the son that was born to me; yet it has an application for spiritual children as well.

"I shall see my boy in heaven,  
This assurance has been given;  
Faith holds steady, firm, and even  
In the promise of my Lord.

Though a thousand miles divide us,  
Or an ocean roll between us,  
God above is watching o'er us,  
And I rest upon His word."

(Isa. 54:1.)

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#### 064 -- MY WORLD AND YOUR WORLD, OR WHAT I SAW IN THE NIGHT

"Put me in your world," said dear Sister W\_\_\_\_\_, as we clasped hands just before she left for her eastern home. "I will, and give me a place in your world also;" and often has that restful, inspiring face come before me as I have reached out my hands in pleading for God's benediction upon my world, and felt the balm of prayed-down blessing upon my soul.

For in the sweet fellowship that had sprung up out of the acquaintance of only a few days, I had told her of the glimpse I had of my prayer world as I saw it on that memorable night in the long ago, and pressed upon her the fact that she, as well as every other individual, also had a world.

How well I remember that day and night -- some things one does not forget.

I had been to the County Hospital, that village of brick and mortar, on one of my regular visits, leaving a tract or paper here, a word of cheer or prayer there, and singing the blessed Gospel of soul-healing in those long, full wards of suffering bodies and fearful, apprehensive souls.

Many sad cases had deeply appealed to me that day, and especially a bright young mother of twenty-two, in the tubercular ward, vainly struggling against an indomitable foe. I had watched her closely since she came in. She had said she was a "Christian; but the conception of the meaning of the word Christian is very meager with so many, and I longed to know, to be sure, that she had a personal revelation of Christ to the soul, an impartation of the Christ-life, a reception of the Christ nature -- the one way she or anyone else could become in the Scriptural sense a Christ-Jan or Christ-in (you), the only sure foundation for the hope of Glory.

And full well I knew that the raging fever would soon burn out those vital organs, and that the otherwise fine physique must succumb to the inevitable. The battle was as desperate as it was hopeless, and as painful to look upon as it was real. The clinging to life, the false hope of recovery, and the certain, rapidly approaching dissolution, and only a vague, uncertain hope, a salvation without a Savior! Just think of it! As well expect vegetation without moisture, or sunshine without the sun, or an effect without a cause, as a Christian without a personal, living Christ. Why, the very word has that signification. All this lay upon my heart a great burden of desire for the regeneration of this immortal soul, unmistakably nearing that eternal fixedness of character.

She was usually surrounded by friends, and I must reach her mainly by prayer and song; and today she could bear only a few verses of the Gospel in song that I had hoped might bring her face to face with the Savior. It was all so sad, and, as I returned, I seemed to bring the whole hospital home with me. Heavy indeed was the burden for souls. I bowed long before the Lord, endeavoring to lay the whole thing out before Him and commit it to his mercy; and then wearily sought my couch for rest and sleep. But some "cases" will not stay committed, and all sleep fled, as this whole scene came before my closed eyes, and the anguish of soul travail settled down upon me. I prayed till I prayed clear through; and with the eye of faith saw her safe within the gates, with glory-lit face instead of fever-burnt brow, with the new song upon her joyful lips, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . to him be glory and dominion forever and ever." My grateful heart responded and re-echoed the same glad song, as the reflected glory from the upper courts flooded my own soul. I had no difficulty after that to commit her to the Lord.

Well, I revisited the hospital that night, for the spirit of intercession was upon me, and one after another was brought definitely to Jesus. Down, down into the depths of sin and depravity I went with each individual, confessing their crimes against the government of heaven, as the sins of my own soul, pleading their inexpressible need and His mercy -- just His mercy -- until I had an



overwhelming sense of redeeming love and pardoning grace for every truly repentant soul. Even then I lay, with outstretched hands still, for the merciful blessing of God upon every human heart shut in behind those walls.

The birds were twittering in the trees near my window, and the dawn of another day drew near before consciousness was lost in fitful slumber.

But it seemed all earth was ringing  
With the joy of angels singing  
For the souls that faith was bringing  
Where justice, love, and mercy meet.

Was the spirit near transition,  
Or was dreaming the condition  
For unveiling of the vision  
Of my world, so clear, complete.

It was a remarkable scene that met my view. A shaft of light from the upper world fell on this mundane sphere, making a radiant highway to the skies. Upon the shining pathway, facing the source of light, and moving unsteadily onward, in the distance before me, was a company of people in whom I was deeply interested. I felt a great responsibility to keep them facing the light, and moving upward, and to prevent them from getting into the darkness on either hand. Although they were not aware of my presence, yet as my soul was moved in their behalf they moved; and with outstretched hands on either side, my earnest endeavor was to keep them grouped close together in the center of that ever ascending highway, where the light fell clearest, soft and mellow.

It was a strange looking assemblage. Some were fully attired, others only partially so, while still others wore but little clothing, and many were nude, and in all stages of physical incompleteness and development.

I recognized but one, dear Sister J\_\_\_\_, fully attired with coat and hat as if ready for a journey, a little in advance, and a trifle to one side, faithfully pressing on with her steady, upward tread. She seemed to be in some sense a leader of the group.

My whole concern was to keep them all moving steadily upward in the safe center of the highway and escape the haziness that shaded off into dense blackness on either side. As the picture passed before me, questioningly I turned with, "Who are those people, my Lord, and what does it mean?"

"My child, it is your world, the souls you have touched, those you have claimed in faith for God, the individuals for whom you have prayed through, your spiritual children, your prayer world; and it means this: God answers believing prayer."

While He is never coercive, nor impels by force the volition of man, yet He holds the light of heaven, (or a sense of heavenly truth -- Bible truth) upon their minds and hearts. He awakens and draws, enlightens, reasons, mellows and softens, and presses the truth upon them more and

more; and if acknowledged and accepted with that peculiar personal yieldedness of purpose and being to the Divine will, rebirthing of the soul takes place, likened to the physical completeness.

As each one moves on in that peaceful yieldedness of obedience, in the light, they soon take on the investiture of the Spirit and become fully attired, garmented and girdled, ready for service or sacrifice, and ever a little in advance and a trifle apart from the rest of the company -- an encouragement and inspiration to all. He who has begun a good work in them by answering prayer, by the same means (which is a part of the infinite plan that surely draws human hearts very close together) is able to perform it until the day of Christ, illuminating, drawing, and enabling them to keep pressing onward and upward till they pass the open portals, the source of that luminous pathway, and are forever safe in that glorious world of light.

This is what Sister W\_\_\_\_, referred to when she said in parting, "Put me in your world." If this humble testimony of the Lord's dealings should help you to recognize, or in any larger measure to realize your world, to add to that world, and to keep faith in God for your world, just thank God and take courage.

And now suffer a word of exhortation. Invite the Spirit of intercession. In humility ask your Lord to give you of His Spirit unveiled to mortal gaze in the Garden of Gethsemane, and begin to win your own heart's consent to be a sharer in that agonizing sorrow over a lost world, and take upon your shrinking heart at least one out of the multitude about you. Humble yourself low down before Him, confessing as your own their sins against God in rejecting their Substitute, Jesus Christ, and His vicarious Atonement for their transgressions, and the marvelous provision of Gospel grace, and their hopeless helplessness and immeasurable loss if they persist in pushing aside that wounded hand held out to save.

Ask the Holy Spirit to reveal (as much as you can bear) what it would mean to go into outer darkness -- or outside darkness -- outside of the light of heaven, separated eternally from God, the source of all good. As you look into this fathomless abyss of unrealized reality, with meager but most blessed knowledge of the heavenlies they are refusing, and plead with the God of mercy to let the light once more upon their benighted souls, you may know (in your small measure) the fellowship of His sufferings, the exquisite sweetness in that anguish, and the glory that follows the answer from the skies. You may need a heaven-sent messenger to strengthen you, but you can press through to the never-failing promises with such an assurance of faith that your glad heart will cry out, "It is finished," and results will follow -- yes indeed. Not always as quickly as you had expected; but your part is to hold up the promise in confidence to God, for He gives His people an expected end.

In closing let me entreat you to remember your world.

The names may oft elude the groping mental call,  
The pictured faces fade that hang on memory's wall,  
And many precious ones you may not now recall,  
And some among them there you never knew at all;  
Some in that group may be across the ocean's tide  
In some far-distant clime where Satan's works abide,

For sometimes arms of faith will reach out far and wide.

But remember your world; and when a dear face shines through the misty haziness of the unremembered but never forgotten past, or of more recent days, lift up your heart in confidence to the Father, for His loved one. Or when you touch Divinity for another, in that blessed assurance of prayer, in that holy hush that follows, include the rest, and look up with joyful confidence for the mercy of the Lord to overshadow them all. And when too weary to think, or too sick to pray, you can still lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting, for the benediction of God upon your world.

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## POSTSCRIPT

We were driving through southern Oregon; and as we came to a summit, and started over the divide, pointing to a tiny rivulet from a small spring, husband said, "That is the head of Myrtle Creek!"

It was almost unbelievable, but the road wound along that ravine, and we watched with interest the continual enlargement until, as quite a river, we saw it flow on to the sea and mingle its waters with the fathomless deep.

How well this illustrates true Christian experience, on every line; for instance, concern for souls and intercessory prayer. I can remember back when those I was especially interested in, that I call "my world," consisted of my own household only. But it gradually enlarged. After the incident recorded above (a dozen years ago), it enlarged more rapidly. And since my leaflets have had such world-wide circulation, and I have followed them by prayer, instead of the small company that I saw on that memorable night, God's world has become "my world." And sometimes with my Lord I travel over this world all night; and by faith I can see the Holy Spirit, like unto a great white dove with wings extended, brooding, ever brooding, to bring forth. And especially Saturday night, for Sunday is decision day for many, a day of ingathering of souls.

Traveling this world thus frequently, it does not seem "so big" any more; and it is not, when we consider the vast universe above us that God has created. Look up on some starry night and behold His handiwork -- and then remember that He is just as truly "Our Father" as He is God.

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065 -- "HE GOETH BEFORE" -- (John 10:4)

In returning from the city of W\_\_\_\_, where I had gone at the request of a distant friend, to search out a wayward daughter, I found certain streets that I needed to cross "roped" and densely packed with people on either side, waiting to see the circus parade that was to pass that way.

I tried to find a way through, but they only glared at me and were immovable. I stepped into a store of some kind, and said, "Is there any way to get through to the other side of the street?" Some shook their heads, others smiled at the presumption of such a question.

But one stalwart young fellow, with resolute but kindly face, stepped out and said, "Do you want to go through?" "Yes, I do," was my reply. "I'll take you through," he said emphatically. Most naturally I would have expected him to take my arm and slowly work his way along, and thus take me through. But not so, he just reached out and took from my hand my suit case burdened with valuables, and started; and I had to follow him, and follow without loitering any either. With a decided tread he just waded right into that crowd, and they fell back right and left; and by keeping close up to him, without being burdened with my suit case, I had no difficulty in going through.

Once I was diverted and slackened my pace, and the open pathway that he had made for me through that solidly packed crowd nearly dosed up, and I realized the importance of following closely. I quickened my steps, and was very careful after that to keep close to him. When he came to that first big rope that held back the people, he did not stop, but bowed under, and I unhesitatingly followed. There was a breathing space but no place to stop, and we soon bowed under the second rope, and again before his resolute strides the people fell back automatically, and following closely I went through unhindered and went on toward my home rejoicing.

I have been taught so much from the daily pages of Providence that I see "sermons in stone and lessons in everything." How often we come up to just such places in our spiritual life, all kinds of obstacles block our way, and threateningly "glare" at us, refusing to move. There seems no way, and yet our home lies over there, and we must find a way through. To our earnest appeal, some sadly shake their heads, others smile incredulously. But with calm stateliness Jesus the Christ appears on the scene and puts to us the searching question, "Do you want to go through?" If He sees a decided affirmative in our answer, He will say, as did the young man, "I'll take you through;" and if we will give Him our treasures or our burdens that weigh us down, and follow Him closely, we can go through, and in no other way. For with that quiet, majestic tread, utterly irresistible, will He go forward, and people will fall back (John 18:5), and all opposing forces give way before the invincible Christ.

The trouble with the many is, they become diverted, or slacken their pace (Luke 23:54), and the "crown" presses in and closes up the "way" He had made through for them. They become confused, disappointed, and, "pushed and pressed by the jostling throng," get discouraged and drift on aimlessly with the crowd.

How often, on awakening in the morning, I am confronted with a solid phalanx of opposing forces obstructing the pathway, glaring and forbidding, and I see no way through. Weak and weary I find myself tempted to shrink back and dread what the day may hold for me. And this simple incident is brought to mind, and I begin to repeat the 23rd Psalm, or such Scripture as: "This is the day that the Lord has made, I will be glad and rejoice in it" (Psa. 118:24); "The Lord is my shepherd, when he putteth forth his sheep he goeth before" (John 10:4); "He maketh a path in the sea" (Psa. 78:13, also Neh. 9:11); "My soul followeth hard after thee" (Psa. 63:8.)

Slumbering faith begins to wake up and assert itself; and looking into the tranquil, undisturbed face of my ever-present Upholder and Guide, I say to my Lord, "All I need is to let Thee carry this suit case, and follow Thee closely, and Thou wilt take me through. Put into this day just what Thou wilt, and take out of this day as is pleasing to Thee."

Thus, with all my human weakness and frailty of body, I have gone through those crowds of seeming impossibilities, with restful spirit, meeting people, listening with deep, solicitous sympathy to the unburdening of overcharged hearts, bearing them upon my heart before the throne, writing letters, selecting and mailing tracts, etc., until way into the night. Just by following closely in the path He made through for me, moment by moment, and day after day, going through the impossible unafraid, on toward my home, because I refuse to be diverted or slacken my pace, but keep up close, even under His very shadow (Psa. 91:1) with that blessed realization that "he goeth before." (John 12:26.)

"He'll take you through whatever betide;  
He'll take you through, just follow your Guide,  
Repeating this statement of truth o'er and o'er,  
He goeth before, He goeth before." (Phil. 3:14.)

\* \* \* \* \*

066 -- GOD'S PREFERENCE -- (2 Chron. 29:11; Psa. 137:5, 6)

In the daily life of every saint (2 Cor. 9:1, 2), duties of greater or lesser moment confront them constantly. Manifold duties, opportunities, and privileges for God, in helping others (Matt. 25:40) on one line or another. One dear girl who had caught the vision of opportunity, often said, "I wish I were twins." And I am sure if I could multiply myself many times. I could accomplish only a part of what I see could be done to bring into the horizon of needy souls the dawning conception of the great panacea for human ills, and lead them into that soul-satisfying heart knowledge (Rom. 10:10) of God, which is life eternal. (John 17:3.) And it means a good deal to not allow this multiplicity to overwhelm us, but calmly go forward doing the "next thing" without its becoming arduous (Matt. 11:30.) or our becoming confused as to what the "next thing" is.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him (filial fear); and he will show them his covenant, him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose." (Read Psa. 25:12 to 15.) In other words, He will, from the multiplicity of duties and opportunities, choose for us those that will work together for the highest good of all concerned. That is, if we will, out of love for our Lord, gratefully accept His choosing and make it our own. If you have entered into that sacred Bridal relation, the place of utter, loving abandonment, you will observe that He graciously and patiently shows us what is His best, then leaves us free to choose. How we ought to appreciate this position of honor, and the confidence our Lord has placed in us, with jealous watchfulness against all forfeiture, or betrayal of such confidence. But, sad to say, we sometimes yield, at least in part, to the spirit of indifference, and gradually lapse back into spiritual babyhood; and, like little children, take a quickly passing pleasure in having our own way in little things, as we call them, if we can hope for the approval of God, and not feel condemned. A dear one lightly said, "I don't know whether it was right or not, but I do not feel any condemnation," forgetting, that in compassion for our ignorance (Acts 17:30) God tolerates (for awhile) what He does not approve.

I seriously question if there are any little things, when it comes to choosing our own natural inclinations without carefully comparing them with our knowledge of the character of God, for that

great underlying principle, "Thy will. be done," half unconsciously disregarded in the smallest minutiae of life, will more or less mar and retard the working out of the beautiful plan of God, far beyond what we can comprehend.

When we stand face to face with these obligations, opportunities, and privileges in our living for God, we can, if we will, turn aside from stern duties, disregard responsibilities, and those some more gratifying privileges, with the happy elation of a little child which we wrongly interpret as the blessing of the Lord. Yet it is not so difficult to differentiate, because of its being evanescent, leaving a sense of barrenness as to results, and a sorrowful consciousness of loss, instead of assurance of added riches and strength. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." (Prov. 10:22.) There is a validity that comes to us, when we will not draw back from the possibility of the denial of our natural preferments, and with reverent sincerity and honesty of purpose take the upward look and deliberately choose God's preference.

For instance, here is one, with heart overflowing with the love of Jesus, longing to help others. She proposes, to this one and that one, some special kindness, and discovering some need, says kindly, "Why yes, I can do that for you," raising the hopes of the one in need, and then defers, lets time slip by, and chooses to do other things instead, until "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and they are subjected to severe, protracted temptations. But we say, casting a mantle of charity tenderly over her, "She was a very busy woman. Surely she was, and she forgets," we say. Well -- can we say we forget, when the thought has been brought to us again and again, and pushed aside? We can truthfully say we did not pause to think seriously and inquire of the Lord if that was what He preferred us to do at that time, but not that we forgot, if we would be honest in the sight of God, which means more than appears on the surface. And if we will yield to His reconstruction in such seemingly little things, strong consolation will come to us as we read Isaiah 63:8, 9.

Here is another instance from the lives of two of God's own, who deeply loved each other in the Lord. A was elderly, a lifelong sufferer; and B\_\_\_\_, much younger, had felt a responsibility in her behalf. With considerable effort, she had secured, for her use, an appliance that soothed the nerves and greatly relieved the distress of spinal trouble, that she had uncomplainingly endured for years. She began to build up, and had more strength to use for the Lord. The appliance occasionally needed repair, and B\_\_\_\_ looked after it conscientiously for a time, but became lax, deferring this little service of kindness, choosing activities that were more pleasing; and the sick one most naturally presumed that B had wearied of a continued kindness, like most people. (Not many friends "stand by" very long, don't you know? They come, generous and kind; they go, pass on the other side, absorbed in other things!) And she had such regard for B\_\_\_\_'s free choice in the matter that it did not seem best for her to intrude a request, and prayerfully waited, hoping that, for her good, the Lord would gently draw her attention to this need, patiently expecting from day to day, till weeks ran into months.

Occasionally B\_\_\_\_ would mention it, and promise to attend to that next week. Thus time passed slowly, with hope deferred, and that appreciated relief denied the sufferer. Did B\_\_\_\_ forget all this time? She was a busy woman, not very strong herself, but could she not have found an hour to do this kindness to alleviate distress? She found time to perform little services for others, that were not necessities, that gave them pleasure and assistance, while this one silently suffered on. And because of the rather peculiar circumstances, and the promise B\_\_\_\_ would

reiterate, she felt a restraint in mentioning it to anyone else, lest it would seem to reflect upon B\_\_\_\_. It was good discipline for the waiting one, and not a murmur was allowed to creep into her heart, and the same tender, solicitous love and prayerful interest flowed out toward this friend.

At times B\_\_\_\_ would come with her problems and perplexities, for prayer, and go away unburdened and blessed, with loving words of appreciation for "Mother," as she called her; and yet she let all that misery in the feeble frame continue when, with a little time and willing service, the appliance could have been readjusted, and restful relief and the building of strength could have been brought about.

"How could B\_\_\_\_ have been so indifferent to suffering and the keeping of her promise?" do you ask? Well, the same as you and I did back there in the past (but nevermore by the grace of God), just by following the line of least resistance, turning a deaf ear to the call of duty, pushing past the opportunity that required the denial of our pleasing inclinations, and taking up some more agreeable privilege of our own choice, instead of with single eye, choosing to please the Lord in little things; and, while calmly facing them all, regardless of all natural inclinations to the contrary, earnestly desiring at this time to do the "next thing" that is God's preference. (Deut. 12:11; Hag. 2:23.)

The following verses, by Margaret E. Sangster, give a view of one side of a broken promise.

You told me, "Yes, I'll do it!"  
And then forgot your word;  
You later said, "I had no time."  
Perhaps, "I never heard!"  
And yet, the task was very small,  
And not so hard to do;  
And, dear, because you broke your word,  
You hurt my faith in you.

You told me, that I won't forget,"  
And then you straightway did;  
And underneath a sorry smile,  
My hurt was safely hid,  
And yet because you did not do  
That little flask of mine,  
The brightness of a lovely faith  
Has somehow ceased to shine.

But there are other sides as well. There is a rapid deterioration of character in those who break legitimate promises, which, if not corrected, will weaken them until they lose that important sense of responsibility, and no longer consider their word should be as good as their bond. Gradually, as a consequence, will follow a disregard of their obligations to God, as well as to man, and they will fail to pay their vows to the Most High.

Another thing, strange but true, no matter how forgivingly silent or kindly may have been the heart attitude of the one to whom they had broken their promise, yet they will draw away from them in spirit, to their own hurt.

As far as I am personally concerned, my heart is so at rest in God that it does not matter whether a promise made to me is kept or not. My heart quickly responds, "Thou hast permitted it. Amen."

But I have so often observed the sad effect upon the character, that I feel deeply for those who break their promises. But all I can do is to pray for them. If I see them breaking a promise to someone else, then I may speak gently; but when it is broken to me, my lips are sealed unless, as in some instances, I have received permission from the Lord to go to them and beg the privilege of entirely releasing them from this promise or obligation, with the hope of arresting the spiritual decline that will inevitably come "with vows. and promises unkept." And sometimes it has proved successful, and we have been blessed together.

Those words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me" (Matt. 25:45) hold a significance beyond what we may have paused to contemplate, and for this reason we ought to be careful to choose God's preference. (Isa. 56:45.)

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067 -- LITTLE ONES WHO BELIEVE IN JESUS -- (Matt. 10:42)

I first met Sister Blank at an altar service at a camp meeting. Someone touched me on the shoulder, saying, "Come and pray with Sister Blank." For some fifteen years or more I have helped pray her through to victory several times each year.

She was a good woman, but somehow she did not find the way of continuous victory; so we helped her up as often as she fell down, just as we would a little child, with that serenity of hope that she would grow strong and walk steadily with the Lord after awhile.

Many were the lessons that I have been taught of God in those long-drawn-out altar services as the pilgrims unitedly prayed for our sister. I have found that an altar service is a wonderful opportunity, for we actually sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. When we lay our every personal interest aside, and put ourselves into an altar service for others, the Lord will see to it that something will come to us, of intrinsic and lasting worth.

In my spiritual childhood a sister once said to me, "Why don't you go to the altar and pray with the seekers?" "Oh," I exclaimed, "I don't know how to help anyone. I would hinder them, I am so weak in faith." "Why, no, you wouldn't; there is where you would learn to help, and grow strong, for the Lord may have something special for you." How true that has been all through the years!

It is the same way going into a revival meeting, committing myself, my infirmities, my every personal interest unto God, giving myself over into His hands for others; utterly losing my



life, I find that either during the meeting or soon following, or both, I become conscious of a great inflow of Divine life to soul and body; and also receive priceless instructions which are veritable treasures.

(In a powerful revival less than a year ago, miracles of healing were wrought in my frail body, and soul capacities enlarged, while losing my life for others.) (Matt. 16:25.) It was dear old Father H\_\_\_\_\_ (who is authority among us) who, in trying to help our sister in her struggling through repentance into faith, said this: "In all this upheaval of accusation and chaotic condition; with all these lacerated feelings; in the face of every thing to the contrary, right across it all, you can believe the promises of God." It was a tremendous statement of truth, a veritable fact, which she grasped; and the power and glory of God fell, delivering her and sending the saints running and shouting all over the church.

But I have got ahead of my story, and will go back. There are not a few among us that are weak, frail babes, that for a long time do not outgrow their swaddling bands, and some never do; but these are little ones who believe in Jesus, and are very precious in His sight. (Matt. 18:10.) We must needs take heed that we do not yield to the temptation to despise, or even lose faith or the patience of hope for one of these little ones, or just pass them by, as so many do.

There is a very grave responsibility right here. "The love of Christ constraineth us," or should; but even if love is weak, duty is clear, and we would not want to stand before the great tribunal at the judgment seat of Christ with the blood of neglected little ones upon our skirts. (Mark 9:42.)

When you are tempted (and we all are at times), just stop and think back into your own life, of the manifested love of God, in compassionate forbearance with yourself, and try to realize the same longsuffering patience of Divine love is extended to all, absolutely impartial and uninterruptedly flowing out to each individual soul, just as it has ever been toward you. "For there is no respect of persons with God."

How you have appreciated this almost unbelievable fact concerning yourself; and how it has melted and mellowed your heart, and enhanced your desire to "walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us!" (Eph. 5:1.) Thus the enlargement of your capacity to love God has continued to increase.

How often have I said as I took up the burden of this sister, "Lord Jesus, Thou didst suffer on Calvary for her, as truly as for me; help me to realize Thy love for her, and enable me to love, as Thou dost love, up to my capacity."

Her health at one time was failing, and I went with her to several different doctors. The consensus of opinion was that a major operation only would restore health. How I carried her on my heart while she was in the hospital, especially on those days when she hung between life and death, that the Lord would "perfect that which concerneth her," and take her to Himself or lengthen her life upon the earth, according to His infinite wisdom. It was during this time that the Lord gave to my heart a revelation that I did not forget.

I had pleaded His great mercy, His patience, and His sacrificial suffering on the cross for her; I knew it was all the outgrowth of Divine love, for God so loved the world. But this was different; this was a revelation of His personal love to her as an individual. It was as the love of a father to his little child, only away out beyond my human conception. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment and praise that I cried right out, "O Lord, how you do love Sister Blank!" (Incomparable love!)

I am fully persuaded that we need frequent revelations of the love of God. We cannot reason it out, for it is beyond our human limitations; not that it is contrary to reason, but transcends it. There seems a strange contradictory statement in Eph. 3:19. But by revelation we can know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.

Out of this experience, one of those priceless treasures of truth was indelibly impressed upon my heart, when the Lord quietly said to me, "This is the way I love every individual soul." It meant much to me, great compensation indeed. It was like one of those baptisms of love, overflowing into my own soul, enlarging my capacity till I have loved souls beyond what I had loved before. Especially dear to my heart has been this sister ever since.

Let me tell you something right here: You cannot help but love a soul if you really pray for them; and the more you pray for them, the more you will love them. This is a law in the spiritual realm. It is the deep underlying principle in the command of the Master (MAR. 5:44).

After her return from the hospital, the hope of health was not realized. She was around a part of the time, but continued weak and frail for a year. One morning I felt that Divine urge to go and pray with her. She was reclining upon a cot, and I bade her lie still; and after a little close heart fellowship I dropped upon my knees for prayer.

My heart was full of grateful praise for God's fathomless love for her, for the goodness and mercy that had followed her all the days of her life. And in one of those sudden movings of the Holy Spirit, I was given that holy boldness to ask in faith for the restoration of her health.

I recall even now, how, at the close, in committing her to God, I covered her as with a blanket, tucking it in all around her, with that wonderful declaration of faith, coupled with praise: "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think . . . Unto him be glory . . . Amen." (Eph. 3:20, 21.) Then I slipped quietly away, leaving her still lying on the cot.

The Lord surely did undertake for her, and far above what we could have asked or thought; for a peculiar change took place, that the doctors declared was an impossibility, and she soon regained her usual health.

This was several years ago; she has since learned to walk with the Lord for quite long periods of time, without losing the victory. Peculiarly severe and protracted trials have been permitted to come into her life, heartbreaking sorrow; but she has held fast her integrity to God. She has been a stay to her family, and is going on through with the Lord.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." (Matt. 12:20.)

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068 -- MY CHILDREN -- (Heb. 2:13)

The chapter entitled "My World and Your World," which has gone out in tract form into every quarter of the globe, contains a thought that has expanded in magnitude until I would reach out for every soul who has read my leaflets, or whom I have touched in any way, and claim them by faith for God. (Why not?) With that Divine love of spiritual motherhood, I ever think of those I know, and include those that I do not know as my children. (3 John 4.)

In the prayer room there are boxes of letters (that have been received from my tract work friends and others) which are given a prominent place; and on our Monday half nights of intercessory prayer, the Lord understands the up-welling of yearning desire, as I look up into His dear face, and lay my hand upon those boxes of letters and say, "My children."

One night we four sisters had been waiting upon the Lord for some hours, the Spirit helping our infirmities (Rom. 8:26, 27) in that wonderful blending of heart "agreement," when the sway of the Spirit suddenly turned prayer upon my unworthy soul and body, the book I was writing, the personal letters I answered, my world-wide tract work, and those souls I have touched for God. It was surely "praying in the Holy Ghost."

I was reclining in the armchair (for I am not strong enough to kneel very long), and the weight of the burden of desire suddenly precipitated me to my knees; and I put my arms around those boxes of letters, with my face upon the Bible that rested upon them, while my soul went up with those God-breathed petitions for my children. They thought I had fallen, and in alarm were at my side (for one among us had recently slipped away to heaven while in prayer); but I only said, "My children, my children." They understood, and the volume of prayer rose higher and higher, and went clear on up to the Throne, and I saw, by faith, possibilities far beyond what I had ever asked or thought.

The next morning, in that period between sleeping and waking, a picture was painted upon the mental horizon that I do not forget. I saw a woman, tall, angular, bent with frailty and age, utterly unprepossessing in face and form. She was standing before the mediatorial Throne, and was given the marked attention of Him who sat thereon, who was none other than the blessed Savior of men.

A lifted hand was pointing to the highway over which her trembling feet had come, and with humble gratitude she said, "Behold, I and the children Thou hast given me." I looked back where she pointed, and to my astonishment I saw a concourse of people, clad in beautiful raiment, upon a highway of light as far back as the eye could see; and they were moving steadily forward toward the Throne.

Another part of the picture, that brought great joy to my heart, was the glorious fact that out from the darkness from either side of the highway, attracted by the unchanging light upon the faces of those happy travelers, there were constantly coming other precious souls, breaking away from the bondage or "darkness of this world, setting free from its entanglement," and joining the triumphant company en route to their eternal habitation in the heavenly country, that land of far distances. (Isa. 33:17, marginal.)

I gazed upon this striking picture until I caught the deep significance of it, and was amazed as I realized that God was so great that He, through the channel of faith and the efforts of such a woman, could draw a throng like that upon the highway (Isa. 35:8) and keep them "pressing on the upward way," coming up through tribulations incidental to living in this fallen world, on through to the skies.

My meditations continued through the waking hours, and I saw the greatness of our God, and far into the possibilities of faith, with grateful praise; as one Scripture after another was brought to mind in corroboration.

There was something strangely familiar about this uncouth woman, and it gradually dawned upon me who she was, and I was surprised beyond measure! Then I recalled the fact that for many years my heart cry had been for these, that I called my children; and through great grace I had maintained this position, never to relinquish my hold upon God for a single soul that I had touched in any way, and claimed for my Lord. And this was just a glimpse, given for my encouragement, of the children God had given me, and the end was not yet. (Isa. 54:1; 49:21 to 25.)

Melted in adoring wonder, love, and praise, I wept before the Lord, while my heart cried out, "Make it so; oh, make it so, for Thy glory;" and my soul took on added courage and increased faith in the living God, with whom all things are possible (Mark 10:27), for the enduring grace to steadfastly continue to maintain this position before the mediatorial Throne, until at last I shall stand before the Throne of His glory (Rev. 7:9 to 12) and reiterate once more the same words so oft repeated here, but changed to the supreme contentment of blessed consummation, "Behold, I and the children thou hast given me." (Isa 8:18.)

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## COVETOUSNESS

I am not covet my neighbor's home,  
For his flocks, his lands, nor gold;  
But I covet for the Savior Lord  
My neighbor's immortal soul.

When I look upon a noble man,  
Or a woman in her prime,  
Or a little infant's upturned face,  
Or youth in its sweet springtime.

I covet them for the Redeemer,  
To be as a trusting bride,  
With a deep and earnest purpose,  
Walking closely by His side,

Taking His easy yoke upon them  
And learning of Him each day.  
With Him there is rest for the weary  
In the new and living way. (1892.)

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#### 069 -- INTERFERENCE WITH THE RIDER OF THE PALE HORSE -- (Psa. 9:13, 14)

"How is Brother G\_\_\_\_ getting along in the tent meeting?" we asked of the wife of the conference evangelist who was opening up new work in different parts of the country. "Rather slow," was her answer; "he was saying in his last letter that he wished it was so that some of the pilgrim sisters could attend, as samples; he has some men samples, but no women samples (examples of believers). If Sister M\_\_\_\_ and her two little girls or others could go and stay awhile, it would be such a help."

"I wonder if Sister M\_\_\_\_ could go. She is a good sample; and those little girls are really saved, and sing together beautifully and in the Spirit, and they would be a great help. Being a widow, she would hardly want to go alone. I could not go alone, but we two widows could go together, and help in the meeting, and there could be no 'appearance of evil,' as there might be if we were to go alone."

It was soon arranged, and the next week Sister M\_\_\_\_, the little girls, and myself were occupying rooms in T\_\_\_\_, a small town where the conference tent had been erected. We were there some two weeks, and saw some very clear conversions and a real work of God started.

One evening, after meeting, as we were shaking hands with the people, a lady said to me, "Sister Helm, you don't know me." "Your face and voice are familiar, but I cannot place you," I said. "Do you remember Miss H\_\_\_\_?"

I well remembered Miss H\_\_\_\_, a young woman of twenty-six or beyond. I had made her acquaintance through the jail work. One of the boys in the jail had asked me to take a message to her. She had met him at some mission, and talked to him about his soul, and tried to help him realize his need of the Savior; and now when he was in trouble he turned to her as a friend.

I found her as a helper in the small, unsanitary back room of a restaurant, and occasionally I would see her at the mission. She broke down, and later on I found her in the hospital, and in the tubercular ward. The last time I had visited her she was rapidly failing, and I had no thought but what she had long since succumbed to that dread disease.

I had noticed her in the congregation, and had thought of Miss H\_\_\_\_, but supposed it to be someone who looked like her; but when she spoke her name, and smiled, I at once knew it was she who, I supposed, had been numbered among the dead.

It was a most remarkable story that she told me of the Lord's miraculous interference with death, setting aside all natural law, and reversing things generally by bringing in "the law of the Spirit of life" and quickening a mortal body by His Spirit that dwelleth within, when the vital spark of life was all but extinguished.

She had been in the hospital some three years; and since I had ceased to visit there, she had continued to fail till she became emaciated and too weak to help herself in any way. The lungs were nearly gone, the breath was very short, and she lay utterly helpless, propped high upon pillows for weeks in order to breathe at all.

She would catch expressions and whispered conversations among the nurses and doctors, and knew they were expecting her to die any time, and were surprised that life still lingered. She had long since faced the situation in absolute surrender and blessed submission to the permissive will of God, and was at rest. It was all right, she had thought that she would recover, but now

"His blessed will; His blessed way,  
'Twas equal joy to go or stay."

One afternoon she was suffering unusually, and said to the nurse, "Pray for me." The nurse's reply was hopeless and unsympathetic, "I can't pray for myself, let alone pray for anyone else." "Well," she said resignedly, "I can pray for myself, and you too."

As she looked up to the Lord, so weak she could scarcely think thoughts connectedly, the assurance came to her heart that the Lord wanted to heal her, and she just accepted the healing will of Jesus and the impartation of the life-giving virtue (Mark 5:30), with all the simplicity of a little child (Matt. 18:3, 4) resting down in His embrace.

She then said to the nurse, "Lay me down." They took away the pillows that had supported her in a sitting posture so long so that she could breathe, and laid her down. The nurse said to the one who assisted her, "That's the last; it will soon be over now." But God had spoken. Life had been imparted, the laws of nature had been reversed -- a higher law was in the ascendancy.

She slept through the night, and awakened refreshed, with a strong desire to go home.

She then told me how it was that she got out of the hospital. As a county charge, it was almost a miracle, she said, for they do not readily give their patients permission to leave the hospital; but the Lord had taken everything into consideration, and timed things. That was the morning when the doctor and nurses were changed in that ward.

As the new doctor was making his first round, getting acquainted with the patients, he was especially kind, to win their confidence. As he came to her, she said, "Doctor, I want to go home." "You want to go home?" he said sympathetically. "Yes, I do." "You may go home, if you want to,"

he said kindly. "May I go today, Doctor?" "Yes, you may go today." She turned to the new nurse and said, "Get my clothing." Just then the nurse who had been on that ward came by and, overhearing the conversation, said to the doctor, "Did you see the chart?" and handed it to him. He looked at the record, and looked at the patient, then looked at the nurse, in astonishment. But he had promised her that she could go, and would not break his promise; he said to the nurse, aside, "She'll be back," and told the new nurse, "Yes, get her clothing, and let her go if she wants to," and smilingly went on to the other patients.

With the assistance of the nurse, she arose, dressed, and was put on the elevator. She walked to the street car, and went to the home of a friend.

This was some two months before. Although still not very strong, she was doing light work in a button factory, making her own living and gaining steadily. A monument of God's gracious interference.

Evidently someone, somewhere, had prayed the prayer of faith for her, and she had come into that place of blessed confiding trust in her Heavenly Father; that acquiescent, restful, submissive, peaceful consciousness that His will was best (which is ever the basis of true faith); and in that hallowed yieldedness of spirit and receptivity of soul, as she just looked up, her heart was assured that healing was His will for her; and, like a tired babe upon its mother's breast, she sank into sweet repose upon the bosom of the Infinite; while He, in answer to the prayer of faith of another, and the final "agreement" of her own heart (that essential agreement of two, Matt. 18:19) wrought unobservantly. (Luke 17:20.) While she slept, there was added to the vital flame of life so nearly extinguished, an inflow of the "life that is in Jesus," quickening the mortal body (Rom. 8:11.) It was the very life of God. The same identical life that was imparted to the first human body that was fashioned from the dust of the ground, at the beginning of the creation, "when man became a living soul." (Gen. 2:7.) Exactly the Same as the rapidly diminishing spark nearing extinction, quivering in the dying body at that time.

"Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. 18:14; Jer. 32:27, 17.) Surely this incident is an answer concerning a question freighted with much perplexity and submerged in doubts. Frequently, I feel to reiterate the words of another, that still echo through my soul, and have become the language of my own heart, "Lord, Thy servant believes Thou canst do anything."

It is true there are conditions to be met, as in everything else, plain, simple, yet profound. "Howbeit . . . he, the Spirit . . . is come, he will guide you into all truth." (John 16:13.)

The first thing I have found in praying for another (as in praying for myself) is submission to God (not submission to the devil). I told a sister recently that the hardest part, in praying for the sick, is to win my own consent to see a valuable servant of the Lord die; to gain a heart willingness for the Lord to remove them from this world, where the "salt of earth" is so needed. The heart will ache, the tears will flow, from the sense of loss to the work of God in the earth. But resignation will come, as we wait upon the Lord with confidence in His wisdom and love; yea, more, joyful acquiescence, a joy in the midst of sorrow unexplainable to anyone who does not know the Lord. For submission, full, free, and blessed, to any possibility in the adorable will of our Heavenly Father (realizing that He knows the end from the beginning [Isa. 46:10] and is "too

wise to err, too good to be unkind") is the attitude of soul, the ground where the promises of God take root, become living, vital, and operative (John 6:63), the evidence of things not seen. It is in that attitude of yieldedness that the Lord can make known His will, and move upon us (Rom. 8:26, 27) to ask in confidence for what He has made provision for, and desires to bestow; and our yielded hearts become a channel of faith through which He can come to the one for whom we pray, with assurance of His will for them, and inspiration of faith, which brings about, consciously or unconsciously, the "agreement" of two, and that wonderful promise is verified. (Matt. 18:19.)

I have strong irreversible convictions that we ought to realize that to be healed and raised up by this supernatural impartation of the very life of God, makes the body most sacredly His. I look upon my hand sometimes and "think what Spirit dwells within thee," and marvel at such gracious provisions in the free, unmerited favor of God; and from the depth of my soul there wells up that one desire that every physical power, moment by moment, be held inviolate, in loving, loyal, unwavering devotedness to my Lord, carefully conserved and sacredly used only for the glory of God, in ministering unto Him in the same spirit of disallowance of the natural, as He who so loved that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20:28.)

"And well I know that all I do for Him  
Must needs be done for others;"

"And the King shall..., say... Verily, I say... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25:33-40, inclusive.)

There will be special need of prayerful watchfulness to adhere to that unchangeable principle of denying the natural (Mark 8:34) wherever it would interfere with the spiritual. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it," has an application in regard to the maintenance of the impartation of Divine life to the body, as the imparted Divine life to the soul.

Not a few fail right here. After the Lord has unmistakably undertaken for them, they break step with God in those first testings. The faith faculty becomes strangled, and they lapse back into self-centeredness and suffering; and we hear them say disconsolately (yet rather self-complacently), "I guess it isn't the Lord's will to heal me," when, down underneath, "the Lord saw what no one else discerned. It is so pleasing to the human nature to be pitied and petted, catered to, and cared for, that one will oftentimes become unwilling to relinquish these self-satisfying indulgences that have been so gratifying, and cleave to them beyond the need, instead of considering others, and denying themselves, and taking up their cross day by day and following Jesus.

The inspired Word is indisputably clear at this point; each in turn of the four Gospel writers, not only records this principle, but reiterates it; and in all true Christian experience it is fundamental. (Luke 14:27.)

Self-centeredness, the opposite of self-denial, must not prevail at any point (Rom. 8:13; 1 Cor. 9:25, 27); for the impartation of this hyper-physical life was imparted, and is perpetuated, only that God may be glorified. "Not only that the works of God should be manifest" in us (John



9:3), but "that the life also of Jesus on every line might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (2 Cor. 4:10.) "For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered (and sometimes there is suffering in denying the natural) leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps." (1 Pet. 2:21; 1 Thess. 5:23.)

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## SECTION SEVEN

070 -- RECONCILED -- (2 Cor. 5:20)

"This is the message that I bring,  
A message angels fain would sing,  
'Oh, be ye reconciled:'  
Thus saith my Lord and King,  
'Oh, be ye reconciled to God. ' "

2 Cor. 5:17-21 is a most precious portion of God's Word, realized by every twice born soul. It means much for a sin her to give up his sinful ways and be reconciled to take God's way, but heaven's peace follows as certainly as day follows night. Reconciliation must be far-reaching and work into the smallest details of life, if this blessed peace is to be maintained.

The word, "reconcile," according to Webster, has many shades of meaning; not only does it refer to people at variance coming into harmony again, but to the great At-one-ment between God and man, through the sacrificial offering of Jesus Christ, which lifts us into a higher realm when we actually "receive the At-one-ment." (Rom. 5:11.) There are new joys, view viewpoints, and new laws governing the new Kingdom, which we are slow to learn, and oftentimes we learn to obey only by the things we suffer in transgressing them. We are called to be saints; or in other words, we are saints in the making. Among other shades of meaning of the word reconcile are -- "To adjust, to compose, to bring to contentment." Heb. 13:5, 6 tells us why we can be content under adverse circumstances, because "He has said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, so we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (or fail to do what I think they ought to do). It means much to keep your thoughts without covetousness or resentment; but if you will, you will not have any trouble with your conversation. In fact, our thoughts are our conversation in heaven (Phil. 3:20), our deep heart thoughts are what is heard up there; "For the Lord seareth all hearts." (1 Chron. 28:9.) "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off." (Psa. 139:2..)

Paul could say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere mad in all things I am instructed to be reconciled." We can only say we are learning; but we believe that as there is "no respect of persons with God," we too "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us" (Phil. 4:11, 12, 13); but it takes patient persistence and calm, settled determination and the upholding, wisdom, and guidance of the Holy Spirit within to enable us to maintain the adjustment and composure of heart reconciliation, day after day, right through the vicissitudes of life.

Paul also speaks of "the ministry of reconciliation," and enumerates a few things which he was reconciled to, after the first great epoch in being reconciled to God; or in other words, what was included in "the word of reconciliation committed unto us." Stripes, imprisonments, tumults, labors, honor and dishonor, evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true, afflictions, necessities, distresses. (2 Cor. 6:4 to 10.) How could he be reconciled to such things that were so unjust and wrong, and the many trivial things just like there are in your life and mine, too small to speak of, and yet they would continually annoy, deter, and distract us from the one supreme reason for our existence. Little things in myself, little things in others, among which there are the pastor's misquotations in preaching, and mannerisms in the pulpit; Brother C\_\_\_\_'s stereotyped expression, "On bended knees, our gracious God"; Sister D\_\_\_\_'s oft repetition of "Our Heavenly Father"; Sister E\_\_\_\_'s "Thy matchless name" sandwiched all through her prayer, etc. Beautiful expressions, and true! Yes, my Lord, how truly Thou art our gracious God; we do bow low on bended knees. Thou art our Heavenly Father, our ever blessed Heavenly Father. Thine is indeed a matchless name, Amen. In Thy matchless name is the way I have learned to meet those things, and heartily join in the prayer and carry it on up through to the Throne. Dear ones come to me distressed that they allow themselves to be even tempted to notice such little things, and they do not realize that this also was embraced in being reconciled. "But how can we become reconciled, is what we want to know," they say. Well, we can be reconciled just in the same way and by the same means that Paul was, and he tells us it was "by the Holy Ghost, by pureness, by knowledge (Isa. 33:6) by the word of truth, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

It would help us greatly to get his viewpoint, and to realize that we are living in a fallen world; that fact alone, comprehended, will account for many heretofore perplexing problems regarding our personal conflicts, and will help us to become reconciled to the world as it is. Then when we learn to live the reconciled life, out of the grateful appreciation that there is such a Haven of rest, we long to say to every agitated or sorrowful soul, "Ye that are weary, rest with us." There is much that is unjust and wrong that touches every life, yea, enters into the very citadel of our hearts and homes; that ought not so to be, and it is difficult to see how we can be reconciled to such terrible wrongs, how we can adjust ourselves in regard to them, and maintain that composure of spirit and not become stoical, and indifferent. It seems that we ought not to be reconciled. "It is not right," I used to say, and my whole being would rise up against it; but that gentle voice would whisper, "But your side can be right; I see it all, and I love these souls," and I learned to pray for them, committing them unto God, and leave their wrongdoings to the merciful Redeemer to deal with, and trust Him to bring about their deliverance from the power of Satan; and to enable me to keep my side of the question as near right as I can understand from my blessed Lord, and just go on with Him, patient and tender toward all man, and be reconciled to God in the painful situation until we can receive instructions, and learn our lessons, and God can change things.

If we would bring home to our own hearts, as Paul did to his, that this is a prodigal world broken away from the peaceful rule of the beneficent Creator; or in other words, a world of prodigals, blind to their own best interests, with wasting substance, in want, far from the Father's house, with Divine love pulsating warm from the heart of God (who so loved that He gave) through our hearts, we too would become, up to our limitations, "ambassadors for Christ," "in much patience, kindness, love unfeigned, longsuffering, watchings, fastings, as dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." "That I might by all means save some" was always uppermost with Paul,

and should be with us -- but I have somewhat digressed from the subject, yet hardly so, for this is one side, or rather the natural outgrowth of being reconciled.

We are quite prone to generalize on a subject and fail to give out those concrete illustrations from real life, that stay by us. Let me give you a few.

A woman came to me with a breaking heart, and well-nigh dethroned reason, with a deep heart sorrow. My own heart fairly bled for her, but I pushed aside weak human sympathy and in the fear of God I said to her, "Sister, be reconciled. Submit to God. Be reconciled to let this go on, and get worse and worse, until God changes things." "But, oh, it is all wrong, and unbearable," she wailed. "I want my husband. I want my children. I want my home. How can I be reconciled to what is so terribly wrong?"

I besought her in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God in these most painful circumstances, and trust Him, for I knew that was the only way of peace; and she found it true, and the Lord lifted her out of what seemed to her like a deep, dark pit of sinking sand, up into the calm, sweet sunlight of His love, and said to her: "In the world ye shall have tribulations: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace." Things have not changed altogether even yet, but she lives above it and is a valuable servant of the King, because she is reconciled.

Many, and often severe, are the trials that go to make up life in this fallen world, to become adjusted to and composed under, as long as "our Father" permits us to bear them; and there is, day after day, a never-ending train of lesser trials, little things that would weary us, too small to mention, that seem utterly unnecessary, and yet we cannot change them. They, no doubt, have a place in the economy of grace, as discipline, or preparatory measure, for the life before us, or in the world to come, and we can quietly accept them as such. How often I say, "My soul, 'be reconciled,' and thank God 'he is our peace.'"

Personally, I have many infirmities; compassed about with infirmities -- defective judgment, smallness of comprehension, limited yet enlarging vision, a frail and often extremely suffering body, discouraging limitations on the right hand and on the left -- and with all, a heart weeping tears of blood over this prodigal world, and the individuals that I may reach by way of the throne, in messages through the mails, or in any other way. The twenty-four hours of each day are all too short, and there must be taken from them some hours for sleep. I often say, "If I were fifteen people, I would not be able to do what I see might be done to help men and women to 'behold the Lamb' and be reconciled to God."

In 2 Cor. 11:26, 29, Paul speaks of "perils among false brethren, weariness and painfulness, watchings often," adding, "Besides those things that are without (this burden of tender, solicitous concern and deep desire) that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." With Divine encouragement, sympathizing with the weak, standing strong by those who have been needlessly wounded and are stumbling, and willing to go any lengths to "comfort the feebleminded or support the weak, patient toward all men, even when warning the unruly." And we who once were enemies, and are now reconciled, if we continue in the reconciled life, and settle down to the real business of living for God, we also (up to our small measure) will feel the same Divine urge

upon our hearts as did the great apostle. Let me tell you that it takes the continuous flowing of great grace to enable us to be reconciled to these manifold limitations, and go forward doing only the little that we can do, to persuade men to be reconciled to God.

When a loved one crosses the divide into the immediate presence of the Lord, we are indeed bereft, yet with the tendrils of the heart, that had wrapped so closely about them, all torn and bleeding; we can look up through our tears, knowing "it is the Lord," and we have such confidence in His love and wisdom that, through all the emptiness of life before us, we can be reconciled. But when a dear one is torn from us by the almost visible hand of our unrelenting foe, that's different. A notice in the morning paper, that the body of a young woman was unidentified, that brought fifteen broken-hearted mothers to the morgue, tells of something that these mothers could not know how to be reconciled to, only as God helped them. Yet in the midst of such sorrow "the peace of God can garrison the heart, and the hope of faith can support them as they pray and seek the lost one."

I would speak of unrequited love, that most exquisite anguish, buried, and out of sight, yet found in every relationship of life. There comes to mind the long lost brother, found at last by an older sister who had sought him sorrowing, whose hopes of companionship and helpfulness to him and his beloved family were dashed to the ground, and her heart broken, by the young wife's refusing to share her husband's love with this noble, devoted sister. "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave." Both brother and sister must suffer in silence the painful situation and separation, and be reconciled until time or the grace of God can work a change; and the painfulness and the perplexity of the transition period have been very great. It has meant much to keep rebellion against God and bitterness against one that she loved for her brother's sake, from taking possession of her heart, but the Lord helped her, and gradually she is becoming composed and reconciled. Do you know that she can understand, far above many, how our Lord Jesus felt as He wept tears of unrequited love over Jerusalem? "How often I would . . . but ye would not." "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Oh, how often we have suffered the exquisite anguish of unrequited love and, up to our small measure, comprehended the agony of the unrequited love of our Lord; and it has bound us to Him in indissoluble bonds, for there was the fellowship of His sufferings, and my heart was reconciled.

There are precious ones so tempest-tossed; the waves of sorrow, like mountains round them rise, and great storm clouds hang low and threatening, and yet above the clouds the sun is shining, and God's heaven is just above the blue. If I could only help them to look up and beyond, and let it all go into the hands of the Lord, and through grace accept it in the spirit of reconciliations, and wait in humble praise; grateful for the home of peace beyond, if for nothing else!

A home that's brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain,  
Eternal life and joy throughout its vast domain;  
Holy Sovereign bids me tell that mortals there may dwell  
If they'll be reconciled to God."

"This is the message that I bring,  
A message angels fain would sing;

'Oh, be ye reconciled,'  
Thus saith my Lord and King.  
'Oh, be ye reconciled to God.'"

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## 071 -- RECONCILIATION

Spiritual motherhood is strong upon me, unceasingly (but unknown to them). I watch over souls as I watched over my own little ones, and endeavor to bring every need that I sense, and every defect, compromise, any diverging course of action, or unBiblical attitude, definitely to the Lord, and commit it unto Him, in the confidence of faith in His love and power, in their behalf; and

"God leads His clear children along."

Sometimes, but not often, do I feel the Divine urge to quietly and tenderly draw their attention to some possible failure, or "a more excellent way," for there is so much combativeness in poor, fallen human nature that they will usually take the defensive or the despairing, self-vindication or self-incrimination, instead of receiving it kindly as it was meant, and weighing it carefully before the Lord and making inquiry of Him.

A precious child of God, that for years we had been drawn very close to, through many a prayer burden unto victory, was caring for a child that had been called incorrigible. He had yielded to her kind counsel and gentle firmness, except on one point; and we felt the real victory should come through the Lord's changing his mind. We have often spoken together about it, and we were in agreement. She had used many methods -- the Word of God, prayer, and persuasions of various kinds -- but nothing apparently had much effect upon him until she brought up the argument of what people thought. You know fallen humanity "loves the praise of men more than the praise of God." (John 12:43.) And because it did move him, she persisted; but I strongly felt that was not the Lord's way, and to win out on the basis of public opinion was a wrong basis for future decisions. The child would be largely governed by "what they think" instead of by what is right, or the principles of righteousness. I kept trusting that she might see how unBiblical it was; but evidently in her hurried and overburdened life she did not get still enough to hear His voice, or grasp from the Word, where it is so clearly taught. I felt all this deeply; but knowing the combativeness of her natural make-up, I hesitated to mention it. One day she was very much oppressed about it, and asked me to pray that the child would yield that day, for certain reasons, and mentioned the course she was taking to bring it about. Now to bring to yieldedness was as it should be, exactly. The reasons for its accomplishment that day were not wrong, but the course she was taking was unBiblical.

Just as gently as I could I said, "Are you sure you are not making a mistake at that point? Is that the Lord's best way? Would He deal with you just as you are dealing with the child, and with the same motive?" I wanted to give her Scripture to prove the unBiblical course she was pursuing, but she did not let me get that far. At once she was on the defensive, she knew. She had studied the child, and prayed much, and used all kinds of persuasions, and now her word was out, and she must follow her course. She utterly failed to see that it was unBiblical, and entirely unlike the

Lord's dealings with us, and unwittingly pushed aside this "pearl" of essential truth. She tried hard not to "turn and rend me," for she had an appreciation of my "standing by;" but there "was a rift within the lute" and a marring of that perfect fellowship between us.

I prayed much for her, and the merciful overruling power of God and the granting of our request for the child, even if the best course was not being taken, for in dealing with difficult cases there is always much opposition and accusation of the enemy, and one sometimes becomes bewildered; and unless they see the course they are taking is really wrong, they feel that they must carry it on through to the finish. I knew she was doing the best she saw; and you know, because of our ignorance and shortsightedness, the Lord will, for a time, tolerate what He does not approve; and at times He answers prayer even from an unworthy motive. (Heb. 5:2; Psa. 103:14.) The child yielded because of the public opinion that was against him, and a promised treat that he wanted very much; and she, the dear little woman, was so elated by "the success that spiritual pride would have crept into her heart (and a separation then would have grown up between us), but she recognized it and, steadfastly refusing, claimed the protection of the blood, and the enemy had to recoil before the blood of the everlasting covenant, defeated again in his untiring efforts to get something in between us, and break up that one accord, that blessed "agreement" in prayer.

The enemy came nearly doing that, some years before. In fact, an undercurrent of the spirit of separation did grow up between us, a shadow that I could not account for in any way; and the only thing I knew to do was to keep on loving her and live it down. You know that Divine love is like a flowing river; and an obstacle like a column of rock, by the water's constant flowing around it, will gradually wear away at the base, and sooner or later it will go down; and if you will keep on believing, patient, tender, that wonderful Divine love, with ceaseless flow, will wear the obstacle away at the base, and the rising of the tide, or an earthquake or something will cause it to go down and sink out of sight forever. It was so in this instance, for when an earthquake of sorrow came into her life she turned back to this "Mother" again, and not a trace could be found of the obstacle that had cast a shadow between us. "Love covereth."

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## FOUNDATION STONES

"The foundation of God standeth sure." (2 Tim. 2:19.)

"Laying up in store for themselves (for the children) a good foundation, against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." (1 Tim. 6:19.)

The mistakes that grow out of the thoughtless way of dealing with little children, and older ones as well, among Christian parents (we do not expect otherwise of the world) lie like a heavy burden on my heart. "My people perish for lack of knowledge," when knowledge could be easily obtained if they would stop to think. It is a grave mistake to bring a child to the decision of a question, because of what they think. This is an entirely wrong basis on which to build character; it is a foundation of shifting sand (Matt. 7:26, 27) that cannot stand the storms of life. Yet, shocking as it is to say, it is usually the strongest incentive used, even by Christian parents.

I have considered it a great mercy that I saw this gigantic evil in my spiritual infancy, and the unceasing effort with my children, from babyhood, was to bring them to their own decisions of all questions, from the motive of "right." "Is it right?" was an oft-repeated interrogation; and they early became a law unto themselves, and grew up on that strong foundation of principle. Another thing, I never purchased their obedience with promised pleasure. I used often to say to them, "If you love Mamma, mind Mamma.." (John 14:15.) I found many little ways to reward them afterwards; and what loving appreciation beamed on those happy faces! I held my children close to my heart, by cords of love and principles of righteousness. Is not that the way the Lord deals with His children? I have found it so.

Many a stone of wrong principle has been built into the foundation of the lives of children, and "What will they think" is one of them, largely because of thoughtlessness; and this was always at hand, and so quickly impressed the child, and they were in a hurry to get the question settled, without considering the future effect. It soon became a habit of thought, in the mind of the child, and the principle that restrained them instead of that nobler character-building principle of "right because it is right." A wrong principle eclipsing and transcending the right principle. Then we wonder that so few, comparatively, of our children who have been converted are so slow to develop symmetrical Christian characters, and become actuated by principles of righteousness.

Let me tell you that this wrong principle is one of the most difficult to overcome; for it does not seem that it can be wrong, when it has been woven into the very woof and warp of their being, by their Christian parents. To entirely change their basis of incentive, from what even good people may think, to what God thinks, as they understand the recorded Word, is a slow, difficult evolutionary process; and many do not make it through, and spiritual weaklings are the inevitable consequence. But God can transmute "the fear of man that bringeth a snare" (Prov. 29:25) into the fear of the Lord (which) is strong confidence (Prov. 14:26, 27; 2 Chron. 19:9; Acts 9:21; Mal. 3:16, 17), and the love of the praise of men into absorbing appreciation of the approval of God, and displace that spontaneous thought, "What will they think?" with "What does God think?" and if in doubt on any subject there is the concordance, and reference can be run out until we come to an intelligent understanding, as well as an intuitive understanding, of God's thought concerning the question. Thank God, this is true. Yet how much of perplexing conflict we could save our children by carefully building the foundation of their lives upon the principle of "right because it is right!" And as to the children of Christian parents, as I understand the Bible, there is no reason that all our children should not be converted early in life (Isa. 54:13), and be so continually "nourished up in the words of faith," brought up in the nurture, and have lovingly put into their minds the kind counsel, advice and commands of the Lord (Eph. 6:4; Deut. 29:29), as to get them acquainted with Him who said, "Suffer little children;" watching over them tenderly, helping them over their perplexities, and, above all, frequently inundate them with the prayed-down blessings of the Lord, and keep them from losing out; or in other words, keep them from starving out.

God is saying to every mother (and father as well), "Take this child, and nurse it for Me." If we would take a little more time in private with them, in close heart to heart talks, and draw them out, and keep their confidence throughout the years, we would not need to take so much time later on, alone in the closet with the bitter tears of vain regret and heartbreak, over their self-centered lives and rebellion against God. I am fully persuaded that when you take time to think about it, you will agree with me that there is no reasonable excuse, that we can bring definitely to

God, that will vindicate us before Him, why our sons should not be "as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." (Psa. 144:12.)

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children." (Acts 2:39.)

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## 072 -- RECONCILIATION IN THE ADMONISHING OF OTHERS

Humanity is strangely weak at the point of the most gentle reminder of a more excellent way; and in following the Lord in this, with the one motive to help people, I have won friends, and also lost friends, and made some enemies. I have observed that admonitions given on the basis of long acquaintance positively will not do; it must ever be on the basis of Divine love, if effective.

Two men in middle life, that I knew well, were seeking the Lord through the larger part of a camp meeting. They became well acquainted, at the same altar so often, comparing notes, confessing faults, etc., and in that way learned the depth of each other's natural make-up and besetments, as no one else could. A few years later one of them, who had become a very successful evangelist, was conducting a revival meeting; and the other was at the altar, a candidate for holiness.

The evangelist, knowing certain things, lifelong habits that were absolutely incompatible with holiness, while trying to help him in private, largely on the basis of former intimate friendship, was frank to tell him, without hesitation, of some of the traits of carnality peculiar to him that he would have to give up, and of the opposite course he must needs take. He put it in a ludicrous way (for they had both been jokers), and they had a good laugh together before they said good-night. But in the night watches the truth struck home. The heart was laid bare under the light of God, and he saw the way, but did not win his heart's consent to take the way. The next morning the deeply convicted man came from his room fairly white with rage at his friend, the evangelist, and poured out the venom of his heart upon a defenseless member of his household, resentfully denying and rejecting what the evangelist had told him, when those who knew him best could not but acknowledge it to be unvarnished truth. Sad, very sad, results followed, for he would not be reconciled to God.

People often will earnestly desire prayer for help or guidance; but, if after days of inquiry and hours of prayer in the night watches, the intercessor should, ever so tenderly, bring to them some precious pearls of truth received from God for them, they will usually trample the pearls under their feet, "and turn and rend you." (Matt. 7:6.) But for them to trample those valuable prayed-down pearls under their feet is something hard to be reconciled to; and yet, painful though it be, to feel a need, receive the remedy from the Word, and see it rejected, that is a part of the reconciled life; and if we had not pondered well the path of our feet, we would question if it had not been better to keep silence. Nevertheless, there may come an "afterwards" (Heb. 12:11) when they cease to trample upon those "pearls," and washing them with penitential tears discover their true worth.



One dear sister, in great distress of soul, would oft beseech our prayer (and we did pray much for her), but she was unwilling to go to church and do other things that Would help her. We felt it laid on our hearts to draw her attention to certain essentials. "I do not want your advice; I only want you to pray for me," she said resentfully. But I said, "I must tell you what the Lord showed me in prayer; and if you do not accept my kindly counsel, the spirit of prayer for you may not continue -- the two sometimes must go together." While she did reject the truth at the time, later on she received the help she so blindly sought, by following our faithfully given counsel.

Another was a Christian girl that I had watched over for years and for whose life I fought some hard battles, when she was seriously sick; through prayer I had made large investments in the child. I saw she was taking on a habit that has sadly crippled many lives, that of promising more than she could do. She would promise to do something for one, and then for another, and still another, and then let the promise to the first one go by default, because she preferred to keep the promise made to the second party, and even the third, when unable to keep them all -- a habit that would sadly cripple her influence all through life, if not corrected. After I had prayed much and drawn her attention to it, she was deeply wounded, and thought I was blaming her for something she could not help, so utterly misunderstanding me that she never caught one glimpse of the precious "pearl" that would have been of great value to her and to the cause of God that she dearly loved.

This grieved me deeply, for I have seen much wreckage all through many lives, because they had so little regard for their word that they would disregard a promise to one, preferring to keep a later promise to someone else, without explanation, or asking to be released from the first party; but they would keep on promising them, keeping them hoping and waiting for months, and then finally tell them they were sorry but they couldn't do it. This, without great grace, would naturally cause a loss of confidence, disappointment, and much more. If on the threshold of this beautiful young life, she would have accepted and cherished this "pearl," or rule of conduct, how much more valuable would have been her life!

I could but be burdened, and grieve. Oh, if I had put it differently, she might have caught my meaning! In my distress, I poured out my heart to the Lord until, silent and humble, I waited at His feet. Then He quietly told me to put the whole thing under the blood, sink it clear down out of sight; and whenever it was brought to mind again, calmly look upon that amazing blood of Atonement, leave it to Him, and be reconciled. Right across all those sad, conflicting feelings, I was enabled to actually do that, and there came a composure, a contentment, with an increase of confidence in God; and with every recurring thought I would look upon the blood, and was reconciled. "At last, at last, I gave my patient God a patient heart, to wait His "working."

Another was a mother who had broken step with God. Rebellious and sorrowing over her grown children entangled in sin, she said, in a hopeless, defiant attitude, "How can I be reconciled? I don't want to become indifferent, hard-hearted, and not care." But she misunderstood the meaning of the word. "Surely not, Sister," I said, "surely not. This is something that you cannot control, and the thing for you to do is to be reconciled to God, with the situation just as it is, or even if it grows worse. 'Deny yourself, take up your cross daily and follow Jesus.' Settle down to the real business of living for God, whether they are saved or not; leave them in the hands of the Lord and go on with God. It is the only way of peace for you, and the only way to build a

foundation for your faith for their salvation. As it is now, you are the greatest stumbling stone there is between them and God. 'Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people (your own children) cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people' (for your children)." (Isa. 62:10.)

She thought I was a cruel-hearted woman; but sometimes we must unsheathe the sword, and wound to heal. The end justified the means used, although it was a rude awakening by an unskillful ambassador, that she might be reconciled to God and circumstances; for reconciliation to God, when we understand it right, always includes reconciliation to the circumstances in which we are placed just now, and every other situation that may arise in the future. God, is greater than our circumstances, and we can go on unafraid, if we will follow Him closely in this blessed ministry of reconciliation.

"To one who believes in our eternal and almighty God, there is no reason for dismay, whatever may be the terror of the storms that burst upon him or the shame of the failures that wither him. He knows that the way of progress is very long and the days of effort are unnumbered. His eye is not on the thorns that pierce his feet but upon the goal. of his hopes, the summit of his aims. He knows that many a weary traveler has passed his way, and none have fainted who kept faith with the Lord, that only those break down who doubt or rebel. The eternal years belong to him, for he sees the invisible and will make no surrender to difficulty. He has learned that sacrificial love has always enough to engage a zealous heart."

"There is a faith in God, and a clear perception of His will and designs, and providence, and glory, which gives to its possessor a confidence and patience and sweet composure under every varied and troubling aspect of events, such as no man can realize who has not felt its influences in his own heart. There is a communion with God in which the soul feels the presence of the unseen One, in the profound depths of its being, with a vivid distinctiveness and a holy reverence, such as no words can describe. There is a state of union with God, I do not say often reached, yet it has been attained in this world, in which, as far as we personally are concerned, all the past and present and future seem reconciled, and eternity is won and enjoyed; and God and man, earth and heaven, with all their mysteries, are apprehended in truth as they lie in the mind of the Infinite." -- S. D. R.

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#### 073 -- CHOOSING THE NATURAL INSTEAD OF THE SPIRITUAL -- (PART-A)

We were in a most gracious revival; on that special evening near the close the very air was surcharged with the Spirit, in a peculiar way. Spiritual conditions could be seen as if a strong electric light had been turned on; light penetrated deep into hearts that were not right with God, and an unusual inspiration of faith and intercession was upon the saints.

Someone laid a soft cheek against mine, and a low, sweet voice pleadingly said, "Sister H\_\_\_\_, pray for me; I am not clear in holiness and I am going to the altar."

I recognized the voice of one I had known from her babyhood, and her parents before her.

She had been most carefully brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, in a home where first things were kept first in that beautiful, happy, natural, yet supernatural, way. She had been saved early in life, and was a young woman of unusual intelligence and integrity, and was prayerfully honest with the Lord, even in little things. Any one could see that there were unusual talents and wonderful latent possibilities wrapped up in that superlative character. In her native humility and simplicity of soul she had not yet been awakened to her responsibility to God, because of this wealth of inheritance. She assisted what she could in meetings, enjoyed her college work and the society of her young Christian friends, especially of one school-fellow, was conscientious and careful, and yet largely with that irresponsibility of a happy, artless child.

As she passed on to the altar, a burden of prayer, as a heavy mantle, was let down upon me; it encompassed me about, and shut me in with God. Everything was light about me, and with spiritual vision I could see as with the natural eye, and I looked upon a scene that held no small significance of future possibilities. It was something like this:

A long, straight, ascending pathway, not broad but wonderfully illuminated with that soft, clear light from the other world, representing the way from earth to heaven. This child had been pressing on the upward way and had steadily ascended, and was far above the lowlands of the darkness of this world. But the ascent had been retarded of late, till she had really come to a pause. She seemed gazing at a great light, a possibility and responsibility that she naturally drew back from. I do not know just what she saw, or how she interpreted it; but I know what I saw, and I will let the reader draw his own conclusion.

Looking out and on above, from that ascending path of light where she had slowed up to a standstill, was a sea of faces, multitudes of them, one congregation above another, stretching away as far as eye could see. There were faces of children, faces of youth, and occasionally an older face. That light that "never shone on land or sea," the "solar light," was upon her countenance, the raying forth of the character that the indwelling Paraclete was working within her. (Matt. 5:14.) His light illuminating the pages of the open Bible she held in her hands, attracted their attention and held them, while the words of life, with penetrating power, entered their hearts (Heb. 4:12), and a bowed head here and there disclosed a humble, penitent soul, convicted of sin, being won for God.

Was that the glorious possibility she was looking at? Or did she see only the homelessness and other trying things connected with the life of an itinerating evangelist? Or was it the realization of the inability, in and of herself, to break the bread of life to starving and dying souls, that all God-sent messengers must needs feel to enable them to go forth leaning "not to their own understanding," but upon the strong right arm of God (Psa. 89:13) and the indwelling Christ who is made unto us wisdom? (1 Cor. 1:30.)

These things are there, and many others to be considered in counting the cost; and how many a called out one has hesitated, and not as yet knowing much of heaven's joy (Luke 15:10) in personal soul-winning, with the buffeting of Satan beating heavily against them, their ascent is slowed down to a final stop! They are unconscious of the imperceptible but unavoidable beginnings of sliding back that follow. It seems that the very ground on which they firmly stand

slides back, and they awaken to the fact that they have been on a descent instead of an ascent. Eternal progress alone can prevent retrogression.

There are many unmistakable signs if they would heed them; and one among them is, they no longer seek the association of the deeply spiritual, those eagle-eyed saints, as they once did, but turn rather to those on a lower spiritual plane.

How sad memories crowd around as I write, so many promising young lives of either sex have become derelicts tossing on life's ocean, or are wreckage along the shore, by pushing aside the gentle restraint of the nail-pierced hand that would have guided them, and following the natural (Matt. 16:24) into the by-paths of temporary self-pleasing, which will ever lead away from God. I might mention just one, a young woman of eighteen summer's, intelligent, capable, and with all that wealth of legitimate idealism of husband, home, and happiness born in every true woman's heart. With the conscious awakening of this innate ideal she was attracted toward the opposite sex, and bestowed her affection of this, her own created ideal, upon one who, while he had many good qualities, yet for many reasons was utterly unsuited as a congenial, cooperating companion for her.

After the first fervor of her girlish affections subsided, in the stern realities of life that all must meet, it was found to have been very largely an idealism, for he was an unstable soul that faltered and failed in perseveringly going forward in the path of duty, and was easily turned aside to follow the line of the least resistance for present pleasing of himself or that of another (which will ever dwarf and shrivel the soul) instead of clinging to that principle and integrity that would adhere to his convictions of duty, though painful with self-denial, that develops moral fiber and greatness of soul and a character of sterling worth with sinews of steel.

You see, this particular youthful attraction, which is common to all, is misunderstood, and misinterpreted to be pure natural love. But, well -- if built on a wrong basis, how could it be? He was nice-looking, low-voiced and kind and pleasant. But the greatest attraction were those appealing brown eyes. There were times, when she would look up into his face, that she would find his eyes fastened upon her, and in those liquid depths she saw a peculiar glitter, and felt such a thrill, in response, that in her innocence she understood to be the love call of soul to soul; when it was on an entirely different plane, transient and fleeting.

He was far below her in every way; her family and his had ever lived on a far different plane. The mother and friends gently, remonstrated with her, not that they had anything against the young man, but they saw much that she did not see. Shocking and incredible as it would have seemed to this pure, innocent child-woman, and she could scarcely accept it as true, yet the fact remained that the deep undercurrent had advanced on the lowlands of the natural instead of upon the ennobling, elevated plane of pure, heart affections -- the mating of soul with soul. If she had known, as she realized later, that the "will" was given to us to rule in all attractions, attachments, affections and the natural impulses of latent potentialities, of propagation, and must be vigilant and hold the scepter of control over every component part of our complex nature, and can, by being reinforced by Divine assistance, keep our love nature on its high normal elevation, and never allow a lowering to the physical plane.

By exercising the authority of the will in the beginning, she would soon have been able to differentiate, without such an immeasurable, irreparable loss later on. By distinguishing certain characteristic qualities, she recognizes the difference now, deceiving as it was at first. A vast difference indeed; the outworkings prove the fact. For whenever love sinks to a lower level it becomes partaker of the suicides' crime, and is soon dead. And the two who were made one are overwhelmed with amazement at the change, and wonder how it was that they were so drawn toward each other, when they feel such an intoleration toward each other now.

Does not this lie at the very heart of unhappy households and most divorce cases? Is it not an axiom, a self-evident truth, applicable to our youth of both sex? And if considered and heeded, it would prove a preventive of much heartbreak and devastation of promising lives. "No one should ever allow their affections to go out to another until they have first made a careful diagnosis of their own instinctive emotions and also studied into the character of the one they are drawn toward."

I knew this dear girl intimately, and shared in the years of heartache that were resultant. Another thing about her was this, she was born to be a leader. There are just two classes of people in the world, the dominating mind and the subservient mind. She had by nature, a dominating mind, and by training as well; and instead of taking her stand side by side in the advancing line of dominating minds, and choosing one from the ranks above her, that she could ever look up to, and honor as they advance through life, a kingly soul for her queenly heart, a companion who could reciprocate and requite her true love, this natural desire of conquest and ascendancy, and inherent propensity for controlling influence, with that acknowledged admiration and appreciation which is so pleasing to the naturally weak human nature within us, that the unbiased subservient mind pays to the true worth of leadership, impelled her on.

Instead of pressing her way through to the front, with those on the higher level with herself, and winning out, she took the line of least resistance and, half unconscious of what she was doing, or at least of the dwarfing result, she descended to a much lower strata, a people who live on a lower plane, to find her subjects to fawn about her feet, or at least become, for the time being, her willingly submissive subordinates catering to her for hidden reasons of self-aggrandizement. As a consequence, she chose one from among them and idealized him, thinking, like many others have vainly hoped, that she could bring him up to the higher plane where she had ever lived; but instead, he dragged her down to his low level.

She little knew what a tyrannical, unreasonable ruler a subservient, narrow-minded person can be, when she who is their superior steps down to their level, and becomes submerged, and her controlling influence is a forfeiture. Yet, strange as it may seem, he, too, is utterly disappointed, and as unhappy as the one he has brought down under his servitude.

But she said, "It has gone so far now that to disannul our engagement would be harder on him than it would be on me; it would break his heart." But she did not see that in the long run he could not be otherwise than unhappy, and that for his sake it would have been a kindness to break up, even now, such an alliance of being "unequally yoked together." "I know," she added, "he hasn't had much chance, but in his own home it will be different." And she was right, it was different; but, sad to say, it was the opposite of all her fond hopes. I would drop a curtain over the

harrowing sequence that followed, day after day, for more than a quarter of a century, for she is still living, a dwarfed soul; the high and noble purpose of her creation was defeated, and disappointment is written in large lettering over a mismanaged and misspent life.

But to go back to that spiritual Aurora Borealis, and what I saw under that wonderful, soft, clear light. The question was, What had hindered and retarded progress? Why had she paused?

At last I discerned a beautiful silver cord wound about her, that extended back down to not very far removed from the world's darkness; and there stood a cozy cottage home, white and glistening in the sunshine, where it would seem that love, happiness, and heart content would ever abide. It was that beautiful, legitimate ideal inherent in every true woman's heart, perfectly natural and right. But sometimes, out of love for the Lord and souls, it is laid aside to go through life alone.

Did you ever think what a beautiful, congenial, earthly companion Jesus might have found in the gentle Mary if He had been unwilling to deny the natural? It is written, "He was tempted in all points as we are." How would you and I ever have known the way of life and eternal blessedness, if He had yielded instead of going through life alone, a sacrifice for others? Is it then so unreasonable that He should sometimes ask one to follow Him in this, and share in the glorious compensation of a similitude of sacrificial offering, when the saints are marching in, when Rev. 7:9, 10 shall come to pass; and wait for this innate ideal to be realized after these few passing years of the present opportunity of soul-winning shall be over, and the City of many mansions has been reached? (Let me speak from the hushed secrets of my soul. The home life "over there" will be complete. "I shall be satisfied.")

Yes, it was a beautiful ideal, and yet my eyes were misty, and my heart grew sad as I thought of that sea of faces all along that ascending pathway, still waiting in the world's darkness for the light I had seen streaming out upon them from that blessed Book, as she ministered in holy things.

As the mist finally cleared, the scene was different; another possibility was before me. It was the interior of the cottage home that I saw. Time had elapsed; that dear face was still fair, but pain-drawn and careworn. Her voice had not yet lost its silvery softness, but the pathos of lost opportunities was there, as with patient tenderness she cared for pathetically irritable little ones, feeble and frail, and endeavored to pour oil upon the troubled waters of a disappointed man -- disappointed in his wife, disappointed in his ailing children, disappointedly embarrassed in providing for them, sadly disappointed in what he had expected in every direction.

For he shrank back from the self-denials in the stress and strain of the responsibilities of life now, just as he drew back from denial of self, or the present pleasing of another in other days (the mark of an unstable soul) when he felt that he should go forward with his preparation for future usefulness. The providing for a helpless family weighed heavily upon him, and he considered himself an overburdened man and, hardening under the strain, blamed her for it all.

The beautiful ideal was long since shattered, unmasked by the real. The sunshine was shut out, and earth's somber shadows enveloped the cottage home. Not a pleasing picture; no, but I must tell you something more, still more sad.

"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance;" and that sea of faces was still calling, calling, calling, and with open Bible she longs to go to them. She is fully awake to her call now, and the mistake of her choice of the natural, instead of denying the natural, where it interfered with the will of God in the spiritual.

The pull on her heartstrings is painfully strong, for one cannot, positively cannot, have that heart content anywhere outside of the niche God had called them to fill; not that God is inexorable or arbitrary; no, not that, but for many reasons, and among them is this: He understands us, and knows that we would be far happier in this place. Any other place in life would be a misfit, and a misfit life is a misspent life full of unsatisfied heart yearnings. How prone we are to misunderstand the kindness of our Lord! Oh, that she could have seen that she can "trust the Man that died for her!" If she cannot trust Him, whom can she trust?

That was the picture. These are the two possibilities that lay out before her. Which will she choose? is the question. Will she deliberately choose to deny the clamorings of the natural, though it be painful to both, but far more acutely painful if persevered in farther?

Will she trust those nail-scarred hands to loose that silver cord that holds her back from advancing to meet that sea of pleading faces? Or will she yield to the purely natural, dwarf the spiritual, and write that sad word that holds so much of defeated hopes and frustrated purposes in lives, "Disappointment," over it all?

After the panorama was withdrawn, I was led to kneel beside her as she earnestly prayed at the altar; and as opportunity presented, I whispered words to the effect that she was to go alone, yes, alone -- "Leaving all to follow Jesus."

And later on in private conversation I tenderly told her something of the two possibilities I saw before her. The burden was heavy; the pictures before me. Which will she choose? was the open question, for our benevolent Creator, Redeemer, and Friend, a Sovereign though He be, will never coerce the volition of a single soul.

His Word reads, "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing." (Deut. 11:26, 27.)

The choosing of the Divine One for her is expressed in Hosea 2:19, 20, the very heart breathings of Divine love. What will her choosing be, the human and natural, or the Divine? (I Cor. 16:9.)

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In an unsettled question there always lurks grave danger. This long waiting in the plaza of indecision indicates that down under cover stealthily hides a personal choosing, and a vain hope for the blessing of God upon it, because it is our choice. "For if any man will do his will" (John 7:17), the Lord will get the knowledge of His will to them in some way. Bless His holy name!

In memory I see another, with remarkable inherited endowments, talented, and a rare charm of character, who in that first youthful awakening bestowed her ideal upon a classmate whose strata of life was far below her own. She had been really regenerated, ever conscientious and considerate, for there was a wealth of godly ancestry with many prayers back of her. His had been so different; and in the start he had made, he had not gone very far toward God.

Deeply interested friends appealed to her and reasoned with her, till she became fearful and withdrew the hasty promise she had given him, and went on with her school work, completing a college course in a distant city. While there she was in association with some of the finest of young men; and not a few, attracted by her superior talents and rare beauty of character, would have earnestly sought her companionship, but found no encouragement, for she held a false conception of love, thinking that the misinterpreted emotions of that early awakening would ever be an accompaniment, and was ever turning back to that deceiving girlish ideal.

The years came and went. The young man in question had long since become one with the world, yet she never quite relinquished her hold on his friendship. (James 4:4.) Letters were occasionally exchanged, and they met at long intervals. She compromised with her convictions on many lines, and only occasionally did she seem to pray through to victory. The dwarfing of soul at last became apparent, and that superlative character, capable of great things for God, dropped down upon the low level of commonalty. Just a nice young woman earning a good salary, and that was all.

In a decade or more of such vacillation and unsettled purpose one can but degenerate into the common and ordinary of narrow vision.

Oh, the possibilities that were buried here! My heart is sad as I write, for I followed her adown the years.

She still called herself a Christian, and was afraid of the consequences of being "yoked" with one who was not (2 Cor. 6:14), yet still she clung to him; and no one can conceive the torture she went through in this shriveling of character (that was meant to expand and blossom into beauty, and bless mankind) as she gradually sank down to his level, and finally married the man. For if one with strong desire persists a long time, in seeking God's approval upon their own choice, though grieved, He may say as of one of old (Hosea 4:17) or become silent and withdraw that tender, nail-pierced hand that would have protected and guided; and the conscience become so hushed (for the time) that the gay, worldly wedding can be gone through with beautifully, and everything seem all right. And we who love them can do no more; but drop the curtain, with a hope that through the tribulations that inevitably follow such a course they may at last find their way to the Father's house, though the great possibilities of their lives lie barren and waste.



But it is heartbreaking for a mother in Israel to stand by, and see the deterioration of character, the non-use of rare talents, and these beautiful young lives degenerating into the common and ordinary, and sometimes far below even that.

A short time before the final conclusion had been reached, we had a most gracious revival meeting, and the blessed Holy Spirit faithfully strove once more with her. She was in such distress, so tempest-tossed, that her mother feared for her mind, and pleaded with her to lay it all down in the hands of God. But she said, "I am afraid! I am afraid!"

You see, she had never distinctly and intelligently yielded her life to the Lord, though there had been brief periods that she thought she had. But when the Lord suggested a possibility of change in what she had presumed was the will of God for her, she drew back, and wondered why He had not shown her this before, forgetting that God permits some things that He does not endorse, for quite awhile sometimes. And also these tests were needed to prove to her own heart the unyieldedness of her life at that point, and the lack of confidence in the love and wisdom of her Almighty Friend. She thought of the darling plans which might be baffled, the cherished hopes to be surrendered, and the beautiful ideal she might be called upon to abandon; and she was afraid, afraid to trust "the Man who died for her."

She did not see the possibility of better things the Lord had for her; nor did she see that she had hold of things wrong, and that if she would lay it all down, in the hands of Jesus wounded for her, if it were best, He would adjust matters and hand it back to her to have and to hold in the right way.

Did you see that mother reach out her hand to the baby that grasped something in the wrong way, with its little untrained fingers, and quietly say, "Give it to Mammy, my child"? And the little one, out of love for the mother, laid it in the hand held out; and after making some adjustments she gave it back, and the child took hold of it right. It is often that way with the Lord's dealings. "Relinquishment is possession" many times. We earnestly reasoned with her, that whichever way the decision was made without this deep, true, heart relinquishment, sooner or later questions would arise, and she would be tempest-tossed, and the beautiful dream of happiness would quickly pass.

I shall never forget the time that I lay all night under the burden for this soul, during that revival meeting; and not till the gray of dawn could I commit her to the Lord with only a hope that at the last she would reach the "haven" above. Saved, yet so as by fire. And from a full heart of deep solicitude born out of a night of soul travail, I tenderly said to her, "You can trust 'the Man who died for you.' You can trust Him to baffle no plan which is not best to be foiled, and to carry out every one which is for God's glory and your highest good. You can trust Him to lead you in the path which is the very best in the world for you."

How many fail at this point! The Lord is so misunderstood. To be afraid to lay everything in the hands of God, is because we do not know His adorable character. Absolute submission and commitment unto Him, puts us in a place where He can have His most gracious way with us. You may rest assured that your Heavenly Father will not take advantage of His trusting child; and if that attitude is maintained, the enemy positively cannot.

A life, with all that concerns it, irreversibly kept in the hands of God, is absolutely safe. "You can trust the Man who died for you." (Rom. 8:32.)

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## THE SEQUEL TO THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER

The reader will rejoice to know that, in answer to prayer, time and the grace of God gradually worked changes until there was a relinquishment of that early, natural love, and that dangerous open question was closed by laying it all down in the wounded hands of Jesus; and she went on with her studies to prepare herself more efficiently to meet that "sea of faces."

Two years passed; she had taken her place with the advancing line of dominating minds, the coming leaders in the world's work. And from among these ranks, one was drawn to her side whom she could ever look up to and honor, as they advanced through life, a kingly soul for her queenly heart, as a companion who could reciprocate, and requite her love. And by his side she will go forth to meet that sea of faces with the Word of God.

This dear girl's experience, as far as she has gone, has a parallel in the record of another, who had the courage to deny the natural when it interfered with the spiritual, with such confidence in God that He could choose a life companion for her. Listen to what she says, in part:

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## REWARDED AT LAST

"Then came one staunch Christian, unsought, improbable, but without any barrier. But while my heart and my prayers and my mind found him unobjectionable, I yet was not madly in love with him. I somehow felt I belonged to him, but there were others I preferred at entertainments. But before God alone, he was the one. I was but a wisp, by the way, compared with him. But he must have me for his own, and there was not any 'No!' in me. We were married. My life was blessed out of all measure. Love was not passion. It was a love that few on earth ever know. I cannot describe to you how the love in the Lord, for a man after God's own heart, many multiplied times more than paid me for almost breaking my heart in conscientious loyalty to right and to God. -- It is a story that can't be told -- how God rewarded me. I have letters from numbers of the best men in our country, telling me (at the time of my husband's death) how they esteemed him.

"So God blessed and honored this poor piece of dust, in giving me the best of husbands after, for His sake, I had refused the choice of my own heart. Oh, but did I not love His choice for me, my reward? Yes, differently. As I love my Lord in heaven, not idolizing him, but with a love that will go on through eternity. I lived with him twenty-three years.

"Then his body was buried, but I have never felt myself a widow. I have had the oil of joy for mourning. I did not shed tears when he was taken from my side. The joy of my married life is

with me yet. Have I forgotten my first love? Oh, no, not at all. But though that never did die out, it will not last beyond the grave. It ceased to be a torture to me when I found him whom God gave me. I do not want the first, I do not need it. I am willing to let it die and be buried. It was but a part of my natural being. But, oh, I could not put in human words the love between my husband and myself for twenty-three years, growing always, and not broken off by death. He was my reward. I live expectant of seeing and greeting him in heaven. I often think I am the happiest woman on earth, and yet it is not earthly things that make me so.

"There is a carnal love, not to be tolerated; a natural love, to be acted upon only under God; a holy love, which is both natural and spiritual, which God will abundantly bless above all we can ask or think.

"A full reward be given thee of the Lord." (Ruth 2:2.)

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## 075 -- THE LOVE OF WOMAN -- MY FIRST AWAKENING

My Dear Friend:

Yes, I can comply with your request as you have promised to sacredly withhold my name.

I was pressed into child marriage when too young to know the first intimations of the "love of woman" planted by nature in every woman's being, dormant and inoperative until awakened.

I loved (for I was born with a strong love nature), but it was the love of a child, and was happy if I could but win the approval of my husband. But the "love of woman," which is vastly different, was yet to have the first awakening.

A few years later, among the farm laborers who boarded with us for a few weeks, was a young man about husband's age, recently from the East. He was of fine open countenance, cheerful, and quietly entertaining among the men, and carried with him a clean, uplifting atmosphere, and in contrast with the low, uncouth about him was like a rare gem among gravel stones.

He came and went with the men to their meals. I was always reticent, retiring, and seldom spoke, and not once by word or look was there the least indication that he was in any way attracted toward me. But the presence of that young man awakened in me something that I did not know ever existed. I did not understand what it was that so strangely sweet had stirred the depth of my being, and I was silent with wonder and astonishment.

He was an admirable character, and everyone was drawn toward him, husband with the rest, and I found myself thinking what an ideal husband and father he would be, and wishing husband was like him. I began to draw comparisons, and a feeling of aversion arose toward husband, before it began to dawn upon me that this was the awakening of that pure, natural love that is inherent in every woman's breast, with all the beautiful ideal that goes with it; and I saw my danger, and was afraid.

Fortunately for me, I was converted before I was married. Though I had long since broken step, and had wandered far from the Lord, yet in this secret conflict with love and duty, I had no recourse but God. It was a long-drawn-out battle, for I did not know how to meet it. I buried it in my bosom and tried to forget it, but every time husband would speak of the young man, which was frequent (for he specially liked him), that smoldering fire would flame up, only to be buried deeper still. There was nothing impure about this love, it was normal, perfectly natural, the beautiful, intrinsic inheritance that the Creator has placed within womankind. It was a part of the plan of God. But that child marriage had interfered with God's beautiful plan, and much in consequence had been forfeited. The purely, natural, normally right, and beautiful under other circumstances, must at once be absolutely denied, for to follow the natural now would be a crime freighted with (to all connected with it) dire destruction.

Duty, stern, hard, and uncompromising though it seemed, was perfectly clear; and you know that the path of duty, after all, is the only path of ultimate happiness for all concerned, although at times it may appear to be the very opposite.

I suffered silently and fought heroically, steadfastly resisting every temptation, and that continuous inarticulate heart cry finally formulated itself into one brief sentence: "O God, for Jesus' sake, take out of my heart this forfeited love for this man, and give me love for him who is lawfully my life companion. and the father of my child." (Instinctively I felt I should never mention this to my husband, for I had not wronged him or anyone else, not even in deliberate thought. The whole thing was entirely between my own soul and the Lord.)

One never-to-be-forgotten day came the answer to that heart cry, and it was far beyond what I had asked or thought. Such a river of Divine love was turned in through my heart that "the love of woman" that had been awakened for the beautiful ideal, of which this noble stranger seemed to be the embodiment, was elevated, transmuted, and reinforced by the love of God (1 John 3:1) and bestowed upon the one to whom I was bound by law. The change was marvelous, and I loved this man, my legal consort (who in many ways was far from being lovable), with a love that was unailing under the stress and strain of years.

Occasionally for awhile, the temptation of "vain regrets" would be presented, but resisted at once; with grateful praise for the deliverance, and that flowing stream of Divine love, it would quickly pass, and the incident soon became (like many other hard places in life) only a precious memory of the Lord's mercies. (Lam. 3:22 to 25.)

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## 076 -- CRUSHED HEARTS

Oh, give me a message for crushed, bleeding hearts,  
That will comfort and strengthen, and help heal the smarts,  
That will bear gently Godward the overcharged soul,  
And help them on Jesus every burden to roll,  
For you know all about them, dear Lord, they are Thine,

Tho' they feel not the fullness of Thy love Divine.  
They're benumbed with the pain of earth's crimes pressing hard,  
Thy grace all-sufficient, reveal, blessed Lord.

Man looks on the outward, but God looks within,  
Beholds the heart bare in its sorrow or sin;  
This cold world would trample the "sinned-against" down,  
Yet beneath, as you trust Him, will His strong arms be found;  
Then take up thy life's crosses, duties meet as they come,  
Thy Savior consider, no cross did He shun.  
In His steps there is triumph, e'en o'er life's latest foes,  
And an entrance to heaven, through His blood, at its close.

Oh, look up to Thy Savior, He alone understands  
All thy wrong, all thy heartaches, all thy life's broken plans,  
And He longs to enfold thee; lean hard on His breast,  
Tho' still in the furnace shall thy soul be at rest.

Soon after my return home from the City Hospital, where I had been many months, a Christian mother of a large, fine family that I had known many years, came to inquire concerning the doctor that had helped me after many other physicians had failed.

Her daughter Eloise, a beautiful Christian girl of seventeen, had been ailing for a year or more, had been in danger of quick consumption as a result of sitting in school with wet feet. The local doctors had greatly helped her for a time, but she had lost confidence in them. I had every reason to recommend Dr. P\_\_\_\_, not only as a physician, but also as a man. They went to see him, and on their return the mother came to me with a sad story and a crushed heart, for what the doctor had told them shocked them all.

But let us go back a few months. On one of those short winter days the parents drove to the village some fifteen miles away, leaving Eloise with the smaller children. The others were going to school, driving back and forth with the school teacher, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, a very fine appearing young man who boarded with them, and was just like one of the family.

They got home long after dark and, to their surprise, found Eloise in bed sound asleep. But thinking she must have been taken with one of those bad headaches that she was subject to, and was sleeping it off, they did not disturb her.

The next day she was still sleeping, and they could scarcely rouse her, and for days she complained of headache and was not herself. The story that they gathered was this:

Soon after the children and teacher came from school, the children all scattered out to do the farm chores, and Eloise began the preparation for the evening meal. Mr. H\_\_\_\_, in his familiar way, handed her a few pieces of choice candy which she ate while about her work. She soon began to feel dizzy and strange, and went and lay down, and that was the last she remembered till some time the next day.

After they had started to the city to consult Dr. P\_\_\_\_, Mr. H\_\_\_\_, the school teacher, suddenly disappeared; and when they returned, he could not be found.

But to go back to the doctor's office. Dr. P was very kind to the horrified girl, and carefully inquired into the case; and the date of the incident mentioned accorded with his diagnosis. Frantic with the thought of the grief of her beloved parents, she besought the doctor most pitifully. But Dr. P\_\_\_\_ very gently said to her, "But I could not add crime to crime."

Then she begged him not to tell her father, and she would quietly end her life, and not break their hearts with disgrace.

"But," he added appealingly, "you would not add crime to crime?" He tenderly urged her to be reconciled, and gave her much good advice.

In telling the father of the situation, he assured him that she was blameless, that there was every indication of violence, and that drugged candy was not infrequently used in the prosecution of such crimes. (And I have always been deeply grateful to Dr. P\_\_\_\_ for his kindness to this dear girl in her frenzy of distress.)

I was a sincere sharer in this deep heart sorrow; and out of burdens of prayer was born the prayer poem which was answered beyond what I had asked or thought, for the Lord in answer to many prayers enabled her to become reconciled. Her parents and Christian friends stood nobly by her, and she, keeping close to the Lord, triumphed over all and lived it down.

There was a sequel to all this sorrow, the very opposite to that which comes to the "sinned-against" usually, and yet it may encourage some discouraged soul to hope in the merciful, overruling power of God.

A neighbor's son, a young man of integrity and Christian principles, in a confidential talk with her father, said: "I have always felt that Eloise was far above me, but I have secretly loved the girl nevertheless; and if she will consent to be my wife, I will be glad to share her sorrow, and cover the shame that the world would precipitate upon her, irresponsible and innocent as we all know her to be."

Eloise said: "No, it is noble of him, and kind, and I certainly respect him for his nobility, and appreciate his kindness, and yet there may be more pity than love; I feel that this is my sorrow to bear alone, and I will leave the future in the hands of God."

A year and a half passed, and true love drew these noble hearts together in beautiful oneness, and the little son had two happy homes, one with the mother and one with the grandparents. He was more often found in the latter, and he has been the comfort of their declining years -- so wonderful has been the marvelous overruling power of our God. (1 Sam. 16:7.)

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A meek-faced little lady came to my door one morning, and as our eyes met, before she had spoken a word, I felt an unusual moving within me of Divine sympathy. When I understood that she wanted me to care for her defective boy, I wondered if that was why the Lord so moved my heart in her behalf. You know the Lord loves people through your heart and mine, and the greater their need the more outflowing will that compassion be, if we but yield to the gentle sway of the Spirit.

I was not able to comply with her request, but in those few moments at the door there began an indestructible bond between us. I saw her only at long intervals at meetings, and there was always that peculiar, pathetic heart throb. Later on she moved into the community where I lived, and did some work for me, and gradually she was drawn toward me into a close heart fellowship that overburdened souls sometimes greatly need.

When I learned that she was greatly afflicted with varicose ulcers, I told kind Dr. Mac\_\_\_\_. His heart was touched, and he generously offered his services. There was some alleviation of suffering, but he soon saw the affliction was incurable. A very sad occurrence touched deeply her very heart cords about that time, and my heart broke with hers, when two disreputable degenerates caught that defective youth, and abused him in the most shameful manner that could be imagined. The prayers of the pilgrims upheld her, and she was wonderfully sustained. (One can hardly estimate the comfort and support in sorrow that comes to one living among the pilgrims.)

The diseased limb increased in painfulness. I felt deeply for her, and night after night, alone or in company with another sister, for some two months I took her case to the Lord. She had been thus afflicted for some five years. There were a dozen deep-eating, unhealing ulcers, some of them as large as a silver dollar, from her knee to her ankle. Many physicians at the free clinics and elsewhere had been interested in this unusual case. She had been treated by specialists, but one after another had come to the conclusion that it was incurable and advised amputation.

But I knew that the Lord could heal that limb, and I believed that He would be pleased to do it, that the inspiration of faith would come, and I would not be denied. One night we were praying when, like a flash of light, I saw the Lord Jesus had such tender, compassionate love for this little woman (that most people would just pass by) that if it were necessary He would come in person and pass His nail-pierced hand tenderly up and down over that limb and perfectly heal those ulcers. In amazement, with inexpressible gratitude and appreciation, I cried out, "O Lord Jesus, how you do love Sister Z\_\_\_\_!" and I wept in very sympathy, for I felt some way that this little sister needed just such tender, sympathetic love as only the Son of man could bestow, for reasons beyond what I knew anything about.

From then on, as I would bring her case to the Lord, I could only praise Him for His great love to her, and I could almost see that nail-scarred hand pass over that painful limb. There was something exquisitely tender in this revelation of the Savior's love for this soul; I do not know how to express it. In some ways it was beyond anything I had ever felt. There was a pathos of heart yearning, of desire to help her, but of being in some way barred out.

I thought of the defective youth (a great sorrow to be triumphed over), this suffering limb, those congestive headaches, poverty, and uncongenial family relations. But intuitively I felt that there were unhealed soul ulcers bravely buried out of human sight, that the Lord longed to mollify with the healing ointment of His grace, for in no other way could I account for the unprecedented revelation that had so moved my own heart. I kept these unknown needs committed unto the Lord, gratefully glad that "Jesus understands," and kept on praising Him, by faith seeing a perfectly healed limb.

I saw her only occasionally, but one day she came over and told me of the miracle wrought. She had been so in hopes that the Lord would heal her, but had become discouraged, as she had suffered so terribly of late. While she could hardly relinquish her hope, yet she thought that perhaps she ought to be resigned, and concluded to submit to an amputation. The night before she was to go to the hospital, knowing the uncertainty of life, she realized that she might not come out from under the anesthetic. Before she went to sleep she brought her family, herself, and her every interest, and relinquished every thing into the hands of the Lord, submissive and restful for life or for death, for amputation or for healing (a place where the Lord can have His blessed way). She was calm and restful, for it was all in His hands.

Just as she was nearly asleep, a questioning thought came to her, "Sister Helm is praying for me, and the Lord could heal me on her faith." "Why, of course He could," she assented, and turning over and nestling down she peacefully fell asleep. Evidently in that trustful submission to any possibility in the will of God, and entire commitment to Him, there was one of those almost imperceptible movements of the blessed Holy Spirit upon her soul, in answer to the prayers of others, and almost unconsciously to herself she was very gently impelled along into an attitude of restful, appropriating faith, by the realization of the faith of someone else. In other words, without realizing it, she had faith in God, through the faith of another. Prayer and faith are at the same time most simple and profound.

Dr. P\_\_\_\_, who was a kind Christian man, came early the next morning to take her, in his automobile, to the hospital for the operation. As he removed the soiled dressing, to his astonishment, instead of a swollen limb, a mass of deep-eating ulcers, he found a limb of normal size, with beautiful new skin entirely covering every one of those once raw, unhealable ulcers. The little woman cried right out with joy, "Why, the Lord did heal it, didn't He! Praise His name!" Dr. P\_\_\_\_ rejoiced with her, and said, "Such things do happen over in this community."

Some time later she came to me much depressed, and unburdened her heart. "It's the same old trial, that ever weighs me down and so often overwhelms me," she said. "Surely there is a way to live above what I could not help, and am not accountable for." I was glad I could assure her that

"He came to make His blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found."

She then told me a story so sad, so replete with injustice to an innocent child, that I sincerely hope it has few parallels.



Her mother, when just a young girl, was drugged to unconsciousness, criminally assaulted, and deserted. Later on the man was forced into marriage with the mother of his unborn child. There was scarcely tolerance between them, and the coming little one was looked upon as a child of shame, an evidence of the mother's disgrace. With such a sense of the extreme injustice of it all the mother was so depressed, and suffered so keenly, that the prenatal influence was such that the child was weighed down with shame and sorrow before her birth. Of course, the babe came unwelcomed and, too bad to say it, evidently unloved. As far back as she could remember she was made to feel a sense of shame, of blame, and of being undesired. As she grew older she heard it from every side, and understood it was because of being conceived out of wedlock, as though it were her fault.

Just think of such cruel injustice to an innocent, sensitive child -- the terrible warping of her nature through those early, plastic years as well as prenatally! The man (as a tool in the hands of Satan) that had started this direful stream of shame, injustice, and sorrow, instead of redeeming himself as he might have done, became a deserter and left them to their fate.

Years passed, as years always will, though heavily freighted with sorrow. Another had taken the deserter's place, who was kind, making it easier all around. Later on God's great salvation came to that house, and there was a most blessed change. She heard no more of the sad past, began to develop normally, and to come out from under that crushing weight of injustice that had hung like a dark shadow over her young life. She was so happy with her Savior Friend that she longed to tell others of His great love.

She acquired a good education, and took a course in Bible study, and in company with another young woman was sent out on a pioneer circuit. They were blessed and soon won the confidence of the people, and hearts were beginning to turn to the Lord.

The young lady that was with her, while on a visit to the home town, joyfully told of their happy work together. Someone who was too cruel to let the dead past lie buried, rehearsed to her (with their own constructions) the story of this sister's life, adding in contempt, "And she is preaching the Gospel." The hearer was not very strong in the Lord, and it took hold upon her, and on her return there was a shadow between the two who had been in oneness of spirit. Some days passed and, as the shadow was not lifted, she gently pressed her to know what had come between them. Finally she told her what she had heard concerning the beginning of her life. She only said very quietly, "Sister, it was not my fault." "I know it," she said, half defiantly, "but I don't see how I can stay in the work with you."

It did not seem that she ought to stay there alone; and then, too, the story might soon follow her there with the same disastrous effect. This seemed so reasonable that, with a heavy heart, she felt she should resign and go home. (Defeated by this cudgel in the hands of Satan.) Thus it had been at every turn in life; Satan had held this over her, frequently reminding her that the incident just related was a sample of the effect on any effort that she might put forth on any line.

She had been so harassed by the enemy at times that she could hardly look anyone in the face. And only occasionally for a short time had she been able to really rise above it. But she did feel that there was surely a way, if she could only find it, to live above it continually. And I said,

"Yes, yes, my sister, thank God, there is a way, and you can find it." I tried to recall some parallel case for her encouragement, but at the time this all seemed so harrowing that there didn't seem to be any parallel cases.

All I seemed able to do was to lay my heart alongside of hers and try to absorb some of the pain, words seemed so weak. The poor child, how she had been made to suffer, by that one act of another in breaking over just one of God's gracious, protective commandments! Here she was, a woman above forty, the mother of three boys fast growing into manhood, and still tortured by the enemy for the sin of another, till her whole life had been like a stormy sea, with only occasionally oil poured on the troubled waters. But I could say from the depths of my heart, on the authority of the Word, "God's grace is sufficient." Then I thought I knew the "why" of that incomparable, pathetic tenderness, in the love of Jesus, that I had felt for her. Even so, I knew only in part. Never forget that, however much you may realize of another's sorrow, you know only "in part." (1 Cor. 13:12.)

There was an additional sea of sorrow, of which even she herself had not yet been made conscious. Still another had broken through the sheltering wall of one of God's commandments on another line, and the innocent always suffers with the guilty.

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#### 078 -- THE PATHOS OF DIVINE LOVE FOR THE SINNED-AGAINST -- (B)

I never became very well acquainted with her husband. He seemed ill at ease in my presence, a peculiarly restless man. Was he a Christian? Yes, he said he was, but he didn't like this, and he didn't like that, and was not at all content to live in this Christian community. He was ever seeking a change of environment, and was a rather non-dependable fellow generally. If I had felt to express my intuitive discerning judgment, I would have said there must be unconfessed sin in his past life somewhere. But in compassionate mercy I just left him with the Lord.

It was not long after she returned home from the pioneer circuit work before mentioned that this man crossed her pathway. He spoke of himself as called to the work of the Lord, had preached some, and built wonderful air castles of how they together could do service for the Master that she so loved, and soon won her. He was considerably older than she, had been married before. His wife went wrong, they had lived apart, and later on she had died (so he said). After they were married he preached just once, and evidently had only an empty profession.

On one pretext or another, he would not stay here with his family, and kept wanting to move to A\_\_\_ or B\_\_\_ or some other place, where he heard that he could get work. The most of the little that he did earn went elsewhere, and he made such fair promises, if she would only sell the home here and go somewhere else. "The continual dropping of water will wear away a stone," is an old saying, and it was a question whether she ought to comply with his wishes or not. She told me of his propositions, asking me to pray about it, and advise her.

While she was telling me, I strangely felt the disapproval of the Lord; it was as if I could see our sympathizing Jesus bowed in sorrow and slowly shaking His head. I felt to say, "Sister, be

very careful." But after I had taken it definitely to the Lord, I felt to speak out strong: "Don't do it, you need this Christian community, your children need this moral environment. Your husband has not kept his promises in the past, and how can you expect him to do so now? There is too much at stake. In a few years these boys will be beyond your opportunity to do much for them. For their sakes hold on to your home. Let him come and go as he will, but live among your Christian friends. You need them. You don't know what is before you."

But she thought that she ought to comply with his request, for then he would stay at home. The boys were at the age when they did need a father, and she ought to give him one more chance to redeem himself. The enticing hope that he would take his place as her companion, and be a father to his children as he had faithfully promised, eclipsed everything else. It was surely a most beautiful hope. But I felt it to be as delusive as it was beautiful.

How I suffered! It was a Gethsemane experience for me. I never came nearer the sweating of blood. All one night I lay in an agony of prayer, much of the time with that inarticulate heart cry that is beyond words, until in the gray of the dawn the only answer that the Lord could give me was a prophetic picture thrown across the mental horizon, that sometimes is called a vision.

There was a strangely dark tempestuous sea of sorrow, with gigantic billows angrily rolling and tossing. There was this little woman and her boys. Sometimes she was on the crest of the waves, but oftener lost to view in the trough of the sea, and it seemed that she must have gone down. Oh, the anguish lest she sink to rise no more, till after agonizing prayer I could catch a glimpse of just her head above the water. At last these words were spoken by my Lord, who stood by me, looking sadly upon the scene, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Then I was enabled to trust that, however great was the sea of sorrow that was before her, or how like mountains the waves might roll, those everlasting arms would not let her utterly sink.

It was a true prophecy; she did sorely need her Christian friends, for the picture of the sea of sorrow soon became a reality, with great billows on this hand and on that. Among them were the calamity of locating in an ungodly community, and the boys taking up with their sinful ways, the husband's utter failure to keep his promises, the loss of property; many unpaid debts, and serious accidents and sickness.

But a thousand times worse than all combined was the discovery that the first wife, whom the husband had declared had died, appeared on the scene very much alive and angrily accused her of alienating her husband's affections, and living in open defiance to the seventh commandment, flatly accusing her of being an adulteress. Evidently the man had known that the first wife was living, and at least for a number of years he had been in communication with her, breaking both the laws of God and man.

You may judge what it must have meant to an extremely sensitive, conscientious Christian woman, to find out that she had been living for these years openly transgressing the commandment of God and the law of the land, without knowing It. I was no longer amazed at the unparalleled pathos in the revelation of the love of Jesus for this sinned-against soul. ("All things are naked and open unto Him.")

For was ever a soul so doubly sinned-against? Was ever God's sacred law of procreation so abused? The care of the innocent so disregarded? (Eph. 6:4.) And was ever the law of holy matrimony so prostituted? Oh, the subtle workings of Satan through those two men -- breaking, reversing, and eventually transmuting them into "the sorrows of the sea," instead of that sacred felicity that would have been, had they appreciated, and kept those protective laws!

How sad are the results of broken law -- we see it on every side! God's laws are not fences to keep us in against our volition, not at all. He has given to us the power of choice, created us as free moral agents, and holds our volition with the utmost regard. But they are fences to keep the enemy out.

Like the great dikes in Holland they are walls (if kept unbroken) that will hold back that devastating sea of sorrow that would flood in upon us and carry us on down to destruction.

The compassionate Savior saw all this, and could have mitigated much of the suffering, and turned aside many calamities, or given to her such triumphant victory in them as she had never dreamed could be hers this side of heaven, and He was longing to do so, but the channel of her faith was very much obstructed. This poor soul had been terribly marred before her birth, fearfully warped as an innocent child, adroitly beguiled, won, and wasted in her early womanhood. Though she was blinded by these crushing sorrows that, according to natural law, have followed (Gal. 6:44), eclipsing the face of her Savior looking upon her with unbelievable love, yet there was a measure of peace, a sense of His mercy, that kept her from sinking into despair. She did not see, or seeing was unable to grasp, and was largely carried along on the tide of circumstances, as are so many, because it is the line of the least resistance; they draw back in the conflict, and become weak, instead of steadfastly pressing on, coming up through (Rev. 7:14), growing strong and triumphant through Christ. (2 Cor. 2:14.)

If you should be tempted to ruthlessly blame her, just stop a moment, and look back. In your life and mine, there are places where God would have guided us very differently, but we did not understand, and, in His regard for our volition He could only step aside and let us go on. But He did not leave us to ourselves; no, He went with us into the wilderness (Isa. 63:9), stepped down with us into the furnace. "In all our afflictions he was afflicted" "In his love and his pity" He stood by and helped us clear up to the extent that we would cooperate with Him so that He could do so.

Do not blame God. While all His vast universe is governed by law, from the greatest down to the very least, and it must needs be so, yet God has placed above all the cry from the heart of His helpless child, making what has been called "the law of faith" (Rom. 4:17) to supersede, to transcend all other laws, according to His wisdom, when submitted to Him. But when for any reason this law of faith is unrecognized or inoperative, the natural law, as we call established law, must inevitably take its course.

God-made laws governing all forces are beneficial or detrimental, a boon or a bane, a blessing or a curse, according to their use or misuse, in the moral and spiritual realm, as elsewhere. Fire gives out a warmth for which we are grateful these cold days; but if I put my hand into the flame, even accidentally, it will surely be burned. Yet even here that law of faith can

become operative (Heb. 11:34), as I have proved these many years, for at the cry from the heart of this unworthy child, God has stooped to "quench the violence of fire" even when burned severely.

Would I could make this supereminent law of faith more plain! God is sadly misunderstood, shockingly misjudged, and actually slandered by some, at this point. There is much needless perplexity concerning established law and this law of faith. This confused indistinctness, this failure to differentiate, is an underlying cause accounting for, and explanatory of, the fact that many Christians with honest hearts are in a quandary concerning the Lord's healings and miraculous interventions in these days in which we live. Of course, every truly regenerated soul does not discredit the miracles of the Bible, for the outstanding miracle of the new birth has already been wrought in his own nature, and it is easy, "supernaturally natural," for him to believe God can perform lesser miracles.

But if the temptation to doubt the miraculous is not withstood (John 12:35, 36, 37), it will gradually creep in; there will be a lapsing back, and the light will grow dim and become dark. Then soon will darkness become "great." (Matt. 6:23.) We would have no difficulty in accepting the miraculous interventions of this higher law of faith, if our hearts were not so slow to believe (Luke 24:25) that all-embracing statement of God's word, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." (Heb. 13:8.)

God has not fenced Himself out by the laws He has made. Take for instance the proprietor of a large business, having a number in his employ. Of necessity he has to run the business by law, strictly so, if he succeeds. Rules and regulations we call them. But if someone among his trusted employees should appeal to him for a change in some rule, temporary or otherwise, and he saw that it would be for the best, he would grant the request thus submitted to him. A very weak illustration I know, but a true one.

Any yielded child of God, coming to their Heavenly Father in humble confidence and holy boldness, in the name of Jesus and purely for Jesus' sake, concerning anything that they do earnestly and unselfishly desire, will get a hearing and will be granted their request (1 John 5:14, 15) if it would be the best for all concerned. That part will be entirely submitted to His wisdom, the whole thing so completely committed unto Him and left in His hands, with such restful assurance that their "countenance is no more sad." (1 Sam. 1:18.)

An incident, very prosaic to be sure, yet illustrative, comes to mind. Brother and Sister B\_\_\_\_, our devoted and self-sacrificing missionaries, on a lengthened furlough (because of a tubercular son) were living among us. For the special benefit of the young man, who was improving, they had purchased a cow. A month later the cow took sick. A veterinary was called, but she grew worse. Now that cow did most certainly seem to be a need, and I felt to take the situation definitely to the Lord.

"His tender mercies are over all his works." (Psa. 145:9; 36:5, 6.) So I hold that, as children of God, we can claim mercies for the lower creation that are under our control, as a measure of the benefits of redemption. Rom. 8:21, 22 gives a hint of this, which we have in many instances proved to be true.

At one time when I was lost to all things in prayer, there was marvelously revealed to my heart the love of God, and His faithful verity to this preeminent law of faith. (Psa. 89:2, 24; Psa. 119:90.) It was as if I saw Jesus, the Son of God, arise from His throne (Acts 7:56), and in that wordless language He imparted to me this truth: His love is so great, and His faithfulness so unflinching that even at my humble cry of faith He would leave His mediatorial throne and come in person and lay His hand upon that cow (if necessary) and heal her, if that were best.

Awed into silence and amazement, I bowed low before the Lord as He opened up to my comprehension (Luke 24:32) the stupendous truth concerning the supercedence of this transcendent law of faith. When I learned that the cow had died, I had no doubt but that was best. (Rom. 8:28.) I could not see how it could be, nor did I try; my confidence was in Him.

When the pilgrims knew of the loss, their hearts were strangely touched, and more money was sent in than enough to buy two cows. The missionaries, you may be sure, gratefully appreciated this manifestation of the love of the brethren. Besides this, a college membership for each of the three boys was among the "abundantly above" what we had asked or thought.

This instance was one in which, in His wisdom, He saw it would be for the best to let established, or natural, law take its course. It was the best not only for the missionaries, but also for the pilgrims; for it drew us even more closely together in that blessed oneness of true Christian fellowship. God ever gives His very best to those who really pray and trust; though humble creatures of the dust who cannot see through shadows dim, yet leave the choice in faith to Him.

But to go back to this sinned-against soul, marred before birth, warped in early childhood, beguiled into marriage with a bigamist, and afflicted and tormented by the instigator of it all, yet redeemed by the Blood, and upheld by power Divine. The scene on the sea of sorrow is still being enacted; but she has caught a glimpse of the "Morning Star" (Rev. 2:28; 22:16), though it is often obscured by the heavy storm clouds and the dashing of the spray. In a recent letter she said, "The billows still roll high, but my head is above water; underneath are the everlasting arms." (Deut. 33:27.)

The heavenly harbor, for this storm-tossed mariner, may not be far in the distance; she may be nearing the anchorage as I write, but thus supported she will make it through. My heart is profoundly grateful that God "hath prepared" (1 Cor. 2:9) for these sinned-against ones that love Him, a tranquil haven.

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest." (Job 3:17.)

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079 -- A MOST SUBTLE TEMPTATION AND HOW I ESCAPED

Dear Sister in Christ:

At last I have won my heart's consent to answer your question was I ever tempted along the lines you mentioned. But only that another might be helped to find their way through a similar temptation, could I speak of anything so absolutely between myself and God.

It was at a Gospel Mission in the city of P\_\_\_\_ where we first met Brother L\_\_\_\_, learned something of his history, and became acquainted with his family. He had been saved some five years, but had much still to learn; he was a quiet, thoughtful, earnest man, intensely interested in the salvation of souls. One would hardly call him a preacher, yet he did most effectual work at the street meetings and in his personal appeal to men.

His wife had been brought up a strict Catholic, and had been converted; but much of the past still clung to her and hindered her growth in grace, and she needed mothering and encouragement. My heart went out to her, for she was also in failing health. My husband (who had never been converted) had been trying in a half-hearted way to find salvation, and thought a great deal of Brother L\_\_\_\_, for he had won his confidence in trying to help him, and husband was always glad to have him in our home.

Unconsciously I am always studying character; and as I studied this man, I saw a soul deeply saved, sincere, reflective, considerate, and honest to the very core; with a spirit so truly humble that there was a wonderful transparency about him, and in his every movement I saw God. Later on he moved north and, to our astonishment, we heard that Brother L\_\_\_\_ had been drawn in with a man who had gone far into the absurdities of self-exaltation.

But I said, "No, Brother L\_\_\_\_ is an honest soul and a true child of God, and it must not be;" and I laid hold on God in desperate, shameless prayer for his deliverance, and would not be denied. God did deliver the man, and later on he came and told us about it with deep, humble gratitude to God. As you may know, there was a sacred fellowship, for we could but rejoice with him and praise God for His gracious intervention.

At that time I had come in contact with a very few who had found that upper pathway (Job 28:7) where in every department of life God was put first, with all that hallowed blessedness that follows as a result. And you know when you meet with a soul who has caught the same beatific vision that you have, be it man or woman, there is a fellowship in the Spirit, deep, sweet, and pure as that of the angels in heaven, and for the time being all else sinks into oblivion.

It was so in this incident, and husband seemed profited and encouraged in these interviews and prayers together, for he was really hungering for God. My grateful appreciation of his interest in my unsaved husband for whom I had prayed for so long alone; and praying much for and taking care of the sick wife for a time, looking after the little ones, etc., and seeing God so wonderfully manifested in the man; then that heavy burden of prayer and fierce conflict for his deliverance from that entanglement -- all together engendered an unusual appreciation of his true worth, which, was perfectly right so far.

Some time later he took his consumptive wife into higher altitudes, and we did not hear from him for a long time. Husband missed his encouraging visits, and would often say with a

sigh, "I wonder how Brother L\_\_\_\_\_ is getting along with his sick wife." I, too, missed those seasons of prayer and fellowship in the Spirit, and found myself thinking a good deal about the man battling with sickness and poverty far away from old friends; and I just felt sorry for him, instead of praying for the grace sufficient to help him through triumphantly, as I should have done.

The first intimations of the workings of my humanity, as I saw it in looking back under the illuminations of the Holy Spirit, were:

First, that weak human sympathy, supplanting that heroic, Divine sympathy that endures as seeing Him who is invisible, and takes the victory for those under trial.

Second, the longing for that fellowship in the Spirit, and" letting the mind dwell more upon the channel than upon the source.

Third, a peculiar eagerness of desire to see the man.

Fourth, an intense unsubmitive yearning to hear from him.

Fifth, a slight, strange, inward tremor at hearing his name mentioned.

These were the steps I had unconsciously taken before I realized what it had meant. And I assure you I was shocked; and well I might have been, for I was treading on dangerous ground, the very quicksands into which many a soul has sunk to rise no more. (Psa. 94:18.)

I took my stand strong against that thing at once, and cried out to God that it go no farther, pleading the merits of the Atonement and the cleansing of the thoughts of my heart; and trusted my Savior to stand between (Psa. 119:114), and soon all was quiet and peaceful. (Phil. 4:7.)

Some months afterward, Brother L\_\_\_\_\_, in passing through the city, came for a brief call between trains, and told us of the final glorious triumph in the last few weeks before his wife's departure, adding gravely, "It is a wonderful thing to really get through to heaven."

His face was wonderfully illuminated with reflected glory as he quietly and humbly spoke of the gracious dealings of God, and the fellowship in the Spirit was deep and sweet, and as pure as it will be among the saints in heaven. We went with him to the gate and bade him good-bye; and, as we returned to the house, a great longing for the continuation of such soul fellowship almost overwhelmed me. But my heart said, "No, not here, not here." It will be like that "over there," but not here. And with one long quivering sigh that seemed to come from the subterranean channels of my soul, I cast Brother L\_\_\_\_\_, with that sudden rush of temptation of desire for that wonderful fellowship, far out on the great Ocean of God, and soon he was lost to my vision, and passed out of my thoughts as completely as if I had never been tempted. (2 Pet. 2:9.)

Since I have been alone in the world, the thought has been presented, How would it be were we to meet again? The memory of that fellowship returned; but with the memory of that fellowship there was not the least desire, for all desire had been swallowed up in God. (Psa. 16:5.) And I have proven through years of blessed experience, that when for any reason the



fellowship in the Spirit is withheld, or must be denied, it is a gracious call to the "thrice blessed fellowship of the Spirit" (1 Cor. 1:9; Eph. 3:9) and the fellowship that truly "is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.) The comfort of the Holy Spirit (Acts 9:31) is superlative and can hold complete ascendancy over all that inherent, normal desire for even that hallowed fellowship in the Spirit with those of kindred minds among the redeemed who really "walk there" in the way of holiness. (Isa. 35:8, 9.) God has spoken unto me, as to one of old, saying, "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward;" and my heart is satisfied. (Psa. 65:4; Psa. 36:8; Psa. 107:9; Prov. 19:23; Acts 5:32.)

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## 080 -- THE UNPRECEDENTED IN TEMPTATION

"We all need, at times, the uplift of another's faith."

I am waiting by the river,  
And my heart has waited long  
Just to hear the joyful summons  
And the angels' welcome song.  
Oh, I long to be with Jesus  
In the mansions of the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest.

For some years this was my heart song. Like many another, I had expected much from the sources of the earthly; and must learn the lesson, that will come to all, that "earth disappoints full measure;" and what I had called being homesick for heaven was more a desire to escape it all. For I had yet to learn that with responsive joy I could sing

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here,  
He's everything to me,  
His dying love has won my heart."

I did not know that

"There is an abiding place in Jesus  
Where the warring sounds of earth cannot annoy.  
A rest from every care, in the secret place of prayer,  
Where the storms of life cannot our peace destroy."

It is quite generally accepted that when one is homesick for heaven, it denotes deep spirituality, or at least a preparedness for that holy place; and it is a premonition of the soon home-going. But in looking back with clarified vision, I can see that my longing for heaven was largely a faint-hearted recreancy, the lack of reconciliation to the incidentals of living in this fallen world, and the lack of courage to accept them as preparatory discipline for usefulness in this life, or the life across the great divide. They are just as a college course is to our youth; and like many a

student considering a heavy "course," I had yet to win my heart's consent to life's hard school, and longed to escape. I wanted the benefit, but the "course" looked too heavy.

A blessedly saved girl once said, "I want an experience just like Sister Blank has." Someone asked the question, "Would you go through what Sister Blank has gone through to get the experience?" Experience, so Webster tells us, is the "knowledge gained by trial and repeated trial."

To a sister, recently I said, "To long for the Lord to take one to heaven because of suffering or seeming uselessness, is not the highest incentive; really, when you think about it, it is utterly unworthy of a child of God. It discloses cowardice and lack of confidence in the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, and I strongly question if one departing with such a self-centered desire in pre-eminence would see the gates of pearl swing open wide."

With the dawning of this truth, I saw things differently, and I read in my Bible, "Consider him who endured such contradictions of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." (Heb. 12:3.) And the Lord spake to me as I sang about my work:

"If in thy path some thorns are found,  
Oh, think who bore them on His brow.  
If grief thy sorrowing heart hath found.  
It touched a holier than thou.  
Oh, wait; meekly wait, and murmur not.  
Oh, wait; oh, wait, oh wait, and murmur not."

I began to understand, and settled down to "endure as seeing him who is invisible." (Heb. 11:27.) And in answer to my definite, earnest petition, the Lord took the murmur all out of my spirit; and in its place there was reconciliation, a submissive adjustment," a peaceful content to "endure and wait and suffer till his appointed time." (Heb. 9:27.)

About that time, the following verses (surely sent of God) found full response, for they express the attitude of confiding trust the heart should hold:

"What if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder,  
Held out a scroll  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clue,  
What should I do?

"What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master?  
Other than this--  
Still go on as now, not slower, faster,  
Nor fear to miss  
The road, although so very long it be,  
Which led to Thee?

"But step by step, feeling Thee close beside me,  
Although unseen:  
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide  
Thee,  
Or heavens serene--  
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
Thy love decay."

Beautiful songs of our Zion, replete with Gospel Truth, how they have comforted our hearts! How often have they been to us the voice of God! "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Eph. 5:19) is one of God's commands that is a thousand leagues from being "grievous." (1 John 5:3.) I have literally sung my way through life. (Col. 3:15.)

And now my heart was ever singing,  
His blessed will, His wisdom's ways;  
'Twas heaven's own music sweetly ringing  
Through pain-drawn nights and weary days.

This was a real epoch in my life, and after that I began to take on courage, and apprehend something of the value of living on the earth, and God's far-reaching designs of added years, not only for this present world with its manifold possibilities in the upbuilding of His Kingdom, but also for the world to come. I began at last to appreciate life; although in my case, at this time, it must be, through faith in God and a knowledge of His will, wrested from the grave day after day. (Jer. 45:5.) And thus I have lived on in His glad service, realizing that time, after all, is only an infinitely small part of Eternity, a valuable preparatory "course" demonstrable in our everyday living, which will qualify us for the activities in those higher branches of learning. And those who hold learning in high esteem will greatly rejoice in the fact that we will always be undergraduates with "Our Father."

In one of those frequent sick spells, when for weeks it seemed soul and body could scarcely hold together, there was a most bewildering temptation adroitly presented, such as I had never before encountered. Satan was transformed as an angel of light (2 Cor. 11:14), yea, worse -- he even impersonated the Lord, and so hid behind reasonings of possibilities that I knew were there, that I did not detect him. The adversary is a most skillful reasoner (2 Cor. 10:3, 4, 5) and nothing but a constantly increasing knowledge of God, His character and His ways of working, through the study of "what is written," can enable us to cast down his imaginations, or reasonings (as it is in the margin). For he would ever have us think of ourselves as if we "walked after the flesh;" or in other words, as if we were depending altogether upon the natural, and forget that the power of the supernatural is operating in our behalf. And though we walk in the flesh (still live in these bodies), we do not depend upon the natural so much as upon Him who created these natural bodies and can rebuild them according to His will (with our cooperation). No, we do not war after the flesh, but "the Weapons of our warfare are . . . mighty through God." Even colossal strongholds collapse before Him.

The temptation was to the effect that this unusual sick spell was the home call. (And I knew that might be, but I had not so understood it from the Lord, and was looking to Him for recovery.) And he argued that, because I had such a time to consent to live on and suffer, succeeding finally, and had won a heart-willingness to do so, at the present time, just like a swinging pendulum, I had swung out altogether too far the other way, and now, when His appointed time had come, I was unwilling to die. (And this also could be true. We have observed it on many other lines, and I was so shocked that, instead of going to the Lord at once in humble inquiry, I was half stunned with distress and amazement.) And, continued the accuser, what I had been calling the fight of faith, expecting the Lord to give me "my life as a prey" (Jer. 39:18) taken from the jaws of death to glorify Him in my body, because it was His will, was not that at all. It was in open dissent to the will of God, a voluntary choosing of my own. And, concluding his condemnatory argument with a thrust of his sharpest lancet that pierced the very vitals of my being, he said that since the Lord had so graciously worked in me to will and to do, so that I could live on in triumphant suffering, I had become so absorbingly attached to the little bit of work He had condescendingly given me to do for Him that I was unwilling to lay it down and depart to be with Christ, whom I had professed to love with my whole heart. And the indisputable evidence that I loved His work far more than I loved Him, was this obstinate clinging to life, when He was lovingly calling me to Himself.

All this was quite conclusive reasoning as to a possibility, although I had not been conscious of any such dishonoring reflection upon my Lord, or willful, perverted self-assertion; yet I knew enough about the subtleness of Satanic maneuvering to realize, that in my human frailty I could have unconsciously merged into such an attitude, when I would not have deliberately chosen to do so for anything in the world.

It is the unprecedented in temptation that mystifies and perplexes us. And to know that someone else has had a parallel experience is an encouragement to keep on going through our "sulfur bath" and come out on the Christ side, among the overcomers.

Remember, the overcomers "eat of the hidden manna" here and now, and have the "white stone" with the new name (or nature), the white raiment of holiness (Rev. 19:8), and have full access by faith to the "much more" that God has included with the gift of the morning star (Rev. 22:16; Rom. 8:32); and with all this, the future promise of a seat hard by the Throne. (Rev. 3:21, 22.)

"We all need, at times, the uplift of another's faith." "Thou hast left thy first love." (Rev. 2:4.) These words, full of pathos, strikingly disclose that God's estimations differ vastly from men's. (Isa. 55:8, 9.)

To rob Him of my first love, to allow anything to hold the first place in my affections, to supplant my Lord by even joyful service for Him (as I had seen others do) seemed so dishonoring to my Lord that this was the one thing that I had determined never to be guilty of. (I have seen parents heartbroken over such depreciating exchanges.) And to appreciate the beneficent bestowments of our Lord, or even His benedictions, above Himself, would surely give to that great loving heart the pangs of unrequited love. And for me to refuse the love call to His side would be undeniable proof of all the rest. And I suffered, being tempted, as possibly you may be suffering on some line as you read these words.

I was like a ship floundering at sea without compass or rudder, with the North Star obscured by a heavy storm. I knew all this could be true. For to unintentionally allow that traitor from remote ages to introduce gently or artfully, to work something into favor, or obtain access by flattery or stealth, until we leave our first love, is a grave danger constantly facing us all on one line or another. This is one temptation that is very apparent, "common to man," and it requires prayer and watchfulness to escape that insinuating, insidious, pernicious power in operation.

When one has not been fully reconciled to his lot in life, for instance, and has not been careful to live in triumphant ascendancy above it continuously, but drops down and yields to the natural longing occasionally for release from hardship, and craves, like the children of Israel (Num. 11:1 to 6), some of the comforts, if not the luxuries, of this life, and does not seek that heart content with such things as he has (Heb. 13:5), but persists in some self-choosing, he may secure his desire, but with it will come leanness of soul. (Psa. 106:14, 15.) It always shocks me to hear from the lips of a saint a remark denoting drawing back from hardship, for I sense their danger.

I read somewhere, something like this, "Is the wilderness of this life a loathed and soul-wearing pilgrimage, or a grand training ground for God? Do you say, 'Oh, for some work which will satisfy the finer appetites and subtler sympathies of my soul! But this wholly expends my higher faculties; it makes life a waste, and the future a blank.'

"Or do you say, 'God, my God, has placed me here, because He knows what Eternity means, and what I am to do there; and because of the grandeur of my future, He is not ashamed to make the scene of present discipline so poor and bare. Be my one work here to make the commonplaces and low levels as full of His presence as the Holy of Holies, where His glory dwells.'"

Yes, it is an extremely dangerous thing to beat our wings against the protecting bars of the cage of our environments. (1 Cor. 7:20 to 23:) It is only in the attitude of restful content that faith in the wisdom of God brings, that "he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." (Eph. 1:11.)

One dear woman, to whom the Savior was a glorious reality and His love her satisfying portion all through her earlier years, and as she was raising her family, even when she must be the breadwinner during the long-declining health of her husband, preceding his triumphant departure, later in life married a man of comfortable means, who lavished every kindness upon her, crowned her queen, and he was her willing servant. A great change for her, and she accepted it with a new, lively joy of advantage gained, with the undiscerned exultation of that devastating self-complacency.

The man had accumulated means, but he was not the strong Christian that she had been for many years, and he saw little beyond his comforts and conflicts and, shrinking from them, was weak. He sought out a woman upon whom he could lean, and gave to her the place that he should have given his Lord. She should have taken her stand against it, differentiated, and said to him:

"I cannot consent to be your goddess, for it is written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' But I am free and happy to consent to be your beloved companion." (For he was hardly conscious of a wrong attitude; his loneliness and other conflicts had blinded him.)

But with her experience in the things of God, it could not be said that she was blind to this, at first. But if she had been, the checks of the Spirit and faithful warnings of friends would have discovered to her the danger the man was in.

You know all real Christians pray for everyone that touches their life (or they should). And she saw how weak the man was, always talking of the loss of his wife and his loneliness. She knew how hard it had been for her to get to the place where she could rejoice in sorrow, and she had learned by blessed experience how truly Jesus can take the place of loved ones, and she carried a burden on her heart for the man. And, as you have proved, as you pray for s, soul, Divine love will flow through your heart till you love them up to your capacity as Jesus loves them. It is not so much you loving them; no, but God who so loved (John 3:16), loving them through you.

One of the most subtle, devastating devices which the enemy could have designed and in which, I am sure, is his highest delight, is to transpose this marvelous, strength-giving Divine love by stealthily introducing that sweet but impotent affection of the human heart. There is a marked similitude between the two, though one is strong and the other inefficacious. When this insinuation takes place, one does not readily differentiate. Yet we cannot excuse them, for God is faithful; they could, if they really wanted to, and it may prove serious indeed if they do not. We may pity them and pray for them, but God does not excuse them, and we dare not call them blameless.

I might mention just one case by way of illustration: A woman of much prayer carried a burden for an evangelist and his work far and near for a year or more. This was all right so far. And then this God-given burden of prayer and love for souls that he might reach, began to be transposed, imperceptibly at first, with human love for the man himself. And then the most astounding stratagem was used, perverting the Scriptures and exalting the mercy of God above the clearly written Word, as to specially granted privileges and so on, until they were both drawn down into that almost irresistible whirlpool of inordinate affections.

Sooner or later, as a natural sequence, vengeance will follow such inventions of men (Psa. 106:39) referred to here as "idolatrous acts, or attitudes, and new ways of making one's self more wise or happy than God has made him;" for this does not exalt God (Psa. 99:9.)

It may become a serious thing to leave our First Love; and it surely will, unless there is an arresting of spiritual decline.

But to go back to the history of my friend as she has told it to me bit by bit in the years I have lived by her.

It may have been God's plan for her -- marriage (we know marriage and companionship in the Lord is God's ideal) if she had only been careful to keep God first, and in humility of spirit made it all an offering to Him. But -- well, she had grown weary in life's battle. She admired this man; he had means; there would be no longer the pinch of poverty, and considering what all this

would mean to her, she accepted his homage without careful discrimination, silencing many a gentle admonition from the Lord, hiding it from some of her most spiritual friends, and became quite self-satisfied. You know it is very pleasing to the natural to be set upon a pedestal, to be petted and loved. Human companionship is very sweet. It is sad to think how many will barter companionship with Jesus for passing human love that has so often soon died out.

But not so did Sister A\_\_\_\_. She, with sterling self-denial, refused all this, although proffered again and again, that she might pursue her calling unhindered. Rather late in life, she accepted the companionship of a noble Christian man who, like herself, would keep God first. He became her able assistant in evangelistic work. Happy indeed were they as they continued to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and exalt His name together.

"We all need, at times, the uplift of another's faith."

But again going back to my neighbor:

The earthly side of this woman's life had been one long battle with the hardship of poverty, and years of lonely widowhood (yet overbalanced a thousandfold with the love of Jesus), and she looked upon this kind companionship and release from poverty and loneliness as her just deserts and special blessing from the Lord -- just as it might be with any one of us, without exceptions, unless we were very watchful. She allowed, I am sorry to say, the bestowment of the companionship and kind care of a husband with means to take the first place in her heart, that Jesus had held so long, without realizing it.

Still there was no reason why she should not have realized it. There is no excuse that will stand at the judgment. God is faithful to forewarn, to acquaint us of danger if we will keep a listening ear and an obedient heart. And she could have easily discerned her danger if she had only paused to consider this one fact, that spontaneous thought revolved far more around herself in connection with husband and home, than around the Bridegroom of her soul and the purchase of His blood, which for years had been her supreme delight. She did what she had no thought of doing. She left her first love. To have spoken to her of it then, ever so kindly, would have raised a storm of combativeness. Only the Lord can deal with such a situation at that juncture.

But with all this earthly blessing, there was felt a lack. That heart echo that she used to sing with such rapid rapture,

"Precious, holy, gentle Jesus:  
Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,"

did not find that full response it once did. "The love of her espousals" had (Jer. 2:2) grown cold. A shadow had come between.

The deep underlying unrest that would come to the surface occasionally was hushed into silence with the thought that this marriage was a blessing from the Lord, legitimate, Scriptural, and according to nature. This was all true, yet the shadow remained. She could not reason it away. Long weeks of sickness and automobile accidents came and in her extremity she would once and

again turn to her Lord who was still waiting to be gracious. But some compromise, because of the husband, would soon obscure the clear shining of His face. Finally the hand of death was laid upon the husband, whom she had suffered to rob her Lord, and for whom she had left her first love.

There are not a few such cases among the pilgrims; and we have some very definite petitions, that we would remember daily before the Throne, for individuals who, we have reason to fear, are nearing that dangerous "ecliptic," that line where the appreciation of legitimate, earthly good will eclipse the Sun of Righteousness, who has so wondrously risen upon their lives. A partial eclipse is bewildering. But it could become a total eclipse, as it has in other lives, and that is so dark. Judas betrayed his Lord by allowing the desire for added means to supply their necessities to lead him to betray Jesus (but with no thought of what would follow); and when it was settled in his mind to do so, it is written of him, "He then.., went out . . . and it was night." (John 13:30.)

He had extinguished the light, so the candlestick was removed; and according to the record, indeed "it was night!"

"To be lost in the night, in Eternity's night,  
To sink in despair and in gloom;  
But such is thy doom if thou turn from the light."

My heart pleads a warning for you.

With bowed head and grateful heart let us go back, for I must tell you of God's gracious deliverance; for I was delivered, and you may be also, praise the Lord!

In my distress, it kept coming to me to send for dear old Brother Horton. (He will not mind if I mention his name.) And he, so like his Master, listened with patient solicitude as I tried to tell him of my distress and confusion of mind. I remember very little of his kind counsel, but he had prayer with us; and as he prayed (for he "prayed in his prayer," James 5:17, marginal) that awful oppression upon mind and body began to lift, and I was assured that I should soon know the will of God (John 7:17) and everything would be perfectly adjusted.

I felt to apologize for asking him to take of his limited strength to come to me, when there were so many demands upon him. (I was conscious that I ought to have fought my way through alone, as I usually did; but this was a time that it seemed I was unable to do so. My lifelong habit was to bear others' burdens, but to apply Gal. 6:5 to myself, which is as it should be, but now another was called upon to fulfill Gal. 6:1, 2 for me). His quiet, kindly reply has always stayed by me, for it is an undeniable fact, "We all need, at times, the uplift of another's faith."

After he went away, I was reclining restfully, realizing anew "that underneath are the everlasting arms," when a part of a verse of Scripture kept coming to me. The sister who was ministering to me looked it up, and read the connections, Psa. 118:18 to 24. "Live and declare the works of the Lord" was inbreathed by the Holy Spirit, and became a part of me. (Psa. 107:20.) And I knew that however it may have been, all misadjustments of soul or mental attitudes, by this countervention of the evil one, had been brought back to the equipoise of confiding trust, to the



impeachment of all counter evidence to the contrary. "The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken." (John 6:63.)

And no matter about the frailty or suffering, I was to continue to "live and declare the works of the Lord," just as long as it was preferable with my beloved Master; and through grace, I could ever keep utterly detached, glad to stay, or glad to depart, without a moment's notice. Years have been given me since then in which to test out and persistently prove through manifold conflicts (Heb. 5:7) that at this point also there is sufficiency of grace.

"In looking through my tears one day  
I saw Mount Calvary,  
And from the cross I saw a stream  
Of grace enough for me.  
Grace, flowing from Calvary;  
Grace, fathomless as the sea;  
Grace, enough for eternity;  
Grace enough for me."  
(Heb. 4:15, 16; 2 Cor. 12:9.)

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## RETROSPECTION

"Experience is, to most men, like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed. " -- Coleridge

However, we do know that retrospect has clarified vision. In looking back over this painful experience, I "count it all joy" ruby, for I have gathered treasures from darkness. (Isa. 45:3.)

Paul speaks of a somewhat parallel case in 2 Cor. 7:10, 11. It wrought in me an increased solicitude of desire and undeviating determination, out of love for my Lord, to keep God first-first in my waking thoughts, first in every minutiae of life. God's letter to man must be opened with the dawn. I "would worship and bow down;" I would hear His voice before I hear the voice of man. Yea, I would "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" (1 Chron. 16:29; Psa. 99:5) which would ever exalt Him above all His blessings, (Neh. 9:5, last clause.) How often, as I would give thanks for some special blessing, there would burst forth from the spontaneity of my grateful heart, "I thank Thee for this -- but oh, I praise Thee for the knowledge of Thy adorable self, that has filtered through my mind, down into my slowly believing heart. I thank Thee for just Thyself, first of all; and then I thank Thee for all that has been provided through the outstretched, nail-pinioned hands of the Redeemer, extended upon the cross for me. Yes, yes! but oh, I thank Thee for just Thyself."

And I would say to you as you read this, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." If your heart is as my heart, you are ever saying, "Thou art my God, and I will praise thee; thou art my God, I will exalt thee."

"Hallowed be thy name" (worship) must ever be kept first, even before "Thy kingdom come." Even our personal spiritual life, necessities for soul or body, are not allowed to be insinuated into that sacred "first place."

God's order must not be reversed. We do well to study the prayer (we repeat so thoughtlessly) that the Lord Jesus taught the disciples. For if we "pray in our prayer" as did Elijah (James 5:17, 18, marginal), -- stand back of it, and live out this model prayer, it will produce a model Christian life. This is God's ordering of one thing in relation to another. And the ordering of Divine wisdom cannot be reversed at any point without ultimate disaster following.

The evidence is strong that the persistent determination to reverse God's order of things was what unexpectedly brought the rich man down (Luke 16:23 to 31) to where "he lifted up his eyes;" or in other words; he realized his doom was just. Yet he would still hope for a little alleviation, for he dreaded the added torture of censure and legitimate blame that his five brethren would heap upon him because of his example and influence. He was filled with unmitigated remorse, that "worm that dieth not," (Mark 9:48) yet utterly unrepentant of his sin against God, of exalting his finite, opinionated theory above the wisdom of the Infinite, and had the audacity, even here among the incorrigibles, to substantiate and defend his egotistical argument, by a positive contradiction (read Luke 16:23 to 31), still questioning the wisdom of his Creator, and even now would have changed the Divine program for the salvation of the world.

Shocking! Yes; astounding. But it all goes to prove beyond dispute the perilous results of reversing God's order of things at any point, and also it is an undeniable evidence that the act and article of death does not change the natural tendency of man's inherited depravity for, like the arrogant master he had been following, he would still exalt himself against God. (Isa. 14:12 to 15.)

But pause, and thoughtfully consider the patient pathos in the answer that was given him (also the concrete, conclusive statement of truth). The recusant can pass the door of mercy (as the many are doing today) and make his own bed in hell, by a settled intention to have his own way, and at one point or another reverse God's order of things. (Job 24:24; Obad. 4; 2 Tim. 3:4; 1 Cor. 10:11.)

(Written on the flyleaf of a large print Testament given to Sister A. C.)

Though your eyes will soon grow dim,  
May you have clear views of Him,  
Of His love, His grace,  
His will concerning you.  
Listen closely to His voice,  
And your heart will e'er rejoice,  
Though your feet may tread on thorns  
Life's pathway through.

Take the thorns and take His grace,  
Live where you can see His face,

Never mind the hills and tunnels as you go;  
Just a little farther on  
You will join the blood-washed throng,  
Where supernal joys forever onward flow.

With much love Divine, and peace,  
I will now my rhyming cease  
And subscribe my name, your sister in the Lord.  
Let us, cleansed from inbred sin,  
With the Holy Ghost within,  
Walk with God, and ever feed upon His word.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SECTION EIGHT

### 081 -- DELIVERED FROM FEAR

"You wouldn't mind staying alone for four or five days, while I go up to the mountains and get out material for that fence, would you?" said husband one bright spring morning; and summoning all my courage, I said, "Oh, no! Baby and I will get along all right:" But as soon as it began to grow dark I began to be afraid.

It was a lonely place, with no near neighbors, in the pioneer days of what is now the State of Washington, not far from the Columbia River; and I was just a girl wife of sixteen, only a few years from the densely populated East, while husband had been brought up on the frontier, and I did not know that I would be so terribly afraid.

I would lock the doors before it got dark, and then I would light the lamp and look under every bed and search every nook and corner, and then get into bed and fairly shake with fear; and if I had occasion to speak to the child I was alarmed at the sound of my own voice, actually tortured with fear.

Perhaps one reason was this: Some years before, at the first tamp meeting I had ever attended, I had been truly converted. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," and oh, how He did flood my poor hungry heart with His love. He was very real to me, and for some six months His presence was my continuous joy.

Then under great pressure, almost forced against all my entreaties and tears, I was made to feel that I ought to obey the relatives that I lived with and go with them to a place where I could not take my Lord. And to my great distress I lost my Savior, my dearest Friend, and I did not know how to find Him, and I was full of fears.

But to go back to my story. The following June, one of those blessed camp meetings was held six miles away, and I was permitted to go a few times and found my way back to the Lord; and oh, how wonderfully He delivered me from all my fears, and I appreciated this deliverance so

truly that I was careful to trust Him. I was so afraid that the torturing fears would get back into my heart that I would not lock a door though I was frequently left alone.

Some time after this there came about a circumstance, a test, that proved how real the deliverance had been. Husband was going out on the range after stock, to be gone about a week. Baby and I would be alone; but how different I felt from before! Fears would crowd around me, and once I started to turn the key in the door, but I stopped and said, "No, I will trust my Heavenly Father;" and soon the fears fell back at the presence of the Lord, and did not get into my heart, and I went to my bed so quiet and peaceful that it seemed wonderful to me. But this was only a preliminary test of what was to come later.

The third night after husband had gone, he came in unexpectedly at midnight. "And did you find the horses so soon?" I asked, after the greeting. "No," he said. "I was out in the 'Bond' and I got on track of them, when I met a man who told me that the Indians had broken out again, had crossed the Columbia River, and were coming down on this side, taking everything as they came. I told him I had a wife and baby out from G\_\_\_\_, and he said, 'Young man, if you've got a wife and baby up there, you had better get home as fast as that horse can carry you, and get them out of there to a place of safety, for the whole country is in danger.' I started home, and every little ways I met wagon loads going to 'The Dalles' for safety, who told the same story, and I've got to get you and baby out of here before tomorrow night."

After a few hours' sleep and a hasty breakfast, husband galloped the mile and a half to the nearest neighbor, coming back soon, saying, "Kellogue's going to send his family to Portland, for if the Indians sweep through here they'll take 'The Dalles,' too, and I am going to send you and baby with them. You get ready, and I'll go over to town and see what I can find out. I'll be back just as quick as I can, and you be all ready," and away his horse galloped.

That was early in the morning and, looking to the Lord to keep the fear out, I gathered together what seemed essential to take, and had them ready in a short time. I then began to look for husband. The hours dragged on, and he did not come; perhaps he had encountered the Indians before he got to town, and had been scalped and left dead by the roadside. Oh, how the fears gathered around me! What vivid pictures were painted on my mental horizon, of murdered men, little children killed, women scalped or dragged into unspeakable captivity! Everything that I had heard or read of Indian atrocities seemed to pass before me like a panorama.

The house was built in a sheltered hollow, but I could hear the rattle of the wagons on the hard road, and a mile away I could see them rapidly following one another in quick succession, and I didn't know what minute I might see the Redskins with their painted faces and blood-curdling yells ride over the hill, set fire to the home and dash my babe to death; and shuddering I refused to think what might be my future destiny.

I would look up the hill on one side for the coming of husband, and then I would look up the hill the other way expecting to see the Indians, and away to the south I could see team after team hurrying to a place of safety; and yet, unbelievable as it may seem, there was a calmness, a quietness, a peace within in the midst of all this tornado of fearful indications, possibilities, and probabilities. And thus that long summer day wore away; and just at sunset came husband smiling

and happy, for just as soon as he had reached the village, he found out just how it was, and all his fears were relieved.

The Indians had started to cross the Columbia at W\_\_\_\_, but were stopped by the gunboats when only a small band had gotten across. There was but one family massacred, and while the whole country was greatly agitated, there was no more danger now.

"And why," I said gently, "didn't you come and tell me?" His face grew grave, as he said, "I never thought."

Many changes have come to country and people since those pioneer days. For more than two-score years Baby May has been with angel instructors in God's training school above; other children were reared, and they now are among the men and women of middle life. The house in the hollow has long since been the home of strangers, and those of the old hearthstone are scattered, one here, another there.

But He who stood by me through that long summer day has graciously stood by me throughout the years of testing that have followed. (Isa. 26:3.)

\* \* \*

#### MOTHER'S PRAYER

Father, take this little darling,  
Shield her from this world so wild;  
Give to me the strength and wisdom  
To lead and guard Thy little child,  
For I must not ever claim her,  
She to me is but a loan;  
And oh, I pray Thee, blessed Savior,  
Give me grace to guide her home!

She is but a tender blossom,  
Bud of promise, wondrous fair;  
No one knows but our Creator  
What that life was destined for.  
Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,  
Guide these little feet aright,  
Keep her close, Thy love protecting,  
Bring her home to heaven so bright.

\* \* \*

#### MAY BELLE (Part First)

One little forehead pure and fair,  
Curtained with curls of golden hair,  
Two little cheeks of a rosy hue,  
And soulful eyes of darkest blue,  
One little mouth like a rosebud sweet,  
Two little arms Mamma to greet,  
Two little feet beginning to walk,  
Two little lips just learning to talk.

Two little hands to clasp in prayer  
When we ask for the tender Shepherd's care  
To guide her through this world of sin,  
That at heaven's gate she may enter in.  
Two little ears to hear God's Word  
And learn of the way all saints have trod  
From this world of sin to that world above,  
Where its joys are peace and its laws are love;

To learn of Christ, how He died on the tree  
For the sinful world, and for sinful me.  
Yes, He died for me, may each sinner feel,  
There is not one sorrow He cannot heal.  
One little heart so loving and warm,  
And innocent that it knows no harm,  
Just as easy to learn of Jesus now  
As to learn of the cold world's scornful brow.

And the little head, should it come to death,  
Would find its way to Jesus' breast;  
Then would He keep free from all harm,  
So safe and free from earth's alarm.  
"And could I give her up?" you ask;  
It would be hard for poor, weak flesh,  
Still I could with the patriarch say,  
The Lord He gave, and takes away.

Yes, I could see those roses fade,  
That little form in the coffin laid;  
E'en then I would not murmur -- nay,  
Our Father knoweth best away.  
For then she would escape all sin,  
And never know life's bitter stings,  
And when my sojourn here is o'er  
I'd meet her there to part no more.

Oh, help me, Lord! this is my prayer,

To trust all things to Thy loving care;  
While here on earth we both shall roam,  
Help us to say, "Thy will be done."  
(1878)

\* \* \*

MAY BELLE  
(Part Second)

Two years and more have passed away,  
Since the above was written for little May;  
Since then the messenger has come,  
And borne from me my little one.  
So suddenly, without alarm,  
They took my darling from my arms;  
One day and night she suffering lay,  
Then her sweet spirit passed away.

Oh! agony to see her lay,  
Breathing that precious life away;  
Her lips to mine she often pressed,  
That seemed alone to give her rest.  
My heart though broke was hushed and still,  
Peaceful, resigned; it was His will.  
I did not murmur nor repine,  
For the Lord He saith, "They are mine."

Yes, I have seen those roses fade,  
That dear loved form in the coffin, laid,  
Brushed back those long bright rings of gold,  
Pressed the last time those lips so cold.  
Freely, tho' sadly, I resign  
A treasure that I claimed as mine;  
It was not mine, 'twas lent, not given,  
Has now returned to her native heaven.

Jesus sometimes takes our darlings,  
Translates them to that world so fair.  
Then invites our souls to follow,  
Follow Him and meet them there.

\* \* \* \* \*

## PICTURE NO. 1

Say, was it in dreaming or only in seeming,  
Or was the veil lifted a moment for me,  
A message returning to cheer the heart yearning  
For one who had passed out of sight o'er death's sea.

We were greatly blessed in our first-born, although she was with us less than three years. She was one of those precocious children whose mind developed very early. She really loved the Lord; and of all the songs of Zion, "Give Me Jesus" and "A Home in Heaven" were her favorites.

One day she left her quiet play and came to me, looking up into my face with an intensity of questioning in those soft brown eyes, and said, "Mamma, where is Jesus?" "He lives up in heaven," I said, "but He can look right down here, and can see little May, and He loves you and wants you to be His very own little girl." Her face grew radiant as she listened, and the little form was all aquiver with joyous emotions as she said, "May loves Jesus; May wants to go see Him sometime."

And I gathered her right up in my arms and held her close to my heart, with a strange feeling that she might take wings and flutter away from me; and night after night as I knelt by her bed, I found myself praying to be willing for the Lord to take her, if that was His will.

It was a merciful premonition, for in a few months she took sick and in thirty-six hours she was gone. But before her departure, as I knelt by her bedside, there was something just like a canopy let down from heaven, encompassing me about, stilling the tempest in my spirit, and soothing and loosening the tendrils of my heart till there was such a relinquishment of my treasure into the hands of God that I could not ask to keep her, I was so sure His will was best. And yet for weeks there was that indescribable ache in my heart till it seemed that the physical organ must break, and I wonder yet how mothers endure and live on without this blessed submissive trust in God. Of course, I know that not every mother loved as I had loved. May was such a welcome child, and matured far beyond her years, and we were very close companions, really a part one another. I was glad she was safe in the Glory world, and would not yield to the selfish desire to want her back, and yet I did not know how to go on living without her.

Heaven seemed far away, and all it contained of interest to me was my baby May.

The Lord in great mercy (for my instruction) lifted for a moment the shadowy veil that hangs between our mortal gaze and the world unseen, and I saw my child. She was standing just on the other side. She was robed in shimmering white, and looked as if she had just awakened from a most refreshing sleep. I was so glad to see her, and so eager to go to her, not that she needed me, but oh, I wanted to be with her. (2 Sam. 12:23.) In only a brief glance that was given to the beautiful City of Light (Rev. 21:23) my whole concern was my darling child and to get to her.

But that soft, clear, strong light of the City shone (Prov. 4:18) back over the pathway that led to her, away back to where my faltering feet had paused.



I saw it was straight and narrow, and made up of steppingstones (the promises of God) through a marshy, miry country, where it would be unsafe to step aside or miss one's footing.

There were deeply worn footprints in those solid rocks, and some were stained with blood; and on either side was a dark, forbidding wilderness inhabited by creeping reptiles and beasts of prey; and I shuddered as I thought, "What else?"

The distance seemed so far, and the road rough and dangerous, and it looked like an impossibility for me to make it through; and how could I ever get across that deep, dark, turbulent stream to the other side? I was sinking down into hopelessness bordering on despair, when involuntarily I lifted my eyes from the hardness of the way, and again the vision drew near. Little May was still looking this way, and upon that glory-lit face I saw an expression of earnest desire and understanding, that wordless soul language; and, following her enraptured gaze as she looked up toward the City, my eyes beheld something that wonderfully encouraged and comforted my heart. I saw an almighty arm (Psa. 89:13) reaching out and out, clear down to where, in my discouragement, I had stopped. A strong, right hand clasped mine (Psa. 73:23), and I heard a reassuring voice say: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isa. 41:10.)

There were many helpful lessons taught from this, but the outstanding lessons were misadjustment. Unconsciously I had given the dear departed the first place in my affections, which must ever be held sacred to God, or we close the channel of enabling grace and, discouraged, we soon sink into despair.

When I realized the misadjustment, in humble acknowledgment very definitely did I appeal to the Lord, and in mercy He made the readjustment, and again held His legitimate supreme place in my affections, and the precious child was given her proper place. (Matt. 10:37.)

Then, and then only, could His right hand uphold, and enable me to follow in those footprints (1 Pet. 2:21), step by step on to the end, and then bear me over that dark, dividing stream so gently that I will hardly realize there is a river of death to cross.

"For I'll clasp the dear hand of my Savior,  
He'll bear me safe over its foam;  
And I'll fear not the swelling of Jordan,  
For Jesus embraces His own."

\* \* \*

## PICTURE NO. 2

Was it dreaming, or did my eyes behold them,  
Those winding stairs let down from heaven,  
Was it dreaming, or was that form descending,  
The child whose death my heart had riven?

The same fair face of angel beauty,  
The same bright frame of golden hair,  
The same sweet thoughtfulness of duty,  
The same great love for me was there.

A child no more, but radiant girlhood rarely  
If e'er beheld by mortal eyes.  
Was this the child long years ago departed,  
This glorious being from the skies.  
She told me ere this world's pollution  
Had touched her, God in arms of love  
Had placed her 'mid angel instructors  
In His vast training school above.

And graciously to her had now been given  
A silent ministry sublime;  
Bring close to human hearts the peace of heaven  
And breathe to them true joy Divine;  
To guard and guide the tried and tempted,  
Still pointing upward all the way,  
From sin and self to Jesus only  
Till night-tide breaks in heavenly day.

During my long stay at the hospital, although I was ever conscious that "underneath were the everlasting arms" and was at rest, yet there were times when I longed for the kindly faces of friends, and especially for the children, for I had never before been separated from them.

It was at one of those times of "aloneness" (a decade and more later) that the incident mentioned in the foregoing verses occurred. It would seem that soul language was ever wordless but clearly understood by those in perfect oneness (John 17:22) or accord.

It was a momentary surprise to see her thus developed into beautiful girlhood, for I had always thought of her as I saw her last, a supremely happy little child.

And yet it seemed perfectly reasonable that a child would not remain a dwarf in that heavenly country.

The thought of being given such a blessed ministry was precious, and I wondered if that was what the Scripture had reference to, where it reads, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" (Heb. 1:14.)

She had come first to my side, and it was left an open question with me whether or not she should remain and minister to me in my loneliness. What a joy! was my first thought, for I had missed her so.

But as I thought of the "world weary," and the unsaved everywhere, I said, "My child, I know the Savior, and so many do not; how could I hold you here for my comfort? No, go, go on your mission; there is your father, your little brother and sister and, oh, so many who need just such a ministry;" and with uplifted hand I bade her Godspeed, and her face was more luminous with holy joy as she turned to wave her hand as she passed out of the door of my room.

\* \* \*

### PICTURE NO. 3

Another decade had come and gone, and once again a glimpse was given me; it was soon after "the crisis," when "aloneness" was aloneness indeed.

"Though the Healer was there pouring balm on my heart," yet there would roll over me at times an inexpressible longing for just one human companion to confide in, to commune with, and to talk to of the Lord's gracious dealings.

I was very sick at the time, and it seemed as though those great waves of loneliness would surely engulf me. Suddenly the curtain was drawn apart just a little way; and once more I saw my child, not as a little child, nor yet as the beautiful girl that I remembered so well, but as an incomparable woman, matured in face and form.

She was seated at some large musical instrument, and under her gentle touch there pealed forth soft, heavenly strains entrancingly sweet, far beyond the most superlative earthly music.

But what held me transfixed with astonishment was the character I saw depicted upon that tranquil face, symmetrical Christian character, the most exalted beauty of all that is beautiful. Would I could find words to even faintly portray it!

I was standing at one side, in that wonderful light that was streaming down, in rapturous contemplation of the marvelous development of character of the dwellers in that sinless land; and I saw far more clearly than I did away back there, as I knelt by the bedside of my dying child, that God's will was best, and I was deeply grateful for the years of separation for her sake. My heart was full of silent, adoring praise when the voice of my Savior whispered softly to my soul, "When you have finished your course in the earth life, this treasure that you were willing to relinquish to Me (although with aching heart), enduring the painful separation and loneliness without a murmur because it was my will -- this child, with all this surpassing development of character and acquired knowledge of this heavenly life, is to be your companion, instructor, and guide, and no more will your heart hunger (Rev. 7:16) for human comradeship, for every inherent desire of the human heart shall be fully met, satisfied" (Psa. 17:15) over there. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." (Rev. 21:4.)

I would be glad to pause in the narrative at this point, but the Divine urge is still upon me, and I must finish the picture although it is sad. Just over in the shadowy darkness stood another, his face dark with impotent rage, glaring at me as I stood with bowed head in that blessed light (Psa.

27:1; Psa. 84:11) that protected me as with a shield. (Psa. 119:114; Psa. 28:7.) Poor man, he hated, and drew back from the light. (John 3:19.) He did not like the music, was at variance and out of harmony with everything there, and yet he was signally drawn toward this surpassing noble woman who was once his little child. He seemed to be pouring out to her his grievances against me, but all I overheard was the answer that she gave him in tones of the most gentle, patient, forbearing love; it was just these words, "It is because you do not understand."

And those few words told the whole sad story of this poor man's pitiful distress, and the sorrow it had brought to others. (2 Cor. 4:4.)

The calm, tender sympathy in that face, the reassuring tone of her voice, as well as those gentle words, were corroboration of this great truth.

"There's no place where earthly sorrows are more felt than up in heaven.  
There's no place where earthly failings have such kindly judgment given."  
(John 3:16.)

Say! was it dreaming or only in seeming,  
Or was the veil lifted a moment for me,  
A message returning to cheer the heart yearning,  
For one who had passed out of sight o'er death's sea?

\* \* \* \* \*

083 -- THE DAUGHTER I KEPT AND LOST -- (Eph. 6:4)

The second little daughter, with her blue eyes and yellow curls, was a delicate, highly sensitive little creature, requiring much quiet, patient care and protection. Fragile and fair, nervously active, gentle and loving, but acutely susceptible to the least rudeness. Her heart was like the sensitive plant whose leaves close at the slightest touch.

Perhaps much of this delicately beautiful nature was due to the deep, tender stirrings of my own heart in the death of the first-born a few months previous to her birth. I have since understood that sometimes prenatally there is given a trend of character, of mind molding, at the expense of body building, which may account for her early frailty. As I look back now, I can see she was like a beautiful "orchid" in uncongenial soil. While she said nothing, she suffered and early resented many things that a nature less susceptible would not have felt.

Possibly I might have shielded her even more than I did, if I had realized, as I did later, that in those early childhood years those beautiful characteristics can be suppressed and actually killed out, in a sensitive nature. Many children have been robbed (Isa. 42:22) by the thoughtless, self-pleasing way one or both parents had of expressing the love they have for them. ("Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord" [Psa. 127:3] not playthings.) Her father's way was to tease. He teased her about her cat, he teased her about her doll, he teased her by a nickname, teased and shamed her if he saw her show affection for mother. She was inwardly pained and ever tried to escape; I saw she suffered, but he couldn't see it, and said, "Why, that is just my way." I did so hope he would

see; and he did, but not until that beautiful something had been slowly put to death, and she ceased to show affections, and in her fruitless effort to escape being teased she resented it with flushed face and flashing eyes. Then he blamed her, and censured her mother; and with a heart full of pity for them both I quietly stood between, as a silent peacemaker, and the dear girl never could know how I suffered in her stead. As it was, she was sadly robbed, warped, and embittered far beyond what I had realized, and it was hard for her to understand Mother. Much as I tried to, I did not always understand her, especially as she grew older, but I loved her. We are not commanded to understand people, but we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves. (James 2:8.)

I loved her tenderly, yet did not often show my affections, for there seemed to be a shrinking away instead of response. I see now, that was one among my many mistakes. Though she had studiously avoided any show of affections between us, lest she be teased, until that normal trait of childhood was atrophied -- wasted away for want of expression -- yet I might have found a way to bring back life again.

"Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried  
That grace can restore.

Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken  
Will vibrate once more."

She was never very strong, and sick spells were frequent; but she was very trustworthy and efficient, a very dutiful child.

She was in her twelfth year when I became an invalid, and so frail that she stayed with me at the hospital several months, and was given careful medical attention, and became well, and grew to be a strong, healthy woman. My going to the hospital was a special providence for her, else she might have had poor health all her life.

She was a most welcome addition to the hospital family. Thoughtful and gentle in her ways, with her fair, delicate face and long, bright hair of gold, she quietly glided through those long halls like a gleam of sunshine, a comfort to many a weary sufferer. The doctors laughingly called her "The little head nurse," and she was a modest, unspoiled favorite among them all.

We were never together very many months at a time after that; and being separated so much during the most rapid formative period in a girl's life, she most naturally grew away from Mother, and could never feel the tie between us as sweet and strong as if it had been otherwise. But Mother's heart was ever unchanged toward her child.

For some years I was in the hospital; for several years she was away at school, then there was a year of apprenticeship. Then came that early marriage, disappointment, trouble, enforced widowhood, with a babe in arms, bravely fighting for principle for the sake of her child,

single-handed and alone, without a Savior's guiding hand. The mercy of the Lord overshadowed her, and in answer to prayer there was an occasional touch of Divinity upon her soul, but no real yielding of her poor closed heart to God. (Rev. 3:20.)

Many other sad things came, and she drifted away, and for a year she was lost to me. The verses below express the appeal of a mother's heart pleading for the long-looked-for letter from her child:

### SHE'S LOVING YOU YET

Before your infant eyes beheld the vaulted skies,  
Your mother was loving you.  
And when upon her breast your helpless head was pressed,  
Your mother was loving you.

All through frail childhood's years, so fraught with hopes and fears,  
As youth, maturity, nears, with greater hope and tears,  
E'en when sin's blight appears, down through the lengthening years,  
Your mother was loving you.

Amid the world's mad rush, comes not a thought, sweet, hushed,  
Of mother still loving you.  
You sleep, perchance to dream some childhood's happy scene,  
Of mother still loving you.

As morning dawns you say, "I'll write to her today;"  
But months speed swift away, you fail the vows to pay,  
Those words your heart would say to cheer life's rugged way  
For mother that's loving you.

Her hair is whitening fast, this life will soon be past,  
For mother, still loving you.  
Soon, soon, beyond the veil, her storm-tossed barque will sail,  
This mother that's loving you.

Would you that love return, haste ere that way-worn form  
From sight and reach is borne, your heart with anguish torn  
With vain regrets that burn deep in the heart that yearns  
For mother that's loving you.

### CHORUS:

She's loving you yet, she's loving you yet,  
Though none of her love you're returning.  
She's loving you yet.  
And o'er you her heart's ever yearning,

She's loving you yet.  
(Isa. 49:15.)

A few months before I came South, she came to see me (my precious girl), and together we visited Victoria, B. C. This was a pleasure long remembered. But when the time came that she must return to her home, the parting was painful indeed. I was so very frail, with such serious sick spells, that I lived right on the border land; and the dear child was still unsaved, and I had no hope of seeing her again. Something of my feeling in parting was given expression in:

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### MEMORY'S PICTURES

This picture ofttimes comes to me:  
A bay of dimpling water,  
Upon the pier in waiting there  
A mother and her daughter.  
The younger was of restless air,  
Intent on pleasure without care,  
The world seemed all so bright and fair,  
Like bay of dimpling waters.

The older face, with pain lines drawn,  
That spoke of much endurance,  
And yet God's peace reflected there  
The calm of deep assurance.  
Just now the teardrops fain would start,  
With heaving breast and aching heart  
She watched the daughter dear embark  
Upon those dimpling waters.

And as the steamer speeds away  
Her crowds for pleasure craving,  
The mother stands out on the pier,  
Her 'kerchief bravely waving.  
Hand raised to heaven, she would remain  
While deeper grew those lines of pain.  
She ne'er may see her child again  
Across those dimpling waters.

She seems to see apast the scene,  
Out on life's rolling ocean,  
This Soul adrift, unpiloted  
Amidst the storm's commotion.  
The eyes were closed to Bethlehem's Star,  
Great rocks and reefs lay everywhere,

And derelicts near and far,  
With wreckage all about her.

That picture ne'er can be forgot,  
Not by that fair-faced daughter,  
Of mother standing on the pier  
Beside the dimpling water.  
The hand upraised as if in prayer,  
With hope's fair signal waving there,  
All point away from earth's despair,  
To Bethlehem's Star and heaven.

Long years have come, long years have gone,  
Like sand Life's scenes have shifted;  
And this sad picture, too, has changed,  
To brighter realms been lifted.  
The moaning harbor bar is past,  
The wave-worn barque has anchor cast,  
And heaven re-echoed, "Home at last,"  
In welcome to that Mother.

The daughter's heart has weary grown,  
Earth disappoints, full measure.  
She lifts her eyes to heaven at last  
To which she's been a stranger.  
She seems to see her mother there,  
That pain-lined face Divinely fair,  
And glory falling everywhere  
Upon those sparkling waters.

Out on the pier with waving hand,  
Not good-bye, No! Inviting,  
Still pointing to God's guiding Star,  
Life's troubled waves enlight'ning.  
"This way! this way! the light pursue,  
Take Christ on board, a Pilot true,  
Give Him control, He'll bring you through  
To heaven's tranquil waters."

To my daughter on her fifteenth birthday (written on the flyleaf of a Bible.)

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet."

When you learn to love your Bible  
And you can say, "My Father's Word,"



Listening to the sweetest music  
Human ears have ever heard;  
Then, though life be rough and wild,  
God will safely lead my child.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Psa. 119:105.)

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#### 084 -- EARLIER EXPERIENCE IN GRACE

"There is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. 2:11).

Were I asked what one isolated Scripture truth had brought most encouragement to me personally, and also later on in interceding for others, I would answer without hesitation that it was the Scripture at the reading of this chapter. The realization of the absolute impartiality of God is a preponderous fulcrum for the leverage of faith.

How often we mothers recall dates and incidents by the birth or age of the children. It was during the year before my son was born that there came to me through the mails a paper entitled "The Christian Standard." There was very little in it that I could grasp, but there were a few personal testimonies that told of living day after day, and year after year, with peace unbroken, in conscious fellowship with God, that awakened within me a longing for such abiding peace. But I said, "That is not for me; those people have not inherited such a temper as I have, that at times is like a boiling caldron within me, and that occasionally, in spite of all that I can do, boils over; and impatient words are spoken that break up all that sweet peace in my soul until restored by the forgiveness of God. No, that is not for such as I." Yet that longing was there, and I could not dismiss those testimonies. One day, while reading my Bible, these words were spoken into my soul. "There is no respect of persons with God," and a faint hope sprang up.

We were living on the frontier, a day's drive from the nearest hamlet where there was a little church, and a few of the faithful who were interested enough in lost humanity to sacrifice much; and you know "this work goes only by sacrifice."

Husband's sister for some time had been in failing health and had been calling for us; and to grant her dying request we must needs pass through the little village where, unknown to us, there was a holiness camp meeting in progress. Husband was detained there for several days on business, which gave to me the opportunity such as I longed for, but had not anticipated was in the realm of possibility. (How the providences of God do dovetail.)

There I heard a few similar testimonies and looked into the shining faces that corroborated their statements, and listened to such blessed truths that a great heart hunger drew me to the altar of prayer, with the hope that, as God is no respecter of persons, perhaps I too could find a place of peace without interruptions (often of long-drawn-out intervals). You see, my comprehension of this blessed "work" was very meager; but that hope (Rom. 2:11) and my hungry heart drew me on, for I saw something in the face of Frank Ashcraft (who was the evangelist), a glory that I could not

describe, and I wanted what he had, was about all I could have put into words. The Lord understood as I did not, how the life of God had died out in my soul; and He did the best He could, pardoned my sins, restoring the lost peace and fellowship with God. This is the only thing He can do for an unconscious backslider seeking the second work of grace, and this is a gracious gift from His hand; I would never in the least minimize the first work of grace, for it is great.

We went on to the suffering sister, and found her near the crossing. The Lord used me to help her into a place of peace, and she entered into rest with her tired head pillowed upon the bosom of Jesus.

After my return home, there were peculiar, painful conflicts; for that mother's dying request was, that I should take her daughter into my heart and home, and bring her up with my own little girl three years younger, but this had been denied me by other relatives who loved the child. That unfulfilled promise was a great sorrow, and my only recourse was prayer: and this kept me in close touch with the Master, and after awhile I could leave it with Him. Then He very gently drew my attention to the fact that the possible reason that the fulfillment of my request was not permitted was this inherited high temper which used so often in the past to formulate impatient words, though so wonderfully held in subjection now by His grace. Oh, how I did want to get rid of that thing! Why, I felt I was not a fit mother to my own child, with that boiling caldron inside; and I was right.

I would pray, and when I would feel peaceful, I would think, "Now it's gone." Then something would come up, and it would begin to boil; then I would pray again, and say, "It's gone; I have got rid of it now." One evening, when very weary, near the point of exhaustion, while preparing the restless four-year-old for bed, I was terribly tempted to draw back my hand in anger and strike the child. I did not do so, nor did I speak one impatient word, but went on quietly and tucked the frail, nervous little creature in her crib, and gave her a good-night kiss as usual. Then I went to my own bed and laid my head upon the pillow, well-nigh in despair, and cried out in the agony of my heart, "O Lord, it is not gone; and if there ever is anything done, you will have to do it, for I cannot."

Just at that juncture something happened. Instantaneously, the great river of God's peace was turned into my soul, and I just thanked the Lord, and in my weariness dropped asleep. Later on, husband aroused me to ask a question, and as I answered him, I put my hand over my heart in blessed consciousness of that wonderful peace. The next morning when I awakened, I said, "Why, it is still there," and all through the day it was still there. Marvelous peace beyond anything I had ever felt up to that time! I did not know what had taken place, but hymns of praise were on my lips as I went about my work. It was the greatest day of my life so far. As I was singing that dear old hymn,

"Down at the cross where my Savior died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,  
There to my heart was the blood applied,"

the reason of this inexpressible peace suddenly dawned upon me.

Why, that caldron that would boil, that I had such a time to keep from boiling over, had been taken out, it was actually gone, and the gratitude of my happy heart must find some expression -- and I sang on and on:

"Glory to His name, Glory to His name,  
There to my heart was the blood applied,  
Glory to His name."

It was like the peace that I had enjoyed intermittently for years, yet so different; it was that, and muck more. It was like the current of a calm, majestic river that not only poured through my soul, but lifted me and bore me upon its broad bosom along over every opposing force. There was much of trial and suffering; I was in it, but not under it. My head and heart constantly bathed in the peaceful sunlight of heaven, and my feet only touching the earth. Then I too knew what it was to live without conscious defilement -- to have unmarred peace and unbroken fellowship with God. (John 1:7.)

Let me whisper softly a precious secret. That blessed second work of grace wrought in the heart of that mother put no small impress upon the unborn. It was remarkable how from infancy that child's face was toward the Lord, as naturally as the flower turns toward the sun, and the rebirthing of his soul took place so early in life that the epoch was scarcely discernible. But that "solar light" in his face, as we talked together of our Lord, and his loving thoughtfulness to please Him, the hymns of praise that he loved to sing with Mother, and the spontaneity of heart response that he gave to everything pertaining to the Kingdom, all corroborated the fact of the new birth, all through his childhood years and continuing on into manhood's estate.

Later on, as I have seen him stand behind the sacred desk, with the light of God radiating from his earnest face, discoursing upon Scripture truth that had first been revealed to his own heart (1 Cor. 2:10) and lived out in his own life, and in consequence was so freighted with the power of the Spirit that it pierced through opposing forces and the inertia of the human mind, and found lodgment in the hearts of the hearers, with deep, humble gratitude to God have I realized the truth of "the promise" that I had long clung to with unyielding faith (Acts 2:37) "was unto us and our children."

How often the sacred words of Jesus (Matt. 11:25, 26) have re-echoed as from my own heart, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," and made of it all an offering unto "our own God."

The sacred opportunity of prenatal influence is often overlooked by mothers, as it is also by fathers. But if these fundamental laws were regarded, much could be accomplished that later on would make it easier for our children to yield their hearts to God, and be happy here and hereafter in His glad service. "For the promise is unto you, and your children." "And there is no respect of persons with God" (Prey. 22:6). But I must go on with the story.

A few months later, when I went down into the valley of death, so near the crossing that the physician lost hope, I lay upon those billows of peace as upon a bed of down, (Psa. 41:3.) All was

in the hands of my blessed Savior. There was no break in that peace. I recall dear Sister Norris tenderly laying her hand upon my forehead, and asking me if I was ready and willing to go. "Yes," I said, "If that is the Lord's will." Then I thought of my two little ones and the unsaved husband, and added, "But I feel my work is unfinished." I remember her answer as if it were yesterday, for it was a great truth, and perfected the resignation of my heart with a comfort beyond what she could understand. She gently said, "Yes, I know, but there was but One who could truly say at life's closing, 'It is finished.' " And I lay there as helpless as the infant by my side, yet so sweetly resting upon the will of God, whatever that might be, that it did not matter which was His will.

When the tide did turn, in recovering, I am sorry to say that I did just what others of God's children have done, and are doing (and the very thing that often bars out Divine help for the body). The loving care, the gentle ministry of friends, the bliss of reclining in my helplessness in those everlasting arms so consciously underneath, were so sweet that even with returning strength, when I should have taken up practical Christian living, there was an unrecognized selfish choosing, I wanted to be "carried" still. Or in other words, I chose to follow the inclinations of the natural, instead of denying the natural, taking up my cross daily, and following Jesus (Matt. 16:24), not considering what such a seemingly legitimate, pleasing choice would lead to, or how, of necessity, to selfishly hold to any of God's blessings would mean a forfeiture of that which we so much desired. "He that saveth his life shall lose it," is applicable here as elsewhere. I see it all clearly now, for I have learned much by the things I have suffered.

I was painfully conscious of loss -- a check in the flow of peace, a sudden narrowing down of that great river to a tiny rivulet, and the gradual departure of that gracious atmosphere that "enviored me around." I felt it all going, but did not know the reason, or how to retain it, or how to call it back. (I say "it," because I thought only of the experience at that time, as many do now, and did not reverently recognize "Him" who brought in the experience at His coming.)

Intuitively I knew the fault was on my side, but how to help it I knew not; and was so reticent, confused, and ashamed that I said nothing to those who might have helped me to understand, for the loss seemed irreparable from the beginning. Then the temptation was pressed upon me, that after God's having once given me such a wonderful experience, and I had forfeited it, He would never trust me with such an experience again, and I need not expect it. It looked so reasonable that I believed it to be true, and gave up all hope of the restoration of such marvelous peace. I often thanked the Lord (for I was grateful) for every temporal mercy, but did not feel that I had any right to ask for spiritual blessings, no not one, because of that awful forfeiture.

I know now that I was right where I have found other bewildered souls who have in some way accepted a misinterpretation of Heb. 5:4, 5, 6 and 10:26, or rather failed to read on and get the connections; and I have "stood by" in faith, and rejoiced to see the blessed Holy Spirit lead them back to Calvary again, and they saw clearly that "there was no more sacrifice for sin;" or in other words, "there was no greater sacrifice for sin, there was nothing that could be greater." They must trust Calvary, if they would escape the doom described in verse 27, and in trusting were led out into liberty and usefulness again.

But I have digressed. I was ever conscientious and careful in my daily living, but keenly felt the loss; but did not know that it came about by yielding to the inclination of the poor weak

human nature instead of following the will of God; and was then blindly held fast in hopeless bondage by believing the adversary. At that time I did not understand the character of our blessed Heavenly Father, as I have been learning since, and had very little knowledge of what "is written;" and you have observed that those who do not study the sacred page and the writings of spiritual men are the ones who are most easily snared by the enemy.

But the memory of it was very precious, and over and over I would live those wonderful days, appreciative indeed that the memory was left to me, but without a hope that it could be returned.

I would never blame anyone who finds comfort in looking back to some blessed experience, for they may have been "ensnared" as was I; and the memory of long lost blessings is sometimes their only comfort, and is often used of God to arouse the dormant heart hunger and engender hope. They deeply need our genuine, Divinely inspired sympathy, our longsuffering of pure love, our patience of hope, and the encouragement of those who can in true testimony say, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we have escaped." (Psa. 124:7.) Neither doth God respect any person; yet he doth devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him." (2 Sam. 14:14.) It was so in my case.

After two long years of groping among the shadows, I heard a stranger testify to how the enemy had held him in bondage in a very similar way, and how the Lord had delivered him and given back to him the long lost joy of God's great salvation. I listened in astonishment, for he seemed to be talking out of the secret place of my own soul; and away down in my heart there was that still small voice whispering, "There is no respect of persons with God;" and the hope that I thought had long since died out began to stir in my bosom once more.

It was some time before I met the conditions and full restoration took place; and even then some years elapsed before I had an intellectual knowledge of the work wrought in the heart, and became intelligently established. (Isa. 33:5, 6.) But through it all, I held fast to the truth of the absolute impartiality of God. What He had done for one He would do for another. And it has been like an anchor that has held my barque steady in many a storm, and like a lodestone that has drawn me on, ever breathing hope and courage and possibilities in grace, till I can gather inspiration from every one I meet advanced in the spiritual life.

In speaking of one whom I had more recently met, I said to a sister, "They surely do exalt the Christ and seem to be of rare saintliness of character, clothed with true humility, a wonderful reflection of the Spirit of the Master." They must have found a lower place at the feet of Jesus. Can I not find a closer walk? A more practical consecration, a more supreme sanctification? A still lower place at the pierced feet of Him I do love, because He first so loved me? Can I not find a way to "let my light (His light within me) so shine" that they will not observe the little taper, but see only the light, and behold the Lamb?

Oh, can I not yet, more and more, exalt the Savior, the majestic Christ? Surely this is for me, because there is no respect of persons with our God. (Ex. 15:2; 2 Sam. 22:47; Psa. 99:5; 34:3; Isa. 25:1; Psa. 45:10; Isa. 2:2, 3; Deut. 10:17-22.)

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085 -- "ASKED OF GOD" -- (PART FIRST) -- (1 Sam. 1:27, 28)

When we ask a gift from God, for His glory, and in His own good time it comes to us, how prone we are to forget that any claim we may have must be held subservient to the will of God, the Giver.

I seemed to need frequent testings and sometimes readjustments to maintain that attitude toward my son.

It is significant to note that when one has a real heart faith in a promise of God, their "countenance is no more sad." (1 Sam. 1:18.) It gives a sacred, secret, joyful anticipation in the waiting time, and that in itself has much to do in laying a foundation of nobility of character. Also many special providences are often worked in.

One was the privilege of a few days at a camp meeting, en route to the dying bed of a very dear relative, and helping her down through "the valley of the shadow," and seeing her soul lean upon the bosom of Jesus and breathe her life out sweetly there, after receiving her last request, that I should rear her little daughter soon to be motherless.

Later on, alone in my home, being led of the Lord, through, into the real experience of entire sanctification, these were special providences that set a seal of no small value.

The instinctive tendency of the boy was toward the Lord, as naturally as a flower toward the sun; also a strong aversion and turning away from wrong. The endeavor to constantly realize that he belonged to Another, to be reared for the Giver, was to me no small stimulus regarding my own life and example, and the spirit in which I dealt with the child, using tact and kind consideration in parental authority, much as one would with the child of a dear friend left for a few weeks in their custody. With all this there was a great wealth of mother love purified and merged into love Divine which drew us very close together, and as he grew older, into a rare fellowship; we were never happier than when entirely alone, and often confidences were exchanged, and questions were reverently discussed, that he would not have breathed to anyone but Mother. Certain books were placed in his hands, and he grew into manhood uncontaminated.

"Pure from the heart to the lips  
As pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its very leaf tips."

From his infancy the only question asked was, "Is it right?" and everything was left to him to settle according to his best knowledge of right and wrong (tactfully assisted with obscured counsel and much prayer).

Thus he early became a law unto himself, a law based upon the principles of doing right because it is right, which is no small factor, often overlooked or neglected in those early childhood years. So firmly fixed was this principle that, even through those years off adolescence that are so

trying to both parent and child, there was no friction. We did not always see things alike, but there was much confidence between us, and as we talked things over, we could agree to disagree. But usually he would see from Mother's viewpoint later on.

At one time he started out on Sabbath desecration, against his principles, in company with a friend (?) older than himself. But in the small hours of the morning of that night of prayer, the Lord said this to me, "I will set in motion a power that will meet and turn him back," and I went to my rest, and "my countenance was no more sad.." The next day he volunteered the information that he was through with that "friend."

There were many perplexities to be met along the way. For He who spake to my heart, and said, "Take this child and nurse it for me," drew my attention to many truths, as in Eph. 6:4, and to the importance of "nurture and admonition." His father was unsaved, and at times I must need take my stand strong against certain questionable things that seemed all right to him; sometimes it brought misunderstanding and trial, but I held quietly to God's way, and "prayer changes things." Personally, I felt a grave responsibility as one who must give an account, and dared not shrink any known duty on any line concerning this boy.

I cannot remember back when he did not give clear evidence, by his testimony and his life, of real salvation. (Prov. 20:11.) Coming home from church when about twelve years old, he said to me, "Mother, when was I converted? I know I am saved, but I cannot remember when nor where." It was because he was too young to recall that great event of being born from above, and I contend that this is the way that the Lord intended it should be. (Psa. 144:12; 2 Tim. 3:15.)

About his sixteenth year he had his first privilege of attending a holiness camp meeting; and in seeking that blessed experience so clearly taught, to his amazement he received an unmistakable call to preach the Gospel, and later on to go as a missionary to China. His astonishment and humility were so great that he could hardly bring himself to confide the sacred secret even to Mother, for he expected my surprise would equal his own. For an answer I silently placed the Bible in his hands, open at the first chapter of First Samuel.

When he had finished reading he looked up into my face and, with a hushed voice reverently said, "My mother, and why didn't you tell me?" I laid my hand upon his shoulder and said, "My son, I wanted you to get your call direct from God." It was a most sacred hour between us. Our hearts bowed and blended in holy acquiescence to the will of God, at this great epoch in his life.

To his father it was like a heavy blow. Poor unsaved man! he had his plans, and had built great hopes (self-centered of course) upon this noble boy fast developing into manhood, and for days he went about silent, his face white and sad with disappointment. But the fear of God was upon him, and he said little. It was indeed keen suffering for this father, for he was unwilling to accept the fact that the claims of God came first.

From that epoch, son's life was changed. With his heart burning with the love of Jesus, he improved every opportunity: doing pointed personal work, testifying and preaching on the streets, in missions, and in homes, visiting all kinds of dens of iniquity, distributing tracts -- anything,

anywhere, just to help a soul. The actual attitude of his consecrated spirit was, "Send me to the first man I meet or to the heathen over the sea."

It was not very long until the Lord led him among a company of believers who have stood out against all forms of evil and unswervingly true to Bible principles, for more than a century (a people that Dr. Godbey, of precious memory, was wont to call "The backbone of the Holiness Movement). He was taken into the Conference and was given a pastorate. He was greatly blessed in the pulpit. I recall hearing him preach from the text, "Launch out into the deep" (Luke 5:4), and his face shone as if lit up from within. (Ex. 34:29.) So wonderful was that "solar light" upon his countenance that different ones spoke of it long afterwards.

There occurred an incident that I never quite understood. The day he joined the Conference there came before me as a panorama the request (1 Sam. 1:27, 28), and on down through his life, and I could see all had been leading up to this, another epoch, when he should take his stand by the side of these men of God to preach the everlasting Gospel; and my heart was deeply grateful for what God had wrought, when suddenly the tears began to course down my face, and I wondered why. The meeting adjourned, and dear Brother Glenn (long since in glory) pressed through the crowd to where I stood; reaching out my hand appealingly to him, I said, "Brother Glenn! What is the matter with me? Why, for this cause was he born, and am I rebellious?" and the tears fell fast. He clasped my hand, saying reassuringly, "No, Sister Helm, you are not rebellious, it is the separation." And to my surprise the tears were coursing down his kind, benevolent face.

He was naturally studious, and had collected quite a library of strong, helpful books, and had an in, tense desire for the higher branches of learning. Later on his Elder and spiritual friends encouraged him to work his way through a course at the P\_\_\_\_ College. He was just as self-forgetful and busy for the Lord in his school life as elsewhere, and many among the student body were encouraged by the true kindness of spirit in his common everyday life. J. B. often spoke of the kindly interest he had shown him, and how much it meant when he, an entire stranger, first entered the college. (Matt. 25:35.)

Through a most peculiar providence I was with him some two years later, when he was taken seriously sick. All through his life there had been not a few testing times in sickness, which proved to my own heart the enablings of grace to maintain the attitude of yieldedness to the will of God. He belonged to the Lord, and He had the supreme right to take him to that world above, or leave him here in this world whatever would bring most glory to His name. My mother heart, with all its love, and appreciation of the comfort of his fellowship, was ever held in subservience.

I often think how essential it is to go through each testing that comes, unwaveringly holding to the principles of consecration and faith in God, for only thus are we enabled to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," when some crucial test is permitted to come upon us. I often think of Jer. 12:5: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how will thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"



I am sure that had I swerved from this settled rule of action back there, I should have broken down and failed God in this unprecedented test. It is a strong fulcrum on which to rest the leverage of faith, to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," and "He faileth never."

Dr. M\_\_\_\_ was not only a good doctor, but also a kind friend. But complications made the case serious indeed. For weeks I watched over my boy day and night (supported with supernatural strength), my eyes unto the Lord, my heart echoing, "Thy will, Thy way." Lower and lower he sank until one never-to-be-forgotten night, his feet actually touched the chill waters of death. He was cold and clammy, with pulse only sixteen a minute, and breath shortening -- unmistakably in a dying condition.

I realized it all, and yet my heart kept saying, "He belongs to Thee, annul death and lengthen his life, or let him slip over the border into heaven, according to Thy will."

It was far into the night; there was no one to send after Dr. M\_\_\_\_ if I had wanted him. But the fact was, I never thought of the doctor, and I am fully persuaded as I look back that son was beyond all human help. But if ever our Savior Friend manifested His presence to mortal man, it was in those midnight hours. Jesus Christ was there in person. He was the Lord of life, and held the keys (Rev. 1:18), and unto Him belong the issues from death. (Psa. 68:20.) I knew He could do as was His will with His own, be it life or death, and I felt no fear as I wiped the cold death damp from the brow of my unconscious child.

But the will of God proved to be added years, and as Jesus the Christ bent over the unconscious form rapidly growing cold in death, there was an impartation of "the life of the Son of God." "Death could not claim his prey," Jesus was Lord. The pulse began to quicken, the body became warm, and wearily opening his eyes he whispered, "Mother, I'm -- so -- sick." "Yes, my son, but Jesus is right here," and he breathed a faint, satisfied sigh, and was soon peacefully sleeping.

I knelt low at the feet of my Lord. The very air was surcharged, and my entire being was inundated by the pervading presence of Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

When Dr. \_\_\_\_ came the next morning, he was still too weak to lift his hand, and the doctor looked shocked; and as I rehearsed the experience of the past night, his face blanched, he shook his head, and huskily said, "Why didn't you send for me?" But I am quite sure he felt, as did I, that a greater than Dr. \_\_\_\_ was here. (Matt. 12:42, last clause.)

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086 -- "ASKED OF GOD" -- (PART SECOND)

A year and more had passed, and there was another testing time, severe, protracted, and in connection with others, and much involved. Changes had come; from among the noble college girls he had chosen one to be his wife, a sweet, dignified little lady, but without the integrity that comes with a settled Christian experience. He lavished upon her the great wealth of affection such as a nature like his only could bestow. And she, dear child, loving him (selfishly) did not see how she

could share his affection with his mother, and quietly stepped in between. There was no friction, and nothing was ever said, for I had learned of Christ to suffer, be still, and triumph. Instead of his rising up in his manhood, as the head of his own house, and finding a way to gently bring about an understanding that Mother was ever to have her rightful place (which would have been true kindness to the girl wife) he took the way of the least resistance and was silent, while she, to her own hurt, secretly exulted in the conquest. Thus each of them took a step in the wrong direction.

With the responsibilities of a home, he did not see how he could go forward with his studies or pursue his calling (Luke 14:20) and, shocking as it is to say it, the plans of his Creator that he had been so happy in carrying out all through his twenty-three years, and the clearly outlined program for his life in the future, were disregarded and set aside.

He had his own plans and program all laid out to work up to according to his own imperious will. (Rom. 3:16.) As a result he lost the interest in souls that had so characterized him, and there was a drawing away in spirit from Mother, though his outward life was much the same.

I said nothing, but felt it strongly and became desperate in prayer. I spoke to S. C. R., who knew him well (it was in his meeting that he received his call). "He is lapsing back into formality," I said. His rugged face grew ashy with determined faith as he shook his head, and said emphatically, "That young man can't go through that way."

He had been saving up his wages, and was about to consummate a business deal when he was taken sick. Dr. M\_\_\_\_ was again consulted, and found a high temperature and every indication of typhoid fever. With the realization of his physical condition came also something of an awakening as to his spiritual condition. He sent for the pastor (dear Brother M\_\_\_\_, long since entered into his inheritance) and made some concessions; and on the promise of future obedience, pardon was granted, and peace with God again was his, though his body was racked with pain. In spirit he turned toward Mother, as of old. After a week or so the prayer of faith was inspired, and the tide suddenly turned.

Dr. M\_\_\_\_ was agreeably surprised, but he could not understand how it could have come about. But some of us knew it was the Lord, and gave Him the glory.

The men at the "plant" where he had worked, hearing that he had typhoid fever, had taken it upon themselves to hire a trained nurse to care for him. They were a wicked, drinking set of men, and had tried in every way to draw him into their ungodly ways, and this was the way they showed their respect for his staunch adherence to principle.

The nurse was strictly a woman of the world (addicted to intoxicants) and her presence was not conducive (in his weakened condition) in helping him to be true to his convictions, and keep the vows that he had but recently made, that had made possible the peace of pardon and the miraculous arresting of this dread disease, but rather the reverse.

When he found himself so much better, and life seemed before him, instead of death, he turned back to his own way again. (Isa. 53:6.) The "solar light" faded from his countenance, and in spirit he again drew away from Mother.

I was astounded, a heavy burden came upon me, and I crept upstairs to my room, saying, as I went, "O Lord, do not let him up, do not let him up" I cannot tell you how I felt. In the light of heaven I saw the enormity of his sin against his Benevolent Creator, who had brought him into existence; and that out of love for Him, in doing the will of his gracious God, by choice, in joyful obedience, he might enjoy Him all the days of his life here and in heaven for evermore. Then after these few happy years of blessed service, to see him turn from the Lord, from His will and His way, to his own will and way, was almost more than flesh could bear. Burying my face in the pillow to smother the groans, I cried out, "Do not let him up, not until he fully yields. Do not let him get well to live for himself; show Thy face once more in pardon and take his life from the earth!"

It was an awful prayer for a mother to pray. I loved my boy, but God was first (Deut. 13:3), and I could not endure the thought of his living for himself, and not for God, although his life was moral and upright, honorable and honored among men, and even if he should be saved as by fire in the end. I was jealous for my Lord, and with determined faith held to the necessity of his being brought to absolute yieldedness to God at this time, and at any cost, even his life if need be.

Here I rested the case in the hands of God, with that confidence of faith that He was "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." In the morning there was a strange hush as I came downstairs, and I was told that he took a sudden turn for the worse in the night. I found him looking like death, in great pain, anxiously waiting for the doctor's visit.

Dr. M\_\_\_\_'s usually cheerful face grew suddenly grave. Making inquiry and leaving instructions, he said he would be back in the evening, and it might be better to take him to the hospital. He steadily grew worse; and when Dr. M\_\_\_\_ came late in the evening, his verdict was, "Hospital at once, I must have him under competent physicians and nurses every hour; he is a very sick man." And in an ambulance, accompanied by his wife and our beloved pastor, who was like a father to us all, about eleven o'clock he was taken to the hospital, where Dr. M\_\_\_\_ was waiting in counsel with other physicians to diagnose the case.

They found very serious complications had set in, and for many weeks his life hung in the balance, with only the meager encouragement, "While there is life there is hope."

But he yielded, fully yielded to God, not only to preach the glorious Gospel, but also gladly to go in the Lord's time, as a missionary to China. At first he thought that for him to go to far-away China would be a sorrow to Mother in her "aloneness"; but he did not know the absolute consecration of this mother heart, and had forgotten 1 Sam. 1:27, 28, for instead of sorrow it brought a great joy. He talked freely with his pastor and others, sweet was the will of his God and the association of saints again.

Ten weeks in bed left him weak and emaciated, but as soon as his strength would permit he went forward in humble obedience. He wrote me of a revival on his pastorate, telling of a man of considerable prominence that wanted to go through on the compromising line. "But," said he, "I unwaveringly held him to take 'the way,' to surrender to God, and take the only way that brings the glory and makes life a privilege to live." This gave evidence that he had not forgotten his lesson.

"Sickness uninvited comes to every door,  
Breaking in on many plans we've made before;  
But the lessons go so deep  
That are learned in furnace heat  
That we feel to praise the Savior evermore."

I will pause here, though many chapters might be added of testings (Psa. 17:3) and provings (Deut. 8:2), conflicts and the Victory of Faith (1 John 5:4) that must be maintained while life shall last.

Luke 7:12 to 16 was preciously applied to my heart at one time, in the throes of conflict, and at another time was given the poem appended:

\* \* \*

### I SHALL SEE MY BOY IN HEAVEN

This assurance has been given.  
Faith holds steady, firm, and even,  
In the promise of my Lord.  
Though a thousand miles divide us,  
Or an ocean roll between us,  
God above is watching o'er us,  
And I rest upon His word.

Fought this fight of faith from childhood,  
Through those years of early manhood,  
Oh! the powers of hell I've withstood,  
In contending for this life.  
Earth and hell combined assailing,  
Midnight prayers have been prevailing,  
God's own hand was never-failing,  
Guiding midst the storm and strife.

A whole life from sin was wrested,  
Youthful years have not been wasted,  
Heaven's eternal joys are tasted  
By this wholly yielded soul.  
Manhood's prime, with purpose holy,  
Seeking, serving "Jesus only,"  
Telling out the joyful story  
Of a life in His control.

His allegiance will be tested,  
All of Satan's arts invested

To oppose can be resisted  
In the name of Christ his Lord.  
Moving out for God on duty,  
Living holiness, in beauty,  
Trusting in the Savior wholly,  
Wielding aye the Spirit's sword.

Soon will change my life's blest mission,  
Faith to sight, in glad fruition,  
Prayer to praise -- blessed condition!  
All through Christ's redeeming grace.  
Bottled prayers may be unfailing,  
God's right arm will be unfailing,  
When the glory is unveiling,  
I shall look upon his face.  
(Zech. 13:9; Dan. 12:10.)

\* \* \*

(ON THE FLYLEAF OF A SCRAPBOOK)

Gems and pearls and lesser jewels  
From many minds are gathered here  
With pictured faces well remembered  
Reflecting "solar light" of cheer.

Fragrant flowers from various places  
Culled, arranged with thoughtful care,  
A bouquet for your birthday offering  
From Mother with her love and prayers

You have a life lease on this book,  
You would not care for more;  
But if your summons comes to  
You, to leave this world before  
The weary feet of her who gave  
Have pressed that peaceful shore,  
The book belongeth, not to  
Heirs, orphans, or and other,  
But rightfully and lawfully  
Reverts back to your mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

087 -- ANSWER TO PRAYER FOR HUSBAND WHEN IN ALASKA

Time was  
When one upon this frozen shore,  
Sick unto death, could lend relief no more,  
Looked up to God, and He in mercy came and touched him,  
Restoring health again  
(Although he was God's enemy, ever at war with Him.)  
Preserved His life, and brought him home,  
And saved his soul from sin.  
Oh, it does seem the goodness of our God  
Would lead men to repent,  
Give up their ways, and let Him say  
Just how their life be spent.

We remember well some of the burdens of prayer that were laid upon our hearts when husband, unsaved and far from God, was among those who stampeded for the gold fields of Alaska.

Some years after his return, he was converted and then he gratefully acknowledged many warnings and merciful interpositions, and told how God was ever speaking to his heart. Among other things, he spoke of a haughty English captain in charge of a fine vessel, that went to the bottom because of pride and procrastination.

The harbor at Nome is shallow; vessels must anchor far out, and passengers and freight are taken to the shore by "Lighters."

This vessel had unloaded her cargo, and was calmly riding at anchor on the peaceful bay. All unbeknown, but to those keen Nor' westerners, those watchdogs of the sea, employed by the government, there was a storm approaching. They sensed it, and with kindly warning steamed out and asked the captain if they should tow him out to the safety of deep water, but they were answered with a proud shake of the head. One after another of those faithful little "cutters" approached him kindly, offering him assistance, knowing his danger in the coming storm. But he ignored their warnings, answered insolently that he could take care of his own vessel, delaying his departure to suit his own convenience. The gallant ship proudly rode the waters at sunset; but the storm suddenly broke, as it does in that country, in great fury, and before dawn the proud sea captain that boasted that he could manage his own vessel had sunk to rise no more, and the wreckage along the shore bore silent testimony to a sad calamity that could have been averted, and pressed home upon the heart the grave danger of procrastination.

While husband was in Alaska, a most merciful interposition in his behalf was very apparent. A peculiar epidemic was raging, something like the "Flu," not only among the gold seekers, but among the natives, and also among those valuable team dogs. Men were dying all around him.

It was evidently a terrible experience for him, for he never wanted to talk about it; but I gathered from what he did say, that he too was sick unto death, and humbly sought the Lord's mercy, making strong promises to God, if He would deliver him and enable him to return. The

praying wife at home and the penitent, praying husband in distress far away -- unconscious one of the other -- were in "agreement," and the promise, where two are "agreed," was answered. (Matt. 18:19.)

The returning steamers were over loaded, and it seemed to him among the miraculous that he could secure passage; and as he stepped upon the vessel, he stepped out of all his sickness. He did not miss a meal, and never felt better in his life. He was not only healed of the epidemic, but of an incurable condition caused by injury early in life, as well, which was the "above all he had asked or thought."

How gracious is our God! Many and marvelous have been the interventions of the Lord's mercy all through this man's life. Godly grandparents, devoted parents, and a praying wife have each in turn continuously encompassed him about by a protecting wall of believing prayer, which is a greater blessing than one often thinks. (1 Sam. 12:23, 24, 25.)

\* \* \*

"THE UNBELIEVING HUSBAND IS SANCTIFIED BY THE WIFE."

(I Cor. 7:14)

God spake this assurance down deep in my soul,  
Though years have since then passed away;  
In suffering and conflict, and sorrows untold;  
Through grace I've been able to say,

Chorus:

I am still the believing wife,  
I am still the believing wife,  
I hold up the promise my Father, to Thee,  
I am still the believing wife.

I saw him a sinner convicted of sin,  
Go over the past and make right;  
And then humbly seeking the Lord till He came.  
The angels rejoiced at the sight.

The change was so great,  
Oh, how happy were we,  
Our home was a haven of rest,  
His one thought, "What wilt Thou, my Savior and Lord?"  
How good 'twas to see him so blest.

But when sin's deep roots in his heart were revealed  
Of tyranny, hatred and strife,

He failed to cross over, to stem Jordan's tide,  
And enter the sanctified life.

Then slowly he drifted away from his God,  
Down, down, into blackness of night;  
Then banished from home one who stood by his side,  
And turned from all friends in the light.

At length he turned back to some friends in the Lord,  
And knelt at the altar of prayer;  
They wrote me that he was restored to his God,  
And sanctified wholly while there.

I want to believe this is true, but, alas!  
The "Word" all so clearly has told,  
If we rob one another of home, friends, or gold,  
That we're to restore them fourfold.

I'm sure when God's perfect love fills his cleansed heart,  
A letter will soon come my way;  
Repentant, forgiving, and tender at last,  
I've looked for it day after day.

O sisters, hold fast to the promise of God,  
Be true at the cost of your life.  
That you may look up with assurance and say,  
Mid suffering, and conflict, and strife,

Chorus:

I am still the believing wife,  
I am still the believing wife,  
Keep waving the promise as onward you go,  
And be, still the believing wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

088 -- MY SECOND MOTHER -- (Ruth 1:16-17)

Among my many tract work friends are precious people who, from some few misinterpretations of Scriptures, think that spirit, soul, and body are one and the same, and that death ends all until the resurrection morning.

To one who has been so vividly conscious of the difference between the body and the spirit nature at times, and has lived right on the border land with such frequent glimpses that the heavenly world is as real to them as this world, it could but seem strangely abnormal.



I wish I could have transported them to a deathbed scene that I once witnessed. I am sure they would be like the Bereans (Acts 17:11) and would find that the whole trend of Scripture, as well as experience, is quite different from what they have been trying to believe. I can give only a faint portrayal of that hallowed scene of those closing hours of my husband's precious mother.

I am thankful even now that I tried never to give her an added heartache; she did not lose her son, but she surely gained a daughter who was ever glad to share with her, and had long been her confidant and close friend.

She had suffered much, her life had been like a frail barque braving a stormy sea in triumph. But she was not far from the harbor bar, and was en route to be our honored guest till the anchor should be cast.

As she was to pass through the old home neighborhood where she had lived many years, she stopped for a visit with old friends, and there her sudden illness summoned her children to her bedside.

Kind Dr. B\_\_\_\_ who had long known her, said from the first that there was no hope of recovery. But such a deathbed scene! There was no mistake that dissolution was at hand, but how heavenly was her room!

Each friend, neighbor, and loved one was taken by the hand and, pressing upon them the claims of God, she tenderly solicited of each a promise to meet her in heaven. Many hearts were moved, and many eyes were wet, but her face was radiant though pain-drawn. (I wonder if the little grandson, now grown, cannot remember repeating, with her assistance, the 23rd Psalm, and even now recall the hallowed benediction of her gentle hand as it rested upon his curly head.)

After the good-byes were all spoken, she seemed to rest and sleep. Then suddenly opening her eyes and looking up, her face bright with pleased surprise, she said, "Gertie's baby." The eyes soon closed as from weariness, but soon opened again to look up as if she were spoken to in joyous greeting from some departed friend or loved one. Some names she mentioned I too had known, others I had heard her speak of. This continued for several hours, and the very air seemed surcharged with the presence of the heavenly hosts, who surely had been sent to accompany the martyr spirit to the heavenly home.

At last the breath grew shorter and quietly ceased; but that marvelous radiance upon the meek face lingered still, and one could almost feel the breath of angels, so heavenly was the atmosphere as she lay in the casket; and those that knew something of the Sea of Sorrow over which her little barque had crossed could but feel a pathetic, sad, sweet joy that she had reached the harbor "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And thus passed the soul to the regions beyond. The reflected glory on that dying face, the holy joy, that heavenly escort, all bespoke an abundant entrance into holy fellowship and rich rewards.

Fragments of song that my own departed mother sang around my cradle bed, in memory came back to me, descriptive of scenes like this, till I could almost hear that sweet voice of the long ago singing softly as of old:

"What's this that steals across my frame?  
Is it death, is it death?  
If this is death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free.  
I shall the King of Glory see.  
All is well, all is well!

"Bright angels are from Glory come,  
They're 'round my bed, they're in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home,  
All is well, all is well!

"There's not a cloud that doth arise  
To hide my Savior from my eyes;  
I soon shall mount the upper skies,  
All is well, all is well!"

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," was the desire enkindled in the hearts of many among that last great gathering from that countryside far and near, to view once more the mortal remains of this humble-saint who had suffered daily martyrdom many years at the hands of one who, had he so chosen, might have been a happy companion with her in the pathway to the skies.

"Look beyond, the skies are clearing,  
See, the mist dissolves away;  
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning  
Of that bright celestial day.  
Soon the shadows will be lifted,  
That around us now are cast,  
And rejoicing we shall gather  
Home at last, home at last!

"Oh, call it not death! It is life begun,  
For the waters are passed, the home is won.  
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore,  
Where they weep and suffer and sin no more.  
She is safe in her Father's house above  
In the place prepared by her Savior's love.  
To depart from a world of sin and strife,  
And to be with Jesus -- yes, this is life!"

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. (Eccl. 12:7.)

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089 -- MY BROTHER -- (John 1:41)

With every remembrance of my brother there wells up spontaneously from the depths of my soul a joyful gratitude to God, beyond expression, for the patience of His grace that followed him all through the years of man's allotted time, and finally won his heart. From my earliest recollection, there was a strong bond of friendship between us although he was some years my senior. By the death of our honored parents we were widely separated while I was still a child; but that bond of friendship was never broken, or annulled by the vicissitudes of life, during the fifty years and more since last we met. He was always my dear brother, and I, to him, was always little sister.

After I was converted in my early teens, the love of Jesus so marvelously comforted me in my lonely orphanage that my letters overflowed with joy as I tried to tell him of my newfound Friend; and I am sure had I been as faithful to God and to him in my earlier Christian life as I was in later years, that his soul might have been early reborn, and this man who was one of nature's noblemen might have become a strong factor for God. I remember that for a long time, as I prayed for him, by faith I would see him standing behind the sacred desk expounding the Word of the Lord. And I doubt not, if God's plan for his life had been followed, he would have become an ambassador for Christ. While this is one of those sad, irretrievable regrets, yet I am glad that the Lord did enable me later on to keep that Divine love stream flowing out through my heart toward him unceasingly, sending him tracts, books, and written testimony of my varied experiences in grace, and many a tender appeal, with much prayer. Sometimes he would be quite antagonistic and argumentative, but I met it all with the gentleness of Divine love from a heart experience that he was not able to gainsay or resist. (Luke 21:15.)

He was an indefatigable student, a natural-born teacher with a master mind, a strong reasoner, and he possessed many talents. He wrote me of the five years that he had studied the Bible and some of the adverse conclusions he had come to. But he had studied the Book of God just as he would have studied any other book, depending upon his own intellectual and reasoning powers to understand what God must reveal. (Luke 10:21; Matt. 16:15 to 18.) And to him it proved to be a sealed book (John 3:3), "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2:14.) As a consequence he came to some very conflicting conclusions. He accepted much as beautiful and true, was undecided as to some things, and discarded others. He held the character of Jesus in the highest esteem, but with some other characters and teaching did not agree, and was antagonistic, as an unregenerate man most naturally would be. He also took up the study, from time to time, of different speculative theories and various cults; and out of them endeavored to formulate some of those eccentric hypotheses and conjectures into a religion of his own. It was a very good religion as far as this world goes, perhaps, but it could not satisfy his immortal soul hungering after God, for it was not salvation. There is a vast difference between man-made religion and God's great salvation.

For some years before his departure he was a great sufferer with asthma. In terrible paroxysms, at times, he labored for breath until life was despaired off. I remember how I pleaded the mercy of God for his relief at times, and he wrote me of one instance when it seemed that he could no longer prolong the struggle for breath and his dear wife fell upon her knees, calling upon the Lord in his behalf, her face as the face of an angel's; and suddenly relief was given. (Agreement of two -- Matt. 18:19.) Evidently that miraculous relief in answer to prayer strongly impressed him, and I could detect a change was working. His letters were full of youthful reminiscence. He often spoke of our mother's wonderful voice, and the Gospel in song as we gathered around the happy hearthstone in childhood.

He was not what we call a church-going man, he did not often hear the Gospel preached, and my heart's cry was for the Lord to send someone across his pathway that really knew God in a deep spiritual sense, that could help him. Many a letter passed between us that denoted the elimination of the errors of man-made religion and the establishing of the fundamental principles of God's great salvation. About that time he sent me a pamphlet, and across the cover, in his handwriting, were these words, "This was written by my dearest friend." It proved to be a clear exposition of Bible salvation, by one who evidently had an experience in the things of God. How I did rejoice, and unwaveringly looked up in confidence that "the Lord would perfect that which concerneth him," and bring him clear through! (and I had the witness from God). And in the closing weeks of his life it was even so. The change was great and very blessed, by what they wrote me afterward.

My heart was with him day and night, overflowing with grateful praise, for the answer to the prayer that began more than fifty years before was being realized; the glory of God's grace and longsuffering mercy was overwhelmingly appreciated, and my joy knew no bounds.

Early one morning I was awakened by the soft, sweet voices of angels singing. There seemed to be quite a company carrying different parts -- wonderful voices, perfect harmony, I can almost hear them as I write, so strongly had that rare melody impressed me. What do you suppose were the words that I listened to, enraptured, as they sang verse after verse? It soon dawned upon me that it was my brother's last prayerful benediction and message of love, brought across the continent by an angel band, the very words that he would have said to me if I could have stood by his bedside as the ransomed spirit vacated the tenement of clay and sped away to be forever with the Lord. I could give you the exact words, but oh! that entrancing music, that marvelous harmony of those angel voices blending in that familiar melody -- well -- I was just lifted and carried away up into the heavenlies, and for weeks I hardly knew at times whether I was in the body or out of the body, and heard things impossible to utter. There was no room for a sense of loss. Death was actually swallowed up in victory, joy unspeakable and full of glory; for my heart was responsive, and in full accord, and through every corridor of my soul echoed and reechoed that hallowed refrain: "God Be with You till We Meet Again."

"Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet.  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again!"

\* \* \*

## TO VIRGIL VERNON

(Written on a card containing the 23rd Psalm.)

Infant days will soon be past,  
Childhood days with many a task,  
Youth, with its perplexity  
Rolling years will bring to thee;  
If the Lord's your Shepherd true,  
No real want your heart shall know,  
But "rest" by waters still and deep,  
Unruffled by the storms that sweep  
Across this Earthly Life of care and pain.  
With soul restored to righteous paths again,  
The shadow of death but a shadow proves  
For He goes before, whom the soul so loves;  
That comfort and peace from His presence flow,  
Though the shadows lengthen and deeper grow;  
The heavenly manna before you He'll spread  
Even when death, with its silent tread,  
Stands by your side, a conquered foe;  
Your cup of joy will overflow,  
Then you can join in David's Psalm  
Of goodness and mercy all along  
The days of life and the life before,  
And dwell with Him forevermore.  
(1897)

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## 090 -- DEAL WITH THE CHILD AS I DEAL WITH YOU -- (Matt. 7:12)

I did not see very much of my grandson till he was some three years old. The daughter was with us that winter, and in the spring she secured a position where she could not keep him with her, as she had done previously, and left him in my care. He was bright, and very sweet until his will was crossed, and then -- no wonder, for his mother, a widow, being employed by another, could give but little time to the child, and he was the "pick and pet" of everybody in the village hotel where she had worked.

When he came into my custody, I carefully studied, and tried to understand him, to get his point of view, taking everything into consideration and praying much for wisdom and guidance. The Lord had helped me with a good many different children, to soon win them to a willing obedience where they were happy and content. But he was in a class by himself. Much whipping

had not made him "be good," for that set, stubborn will of his had never really yielded; he just "gave in" because it hurt, and he seemed to think that every one was against him and that he must fight his way through.

As a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, I could use only calm words of patient kindness; (sharp words and the Spirit of Christ will not go together -- ever.) The Lord gave me this criterion, this rule to go by, "Deal with the child as I deal with you; hold him to yieldedness of spirit." I used tact, and dealt gently; but when he set up his will against mine, I held steady until he yielded. I neither scolded nor coaxed, but quietly reasoned with him, and resorted to the whip but twice, when in a most vicious temper he fought, biting and scratching like a little tiger.

I would quietly take him by the hand, into the well-lighted bedroom, telling him that he must stay there until "he got good clear through;" at first he would kick, scream, and cry for hours before he would quiet down and say in a subdued voice, "Grandma, I'm good." I would go into the room occasionally on some pretext, saying nothing, for I felt my presence might encourage him. And when he did really yield, he let me know it, and we had a loving time together. He began to understand that Grandma loved him all the time, and these spells of rebellion became less frequent, and soon over, and he became a happy-hearted little fellow, and we were regular comrades, and it was a pleasure to do anything for Grandma, because of a will yielded to one who loved him; just as it is when a rebellious soul yields to the Lord.

Many of his little ailments were relieved by prayer. At one time a distressed voice said, away in the night, "Grandma, pray; my stomach aches." I laid my hand over and dropped asleep again, and was soon aroused by his pushing my hand off, and heard him say, "O Jesus, take the pain away," and he was soon sleeping. Oh, for the simplicity of a little child! (Luke 18:17.)

A year or so later he fell and ran a large rusty nail under the kneecap; he was with his mother at the time, and the next day when they brought him home he had suffered till the least movement was agony; the pain was all over him. The doctor looked grave and said, "The greatest danger is blood poisoning, and if he does get well he will always have a stiff knee." I knew the seriousness of blood poisoning and the hopelessness of the case, but I promised to give the medicine while the mother, with aching heart, went back to her work. The medicine quieted the extreme pain, and that night he was quiet, but slept little. When the mother brought him down from her room the next morning and laid him on the cot, I saw that glint of green that oftentimes goes with blood poisoning, and I turned sick at heart; but I said nothing, and the mother went to her work. But oh, how I felt! I knew the Lord could heal the child, and it seemed awful to see him lie there and die taking the doctor's medicine. I was telling Sister M\_\_\_\_\_ how I felt when the door bell rang, and there was dear Sister Kile. "Surely the Lord sent you," I said. And I told her of the sick child, and how I wanted to take his case to the Lord. "Of course, take him to the Lord," she said, and we went in where the little fellow lay half unconscious, looking as though death had already struck him. We could scarcely rouse him. She finally got his attention, and he knew her (he did love Sister Kile), and she said; "Clifford, Jesus is going to heal your knee," and a faint shadow of a smile passed over his wan little face.

We knelt around his cot, and one sister prayed, then the other; but it seemed I could not pray. A fear clutched my heart. What if -- what if -- and such oppression from the enemy. You see,

it was my relationship to the child; I stood the closest to him, the responsibility was upon me, and opposition was strongest against me as a consequence (as is always so). But finally I began to call upon the Lord, and then soon broke through that barrier, and the blessing of the Lord suddenly fell, and we all laughed and cried and praised the Lord at the same time. I looked down at Clifford, and he was fairly shaking with laughter. And pretty soon he pulled up his knee and, looking at it, said, "There's a little hole there yet."

He soon dropped into a restful slumber, and slept for some two hours. When he awakened I dressed him, gave him a good dinner, and after awhile he went out to play with the children. When the sorely troubled mother came from her work and saw the cot empty, her face turned white as she gasped out, "Where's Clifford?" For answer, I pointed out the window, and there he was running and playing just as if he had not been close up to death a few hours before. Jesus had indeed made him every whit whole; there was only the scar left as a mute testimony of the miracle that had been wrought.

When he was about five and a half years old, he was as really converted as any adult, and the spirit of his everyday life gave proof of the fact. After the rest of the family had gone, he and I were having family prayers; as he said the little prayer he usually said, he began to sob and really pray, and soul travail came on me for the rebirthing of his soul, and I found myself confessing, repenting and forsaking sin in his behalf just as I do for other sinners. Pretty soon he had his arms around my neck, and laughing through his tears was saying, "I love Jesus, oh, I do love Jesus." (Rom. 5:5.) There was joy in my heart like there is among the angels. (Luke 15:10.) He did love to go to church and sensed the blessing of the Lord as quickly as anyone. How his face would shine! We all sang a good deal at home, and he did enjoy it, but of all things he loved best for me to read the Bible to him; he would give wrapt attention through a long chapter and ask for more. He seemed to pray for every one that touched his life, even his teacher, playmates, and those that made it hard for him.

I sent him on an errand at the noon hour one day. There were traces of tears on his return, but he must hurry to school. The next morning he especially prayed for that big boy that was going to take the meat away from him, and that other boy that threatened to ride the horse over him. (Matt. 5:44.) One day he came in from watching a man unload some wood, and I noticed he was quietly thinking, and the tears were slowly rolling down. I was ever careful not to intrude, so I waited and tactfully said, "What is it, Clifford?" "Oh, that man, he isn't saved, Grandma;" and the tears fell fast. "Is that so? Too bad; what made you think he isn't saved?" "Why, I asked him," he said. And we both felt to pray for that man. There was every indication of a new creature in Christ Jesus -- he was often greatly blessed, and also had a deep concern for souls, talking to individuals, doing real personal work.

Sometimes, like older Christians, he would fail of the grace of God, and old habits would reassert themselves; but I watched over him as I did over my own soul, and in a break I would just quietly look at him and say nothing, but take it definitely to the Lord. One evening I asked him to do something, and he drew back resentfully; there was nothing said, and in a moment he went and did as I had requested. But the next morning it wasn't easy for him to pray. "Don't you love Jesus this morning, Clifford?" I said gently. "Not very well," was his answer between sobs. "Was it because you were naughty last night?" "Yes," he sobbed. Then I took up the burden and prayed for him as if

it were myself who had sinned, and the blessing of the Lord fell; his arms were about my neck, and laughing through his tears he said, "I love Jesus now, Grandma. I do love Jesus now." Dear child, he was so blessed he just had to hug somebody. It was Dr. Godbey who said, "Keep the blessing of God prayed down upon the children, they so easily forget; inundate them with the blessing of the Lord frequently." I wonder if Clifford, now grown to manhood, cannot remember when that man of God laid his hand in benediction upon his head, and earnestly said, "Son, make sure of heaven."

Another time, largely through lack of tact and thoughtful consideration on my part, he resented a request and hurriedly gave expression to an untruth. I led him into the bedroom and in a few gentle words drew his attention to the falsehood, and softly closing the door left him to think it out. My own heart cried out to God, for I had need of mercy as well as the child had. (How often I found, as I would teach the child, I too was being taught, and my need was greater than his. And most precious were the lessons that I learned dealing with the child according to the rule the Lord gave me.) A half-hour of silence passed, and I knew the battle was hard for him, and in deep sympathy I inwardly cried to the Lord to help him, and help me to help him through.

It came to me to take the Bible that he loved so well, and let God speak to him through His Word. With bowed head I took God's Book and, sitting on the bed near where he silently stood with downcast eyes, slowly and reverently read Rev. 22. As I read the 15th verse, the big tears began to roll down, and together on our knees we confessed it all out, and the blessing of God's great peace flooded our hearts again, and we were drawn closer together than ever before.

And thus I proved over and over again that I did not misinterpret the voice of the Lord when He spoke into my soul that paramount rule of action, "Deal with the child as I deal with you, hold him to yieldedness of spirit." For true happiness and great blessing have been the result. (Prov. 22:6.)

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## SECTION NINE

### 091 -- RETROSPECTION -- (Phil. 1:23-24)

"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." Is not this the heart's expression of every twice-born soul that keeps blessed of God? Is it not the true Christian spirit of self-denial that yearns over a lost world? With that holy desire to be with our Lord, is there not also that sense that to abide in the flesh is more needful for some one or more?

The circle of our yearning vision may at first be so small as to include only "our own," but it will enlarge and expand and reach out till our hearts cry out, "The arms of love that compass me would all mankind embrace," with an overwhelming desire to make Him known.

In the broken rhythm with which I will conclude is an effort to give expression of just one place like that which I have passed through. It was one of the many times when I was lifted so I



could look beyond the divide, into "the land of far distances." (Isa. 33:17, marginal.) (That heavenly country is real to me.)

It was at the very threshold of a life of sorrow and suffering beyond that of many (Acts 9:16), this was all laid out before me and left for me to choose; and because I loved my Lord and the purchase of His blood better than the home beyond, I could choose the revealed will of God. And with all it has meant, I could never regret the choice I made at that time, for others have been encouraged and emboldened. (Phil. 1:12, 13, 14.)

My heart has oft been assured that if I would keep pressing on the upward way, coming up through whatever of tribulation was permitted to cross my pathway to the skies, it would be like making a pathway that others could see, and better find their way through. For to realize that there is no respect of persons with God-and to know someone who has endured and triumphed, is reassuring, and breathes courage into fainting hearts. We little realize how much the Lord included when He said, "Be thou an example of the believers." (1 Tim. 4:12.) Do you know there is something akin to the vicarious sufferings of Christ at times in the sufferings of His saints? (Read Col. 1:24.)

An elect lady once said, "If you are in earnest, praying for the salvation of a soul, and will stand the strain and triumph, the Lord may let you go through peculiar phases of sorrow and suffering. Not necessarily physical suffering -- there are many other phases of suffering of far keener anguish; deep heart suffering has been through, using you as prove to the incredulous 5:10, 11.) permitted to come, that He may reach an open channel to touch souls and the power of the grace of God." (James I am sure there is an important truth here, often overlooked; and there have been times that we have broken down, and delayed, if not turned aside, the answer to our prayers that was coming to us over this painful route. It was laid upon my heart to say to one of those valuable servants of God who was calmly passing through deep waters: "God has honored you with a great sorrow. He is proving you, that you may prove Him."

The Lord could say of Brother V\_\_\_\_, as He did of Abraham, "I know him," and was demonstrating the confidence He had in this man, to "glorify God in the fires." (1 Pet. 4:12.)

"Many shall be purified and made white (Dan. 12:10; Acts 9:16) It is in the "tried" places where others can see God's grace.

A sister who had once been blessedly used of God, through a fearful assault of Satan over sins of youth long since forgiven, nearly lost her mind as well as her faith. I had carried her on my heart for a twelvemonth, but she was still a soul in despondency, seriously questioning if there were an experience that was real and that could stand the wear and tear of practical everyday life. She lived in an adjacent city, and wrote that she would be coming soon.

With prayerful desire I looked forward to the opportunity of a heart-to-heart talk with her, with the hope of in some way arresting that awful spiritual decline and restoring her lost confidence in the sufficiency of grace. But when she did come late one afternoon, the plumbing was being put in, and the house was quite upset in consequence; there was supper to get and chores

to do, and a sister and her three-year-old grandson came to stay for the night; and there was also a revival meeting to attend.

There was not a moment for the quiet talk that I had hoped for, and she must return early the next morning. But everything was fixed up. The woman and baby were in bed, and as we were going to the meeting she said, "Well, you have got good religion. I believe there is, as you have told me before, a power that can carry us serenely through whatever may come; you have surely demonstrated the fact." I was quite surprised, for I was only supernaturally natural in living God's great salvation, and I thought afterward what a strange way for the Lord to answer prayer. I never would have thought that a whirlwind of circumstances would be used to restore her confidence in the enabling power of free grace as it did.

Oh, how little we have understood God's way -- surely we can see how true is Isa. 55:8-9! He made known His ways unto Moses (Psa. 103:7), and in the retrospect I can see much that I might then have seen.

But it was "the lure of Divine love" all the way that led me on. I ceased to doubt His love. I forever gave up the privilege of doubting His love. (Someone has said, "We can set our will against doubt just as we do against any other sin; and as we stand firm and refuse to doubt, the Holy Spirit will come to our aid and give us the faith of God, and crown us with victory." There is great truth in this.)

I loved Him in spirit and in truth, and I followed on to know the Lord, enduring for His sake, which always means triumph. But I would not infer without a battle; so often in relating experience there is unconsciously omitted the fact of temptations and fierce assaults, struggles, perplexities and dark hours when faith is tested, and we dare to trust when God seems to have forsaken the whole universe.

But it is all there, for "there hath no temptation taken you but that is common to man;" but the faithfulness of God and victory are sure.

I am persuaded that the time will come when we, as did the great apostle, will come to the place where we will say, "I have finished my course;" and "henceforth," instead of the Vision of a lost world that our hearts have broken over in sympathy with our Lord, it will be the beatific vision of the return of the ransomed hosts (Isa. 35:10), "the sea of glass" (Rev. 15:2, 3), "the multitude which no man can number" (Rev. 7:9; Rev. 14:10, 11), the glorified Christ, the great white throne (Rev. 20:11), and we will even catch the melody of the new song. (Rev. 5:9.) Will not the crown spoken of in 2 Tim. 4:8 be the gracious approbation (Matt. 25:21) of our Lord when we bow in adoration before Him, as with grateful hearts we say, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me"?

There must be many stars, many stars for Thy crown  
When at evening the sun goeth down;  
When I wake with the blest in those mansions of rest,  
There must be many stars for His crown.

(And let me whisper a sacred secret: There has been given to me, a few times, a momentary glimpse of that crown; and let me breathe it yet more softly: It is gloriously radiant with soul gems. Oh, how they sparkle and gleam!)

"Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold,  
Living gems at His feet to lay down;  
Great indeed be my bliss in the City of gold  
Should there be many stars for His crown.

"In Thy strength, blessed Lord, let me labor and pray,  
Help me watch as a winner of souls,  
That soul gems may be Thine in that glorious, day  
When Thy praise like the sea billows roll."

\* \* \*

#### A GLIMPSE ACROSS THE DIVIDE

For many a day I lay in full sight  
Of those wonderful plains of glory bright,  
Beheld the happy blood-washed throng  
Enrapturously singing redemption's song.  
Close to my side stood a chariot of light  
To bear me away to that world so bright,  
And with deepest rapture I longed to join  
In that old, yet new, sweet song  
To Him whose boundless love and grace  
Bath purchased an entrance to that fair place.  
But the thought of the children with no mother love  
To guide in the path that leads above,  
And husband whose heart was sad and drear  
Without one ray of hope or of cheer;  
And I answered, "Nay, to their beckoning still,  
I will stay. dear Lord, if it be Thy will.  
If I to them can a blessing be  
I will suffer on for them and Thee."  
And the chariot moved back, that chariot of light;  
That most beautiful vision withdrew from sight;  
And back from such blessedness, joy, and gain,  
I turned back to weakness and wearying pain.  
Much courage, much patience, much grace I will need,  
But I trust for all these and His promises plead.  
I have so many loved ones on earth,  
That know naught of the heavenly birth;  
Know naught of the power that saves from sin,  
Or the joy that thrills the heart within

When the painful unrest of sin is removed,  
And tilled with God's great peace and love.  
Oh, that eyes blind with sin may receive their sight,  
And behold His longsuffering, love, and might!  
They would break with all sin, and yield up their will,  
And surrender, His gracious behests to fulfill.  
O my brother, my sister, I may never see you more  
In this world of sin and sorrow, but upon the other shore  
Where the Savior waits to welcome all who heed His loving voice,  
"Come unto me, and rest, ye weary, make the narrow way your choice."  
We shall meet, if in deep earnest you seek,  
Obtain His saving grace;  
And all through time and the forever we'll praise Him for the choice so blest.  
And my children, precious children, each and all to me so dear,  
Mother's God will be yours also if you trust Him, never fear.  
For you know and love the Savior -- learn to know and love Him more;  
Day by day as you grow older, till you meet Him on that heavenly shore.  
O my dearly loved companion, my heart turns oftenest to you,  
Patient with me in my weakness, doing all that you could do!  
When I lay so near the portals, and across that narrow stream.  
I beheld those plains of glory, in their soft, clear brightness gleam,  
There was Mother, and our brother, and our little May so dear,  
With a multitude of ransomed, their faces bright with heavenly cheer,  
And the chariot close beside me, I could touch it with my hand,  
Only waiting there to bear me to that calm and holy land.  
There to soon behold my Savior -- face to face -- no veil between,  
And forget all sin and suffering like a long, dark, troubled dream.  
Do you wonder that the glory filled and thrilled my very soul  
As I saw the open portals of that blessed upper fold?  
But your face so full of sadness told a tale of deepest woe;  
Though I longed to be with Jesus, 'twas so hard to leave you so,  
For you do not know the Savior and His wondrous love and power,  
How in all life's somber shadows, His love lights up the darkest hour.  
And I sought to know God's preference, was it His will for me to stay?  
Did He see I could be a blessing along life's dark unlighted way,  
When at last there came the answer, the word "Awhile" so soft and clear.  
Then I knew His will and wisdom was, that I should linger here.  
The length of time I may remain, the Father kindly holds from view.  
Perchance my faith would fail if I foresaw the years and what I may pass through.  
Sinful rebellion now fills your heart like dark and troubled night,  
But look beyond; above there is a world of love and light.  
Open your heart -- closed, barred against your truest Friend, our Lord--  
And let the power of love flow through -- believe, receive His word.  
Long years He has admittance asked to your heart as its honored Guest.  
He has yearned with His great warm heart of love to give you His own sweet rest.  
(Matt. 11:28, 29.)

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092 -- THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL

I had lived for weeks in a shadowy world,  
Where all seemed so dreamy and strange:  
The shadows hung heavily over my brain;  
I knew little else but suffering pain.  
I had left my home with its quiet joys,  
My darling and my precious boy.  
They brought me here where sufferers come.  
And are tenderly cared for one by one;  
And then away to that home again,  
And left me alone in that shadow land,  
Yet not alone, for the Savior's voice  
Oft made my weary heart rejoice;  
"I have given" -- oh, promise sweet to me --  
"My angels charge concerning thee."  
Among the many helpers there  
One face shone out more bright and clear;  
She came and stood by the foot of my bed,  
I did not hear one word she said,  
But I saw her face amid the shade,  
And a quiet beauty was there displayed;  
And this thought possessed my troubled brain,  
As that face came before me again and again  
-- The Angel of the hospital.

I watched her come at night and morn,  
With the doctor on his daily round;  
From room to room, from ward to ward,  
With silent tread, saying not one word;  
So calm, so stately, with book and pen--  
She was a recording angel then.  
Once I remember she came to my room;  
I heard no footfall, but saw her come,  
And took my hand within her own;  
Spoke softly in a low, sweet tone;  
Laid a cool, soft hand on my aching brow,  
And then she was gone, I know not how.  
But that calming touch was upon me still,  
And I thought again, with a soft sweet thrill  
-- The Angel of the Hospital.

'Tis strange what fancies the mind will take,

When the body is weak and weary;  
But I do not think 'twas a real mistake  
In those days so dark and dreary;  
For when I could more clearly see  
The darker shadows lifted,  
I beheld a woman of quiet mien,  
With a strong, sweet character gifted,  
A tranquil face so full of cheer,  
And eyes lit up with brightness  
That only the soul living close to God  
Could hope to bear such likeness.  
And oft as I watched her pass my door  
With that calm and quiet bearing,  
On errands of mercy here and there,  
For other sufferers caring,  
I do not wonder that when my mind  
Was in deep shadows groping,  
Those words so often came to me,  
So sweet, yet all unspoken.  
-- The Angel of the Hospital.

I do not see her often now;  
There is many a duty's call,  
But I catch a glimpse of her face sometimes,  
And I hear her voice in the hall;  
That low, soft voice so calm and sweet,  
So full of hope and cheer;

And though I do not see her face,  
'Tis comforting to know she's near:  
I have longed so much for her presence,  
It gives me such courage and rest,  
But I know there are others that need her most,  
Lives that are not so blest,  
So I lift my eyes to the Father's face,  
For rich blessings on her head  
As she takes up her duties one by one  
By each weary sufferer's bed.  
Oh, may she in each face behold  
The image of her Lord,  
And may the blessed "Inasmuch"  
Oft in her ears be heard,  
And those hands, as they rest on the throbbing brow,  
With that touch so calming and still,  
And that face so peaceful; oh, may they see  
'Tis sweet to "do thy will."

Oh, clothe her with Thy Spirit, Lord,  
Give her the mind of Christ;  
Drawn closer to Thy bleeding side  
Each day and the strife.  
Oh, keep her as the years glide by,  
For this chosen work of Thine;  
And may she be like a calm, fixed stay,  
On the changing shores of time;  
And when the toils of earth are o'er,  
Her life work all complete,  
And the feet so often weary, rest  
Midst thousand welcomes sweet;  
And when upon that brow so tranquil  
The fadeless crown of life is prest,  
Radiant with stars for those she has aided  
To enter that sweet soul rest,  
Methinks the stars will form the words  
Which to me have grown so sweet  
-- The Angel of the Hospital.  
(Matt. 25:40)

The subject of the above poem, the Superintendent of the Blank Hospital, and the writer were drawn into a rare oneness of spirit (John 17:11) during the three years I was in and out of the Hospital, and she stood by me as I went down to the brink of the grave again and again, undergoing serious operations; and I always think of her as the "one" heart-to-heart friend of my life.

In one of those times of close heart fellowship, she had been speaking of the "why" of the distressing sorrow of some, when one is taken from the home below to the home above. When there was not a shadow of a doubt that the dear one was safe in the upper fold, forever with the Lord, why do they so grieve and mourn, and incapacitate themselves for helpfulness to those who are around them? And she went on to say tenderly, "Is it not because of self-centeredness? Were they not thinking only of themselves? It was 'my' loss instead of their gain; 'my' lonely home instead of their glad welcome home; it was 'my' sadness instead of their joy, the joy of the Lord. While this dark earth side is there, yet if they would resolutely put self aside and be grateful that this loved one had passed through 'the valley of the shadow' and was safe in Glory for evermore, they would be comforted of God, and grow strong in the Lord, and be able to comfort others that mourn." (2 Cor. 1:3, 4.) We were silent for a time, then speaking softly with her hand in mine she said, "I want you to promise me that if I go first you will not drop down into self-centeredness and grieve, but keep pressing on the upward way and rejoice with me, that by the gift of His wonderful grace I am accorded in heaven a place; and if you go first, I will promise you the same." And with clasped hands we entered into a holy compact.

After I left the Hospital we corresponded regularly, and she wrote me of her approaching marriage with Dr. Blank, whom we both had known well; and after they were married they spent some time with us on the farm. But only a few years later tuberculosis developed from the effects of la grippe, and she soon went with hemorrhage, and I was left to keep that sacred

compact, and it meant far more than I had thought. But the Lord enabled me to keep my promise. When those great tidal waves of loneliness and sense of loss would suddenly roll over me, I would pause and lift my heart, and offer the sacrifice of praise, that she was "Safe in the Glory for evermore." And before long it would roll on, and as it passed there was given a benediction of God's approbation, with great tenderness of spirit, and that lifted me higher and left me stronger to do and dare, and endure for my Lord. And since that time of testing it has not been so difficult to really praise the Lord when He calls His children home, even if the sense of loss to the world does seem great indeed, if I meet the waves of sorrow with gratitude that these have reached the Fatherland.

"Above the stars, above the skies,  
The towering hills majestic rise,  
There Jesus reigns, our Savior King,  
And one by one His own will bring."

In the home-going of a dear one whose mental powers had been somewhat beclouded, or rather circumscribed, by an injury of the spine, for days these words rang in my ears as if sung by angel voices till my soul seemed transported to that place between heaven and earth that we sometimes call the heavenlies.

"The long, long night is past.  
The morning breaks at last."  
(Rev. 22:5)

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#### 093 -- DISAPPOINTMENT -- HIS APPOINTMENT

I do not remember that much was spoken of God's great salvation in my early childhood home. Like many others, my parents may have been reverently reticent; but as I recall their lives and the songs they sang, I think that surely they must have known the Lord.

Singing was a large factor in the family home life, whole evenings were often thus happily employed. The songs of Jesus and heaven ever had greatest attraction for me, and many of those old songs have followed me through life, with great blessing and have helped me to sing through many a trying hour.

I can remember still with what heart content, as a little child, I leaned against my father's breast, his great, strong arms about me as he sang:

"I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom  
Who, who, would live away, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"



There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,  
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

It was not strange that after his departure I wanted to go too.

At one time, when still too young to understand the wrong, and I was starting to eat some poisonous herbs I had gathered, with the hope of dying so I could go to heaven, my mother seeing me said, "Why, don't eat that; it would make you sick and you would die." I threw, it away with an undefined sense that it was not right, and never tried such a thing again.

But the desire to go to heaven never left me, and after the precious mother died, a year or two later, night after night my pillow was wet with tears of longing and loneliness until, in my thirteenth year, at the first camp meeting I ever attended, I heard the voice of God in the ministry; Jesus seemed to stand by the preacher that night, with such a kind, loving look on His face, reaching out His arms to me, and saying, "Come unto me." Oh, how I wanted to go, but I drew back, for I felt I was all wrong, and He was so good. But the thought came, if I would go, somehow He could take the wrong all out, and make me good too; and with that hope I tremblingly went and knelt down at the altar. But it seemed as if I ran right into those outstretched arms of Jesus, and the wrong inside was all taken away, and I found just such a Friend as my heart had unconsciously longed for all those dreary years, and I was so happy. His love was so sweet to my lonely, orphaned heart that, instead of crying myself to sleep, as I had for years, my soul leaned against the bosom of my Savior as really as when a little child I leaned upon my father's breast, encircled by his strong, protecting arms; and the same sweet hymns of praise that my father sang often re-echoed through my soul.

The desire to go to heaven was still there, but that unrest and abnormal longing was gone.

I loved to sing about my heavenly home, but more especially about the Savior whom I now realized as my dearest friend.

"Jesus all the day long was my Joy and Song.  
Oh, that all His salvation might see."

Years came and went, and when life was hard and things crowded in between, and Jesus seemed far away, I longed for heaven as an escape, and would plaintively sing:

"I would not live alway,  
I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm  
Rises dark on my way."

But I saw that was a cowardly and unworthy motive for child of my Heavenly Father.

I prayed much for courage to endure for Jesus' sake, as Jesus had endured for me, and I got better acquainted with the Lord. While the desire was still strong, the incentive was different; I longed to behold Him whom my soul loved, but by His grace I would be willing to "endure and wait and suffer till His appointed time." And a fragment of song my father sang came back to me with real comfort:

"Oh, how I long to go where I may fully know  
The glories of my Savior;  
But as I pass along I'll sing redemption's song."

I remember how very difficult it was for a long time to maintain the attitude of willing waiting. After I had been a helpless sufferer many months, kind, well-meaning friends would lovingly counsel me to be reconciled to go if that were the will of God. I felt they could never have understood, and said nothing, but the hard thing for me was to keep reconciled to stay if that were the Lord's will.

The following lines were given me in the conflict:

I cannot look toward earth,  
The shadows there lie, oh, so dark and deep.  
I dare not look toward heaven,  
The peace, the joy, the rest,  
Are so inviting sweet;  
But I can look up into my Father's face  
And trust Him daily for the needed grace,  
Knowing that time and trials  
Will one day cease to be.  
Then an eternity of bliss awaits for me.

And I won out, and held my position that way when days were long and nights were longer.

There were times when I seemed to leave the body and start upward, and then find myself back again. Once I got across the room, and began to ascend, but a slight cord held me.

I saw them with white, apprehensive faces working over the seemingly lifeless body, and vaguely wondered why they did not let it rest, and I would just go on. I can see it all in memory as a picture yet -- the room, the helpless form on the cot, the dark hair, the deathlike pallor of the face of my vacated tenement, the anxiety of friends, and the untiring efforts of the nurse; and I soon found myself back in the suffering body again, faintly surprised that they seemed so glad, but I just dosed my eyes wearily, and left it all with the Lord.

I hung between life and death for months. One day in a conscious moment, my six-year-old son, who was really saved, came to my bedside and, with suppressed joy, said, "Mamma, I know you are going to get better, for I told Jesus all about it." And I did get so much better that, accompanied by a nurse, I was taken in a bed, by train, to a city hospital many miles away, although but few thought I could possibly live to reach there.

I had no concern either way, for I was only waiting "His appointed time" and did not see how it could be far off now. (I had yet to learn that we do not die because we suffer.)

The consensus of opinion of the counsel of physicians at the hospital was that only an operation, and that at once, could prolong life, with only one chance in a thousand. It was death soon as it was, and they decided with little hope to take the one chance. There was a deep, quiet joy in my heart, for I was sure that at this time the silver cord that held me would be loosened. (Eccl. 12:6.)

As they began to administer the anesthetic, it was Jesus the Christ who came, just as the dear, kind, almighty Friend that He is; and as a helpless "child, He gently lifted me and laid my tired head in the hollow of His shoulder and, holding me close in those strong arms, He went up, and up, in a great circle toward the sky.

"Oh, that music of heaven transportingly sweet" (I can almost hear it as I write) rolling as billows of praise through the very air, like the sound of many waters! (Psa. 148:2, 3; 103:20.) "Heaven and earth are praising Thee; heaven and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high." And of course I expected to wake up "in heaven. Wouldn't you, under such circumstances?"

My life had been a continual series of defeated expectations and disappointments, borne bravely, accepting the inevitable sufferings with uncomplaining fortitude, because of the hope of heaven.

Another early childhood song that comforted my heart was:

"My home is in heaven, my home is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials appear!  
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

"Oh, beautiful home, oh, beautiful home,  
And beautiful saints around the white throne;  
How I long to be there and forever to stand  
With the shining ones of that better land! "

But all the disappointments of my life combined could not compare with that inexpressible disappointment that overwhelmed me as I opened my eyes again upon this world. Utterly sick at heart, I wailed right out; not because of physical pain, for I was still benumbed from the anesthetic, but with an inexpressible pang of disappointment.

The doctors bent over me in careful examination, and said exultantly to the nurse in attendance, "She will live," and I wailed again. How memory brings back the anguish of spirit; it seemed that I would sink into despair with a broken heart.

But the voice of the Lord (Psa. 29:3, 4, 7, 11), full of tender sympathy, very gently spoke to my inner consciousness with that still small voice that we love so well, these few words, "It was His wilt." My heart responded, "Why, sure; it must have been, and it is all right;" and instantly that crushing, inconceivable temptation to despair passed (Isa. 29:5), every vestige of that overwhelming disappointment was dispelled (John 10:27), and my soul, as a little barque, was suddenly lifted (2 Chron. 29:36) and borne along as on the broad bosom of a great tranquil river. (Isa. 33:21.)

"O sweet will of God, thou hast girded me round,  
Like the deep moving currents that girdle the sea.  
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,  
And this bondage to love sets me perfectly free."

Roll on, checkered seasons, bring joy or bring tears,  
My soul calmly sails on an infinite tide.

\* \* \*

#### DISAPPOINTMENT -- HIS APPOINTMENT

The radical reversing of the entire trend of our thoughts and feelings, the sudden change, as from darkness to light that takes place in the heart of a seeking penitent, or a believer in a crisis, when the voice of God is heard in the soul is absolutely inconceivable (to one who has not been twice born). We cannot explain it, we can only faintly describe it, or rather the blessedness that follows. But we can experience it, and reverently appreciate and enjoy it.

It meant everything to me at the time mentioned, But my little barque had to be upborne on the river of God's permitted will through years of helplessness and extreme suffering.

That was only the beginning, for one serious operation followed another, all with the same calm, sweet hope; while at the same time a peaceful resignation to live on in this fallen world, whatever that might include, was fast becoming a fixed habit of soul.

And adown through the decades that have come and gone, with varied and oft-recurring testings and readjustments, disappointments great and small have been quickly recognized as His appointments and have been triumphed over. The realized presence of the Lord (Ex. 33:14), the perusal of God's precious letter to man, His special manifestations (John 14:21) to my soul have assuaged that intense desire, "just to behold Him and look on His face" and it has been kept committed unto Him.

As, out of love for my Lord, I have continually chosen His will, courage has been given day by day, and year by year, until the allotted years of my pilgrimage are nearly run.

(Let me whisper to you, All this has meant "grace, grace, God's grace," especially with frailty and suffering so great that for long stretches life seemed merely an existence and useless.)

The summer of 19\_\_ , was such a period, and the conflict was protracted; the Lord with patient tenderness reasoned with me, and very gently put the question, "Would you be willing to stay, just to be salt?" and I saw a little cup of salt tucked away back in the corner of the cupboard. Oh, the days that He stood by, as I reasoned back and forth, until at last love triumphed, and I cried right out: "Yes, my Lord, I will, right against all human reasoning and all my desires and feelings in the matter. I choose Thy preference. I will be willing to stay, just to be salt, but do not let the salt lose its savor." (Matt. 5:13.) Later on I saw how greatly this corrupted, putrefying world needs salt; and is not that need one reason that the shut-in and aged among God's dear children are left to linger here, long past what we in our human blindness might say, beyond their years of usefulness -- because they are "the salt of the earth"?

Soon after that I was told of the death of an elect lady, whose active life in the service of God seemed greatly needed in the earth.

Laying my head over on the bosom of my Lord, and with tears unrestrained, I breathed out all that was in my heart concerning her useful life and my seemingly useless one, not with the least bit of rebellion or even questioning His wisdom; but -- well, He understood and, as with a kiss of peace, a hallowed benediction touched my spirit as He said, "I'll surprise you some day," and instantly everything was perfectly all right.

Still another time of testing I might mention. I was taken suddenly and violently ill, and continued so until life was despaired of. When relief was given, I sank into a dreamless slumber, realizing nothing but "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Some days later I realized, by the extreme weakness, how seriously ill I had been, and I said to the Lord, "Why, I was close up to heaven. I came very nearly looking into Thy dear face;" and a great wave of heart-sickening disappointment engulfed me. I resisted the temptation, or tried to, and with my lips I said, "It's all right, it's all right;" but my heart simply would not respond.

I could not keep back the tears. Finally I said, "It is no use, Lord Jesus, I can't hide it from you, I am terribly disappointed." The blessed Christ stood by my bed as really as any human friend ever did, waiting with loving patience as, in that wordless soul language, I poured out my heart into His sympathizing ear. When I had finished, and relinquished everything into His hands, and grew quiet, He bent tenderly over me and spake softly these words, "The morning cometh," and, as He spake, with one nail-scarred hand He lifted the curtain and gave me just a glimpse of the light of "the morning." "Light" such as no eye of mortal could endure! (1 Tim. 6:16) And with it all came such a flood of glory that, like a great, warm gulf-stream, lifted and carried me away out into that boundless, fathomless ocean of God, and for days I hardly knew whether I was in heaven or on earth, and it absolutely did not matter, so perfect was that heart content, and my entire being was readjusted and reassured.

\* \* \*

DISAPPOINTMENT -- HIS APPOINTMENT

Thus it has been adown the years, until at last I have learned something of the object and value of living the earth life: First, by being irreversibly true to God, with personal passionate devotion to Jesus the Christ, and since then I have been truly grateful for lengthened breath; second, by doing all in the realm of possibility to make Him known; third, by developing, through discipline, qualifications of character that will be preparedness for the "prepared" place of service in the coming Kingdom. (Matt. 20:23.)

Great are God's plans in the future world for those who with heaven-born persistence will be overcomers. (Rev. 12:11; 3:12; 2:26.)

True, He does not divulge them, for unswerving fidelity out of unfeigned love is the only incentive that He regards either here or there.

A humble disciple will occasionally be given insight into Scripture that will encourage their heart, out of love for their Lord, with confidence in His wisdom, to triumphantly endure (through His grace) (2 Cor. 12:9; Heb. 4:16) hardness (2 Tim. 2:3) as discipline for the development of soul fiber for His service in the future world, if for no other reason. (Psa. 49:14; 1 Cor. 6:2; Dan. 7:22.) And for this cause, without conferring with or regarding the clamorings of the frail body, or the increasing desire of the soul that will overwhelm at times, I daily choose to abide in this tenement of clay, (Phil. 1:23, 24) without one heart murmur, just as long as it is His preferment for me to do so; for His love is everlasting (Jer. 31:3; Psa. 41:13), and His wisdom is infinite (Psa. 147:5; "104:24; Dan. 2:22; Rev. 7:12; Rom. 11:33). Notice that concrete illustration in the life of our Lord (John 11), note also these words, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," therefore verses 5, 6.

I am fully persuaded that when, from Eternal heights, looking back we behold the marvelous outgrowth of those deferred hopes, we shall be profoundly grateful for the unparalleled kindness of the Lord in withholding, transmuting, and constituting disappointment His appointment. (2 Thess. 2:16, 17.)

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#### 094 -- HOSPITAL MEMOIRS

It was not unusual at the hospital for the sick to be aroused from their restless slumbers by some sweet hymn, as the Superintendent, nurses, and employees "gathered to seek the blessing of the Lord upon their own hearts before they began the duties of the day that lay before them.

(This often suggested helpful, comforting thoughts to the weary ones on the floors above them.) They frequently closed their devotions with the chorus, that declaration of true faith, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Look to Jesus, weary one,  
Look at what the Lord has done,  
Was first waking thoughts this morn

And that blessed look and live,  
Surely I'm the weary one,  
And I trust the work He's done,  
He will help me, God's own Son,  
Evermore to look and live.

And so committing all to Him,  
As to a Father blest,  
In closely clasping everlasting arms  
I rest. Oh! blessed rest.  
Sometimes too weak and weary  
To lift my eyes to see  
His dear face just above me,  
Looking down in love on me.  
Yes, down on me, His trusting child  
Unworthy of His care.  
And then, sweet distant music  
Seemed floating on the air.  
I thought of the blessed angels  
As the words did oft repeat,  
But I knew it was my sisters,  
Gathered round the mercy seat.  
I could almost see each dear face there,  
And my heart was filled with earnest prayer  
That each acquainted be (John 17:3) and thus  
Commit their all unto His trust. And know that "He is able,"  
As the words just sung did say,  
"To keep that which is committed  
Unto Him against that day."

The angel of the hospital, or the beloved Rachel as she was sometimes called, would often come to my room for a little while, and at times I would send her notes similar to the following:  
I do not want you to come up here When you are worn and weary, dear, At close of day.  
But may I send a note to you,

A verse of hymn or Scripture true,  
Some little thought that I may find,  
To cheer the heart, or rest the mind,  
Please tell me if I may.  
I'll send it down by Dr. P\_\_\_\_  
And no one else will wiser be.  
Good-night, beloved sister,  
The evening shades draw near,  
And out upon the city, the lights  
Are shining clear.  
I know not what the trials

Of the day now nearly past,  
But night is closing 'round thee  
With its calming quiet rest.  
Have you thought of that blest banner  
That "over us is love,"  
Has it helped you as it has me  
This day to look above,  
Feeling how sweet to work for Him,  
Or helplessly to lie  
At the gate of the vineyard if only  
To cheer the reapers as they pass by.

'Tis night again, beloved,  
And hast thou felt the hand  
Upon thy aching head so softly pressed?  
'Twas surely there in answered prayer,  
And didst thou listen to that promise blest,  
"My presence shall go with thee  
And I will give thee rest"?

\* \* \*

#### LINES TO MY NURSE ON THE EVE OF A SERIOUS OPERATION

One of my dear girls will care for me,  
If I pass through the ordained decree,  
And whichever one does for me care,  
Some things perhaps you are not aware  
Will always comfort me.  
Just little things, so small they can but seem to you;  
Yet mean so much to one in weakness lying low.  
Some dear sweet hymn of love or praise to Him,  
Sung soft and low amid the shadows dim.  
Some oft-repeated precious old refrain  
Like "Jesus Lover of My Soul," or "Blessed be the Name"  
Often when in delirium the mind is raging deep,  
Will calm the nerves and brain and quiet into sleep.  
Or the quiet daily reading of our own dear Father's will,  
If I can grasp one precious thought with joy my heart will thrill.  
Have I asked too much, dear sister, then forgive and never mind,  
For I know your good intentions, and your heart is very kind.  
And if I do not need your care, think what a glorious rest is mine.

\* \* \*

#### A DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM



All through my long hospital experience, the Lord wonderfully saved me from wearying anxiety over the children, that had ever been given that thoughtful, loving care of a mother who considers that the care of the children she has brought into the world is her first work.

Through great grace they were kept committed, the mind was not allowed to dwell upon them when awake; but in my dreams I would often take the train and soon be with them, happy, ministering to their needs as of old. I had been very low for quite awhile. They had written to husband of my serious condition, and in his reply he said it would be so that he could come soon. I was happy in the hope of seeing the children, and began to improve. I dreamed one night that I saw a crowd get off the street car at the corner, and I was so sure that husband and the children were among them that for very joy I got out of bed and walked back and forth in that long hall, and then leaned over the stair railing, reaching out my hands in welcome to my darlings; and it seemed that I could not wait to clasp them in my arms once more. And to my consternation, husband came hurrying up the stairs with one of the nurses, and he had not brought the children. It seemed that the mother heart within me actually broke -- I could not keep back the tears.

They carried me back to my bed, for in my grief my strength suddenly left me; and between those deep heart sobs that shook my frame my lips would say, "Yes! I am glad to see you, husband, but oh! I wanted to see the children!" It seemed like one of those few times in my life when my humanity got the best of me -- when the will had lost control--and for hours my mother heart would wail, "I wanted to see the children."

They held my hand, and smoothed my brow, and tried to comfort me, but I could only sob out my pitiful lament. I wanted to see the children.

The next morning, exhaustion was so great I could scarcely move my hand, and I wondered why the nurses were so unusually tender toward me. The dream was still vivid, but I had many other dreams just as vivid, and said nothing.

But later on I found that what I had supposed to be a dream had in part occurred. I had walked the full length of that hall. I had leaned over the stair railing till they thought I would overbalance. It was Mr. Mc\_\_\_\_, the gentleman night nurse, that I thought was husband, and Miss W\_\_\_\_ who carried me back to bed; and they told the Superintendent that never were they so sorry for anyone in all their lives as for that broken-hearted mother pleading to see her children. Utterly failing to bring comfort and quiet, at last they appealed to the house physician, and under his orders resorted to the hypodermic which soon brought forgetfulness in dreamless slumber.

In closing, I would add some lines I handed to Miss H\_\_\_\_ just before that most serious operation, that I had studied out and suggested to Dr. E. P.\_\_\_\_, and he had the courage born of such strong convictions that he could go against the consensus of opinion of the vast majority of the medical fraternity who had been interestedly watching this unusual case. There is no doubt that the absolute rest of soul had much to do with the success that attended the operation that eventually put me on my feet.

\* \* \*

TO E. H\_\_\_\_\_

'Tis the day of preparation, and before the morrow's sun  
Is set, I may be done with earth life and eternal life begun.  
And behold Him in His beauty whom my soul has loved so long,  
Who has been my stay, my comfort, and upheld in arms so strong  
That I could not fail or falter through temptations' fiercest blast.  
Oh, to hear His approbation and His welcome home at last!  
But if a life of suffering could for other souls be blest,  
Just as gladly I accept it, for my Father's will is best.  
But oh, for health and strength I long so much while here,  
I could my little children lead -- my lonely husband cheer.  
But my Heavenly Father's will I long for most of all,  
He never makes mistakes -- e'en notes the sparrow's fall.  
My husband and my children dear are in His hands of love;  
He assures me I shall see them in that land of light above.  
"Leave your children" is the promise, and I alive will keep.  
For my husband, prayers are bottled, for conviction strong and deep.  
I am sure, my precious sister, that you can understand,  
While others might not, how I could leave them in His hand.  
Good-night, beloved sister, and when we shall meet again,  
Coming back to strength from weakness, or upon the Heavenly plain,  
It matters not to you, and me, if His best will is done,  
We will praise His name together while the endless ages run.

\* \* \* \* \*

095 -- GOD IS EQUAL TO SHATTERED NERVES -- (Isa. 40:25, 26)

Do you believe it? Among the pilgrims there are many who do not, and excuse themselves and sympathize with others in such a way as to engender self-pity; and self-pity will open the door for a train of evils to come trooping in, crowding out Christ who alone can keep the citadel of our soul in quietness and assurance.

On my return from that long sojourn at the hospital, I realized that those years of extreme suffering and the many serious operations had so shattered the nerves that as "a harp of a thousand strings" they would vibrate most painfully under the sweep of the ordinary life in a home, for I was unable to do anything but lie and wait the return of strength, which came, oh, so slowly.

In my weakness and ignorance, I could not differentiate between the indescribable torture of diseased nerves crying out for soothing quiet and relief from responsibility that they were utterly unable to endure, and the unrest of soul that comes with rebellion against God. Then with the accusations of the enemy, I became bewildered; and with a spirit of protest ever at my elbow, I failed to resist the temptation. And thus the enemy, coming through the nerves, found a way back into my once cleansed heart; and that old impatience that I had battled with all my earlier life was

again felt within, where all had been calm and peaceful even when the nerves would rise up in such mutiny as to overcome consciousness.

It was a great grief that I had so signally failed the Lord again: and as I silently brooded over my sorrow, the thought was pressed upon me (which seemed so reasonable that I believed it) that with such shattered nerves, God could not save me from this inward impatience at times -- while He had saved me before, and could save others; but not me now, in this condition. The fault was all on the human side, I knew, but I could not help it.

I mentioned it to a few, but no one had the courage to tell me God was able. Or perhaps, like many another, they too were limiting God, and really did not know that it was in the region of possibility; and all they had to give me was poor, weak human sympathy, when I so sorely needed a knowledge of the truth, and encouragement born of Divine sympathy, and the uplifting of another's faith. But not very many have this to give; and if they have, they feel that they do not know how to minister to one in such a pitiful condition, and are deterred from making the effort that might be used of God to restore a soul to its lost inheritance, and give back to Christ His rightful place on the throne of their hearts, just what their soul is longing for. "If there be a messenger with Him, an interpreter, one among a thousand," how different it might have all been!

As it was, I sorrowed as one without a hope, enduring the inexpressible suffering of the body, and the added unrest of the soul, and an occasional uprising, which seldom came to the surface or was expressed in impatient words. I was oppressed with sadness and often talked to the Lord about it, but with that hopelessness of unfaith. I had a penitential attitude, and a real sorrow for the Lord, because I could not cooperate with Him, so that He could deliver me from "His foe" within my breast." (Rom. 8:7.).

One day he spoke to me, and without the least ostentation, very quietly, as though what I had thought impossible was but a little thing for Him to do; I never forgot the words, for they actually created faith (.John 6:63), and such blessed results followed.

"We know not how the Spirit moves  
Convincing men (we sing),  
Revealing Jesus through His Word,  
Creating faith in Him."

Too weak for concentrated, intelligent thinking, I simply left it all to Him, and the holy hush of His presence pervading my inner being seemed to neutralize all that disturbing element. Anyway, all was peaceful once more in the citadel of my soul. The words that the Lord Jesus spoke unto me, that wrought such a restful change (Heb. 4:9, 10, first clause of verse 3) were these, "I am equal to shattered nerves."

All glory be to God, although the enemy has never ceased his efforts to effect an entrance through the avenue of the nervous system, and has used all kinds of stratagem -- and I have been in many a close corner, and have been confused sometimes -- yet after more than a quarter of a century of testings and provings, from experience I can testify, "God is equal to shattered nerves."

How often have I felt the sudden sweep of temptation, and with my nerves all aquiver instantly have cried out, "Lord Jesus, do you see that impatience coming? Don't let it in," and hid away behind the undisturbed Sovereign of life's sea, and that tidal wave that threatened to overwhelm me had to recede.

Someone has put it this way, "Have you ever seen an old familiar, oft-victorious, Satan-sent, hell-bringing temptation coming for you; and knowing your own utter helplessness before it, and knowing also Christ's omnipotence, have you turned to Him with that instant prayer, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art sufficient,' and then watched the temptation shrivel and die before Him, while your heart tingled and sang 'with joyful praise,' realizing anew 'that greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world?'" (1 John 4:4.)

I have a friend, a fine young man, who greatly needs to differentiate between the irritability of the nervous system, and the agitation and unrest of enmity against God in the heart. With his extreme conscientiousness and the highly sensitive nerves of his delicately poised organism, he feels everything with unusual keenness, and fails to make those fine distinctions and, censuring himself, becomes discouraged of ever reaching the altitude in grace where he will not feel impatient; but all will be clear when he learns to differentiate.

"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." True, it does mean close, careful living with paramount desire to please the Lord; and it takes courage to deny the clamorings of the natural (when this harp of a thousand strings is strung up in discord to an inconceivable tension, painfully vibrating with every breath), to even then take up my cross daily and follow Jesus; but I have heard His gentle whisper, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." My heart has responded, "And I love Him more than I love myself." It is ever the "Lure of Divine Love" that draws me on.

"He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
He saved me from my low estate,  
His loving kindness, oh, how great."

There is no question as to where I would have spent the years of my life, if it had not been for the peace of His presence in the depths of my soul, the holding of His power, and the occasional overflow of that same peace into the physical, with soothing comfort for every quivering nerve.

I am fully persuaded that even on this line "he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

"For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." Thou meetest him that rejoiceth, and worketh righteousness. Those that remember Thee in Thy ways. (Isa. 64:4, 5; 1 Cor. 2:9.)

"Speak, speak to Zion's burdened ones,

Lead, lead them up to Calvary's Mount;  
The want of weary hearts is there,  
'Tis cleansing in Redemption's Fount."  
"I am glad there is cleansing in the blood,  
Tell the world, all the world  
There is cleansing in the Savior's blood."

\* \* \*

## SONGS IN THE NIGHT

Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Through the hours of coming day;  
Grant that poise of soul and mind,  
With Thy grace, that I may find  
Strength for this frail form so weak;  
For Thy glory this I seek.

Thou who stills the ocean wild  
As a mother calms her child,  
In Thy gentle Spirit's power  
Thou canst hold me hour by hour;  
Help me choose from labors vast  
Restfully some little task,

Till the throbbing nerves and brain  
Slowly gather strength again,  
Then once more with spirit blest  
I may tell the world of "Rest"  
As I wait and learn of Thee,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Pleading faith looks up to Thee,  
Rest of faith steals over me;  
Oh, the hushing of Thy word,  
"Be still, know that I am God."  
O'er and o'er repeats to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 096 -- HOW THE MOTTO BECAME CHANGED

A beautiful motto of silver lettering shines through the somber shadows of each returning day, speaking softly to my awakening faculties. Sometimes with deep assurance and sometimes

with tender questionings, and the echoing "Yes, my Lord," arouses the slumbering praises in my heart.

"Jesus only" is my motto; is it yours? Not Jesus first, but Jesus only. And have you, as have I, gone forth leaning on the Beloved; and as we journeyed on it was like walking down a peninsula which projected far out into the sea, growing narrower and narrower, all earthly things either by death or the vicissitudes of life, friends and earthly associations, with all earthly plans and hopes were cut away right and left, till at last we stood as it were on the tip end surrounded by the bright waters of omnipotent love, and it then became our supreme joy to relinquish everything of the past, both of joy and sorrow, friends or foe, good or bad, and step into that barque on the limitless sea with Jesus only; content with beholding His face, the revealing of His love, the unveiling of the Divine attributes, His mighty works and workings, and a thousand themes awaiting disclosure to our enraptured soul. Ever turning to Him for companionship, comfort, or personal needs, expecting nothing -- absolutely nothing -- from frail humanity around you. And have you maintained this blessed oneness -- this singleness of Jesus only? Or have you, in company with others of God's dear children, allowed the cares of this life, people or things, to crowd in between and hide the clear shining of His face, not realizing what was the matter?

I wonder if the haziness of your spiritual atmosphere would clear a little were I to turn back to some of the blurred pages of my life's history not without sorrow -- and yet that very sorrow is blended and lost in grateful adoring love. Those summer months were so long, for frailty was very great. Sleep scarcely visited my pillow, and I had grown so weary. The people about me knew nothing of shattered nerves, and they tired me; everything seemed to hurt me, and I found my heart crying out for something, I knew not what. One morning as the returning light of another day came stealing into my open window, surprise, grief, and a confusion of emotion swept over my awakening mind, as involuntarily my eyes rested upon my motto: that now looked down upon me, not with love's tender questionings, Jesus only? but instead, narrow, sordid, self-centered there stood out in unshamed boldness, "Us only." Those were the words, and those cold, hard, glittering letters not only pierced the gray gloom of the morning, but also pierced the haziness of the spiritual atmosphere that had been settling around me of late, causing a groping of soul, a lack of poise, a restless misfit some way -- that I had not been able to account for even from the basis of physical suffering and weakness. And what had so altered the motto? Simply this, something had been placed on the shelf below in such a way as to obstruct the view of the first three letters, and so it read, "Us only." And I realized that just as unintentionally as those things had been placed there, utterly changing the meaning of the motto, just so by lack of communion, trust, and watchfulness I had allowed things to obstruct the free flowing of His grace, taking upon me the burden of the management of myself and affairs till the little cob houses, and back dooryards, had assumed such gigantic proportions that they overwhelmed me. I saw it all now, and I lay back among my pillows a truly penitent soul, acknowledging with grateful sorrow the truth so strangely, yet so clearly, brought to me. But what could I do? I saw the situation and deeply felt the need of adjustment and the reversing of affairs, Jesus first -- yes, Jesus only; but oh, my utter helplessness! It had been easy to drift along, and rather pleasing to the weak human nature, but it let these obstructions come in between -- and now I was powerless to move the mountain-like proportions they had assumed. Any kind human hand could remove the obstruction from the motto on the wall, but not so here in this self-centered heart of mine, for self-sympathy and the considerations that we think we ought to have from others, are very subtle temptations to a sufferer, and these obstructions could be

removed only by the nail-pierced hand of our Lord. I was sick at heart of "Us only;" but as much as I loathed such a condition it was still "Us only," and I could not change it. I was deeply pained for shutting my Lord out, and so weary of self-management I earnestly pleaded His forgiving mercy and besought Him to once more take control, submitting everything to Him, and in confidence in the great benevolent character of my Lord I rested my case in His hands -- I grew quiet and restful -- and then the thought of the osteopathic physician came to me by way of illustration.

The sufferer, diverted of all superfluity, submissively lies down before the physician and surrenders himself to his touch; and he who has learned the mechanism of the human frame searches out with those educated fingers (not always without pain) the disturbing disarrangements, relaxing the contractions, and making adjustments till there comes such a sense of relief and rest that it is better enjoyed than expressed; and so it is with the soul.

Dr. M\_\_\_\_\_ once said, as he laid his hand upon the human spine, "These are subject to slips and twists, and need an occasional examination and adjustments." And have not you and I found this true also of the soul? It is said of some physicians that there is so much magnetism about them that they impart to their patients a measure of this life-giving force. However that may be, we do know that the great Physician does impart to us life, for He is the Creator and Dispenser of life; and I love to prostrate myself before Him and invite those nail-scarred hands to make corrections -- or point out a more excellent way -- remove obstructions, make the weak places strong, and the strong places more enduring -- with that blissful sense of His own life currents set freely flowing anew through soul and body, for I must at any cost ever keep intact my life's one motto, "Jesus only," and go on with my Lord.

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#### 097 -- OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S CARE IN LITTLE THINGS

"Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,  
Spread before God that wish, that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer."

Years ago, Sister M\_\_\_\_\_ came to me with shining, face, saying, "I know I am right with the Lord now. I just fasted and prayed until I prayed clear through."

I was quite surprised, and said, "I did not know that there was anything wrong."

"I didn't either," was her reply, "until I couldn't pray the mice out that had been bothering us."

"Would the Lord drive such pests out in answer to prayer?" I asked in amazement.

"Why, sure," she said; "our restaurant was just overrun with rats, and we prayed them all out. The Lord will do anything for us if we'll keep clear, and pray in faith. When that awful fire swept over a large part of the city of Blank where we lived, I just held on to God to save our

home, and it burned all around us, but our house stood untouched. And those stepchildren of mine would say to the people who came out to see such a wonder, 'Our house didn't burn, our mamma prayed.' " And she related many such incidents from life.

I was slow to actually believe that our Heavenly Father is interested and takes note of all the little details in the lives of His children. But the Bible is so full of promises, corroborated by the lives of others, that my heart was assured, and in the confidence and freedom of a grateful child, I learned to bring to the Lord all the things that perplexed or troubled me, even of passing temporal interest -- for guidance in judgment -- and emergencies of every kind, including the creatures that were under my care, realizing that "his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands." (Psa. 145:9.)

When I discovered that the flock of bantam hens were all sick with the "rupe," at first I was shocked, for it looked as if they would all die. But in a few minutes I collected myself, and said to the Lord, "They are Thy hens, and if Thou dost want them to die, that is all right (submission to God); but if not, wouldn't it please Thee to heal them? Thy tender mercies are over all the works of Thy hands." And they all got well, even those that had become blind with the disease.

A more protracted test came through the gift of a bedstead, by a neighbor who was moving away. Before I realized it, there were many inhabitants occupying my open sleeping porch with me, and were taking possession of the whole cottage. Unable to exterminate them, in my distress I cried to the Lord again and again, and humbly besought Him in mercy to deliver me from those midnight marauders; and the time came when I touched Divinity, and suddenly they were banished, never to return.

It meant much to me in my frailty, and I have ever been grateful. Innumerable all through life have been the Lord's mercies in little things. "Your heavenly Father knoweth." (Matt. 10:29, 30, 31.)

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## SECTION TEN

### STILL NEAR ME

Still near me! Yes, my Savior stands,  
Oh, lay Thy soothing, nail-pierced hand  
Upon my throbbing, fevered brow,  
And calm these nerves wild beating;  
Strengthen the weak and fluttering heart,  
Thine own sweet gift of peace impart  
To this frail, pain-racked body, now,  
Before my gracious Lord I bow.

Peace to this frame, as to this soul,  
Take each alike in Thy control;



Are not all given up to Thee,  
Thine for eternal keeping,  
Just as Thou wilt, Thine own, my Lord:  
Hast Thou not tuned life's broken chord?  
Though minor may the music be,  
'Tis ever grateful praise to Thee.

I rest upon Thy will, content  
No matter how my breath be spent;  
All I would ask, to see Thy face  
By faith, no cloud between,  
And hold before the throne in prayer  
"My world" (the souls I've touched while here);  
I'll trust Thy daily added grace,  
Tilt I behold Thee face to face.

Thy will to me Thou dost reveal,  
By power Divine Thou still wouldst heal;  
Infirmities and all I roll  
Out on atoning mercy.  
In Romans eight, eleven, I see  
A resurrection life for me,  
For physical, and for the soul,  
With each, alike, in Thy control.

As wholly on Thy Word rely,  
Thy life, Thy strength is my supply;  
As breath by breath my need doth fill  
Sweet union, ever deepening,  
Sheltered, I live and move in Him;  
Above the pain, disease, and sin,  
For me this is thy Sovereign will.  
O Christ within! Thou art Conqueror still.  
(1914)

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#### 098 -- LETTERS TO A SICK FRIEND SEEKING THE LORD'S HEALING

My Dear Sister in Jesus:--

I am writing this for your encouragement. You have been sick a long time (and let me talk out of my own heart and yours). At the beginning of your sickness it was not easy "to suffer and be still," but the Lord so helped you that at last you could lie back in "the everlasting arms that were underneath," and endure the inevitable without one heart murmur."

"Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I with my Savior am happy and blest."

And then came the hope of the Lord's healing sometime (and He has done much for you.) A most beautiful passive faith, but inactive; and because of becoming so accustomed to people and things as they are, and failures in the past, and uncertainties concerning if it be the Lord's will, etc., and a shrinking back from -- well, you hardly know what, because of weakness, you need the assistance of the faith of others to help you to press through, to break over the self-complacent passivity of faith, and put your will into action and take deliverance in Jesus' name, because He wants you to have it -- and wants you to take it now.

There is a living, active, holy boldness -- a present appropriating faith, based upon the promise of God and the amazing Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, that reaches out and takes the gift now, that God inbreathes, imparts, when we see it is what He wants us to have, for His glory, and we will with all our power what He wills, what He wants, and press through into the now time, taking from that nail-pierced hand this gift that has cost Him so much (Isa. 53:5), by grasping His promise as the sick sister I wrote you about who "took hold of the rope." And seeing their faith, their united faith, agreement of faith (Matt. 18:19), "He doeth the work," instantaneously destroys every disease germ, eliminates every bit of poison now; but He may take a little time to put on flesh and teach you to walk and let you grow strong. Ofttimes He turns the tide, and we build up gradually by stepping out as He leads; at other times He raises up instantaneously to health and strength-leave that with Him, that is not your part. Yours is to look away from every one, and every thing up into the blessed face of the Son of man, "by whose stripes you are healed," and not look at your body, not allow yourself to think about it, but keep the body committed unto Him, and see "no man save Jesus only," and the promise He has given you, repeating it over and over. It is like "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the Word of the living God. "He faileth never," you can now rest in Him. When the Lord first undertook for me, March 7, 1899, there was no one near me who really knew God, or had any faith for the body, and He said to me, "See thou tell no man," but gave me permission to write to Christian friends, and I poured out my heart in letters, for the blessing of my soul eclipsed all that had been done for my body. But I said nothing to the unbelieving around me, until they spoke of my improved appearance, then I told them, and gave God the glory -- the proof was before them and their unbelief was overcome and put to silence. At other times I have been led to reverently speak of the Lord's undertaking, or of some special deliverance, at once. God leads His dear children along, and it is precious to walk softly with Him. How I adore Him as I write!

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall."

Remember, we are standing by -- standing with you -- with faith in His name, in Jesus Himself, your Savior and Friend, the almighty One who has given you His name.

My Precious Sister in Christ: You are surely in God's school. "In the furnace God may prove thee, hence to bring thee forth more bright. But can never cease to love thee, thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee, God is with thee; God, thine everlasting light."

I have been thinking of the sister I had spoken of. She from the first felt assured that she was to be raised up, and did everything that she knew to do in meeting conditions -- going through all kinds of tests believing God -- again and again being anointed, expecting, was greatly blessed but not healed, yet believing for final victory. She had been deeply saved in her youth and walked with the Lord with unbroken step-raising a large family -- a woman of rare saintly character, her "face ever reflecting that "solar light." There was no doubt of her deep spirituality, and we wondered at the delay. I often think of that verse in the hymn in connection with her:

"I struggled and wrestled to win it,  
The blessing that setteth me free,  
But when I had ceased from my struggling,  
His peace Jesus gave unto me. (then)  
He laid His hand on me and healed me,  
And bade me be perfectly whole."

I too believed, and my expectations were from Him, in restoration of this mother to her family, and resisted the thought of death that seemed so near. It was a hard fight. I reasoned with the Lord, and pleaded in behalf of those little children and the husband who had always leaned on her, and it was a great need; but some way I could not get through to where I could stand on the promise immovable, where that real rest of faith for her was mine.

I was getting my little breakfast one morning when that gentle voice I knew so well said, "Couldn't I get those children and that husband through to heaven if I took the mother now?" I suddenly stopped and stood still, then dropped on my knees and bowed low before the Lord. "Why yes, my Lord, of course you can; and if you want to take Sister Blank to heaven, I'll say no more." I: seemed awful to let her go and leave that family; and how I suffered! But I threw up both hands and said, "O God, have your way," and took my hands off, and submitted her to God. The conflict ceased, and that quietness of assurance of His approval pervaded my soul; and before I arose from my knees I understood the: unworthy motives and lack of trust at some points had, as it were, tied God's hands, and hindered Him from having His-way, and submission to any possibilities in the will of God let me down on the basis of true faith, and gave to Him a channel of faith to work through; and His way for this dear child of His was to raise her up He gave to me the very promise (James 5:15) that I had been trying to claim, and I held it unwaveringly till it was realized by her.

Over and over have I had to learn this lesson, but I have learned to stand right there, "resisting in the faith" and "lean not to (what I presume) my own understanding" through tests small and great (for I can see such a small part, but my Father sees it all). It robs Satan of his strong armament, and he stands back in silent, impotent rage; it puts a holy hush in our souls, so we can hear the voice of the Lord, and our hearts are assured that God can work it out "after the counsel of his own will," and we are unafraid.

The difficulty with me, and with others, was that it seemed as though I was submitting to Satan; and there is an opportunity for the subtle working of the enemy if we do not thoughtfully, carefully trust our almighty Friend at that point.

We are in God's school, every one of us, and we will always be under-graduates with our Father. Bless His holy name! "He will guide you into all truth;" "He shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," are the comforting words of "our Jesus."

P. S. In speaking of the beautiful passivity of faith, it is that calm, sweet rest in the midst of suffering; soul rest, "My Jesus, as Thou wilt," "My soul trusteth in Thee fill these calamities are overpast." (Psa. 57:1.) A peaceful submission to the permissive will of God. Willing all through me to suffer as long as He permits it, with such boundless confidence in Him that all personal choosing is given up, handed over to our Lord, a perfect willingness to live on and on and suffer, or die and leave undone all that my heart had longed to do for Him and souls--

"His blessed will, His blessed way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

This is all-essential, this is the basis of all true faith. This is where dear Sister Blank rested, and then, reaching out, simply took hold of the rope -- no doubt you have learned this lesson that is so difficult to maintain, because it seems contradictory and in opposition to the exercise of faith; but as we are taught of God we see that it is a fact, that submission to God, to any possibility in the will of God, anything that our Father permits -- loyal, loving, confiding" submission to God is the basis of faith.

It means much to find that blessed place at the feet of Jesus, and it means more to maintain it in the perplexities that arise. But from that lowly place of humility before Him, He can make known to us any new angle, or turn, in His gracious will; and no matter what it is that He wants, we are ready to press through and take, because He wants us to do so, not because it is desirable, not even because of what we may be enabled to do for Him, or, from a still higher motive, because it will bring glory to His name and help others (all these may be there), but fundamentally because He wants it. All other desires, motives, and incentives are unworthy and are discarded. And from such a basis of faith, out of pure love for "our Lord," we persistently press through, break over every barrier, and in deepest humility and reverential awe, with bowed head yet with a holy confidence, go right into the immediate presence of the great "I Am," and take from His outstretched hand the gift that He wants us to take. But back of all this lies the fact that submission to God is the basis of faith.

Do I make it plain? Perhaps a bit of personal experience will illustrate it better -- for I seemed to need one lesson after another at this point for myself, and testings in praying for others in a quarter of a century, for, like you, I esteemed the spiritual far above the physical.

I was engaged in the Olive Branch Mission work when the real breakdown came with tuberculosis. I had regularly visited those long tubercular wards in the County Hospital, gathering gems for His crown, for a year or more; and I well knew what was before me unless the Lord undertook, and I fully believed that He would (as He had often done in the past). The work of God was so on my heart, such a passion for souls, and I expected to get better -- I felt it was His will; yet with the oft-recurring thought of long-drawn-out suffering, shut away in the hospital, would come words like these, "You'll get worse and worse you'll go to the hospital -- they will slowly

kill you with strong medicine, sew you up in a sheet, and put you in a hole," and with such a sneer and a hiss that I was aware where it came from, and I resisted it -- I fought it. I met it with, "I don't believe that is the will of God for me," and the conflict raged. I grew weary, but I would never give up, I was so sure it was from Satan, and I felt it was not God's will; but it was a hard fight, and I did not gain in my body. I can see now that "I was resisting with the fists of my will power," and not "resisting in the faith." I had gone to the foothills under canvas; and one morning as I stood looking out over the valley and the hills that arose on the other side, weary with the battle -- with those sneering words -- a gentle voice that I knew was the voice of my beloved Master, whispered softly, "It could be a possibility in the will of God." I stopped and thought, and said, "Why yes, my Lord, it could be; and while I do not believe it is, yet if for reasons of your own, you permit it -- all right. There may be some soul there that I can help find their way to Thee." That hissing voice was silenced, and such a rest and quietness, with Blessed assurance of His approval--

"Perfect submission, all was at rest,  
I with my Savior was happy and blest."

That beautiful passive faith -- submission to God, the basis of faith!

The next morning, I again stood looking out over that beautiful valley, especially noting the hills as they rose up in the sunlight above the fogs of the valley on the other side; and that same tender voice spoke again, "No, that is not my will for you, but it is essential for you to be perfectly submitted to any possibility in the will of God. You are in the lowlands now, like the valley that lies before you in the fog, but you will yet climb to the sun-lit hills on the other side." And being at rest on the true basis of faith, I believed my Lord, and began to improve; and on June 15, 1923, He electrocuted the "germs," healed the lungs, and set me free from tuberculosis. We need to remember this: "It is all one Eternal now with God -- He needs no divisions of past, or future -- He sees it all Now, comprehends what to us is past and future as we comprehend the present. It is all one Eternal now with our Father. This has helped me to understand the little delay, the "presently" (Matt. 26:53) that sometimes intervenes between receiving a promise and the evident manifestation. But it is ours now -- we shall yet see, if we faint not -- so

"We will give the glory to Jesus,  
And rest in His love,  
We will give the glory to Jesus,  
And praise Him forever more."

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## 099 -- THE TRIUMPHS OF GRACE IN EXTREME SUFFERING

In the autumn of 1890 a calamity came into my life (for which I was in no way responsible) that in a short time reduced the strong woman that I was to the helplessness of extreme suffering.

The local suffering was great, the whole body was racked with pain; but that was as nothing compared with that indescribable suffering with my nerves.

I was soon helpless. Great grace and strong will power held me steady and uncomplaining; but the body could not rest day or night, only when stupefied with medicine, and the least sudden start would often cause me to sink away as if dead. As time went on, I grew worse until I did not know how to endure my own existence.

I am sure that the children will never forget that long winter that they talked in whispers. After some months, the medicine began to lose effect, the nerves got beyond control, and those convulsions that the doctor was trying to ward off, developed, with intensified suffering, and death was anticipated at any time.

Sometime in early summer, husband's cousin and her friend, who was a nurse, came to visit us; and after talking with the doctor and watching the case, began talking about the hospital. But husband was not interested, and finally she got right after him, "You have plenty of money and you ought to take that sick woman to the hospital;" and as he still demurred because of expense and uncertainty, she added, "What do you suppose people will think of you if you let her lie there and die?" And "what will they think" was ever his great concern, and seemed to be his highest incentive for doing right, or rather what looked to be right doing to the public, for he loved the praise of men.

I was too sick to take notice of what was being said much of the time, but I remember some things very distinctly. I clearly recall another important incident about that time. I saw my six-year-old son quietly standing by the door (as I went into one of those dreadful convulsions that would sometimes leave me unconscious for hours), his face full of concern, his brown eyes filled with tears, and I saw him run away to be alone somewhere with the Lord.

After I had returned to consciousness, I saw him again at the door, with his face just shining; and stepping softly to my bedside, he said, with his low voice just trembling with suppressed joy, "Mamma, I know you are going to get better, for I told Jesus all about it." And there was considerable relaxation from the suffering; and thus it came about that I was taken in a bed to a hospital in the city of P\_\_\_\_, though few thought I would live to reach there.

After examination, the only slender hope held out was in operating at once, which was done; and after many days there was a measure of relief for a brief time, and then the convulsions returned with increasing force.

The teeth would set, the hands clench, and every muscle set as in the rigidity of death, and in that condition go into contortions, often drawing me over backwards until the head and heels would nearly touch; and nothing but powerful hypodermics would bring any degree of relief, and that only for a few hours; the throat would be seemingly paralyzed for days, unable to swallow even water to quench the burning thirst. Nurses of long experience said that they had never before seen such suffering.

I vividly recall one time, when every available means had been exhausted, and a week had passed, my day nurse (who was a woman who lived in touch with God), securing permission of the Superintendent one evening, came in and, laying a hand gently upon my brow, spoke tender

words of comfort. Then kneeling by my bedside, her very soul breathed up to God as she sang softly that dear old hymn that has been the heart cry of troubled souls for more than a century.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

That peculiarly sweet, sacred hushing of His presence pervaded the atmosphere, as she sang on and on. It was like heaven to me, and I dropped into restful slumber while she still knelt low at the Master's feet.

The next day the throat relaxed, and the heaven-inspired singer was radiant. But to go back.

Just recently, my nurse friend was telling me of a patient that she had nursed, that had such dreadful convulsions that, used to seeing suffering as she was, she did not know how to endure the sight of such contortions.

I remember how sorry I used to feel for my nurses, for I know it must have been painful for them to care for me.

One operation followed another. Three times was the abdomen opened, besides a number of minor operations, until they had operated on everything that they dared to operate on, exhausting the skill, one after another, of a number of the best physicians in that large city.

The strong medicine they must give in their endeavor to destroy disease, the morphine and other sedatives, have practically ruined the stomach's power of digestion, and I have been throughout the years not only a continual sufferer with stomach trouble, but like one starving in a land of plenty, much of the time for lack of proper assimilation of food.

One cannot but realize that three years of such extreme suffering and strong medicines and the frequent "shock" of one operation after another, could not help but shatter the whole nervous system and leave a wreck of the once strong woman that I was.

Indeed the astonishment of all was that t was yet alive. But the tide did turn, the convulsions grew lighter and could be controlled by milder remedies from" the time that Dr. P\_\_\_\_ performed that operation that I had suggested, which was surely of the Lord.

I had been like one of the hospital family so long that the nurses sometimes, when I was not too sick, told me of different operations and such things of interest.

They had been telling of a new discovery in surgery, and as I thought about it, I was strongly impressed that such an operation would relieve those convulsions, and there was presented clearly to my mind the reasons why it would do so.

I talked it over with the house doctor, and the next day with Dr. Power, an English nerve specialist, who then had the case in charge; and he in turn brought in Dr. P\_\_\_\_, a surgeon. They soon got over the astonishment of a patient's prescribing to the physician and planning their own operation.

I reasoned it all out with them, and Dr. P\_\_\_\_ said in conclusion: "I believe you are right. I believe it will do the work," and so it proved. But Dr. P\_\_\_\_ had to have the courage to go ahead, right against the consensus of opinion of quite a number of physicians older than himself, who had been interestedly watching the case; and some censured him severely because of the seriousness of the operation and the low, weak condition of the patient. Yet it proved to be a success; and after weeks of hovering between life and death, slowly, very slowly, I gathered strength.

You may know that the adverse opinions of doctors generally toward Dr. P -- were changed to compliments from every side, raising him to a high standard among the profession as a surgeon.

Many a poor sufferer has been relieved by the same operation under his hand, and the hands of others because of this one's being successful. But my heart has ever acknowledged God.

In our final leave-taking of the hospital (for I was in and out for some three years), Dr. P\_\_\_\_ told us frankly not to expect too much. "The best we can hope for Mrs. Helm is that she may be fairly comfortable for a few years and possibly care for herself," and added seriously, aside to husband, "But when she begins to go down again, there will be no hope for her, for there is nothing to build on."

And so it proved. For a few years I was comparatively comfortable, and then came the "going down," the running out of the tide that no earthly power could stay.

Tuberculosis of the spine was in evidence. I was like one of old, "bowed down, and could in no wise lift up herself," with constant and severe pain. The congestive headaches had returned more frequently, heart action was weak requiring stimulants, convulsions were returning, etc., etc.

The mechanism of the whole body seemed slowing down to a final stop.

This was the condition when, on the 7th of March, 1899, I was awakened out of sleep with the voice of the Lord speaking gently, yet with Divine authority, these words: "I want to relieve you of this suffering;" and talked with me face to face, as man with man, instructing me what to do and what not to do.

I knew nothing of Divine healing, but I knew God; and I recognized the voice of a Sovereign saying, "I want to relieve you of this suffering."

Although great opposition seemed to rise up all around me against His will, I said, "Yes," to God, and assented to all the prescribed requirements, from an impelling sense that God was a Sovereign, and put my case in His hand.



And indeed He did relieve me. The next morning I awakened out of an all-night sleep -- the first all-night sleep I had had for years without opiates -- with the sun shining in my window and the glory of God rolling like billows over my soul. Physically I felt like a new person.

The pain was gone out of my spine, I could stand erect, the color came into my face, and the machinery of the body began to work naturally.

Prior to this I had heard Divine healing barely mentioned two or three times. The first year of my helplessness, an aged minister, a stranger, asked me if I had ever considered Divine healing. My answer was an emphatic "No. This is the way I am to go through and show the power of the grace of God under these conditions."

You see it had been so hard for me to become reconciled to suffer, and such peace had come when I ceased to rebel against it, that I was afraid to consider anything else lest my peace of soul would go.

He kindly replied, "So that is the way. you see it;" then added gently, "There have been many among our people who have been miraculously healed."

When I began to fail after those few years of being fairly comfortable, a Mrs. P\_\_\_\_, who was visiting us, said, "I was telling old Mother Blank about you. She prays for sick people sometimes." But it was only a passing remark, and did not appeal to me, but it came back to me afterwards; and the fact that the prayers of somebody that did not know me, or I them, were so signally answered, has been a wonderful encouragement to me to pray for those of whose needs I learned through others. And I too have secretly rejoiced over miraculous interventions as no doubt did this sister whose name I do not know.

For a period of about seven years, while many and varied were the afflictions, the Lord gave relief in answer to prayer. Many times my son, just a lad, would come in and find Mother suffering, and quietly slip away somewhere to be alone with the Lord, and I would have the relief, or the beginning of relief, before he returned to my room; for, boy that he was, he most truly loved the Lord.

Then there was a period of years when relief came from the frequent recurring of one form or another of suffering through doctor's counsel, treatments, outdoor living, etc., all under the blessing of God with an occasional Divine touch.

But there came a time that seemed a closing up of life's painful chapter. For a year or more it was the astonishment of physicians how I lived at all.

Dr. M\_\_\_\_ said to a friend who inquired of him privately concerning my condition, among other things: "I don't see how Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ lives at all. There is not an organ in her body but what is badly diseased and some vital organ or another is liable to fail any time and death be the inevitable result."

But God's time was not yet. One day during one of those awful sick spells, the dear friend who was with me laid me back upon the pillow, feeling sure that I would never speak again. Sight had failed me,. earth was receding, Eternity was dawning, when suddenly the Lord Jesus stood by my bedside as a person, and laid a nail-pierced hand, oh! so tenderly upon my forehead, and I slept.

From that hour the tide that had long been running out towards death, slowly, almost imperceptibly, turned the other way. Some abatement of suffering, a little strength given, and gradually the body was built up, and from that time there has not been very long periods at a time but what I could care for this wrecked tenement of clay in which I live.

Am I well, do you ask? Oh, no, and at times come very close to the crossing. Is there pain? Oh, yes, constantly, and sometimes excruciating, for that indescribable effect of the disease on the nerves is ever apparent, bringing restless days and sleepless nights, with painful contractions, threatening convulsions, and severe congestive headaches, with palpitating, irregular heart action.

There are the distress and weakness resulting from faulty assimilation, the cough, the oppressive breathing, the morning chill, and the hectic fever of the consumptive, in the afternoon. The reappearing or aggravation of old conditions and new developments, etc., combine to make the earthly house of this tabernacle a tortuous abiding place to be triumphed over.

And all this seems like a great landslide just on the verge of precipitating itself upon me, but held back by the hand of God, who only permits its crumbling edge to fall around me as I take up my cross daily and follow Jesus.

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## 100 -- INCIDENTS OF THE LORD'S HEALINGS

Often it has been pressed upon me that it would be an encouragement to others, were I to write of the Lord's gracious dealing in regard to the physical; but for several reasons I have hesitated. It always seemed that I had come so far short of His benignant designs, for I believe now that His first choice for His children is Divine health. He knows of what frail timber these bodies were made, and He made ample provision for their every need; while I, through my lack of comprehension, limited Him very largely to the healing touch, when He, by His indwelling would have chosen to have brought in "health and cure." The power of habit is strong, and for many years a measure of relief was all I had any hope for (and I was very grateful for even that), until it became such a fixed habit that it has been very difficult for me to "take" the things so "freely given to us of God;" and have had to pray much for grace to take grace. (John 1:16.)

I now have a clearer intellectual understanding, that as all other physical needs were included in the Atonement, so also was Divine healing and Divine health; but not as some would teach, for the salvation of the soul must always be held paramount.

I was speaking of Divine healing to a brother, and he sneeringly remarked, "Some say that healing is in the Atonement," and started out upon a harangue; but something arose within me, and

with Divine authority I broke in: "Listen, Brother I\_\_\_\_, Divine healing is in the Atonement just as really as your bread and butter is in the Atonement, and on the same level. Of far less importance than the salvation of your soul, but it is included." It is an all-embracing truth that every merciful provision for both soul and body comes to us from under those willingly extended hands nailed to the cross for us. Bless His holy name!

Too bad, isn't it, to limit Him, when ample provision has been purchased at such a cost? And I ever feel like putting my face in the dust of humility before Him and praising Him for the longsuffering mercy with my ignorance and little faith.

Another reason for demurring -- the experience covered so many years. The impartation of Divine health to the body has been like a flowing stream with droughts when the water ran low, and freshets when the tide again would rise. It has seemed that most every ill that flesh is heir to, came my way to be triumphed in, or triumphed over. I have been slow to learn that we can refuse threatening ills in Jesus' name, "resisting in the faith" and they do not develop seriously. With all my hygienic living, I had all my life been subject to heavy colds, one closely following another, until I was given Psa. 89:22, which has been a panacea for colds.

Before husband was converted, he would often say, "I don't see how, when you are so very sick, you can get over it so quick." But he did not know God.

Recently the Divine urge has been upon me to write, and it came to me that I could speak of a few more of the many incidents along the way. (Some have already been mentioned illustratively.) In the previous chapter I went somewhat into the details of suffering, as a dark background, so that you can better see the silver lining of the cloud of His mercies that hangs low over us all, awaiting the perforation of real faith. That chapter, "The Triumphs of Grace in Extreme Suffering, was written several years ago, and inserted to save time and strength. Since then, there have been wrought deliverances that have mitigated much suffering.

How often it has been that "He sent his Word." (Psa. 107:20.) "The words that I speak unto you," said Jesus, "they are spirit, and they are life." (John 6:63.)

For three years tuberculosis of the bowels was in evidence. As I was reading Hebrews 11, "Out of weakness was made strong" was forcibly applied, and relief was the result. In one of those long-drawn-out periods of congestive headaches, I crept into the church one evening, and a trio of young men sang that precious song, "Exalt the name of Jesus," and chorus:

"Jesus, oh, how sweet the name!  
Jesus, every day the same,  
Jesus, let all saints proclaim  
Thy worthy praise forever."

The blessing of the Lord fell. I was caught away. When I was coming back, I found myself saying, "Is this heaven?" I thought I had slipped across the border. When I realized I was still on this side, I said, "Well, this is like heaven, anyway; and it may be just like that -- one moment here

and the next moment there, exalting the name of Jesus, the one triumphant song in heaven and on earth." After awhile, when I thought about it, the pain was gone.

Another time, when the heart became painfully enlarged, while sitting under the drippings of the Sanctuary, just like a warm hand was laid upon me, and those distressing conditions suddenly disappeared. As I kept the various ailments prayed through and committed unto Him, and went on with my work for others, the manifestation would be given when I least expected it -- often in the house of God, about my work, or anywhere. Sometimes I would realize when it took place, and sometimes not until afterward would I make the discovery.

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### HEALED OF ARTHRITIS

For several months a condition had been creeping over me until the joints of hands and feet were enlarged and painful, and the whole frame so stiff and sore that it was with difficulty that I could move about. Not understanding the disease, I had called it rheumatism, and it is generally understood that the root cause is a condition of the blood; and at the anointing service that was finally called, in that peculiar, personal way, I John 1:7 was given me, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth;" and as a sacred secret, just between my Lord and me, was added, "My blood." I saw that the efficacy of the Atonement could be realized in the cleansing of my blood from that disease, with the new life given, as really as if a transfusion of that precious blood had actually taken place; and I turned the whole thing over to the Lord, refusing to think about it. And when my thoughts would be directed to the condition, through pain or otherwise, I would repeat that Scripture, "It was indeed a sword of the Spirit."

Some weeks had passed. I had forgotten all about it, when one morning I realized that the painful enlargement and stiffness was gone; and I felt as if I had been carrying a heavy load and it had been suddenly lifted off. For an occasional swollen joint permitted as a test the same Scripture was a swift, sure remedy.

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### TUBERCULAR BACILLUS ELECTROCUTED

For some twenty years I battled with lung trouble, that long-drawn-out kind, which would at times become seriously active. I would become greatly reduced, till it seemed the crossing must be near, then a "touch" from the Lord would be given and I would get better. There was an attack of double pneumonia (which the Lord arrested in this way). A sister came to me late at night, with her heart troubled with perplexing problems. I listened to her, explaining and giving her prayerful counsel from the Word. When her burden was lifted, I told her of the serious condition of my lungs and asked her to lay her hands upon me in the name of Jesus. As she humbly knelt by my bedside and laid her hand over my lungs, Jesus Himself drew near and slipped His wounded hand right under her hand. I said to her in surprise, "Why, when you lay your hand on the sick in the name of Jesus, it is just the same as if Jesus laid His hand upon them." And that is the secret in that promise, "They shall lay hands on the sick." (Mark 16:18.) The fever and pain quickly abated, the short,

oppressive breathing became normal, and I soon went to sleep. But the old habit of expecting only relief was still strong, and limited God; and in consequence the usual effect of an attack of pneumonia on a tubercular patient followed.

The deep, heavy cough continued, and in a few weeks it was apparent that the old disease had become very active indeed, quickly developing into what our grandmothers called galloping consumption, with rapid loss of strength and weight. I was looking to the Lord, expecting soon to be better, but one day I awoke to the fact that I was failing, and failing fast. I said to the Lord in astonishment, "Why, I am not getting any better;" and He said to me, "You know the prescription" (which was James 5:15).

An anointing service was arranged for the following week, and as I drew near to the Holy of Holies, in preparation for that event, I saw this: While the Lord had always helped me, He wanted to do more. He wanted at this time to electrocute the germs and heal the lung tissues completely. I shall never forget how the fact that He wanted to do this impressed me. I had only thought of help, complete restoration seemed too much to ask for; but when it was revealed to me that He wanted to bestow this upon me, that was a different thing, and by faith I sank lower and lower before Him and, out of reverence for Him, upon my knees, trembling in every nerve, I crept into that circle of indescribable white light around the throne, and took in my unworthy hand this gift of healing as I would a book from the outstretched hand of the great, beneficent God because He wanted me to do so. Oh, the holiness of God, the sacred awe of His immediate presence, and the deep, true humility of spirit and holy boldness it took to approach the great white throne and receive His gracious bestowment -- every other consideration lost sight of, but that it was His desire.

At the time of the anointing, as the elders prayed, these words were forcibly impressed upon me, "Our God is a consuming fire."

That indescribable oppression, like a heavy weight, that goes with the disease, was instantly lifted, the deep rattling in the lungs ceased, the cough gradually subsided, and in six weeks I had gained six pounds. To meet the threatenings of the enemy to bring it back, I would calmly repeat, "Our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. 12:29), and "Greater is he that is in you (me) than he that is in the world." (1 John 4:4.)

Among many lessons of value was this great truth: God is so great that it was a little thing for Him to electrocute the tubercular germs, and restore lung tissue that had wasted away. It was only a matter of His will and wisdom (for He sees the future) and a channel of faith to work through. That which seems great to our finite minds is but a little thing to the great God.

Some two years later, I went to the kind physician who had looked after me for several years when I first had to give up regular mission work. I had not seen him for a long time. He gave me a thorough examination, saying nothing, and then sat down, folded his arms, and just looked at me in astonishment. It was my time to speak, and I said, "Well, Dr. H how did you find my lungs?" He said, "They are all right. There is not a bit of moisture. The scars are healed, and they are all right." Yet he looked as though he could hardly believe it. Then I told him of the Lord's

intervention, very much as I have told you, and he rejoiced with me and said to the sister who was with me:

"Ten years ago, I would not have been surprised to learn of Mrs. Helm's death, for I did not see how she could possibly live but a few months. The lungs were in a bad shape, but they are perfectly well now."

Later on a severe attack of "flu" left me with a heavy cough, and I discovered that tuberculosis had attacked the left lung. All the symptoms that I knew so well were upon me, and the activity rapidly increased. I felt I should not mention it to any one, that it was a secret between my Lord and me, keeping it committed unto Him in confidence that He would not suffer that to go far. Our spring revival began; and conserving my feeble strength, I attended all I could and carried the burden for souls.

One evening, during the half-hour of prayer preceding the preaching, there was unusual faith manifested in the prayers of the pilgrims, and the promises they quoted for the power of God to rest upon the meeting, for the salvation of souls, rang through my soul with power, as my heart joined them in their intercession. One Scripture came with a personal application, and I laid my hand over that diseased lung, and said, "Yes, my Lord." And then someone on the other side, who had a mighty grip upon the throne, cried out in faith, "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world," and it came to me in a personal application with such force that I cried right out, "Yes, yes, my Lord!" And the power of God with healing warmth suddenly penetrated that diseased lung. "Himself hath done it." "Our God is a consuming fire," and "greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world."

A year or so later still, as a result of another attack of "the flu," the right lung became so affected that I had little use of it. This time I was led to mention it to Miss De L\_\_\_\_, a city nurse, a woman who knew our blessed Jesus and His healing power. She shook her head positively, and said, "We will not have that, we'll pray about it." And together we quietly "contended for the faith" that had been delivered to us at that point. (There was the agreement of two.) And gradually that lung cleared up, and I could breathe clear down perfectly free. Since then there has been an examination by a tuberculosis specialist who pronounced my lungs to be all right. Since each lung has had its test, we have had strong confidence in "our God who is a consuming fire;" and we have been slowly learning to "resist in the faith." Truly, "greater is he that is in you (me) than he that is in the world." (1 John 4:4.)

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## 101 -- DELIVERED FROM CONGESTIVE HEADACHES

That peculiar congestive condition began with the convulsions. Before I was taken to the hospital, the face had become swollen and purple, extremities cold, which continued more or less throughout the years. The blood flowed to the brain more freely than it flowed away, was the way the doctors accounted for it.

They piled up pillows and kept me in a sitting posture as elevated as the spine could be supported -- never lying down. Even thus there would frequently be three or four days at a time of paralyzing pain until it seemed that God had deserted the universe and reason was tottering on its throne. I was glad the Lord had promised that He would never leave nor forsake me, and even wrote it down in the Book. Often I have said to the Lord, "You seem so far away, but I believe your Word and I know you are right here."

I had a girlhood friend whose reason became dethroned through suffering, and a like fate was the continuous threatenings of the enemy; and at such times it meant much to quietly "resist in the faith," for it did seem that it would surely be brought to pass.

I was speaking of this temptation to my doctor friend, who knew the Lord, and he said this: "You need have no fear. An unsubmitted Christian might become insane, but not a submitted Christian." Dr. M\_\_\_\_\_'s opinion may not be absolutely correct, but it was a great encouragement to me, to fear not and to keep my case committed to God.

Some time later, after days of extreme suffering and when the tauntings and threatenings of our inveterate foe were almost unbearable, the telephone rang, and I summoned courage to answer it. 'Twas my pastor's wife, with kind inquiry, and I told her of the severe pain and how the enemy was saying, "I'll get you this time; your reason will be dethroned yet;" and she broke in with, "No, never! In the name of the Lord, no, never!" It went through me like an electric shock, and I repeated it, and reiterated it, "In the name of the Lord, no, never."

There was the "agreement" of two, and it proved to be one of those signal defeats of the enemy. (Luke 4:13, last clause.) When in those recurring periods of painful congestion the enemy would begin his lifelong threatenings of insanity, I would repeat that challenge of faith and the promise to the agreement of two (Matt. 18:19), and he would recoil.

The Lord had always helped me through, and I was deeply grateful, and I had never thought of anything beyond the enabling to endure with patience to the end. My life had been full of painful enduring, and there had been worked in, through grace, a calm, peaceful reconciliation -- that agreement to things at variance, as Webster puts it. Suffering is surely at variance with all natural inclinations, yet one can be triumphant in the midst. "We are witnesses of these things."

But, to my surprise, it began to dawn upon me that it would be pleasing to the Lord to deliver me. Gradually it became plain and pressed upon me that He wanted to deliver me.

I talked with Father H\_\_\_\_\_, a true father in Israel, and he said with such calm confidence that he didn't see any reason why it would not please the Lord to deliver me from those congestive headaches. The elders were again called for, and in the anointing service, Father, I read the 13th chapter of Luke; verses 12, 13 and 16 were strongly impressed upon me in that personal, appropriating sense. I could almost see the blessed Jesus; and as He had said to one of old, He was saying to me, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." I see the date put down in my Bible in February 23, 1922.

That deliverance did mean so much, for without it I could not have written the hundreds of letters annually, to comfort troubled hearts, or have done all the other writing I have for my Lord.

It is true I have not maintained the full deliverance as I might have done, and I do have severe headaches from exhaustion in overdoing, and other reasons; but those peculiar, painful, congestive headaches are in the past; and I can lie down without those painful consequences.

In memory I can almost hear, even now, Father H\_\_\_\_'s voice as when he reverently read, "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years (thirty-two years in my case), be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" The special sword of defense in this instance was that one word "loosed" -- "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity."

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### BLOOD POISONING -- GOD INTERFERED

The tearing away of a fraction of a finger nail seemed very insignificant until it became swollen and painful. Then we resorted to disinfectant, ointments, and poultices. Of course, we prayed about it -- we prayed about everything, don't you know, from force of habit; and a good habit it is, too -- but in an indefinite, wavering way often (James 1:6, 7), for the thought was ever presented reproachfully, "Such a little thing, just a sore finger," and the inference was, I ought to manage a little thing like that.

But with all my efforts it gradually grew worse, the hand became swollen, red streaks were running up the arm, and so painful that I could not sleep. I was so sick all over that I did not know how sick I was. The third night I could not find my position of rest, for that almost helpless arm was swollen clear to the shoulder; and such a headache! If I could only go to sleep. And right down through that half delirium of fever, pain, exhaustion, and longing for sleep came the realization that this was blood poisoning; and I remember saying, "Well, if this was a little thing, it is not a little thing now."

I rose up in bed, removed the poultice that had done no good, and determined definitely to present the case to the Lord. That right hand belonged to Him, and I believed that He wanted to heal it, and use it for His glory. But I was too sick to put thoughts into words, too near the border of unconsciousness with delirium. But I knew God saw my heart attitude, and with one fixed determination I would sit right there, wordless if need be, and maintain my position before Him until He answered, for I knew His will was deliverance. Time dragged slowly, but I would not yield to the temptation to relinquish my position. After what seemed a long time, a soothing hand was laid upon me, and gently pressed me back upon the pillows, and I slept. The next morning only weakness and a little stiffness remained.

Among others, I had learned this important lesson: that no matter how sick or exhausted, or how deeply the mind may be groping in the shadows, God can speak down through it all to the heart, and inspire faith to cooperate with Him according to His will. (An encouraging thing to remember in praying for those who are very sick.) It does not depend so much on the clearness of



mind as we have thought; for God can deal with the subconscious mind, below the threshold of reason if need be, as He does in sleep. (Job 33:15, 16.)

Not long afterwards, a well-known evangelist, on his return from an all-summer campaign throughout the states, came in one evening and showed me a large unhealing ulcer near his ankle. Many among his associate ministers at those great campmeetings and conventions had prayed for him, but it was still increasing in size and painfulness. So he said he thought he would hunt up some old Elijah, some hidden-out-of-sight saint, and ask them to pray for him. I was very weary that evening, just at the point of exhaustion; and with a diabolical sneer this thought was presented, "You pray for Brother S\_\_\_\_, what presumption!" (And it did seem so.) "You are too tired to pray, anyway" (which did seem true). But I said, "Lord, after what you have done for me, I'll not back down. This looks like the beginning of blood poisoning, and you do not want this valuable servant of Thine laid aside."

It was a prayer of desperation, for I determined to be irreversibly true, and not fail the Lord; and I prayed it right out and claimed the deliverance -- irreverent though it must have seemed.

In the small hours of the morning, in my time of intercession (Lam. 2:19), after I had become rested, I took it up definitely in detail and obtained promises which I held for him. That unrelenting traitor tried at first to make it appear presumptuous to pray for Brother S\_\_\_\_; and then when the Lord helped me, tried to make me think I had done something. I simply added my little grain of faith to that of the preachers, elders and bishops. And He, seeing "their faith," the ulcer was soon healed.

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## 102 -- THE HEALING OF NEURITIS

That inexpressible torture with my nerves during those years of helplessness, while greatly relieved, never left me. The nerves ever seemed on fire, quivering and contracting -- an almost irresistible feeling of being driven, and on such a tension that there was little rest day or night, with frequent prostrations.

The doctors must give everything a name, to satisfy their patients, and they called this neuritis. It was a disease of the nervous system, that had been suddenly precipitated upon me at the beginning of that long illness.

It would be a conservative estimate to say that half a hundred physicians in the hospitals, free clinics, and elsewhere had failed in their efforts to bring only a measure of relief. Many consultations had been held. There were many kind sympathizers among the physicians, but the medical fraternity were baffled. It was beyond them. I had long since concluded that this was a portion of the daily cross to be triumphantly endured until released by death -- only alleviated by the prayer of faith.

Many times dear Sister S\_\_\_\_ or others have come in (when I was on the verge of convulsions) and prayed for me, and suddenly I would grow quiet and restful, after many days and nights of agony.

For some time a thought had been gradually coming to me, as a possibility, that as the Lord had enabled me to patiently endure, and granted relief at times and done so much for me on so many lines, He might be pleased to help me in this also.

Brother and Sister S\_\_\_\_ were conducting revival meetings in a distant part of the city. I was carrying the burden for souls, though unable to attend but little. I was making inquiry over the phone, concerning the meeting, and Brother S\_\_\_\_ said, "Whenever you want to attend, I will see that you may have a way to go."

I wanted to attend regularly, but I would be sick for days every time I went. I mentioned the fact, and he said so kindly, "Well, come to the healing service Saturday evening and have Brother Blank anoint and pray for you." Those words seemed to go through every fiber of my being, like electricity.

As I definitely waited upon the Lord in those intervening days, the convictions deepened, and it was made very clear that the Lord could actually come into my nervous system for the healing of this disease, and abide, as really as He came into my heart as my "Holy Guest," destroying the inbred depravity; and also that He wanted to do so, and at this very time. And who was I, that I should shrink back falteringly, and hinder the Lord from doing what He had disclosed to me that He wanted to do?

They very kindly took me, supported by pillows, to the meeting; and as I knelt at the altar, "I saw no man save Jesus only," and He came into the nervous system and took control. And such quietness! I could liken it to nothing else so much as the great river of God's peace in my soul, overflowing the boundary into the body and soothing every quivering nerve with the penetrating power of that peace that passeth all understanding. Involuntarily I would find my heart singing day after day:

"Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in His wings,  
To every captive soul a full deliverance brings,  
And through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings,  
The Comforter has come."

The whole of that beautiful song is so true to my experience that I call it my heart song, and it echoes through the corridors of my soul, in the night seasons, as if sung by angel voices. The coming of the Comforter marked an epoch in time, and is the greatest event of the dispensations in which we live. No wonder the angels will sing it to every heart that will receive Him.

There have been frequent assaults and considerable suffering at times, but nothing like it was before. The Comforter has come and He abides.

A number of years before this, I saw by Rom. 8:11 that there could be an indwelling for healing and health of the body included with the sanctification of the soul. The vision tarried for days, but it seemed too wonderful -- an entirely new thought to me at that time. I was greatly blessed, but became afraid of what seemed to be my own interpretation of Scripture, and finally drew back, saying that it must be only for the resurrection side, "not realizing, as I have since, that we can have an earnest of our inheritance even in this life, to use for the glory of God; and the vision grew dim and was withdrawn, and all that remained was a precious memory instead of what might have been "received, enjoyed, and utilized for God's glory.

Sad to say, it was another of those places in life where we come within one step of God's provisional mercies, that He is graciously pressing upon us, and fail to take that one more step of appropriating faith. We need frequently to be reminded that faith has two parts; there are two hemispheres of faith. Faith is first a vision, then a repose; first an apprehension, then an appropriation. The heart grows sad as we think of the failures at that point in many lives.

With what marvelous forbearance did He stand by me through those years of suffering, until the time came when I could accept the same precious truth and let Him assist my hesitating faith, with faltering feet to step out upon that Scripture statement and find it to be God's eternal granite. I am glad there is an Eternity in which to praise Him.

Rev. A. B. Simpson, in commenting upon Rom. 8:11, gives this illustration from his own experience:

"Many years ago I went one night to an old, abandoned office where I left some papers and wished to finish some work before I left it forever. I found, on entering, that the gas pipes had been torn out in the process of rebuilding, and that there were no lamps or candles with which to light the room. It was damp and chilly, and there was no fuel in the grate. I looked around for some kindling wood or old newspapers to light a fire in the open grate, but could find nothing but a great heap of ashes left from the burning of all the loose papers left in the room. I tried to light those black ashes, but they would not burn, for all that was combustible in them had been exhausted. In my despair I looked around again, and my eyes fell upon a large bottle of oil standing on the mantel. It occurred to me to pour it on the ashes in the grate. I did so, until they were saturated with oil, and then I struck a match and lighted the heap. And lo! it blazed and burned as long as the oil lasted and gave me warmth and light until my work was done."

It was a beautiful parable to me. There was a time when my physical strength, like that heap of ashes, was burned out. But lo! I found a vessel of oil, the blessed Holy Ghost; and as God poured His fullness on my exhausted frame, the worn-out life returned, or rather a Divine strength came instead, full of sweet exhilaration and unwearied buoyancy and energy, and in that light and life of God I am working without exhaustion, and, trust still to work in His glorious all-sufficiency until my work is done.

Another has this to say in regard to the work of the Holy Spirit, which has a broad application:

"If you ask how the Holy Spirit can dwell within us and work through us without destroying our personality, I cannot tell. How can the electric current fill and transform a dead wire into a live one? How can a magnetic current fill a piece of steel and transform it into a mighty force which, by its touch, can raise tons of iron as a child would lift a feather? How can fire dwell in a piece of iron until its very appearance is that of fire and it becomes a firebrand? I cannot tell. Now what fire and electricity and magnetism do in iron and steel, the Holy Spirit does in the spirits of men who believe in Jesus, follow Him wholly, and trust Him intelligently; He dwells in them, and inspires them until they are all alive with the very life of God."

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## 103 -- OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE LORD'S HEALING

### SPINAL TROUBLE

The muscular tissues have very little elasticity. The joints are easily moved out of their normal position -- the knees, the hips, and frequently various vertebra of the neck and spine -- causing severe local suffering and producing painful disorders in other parts of the body. Usually the Lord put them back into place, giving me as a declaration of faith for that special need, Psa. 35:10. But sometimes He sends me to an osteopathic physician for adjustment.

It was a time of dense perplexity when, after the Lord had been my all in all for seven consecutive years, He directed me to go to a physician, and one that I had never met. Many questions arose, and I was in distress of mind as well as body; for I well remembered how the Lord had told me, seven years before, that He would be not only my Physician, but medicine as well, and I went all over the house with upraised hands, saying, "Emancipation, emancipation," and I just took it for granted that it meant for all time.

These angles in the will of God do bring perplexity; but a little time of unswerving confidence in our Divine Friend, and all will come clear. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain."

I loved the Lord, and I was so afraid that I had grieved and failed Him and that this was chastisement; or, perhaps, far worse, it was a temptation, and I would be turning away from the Lord. I became confused and tempest-tossed for days. But the Lord gently drew my attention to the fact that to properly nourish and care for the body was not turning away from Him, and I could put these osteopathic treatments or simple remedies, as He may direct, right in the same catalogue, and "let not my heart be troubled."

But even after that, it was still difficult to win my heart's consent to go to an earthly physician. I did appreciate receiving relief direct from those wounded hands, because I loved Him so. He understood my heart, and to comfort and assure He gently said, "For a testimony unto them."

Then my heart was quieted, submissive, and I went willingly and was careful to bear humble testimony for my Lord on different lines. I had a most interested audience in Dr. R

and I expect to see that soul in heaven, saved through Jesus' blood; for surely that must have been the reason for the Lord's sending me to this man. Doctors have souls, and they do not often come in contact with a saint living a triumphant life in the midst of long-drawn-out suffering.

There have been many things I have not understood until afterward (John 13:7), and understand only in part even yet. But it has seemed, that there has been a good deal of what one might be permitted to call (in a modified sense) sacrificial suffering -- relief delayed, or coming through other than expected channels, that others might be helped.

For instance, when my sight began to fail I would be greatly blessed in prayer for the restoration of vision, but later was clearly led to go to a nerve specialist, who not only corrects the vision but also conserves nerve force by properly fitted lenses; and because of being greatly benefited, I became a benefactor to a large number of others, some whose need of a reliable specialist was greater than my own.

Some years ago the Lord gave a signal victory in regard to the eyes. I was under the necessity of using two pairs of glasses -- one pair far-seeing, and one for reading. The bifocals caused dizziness and headache.

The nerve specialist had provided bifocals to be used in reclining, for reading and close work, with the hope that gradually I could become accustomed to their use, as it would be beneficial if I could do so. For some two years the effort was continued, but conditions did not improve.

It became a real need, and one night I took it to the Lord and definitely asked Him to fix my eyes so I could wear those bifocals, committing it to Him in confidence, and forgot all about it.

The next day, after reclining for some time writing letters, still occupied in thought of what I had been writing, I arose to prepare the noonday lunch; and not until late in the afternoon did I discover that I had been wearing the bifocals, not only without inconvenience, but with a comfort before unknown. Even Dr. H\_\_\_\_, the specialist, recognized the miraculous in this.

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## HEART TROUBLE

Throughout the long years, many and varied have been the painful conditions of this most vital organ. Much of the time the muscles were so weak that power to function seemingly must fail. The Lord kept it ticking away, but instead of recreating this essential organ in answer to prayer, as I had long expected, He directed me to a harmless, inexpensive remedy, a heart food that proved to be a heart builder; and because I was helped, many others, some with very serious heart trouble, have been relieved.

Thus it has often been, as I have followed the Lord's direction as best I have understood. Was this His way for me? I am not sure, I cannot say; but this I do know, that when out of love for Him we do the best we can understand to please Him and, because of our ignorance and manifold

infirmities, fail to cooperate with Him and let Him fully rule, He does so wonderfully overrule that, in looking back, we are not sure whether it was one of those marvelously overruled mistakes or a special providence.

There is a little woman who comes to me when overcharged, and unburdens her heart. Frail in body, with little knowledge of the Bible as the revealed will of God, she persistently believes that the Lord is guiding her in financial matters, quite at variance with the trend and teaching of the Word. As a consequence, she takes upon herself obligations that crush and consume her, practically eclipsing all thought of everything else. This is where her prayers center. That, in itself, ought to have disclosed the mistake. (Mark 4:19; Luke 21:34.) But that was the only way she saw she could have a home; if she ever saw it was a mistake, she never acknowledged it. She could not possibly have misinterpreted what the Lord had told her, but others saw the possibility clearly, and the distressful results. The many criticized, but there were others who, realizing the honesty of her intentions, bowed low before the Lord in her behalf, confessing her mistake and humbly pleaded His mercy. The Lord did answer prayer and bring about a turn of affairs and marvelously overruled her mistakes, once and again.

And she, dear little soul, instead of recognizing a mistake miraculously overruled, would say with the complacency of a child, 'Doesn't that prove that I did not make a mistake?' So she goes on clinging still to her misinterpretations and accepting the voice of her own choosing, or the impression of the subtle deceiver, although it does not accord with "what is written." She does not intentionally discredit or ignore the Word of God, but thinks there are exceptions when it comes to tithing and not a few other things where there is self-denial. She evidently has passed lightly over, as many do, such significant Scriptures as Matt. 16:24; Luke 9:24, 14-27. Early in life, she concluded 2 Cor. 6:14 in her case would be an exception, and acted on her conclusions; but was brought to the place where she acknowledged her mistake and realized that at that point "the word of God standeth sure." So we keep believing for her at other points. Blindness along this line, and especially at the point of finance, is as surprisingly general as it is appalling.

Yet she is one of those little ones who believe in Jesus (that I have stood by for years, and have gone with her through deep waters of chastisement former instruction, and will go with her to the end). "To the law and to the testimony" would save us from being absorbed in the things of this life, and much unnecessary business worries. Oh, how great is God's overruling mercy!

We have learned not to yield to discouragement, but to unhurriedly wait upon the Lord, and then go forward the best we understand; and when ruthlessly accused by the enemy, as we often are, of serious mistakes, look right up into the face of our blessed Master in confidence, and say, "It may be so, but I did the best I understood to please Thee, and if I could go back over the road, I could not do any better than I could understand; and I trust it all to Thy overruling mercy," and leave it with my Lord, unless He shows me something I can do about it.

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"Teach me Thy way" has ever been the language of my heart. Of necessity I have studied into this subject and have learned much in this branch of the school of faith. But I am still low in the grades. There have been times when I have become confused and have been sorely tempted to cast away my confidence and reject Divine healing, to rebel and accept slanders against the Lord. But the Lord in mercy held me inflexible. Instead, I brought it to Him as an intricate, perplexing problem, and laid it all down in those nail-scarred hands and, with closed eyes, could only drift, seemingly without chart or compass, out upon the ocean of God's mercy, knowing only that "the Lord' reigneth," and I would not doubt His love; sometimes it was Psa. 57:1 that quieted my soul.

Many and varied have been the experiences of mental suffering, tempest-tossing of hope and fear, argument and reasoning for and against, pressure from the enemy upon soul, mind and body, till we feel a compassionate sympathy for all those who suffer, and can understand what they are going through, with a tender, solicitous desire to in some way share their sorrows and lighten the load.

This one thing I have learned: The Lord does not need to repeat Himself on any line. He is ever leading us by "a way we know not of." Isa. 42:16 is a most precious promise, applicable here as elsewhere. I have observed that the approach to each instance of the Lord's healing, as well as the manifestation given, usually has had a marked dissimilarity to the other instances, which no doubt is His way (Psa. 103:7) to prevent us from getting into ruts, to enable us to keep humble, and to save us from that despicable, disastrous self-complacency that would rely in some ways upon ourselves, instead of walking by faith in that absolute reliance upon God.

Reading upon the subject has been found to be a need for soul nourishment; and personal testimony is especially encouraging, because there is no respect of persons with God. (Rom. 2:11.)

From the writing of others I have gathered much, helping me to understand the human side, the essential conditions to be met, and not infrequently a parallel of my own perplexing experience. (1 Cor. 10:13.) At times, in my strenuous efforts to do all my part, I would hinder the Lord; and sometimes unconsciously, in my eagerness, I have tried to do God's part. There are fine points right here, in seeking any gift of free grace, where we do get to the end of ourselves, and the only thing left us to do is to "let go and let God." Or, as one has put it, "Yield all the ills of the body to the healing will of Jesus, and without a struggle or anxiety just let Him pour the health virtue of His precious body through every part of the being."

It was A. B. Simpson's writings that confirmed and substantiated the truth that the secret of Divine healing, and especially of Divine health, is "Christ in you." And a deep significance was attached to Gal. 2:20 as the way "himself took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses," thus becoming our El Shaddai, the God who is enough.

It was through reading Kenneth MacKenzie's books that there was strong corroboration of the revelation that had for some time gradually been coming to me: That it is the "deceiver of the nations," that traitor from remote ages, standing back of diseased conditions, hiding behind and working through the broken laws of nature, oppressing and accusing us, misinterpreting Scripture, misrepresenting and slandering and sometimes even impersonating God.

This side light (if I may call it a side light) has wonderfully helped me to be careful to investigate suggestions and impressions and to compare them with the "Word" and to test them, to see if they would correspond with the character of God; and out of love for Him, take my stand with God upon what He had spoken, and "resist in the faith," and staunchly contend for the faith once delivered at any point, and steadfastly refuse to be robbed by the enemy. Since then many a battle has been victorious at points where I had often gone down in defeat. To move out with calm deliberation under the shelter of the Blood, and withstand God's enemy and ours, in the name of the invincible Christ in battle royal, in unswerving loyalty at any point, develops sinews of steel, and God gives the victory.

There is no doubt lingering in my heart concerning the Lord's ability to perform miracles of healing of the most hopeless conditions. The Lord has taken the "stagger" (Rom. 4:20) out of my faith at this point. I feel like I heard Brother Blank once say, in that desperate prayer of faith at a healing meeting. He stood with hand uplifted, looking into the opening heavens, and cried out, "Lord, Thy servant believes Thou canst do anything."

The first question is as to His wisdom (for He knows the end from the beginning and takes everything into consideration). Our prayerful deliberation is only to find out if it be His will (John 7:17), and to yield our hearts as a channel of faith for Him to work through. If our hearts are assured that the healing of a case in question is according to His will and wisdom (1 John 5:14), it inspires our faith, and we have the courage to press the claim in that patient, unswerving insistence of this conviction; and we can plead and pray past all opposing forces, with the one desire that His will be done -- just because it is His will. There may be several good reasons for the healing, when we first begin to talk to the Lord about it, legitimate and right, but of lesser motive on the human side of the question. (There comes to mind an incident that illustrates the thought. The wife of a godly minister was looking to the Lord for healing. "I think the Lord ought to heal her; he needs his wife," said a young, impulsive, immature Christian. "It does seem that way, I know," was the gentle reply; and while that would not be a wrong motive, it would be an unworthy one. A weak incitement to prayer, all on the human side, and a powerless fulcrum on which to rest our faith.)

But as we pray on, all these lesser motives are passed by, eclipsed, and we reach the highest incentive, which is because He wants to do it, and lose sight of the human side, and see the Lord's side, and take our stand strong by Him; and the impassioned cry of our heart is that His will be done, with that intensive insistence of one of old (Gen. 32:26) until we hear from the skies and "know we have the petition we have desired of him." (1 John 5:51.) Then we can rest upon His faithfulness (Psa. 89:33), and sooner or later the manifestation will be given. (Psa. 89:1.)

Another lesson I have learned is this: In our human frailty we will sometimes misanticipate, and misinterpret the Word of the Lord that had been spoken definitely to us. We do that in other things, you know, as well as in praying for the sick.

Do you remember how the disciples misinterpreted what the Lord Jesus said in that incident in John 21:20 to 23?



Quite recently we passed through such an experience. A telegram announced the serious sickness of a most valuable servant of God, asking the prayers of the pilgrims. We had long known this man who lived more in heaven than on earth. There was wonderful access in prayer, and much blessing, such a realization of the power of God to raise him up, as He had done many times before. We deeply felt the need in the earth of such a godly man and successful evangelist, and many were the promises all through the "Word" that came to mind, also numerous instances of miraculous healing, and we realized it was but a little thing for the Lord to do; and while we did desire above everything else the will of God, be it life or death, all these things were indications (as we thought), and we had strong hopes that to raise him up was the will of God. When another telegram came announcing his departure, some of the pilgrims were shocked, while others saw at once that we, in our strong desire and human limitations, had interpreted adversely, and that the approval of God, that had so blessed our souls, was upon our earnest desire that His will be done; and because of many reasonings, in Our human judgment we had thought the will of God to be the lengthening of this valuable life upon the earth, when it was the call, "Come up higher," to His servant beloved. Afterwards, as we carefully looked into those special Scriptures that had been given us, we could see that we had misinterpreted them, and there was not the least unsteady of our faith in God for the healing of the sick, when it was His will. We wrote in tender sympathy to the bereaved ones (who were greatly distressed lest all had not been done that might have been to prolong this precious life), that we were assured that the Lord had need of him across the divide in that heavenly country, or the prayer of faith would have been inspired in some heart; for not a few had given themselves to prayer with fasting in his behalf.

I shall never forget what Father H\_\_\_\_\_ (who is authority among us) said, among other things, at the large gathering at the funeral of a true servant of God who was held in high esteem among his brethren, and for whose healing much prayer had been offered. "We had hoped," he said humbly, "that it would please the Lord to raise up our brother for the work of God for which he was so well fitted. But we must not forget that God as a Sovereign does not give account of His ways. He is under no obligation to do so, and it befits us, as creatures of the dust, to recognize His Sovereignty, and bow in humility before the great 'I AM!'" (Psa. 147:5; Eph. 3:10, last clause; Col. 2:3; Rev. 7:12.)

On each anniversary of the day when the Lord first spoke to me in regard to the body, March 7, 1899, I feel to make it a time of remembering. (Deut. 8th chapter.) On the fifteenth anniversary I was waiting upon the Lord, letting my heart go out in wonder, love and praise, because it had been His wisdom to miraculously add fifteen years to my life, as truly as He had added fifteen years to the life of one of old (2 Kings 20:6), because it was His will, and what had been accomplished for Him, when He said so quietly, as though it was but a little thing for Him to do, "I could add another fifteen years.

I remember how shocked I was, for I thought, "How can I wait fifteen years to look upon the face of my beloved Master, and how can I endure living in this suffering body all those long years?" But I said, "Lord Jesus, you did not say that I was to stay here for fifteen years. No, you were only telling me what you could do; and I will just leave that all with Thee. I will have only to endure, and wait, and suffer, just one day at a time, and I can do that as long as it is Thy preference."

It is a good thing to take short views of life, especially when It is hard to deny the natural and take up your cross daily and follow Jesus. But you can endure anything a little while, if it is for Jesus' sake, out of love for Him. At that time it did not seem in the region of possibilities that life could be extended even one year, nor has it at any time since, for I have lived right on the border land, often looking over. But the additional fifteen years are nearly told; and I speak only of what God hath wrought when I say that these latter years have been paramount in value to our Christ, His cause and Kingdom in the earth.

And when they laid my great-grandson in my arms, I was almost overwhelmed with the realization of the supernatural lengthening of life, and could but speak of some of the miraculous interventions that had extended my life even to the event of clasping my great-grandchild to my bosom, and breathe a prayer for this, another immortal soul. Even since then miraculous has been the intervention of my Lord.

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#### 105 -- ANOTHER MIRACLE -- HEALED OF CANCER

We read in the Word of a time when there shall be no more pain; and I wonder how it would seem. I have become so accustomed to distress and pain that unless it becomes extreme or prostrating, it is ignored and I go on with my work triumphantly enduring.

For a year or more there had been unusual internal distress continually, in a certain part of the body, which I had thought little about, supposing it to be a part of the general distress of my daily cross. But more recently it had increased; and not only so, but there had come several peculiar, burning, ulcerous conditions externally, that were of an eating, spreading nature, and apparently unhealable.

I found that it was making such rapid inroads on my strength that I could scarcely be about, and a conviction came to me that I should not let that go on, but take it definitely to the Lord. As I did so, telling Him all about it, just as I would an earthly physician, noting symptoms, and what it might develop into, etc., it suddenly dawned upon me that it was that incurable disease that strikes terror to every heart and seems to paralyze the faith faculty. I was well acquainted with the symptoms, for there had been several among us who had passed through this furnace of pain, en route to the skies -- dear precious saints triumphant to the last. I well knew what it would all mean, and involuntarily, as a little child, I cried right out, "O God, spare me this! How can I endure such torture? Spare me this, for the sake of those who must needs care for me." My poor, weak human nature shuddered, drew back, and moaned, "Spare me, spare me this!" Faintly, as from a distance, I caught just a part of the words of a sentence, "I will spare." But it stilled the tempest, and I could quiet myself. Then, just as the Lord had always taught me, I calmly faced the situation and submitted to God. I bowed low before Him, trusting Him to forgive me for yielding to the sudden impulse of the natural. "Others of Thy dear children have gone this way triumphant, and so can I. Thy grace is sufficient. I yield, I submit to Thee. I cannot think this is of Thy choosing; but it could be in Thy permissive providence, and if you permit it, all right."

Deliberately denying the natural, with heart submission to this possibility of the permitted will of God, brought quietness of mind and stillness of soul; and in that holy hush I could with distinctness hear what I could only faintly discern in part, when in the storm.

"I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him" (Mal. 3:17, last clause), with that peculiar personal application. (John 6:63.)

In astonishment I said, "Lord, while I am Thy child, and have done the best I have understood to serve Thee out of love for Thee, it has all come so far short that I could not accept anything on the ground of service. There. is absolutely no merit in that."

But I had misinterpreted (as we often do, or see only one side, don't you know?)

Later I saw it was God's Son who had served Him; it was through His perfect life and Atonement, His merit, that He could spare me this. I was right, there were no merits even in my love service. Yet because I had "set my love upon him," therefore (through His merits) He would deliver me. (Psa. 91:14.) My heart was assured that He wanted to do so, and at once -- before further inroads were made upon my strength. I deeply felt the need and support of the faith of others, yet it seemed unwise to mention it to my close friend's that so often prayed for me. They had watched so many slowly waste away with this malady, that for this special disease their faith faculties seemed paralyzed and inoperative. Were I to tell them, they would be painfully shocked and suffer needlessly; and also their tender human sympathy, with their helpless unfaith, would only make it the more difficult for my little faith to continue to be operative.

The invalidation of weak human pity and condolence, without the reinforcement of Divine courage and sympathy, and the unbelief of those around us will oftentimes neutralize and rob us of our faith when it is not strong, and silence is golden at such times.

My mind at once reverted to words that I once heard Brother Blank say in prayer at a healing meeting, "Lord, Thy servant believes Thou canst do anything," and I felt at once that there would be the agreement of two. (Matt. 18:19.)

I wrote him of my condition and of the conviction I had that the Lord desired to deliver me; and later was taken, supported by cushions, and among others was anointed.

That peculiar, distressing pain practically subsided at once, other symptoms soon disappeared, other troubles let go their hold, and quite a general renewing took place.

Several Scriptures were given me. "Our God is a consuming fire." (Heb. 12:29). "That he might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8, last clause). "I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed, for the Lord dwelleth in you." (Joel 3:21.)

In that precious waiting and testing time that followed when, with impotent rage the enemy perseveringly sought to rob me of the faith once delivered for this special deliverance, and as I searched the Book of God, to me there was given wonderful insight into many Scriptures. Far deeper and clearer than ever before I saw that the Holy Spirit within could be health for the body

as really as He can be health for the soul, and we can learn to let Him meet these physical ills as we have learned to let Him meet the temptations of the soul. Oh, such visions of truth, beautiful, blessed, and real, impossible to put into words!

A. B. Simpson may have been nearer right than we thought, when he expressed his opinion that Divine healing (especially Divine health) was one of those overlappings of the coming age. "And as some of the ancient saints looked forward and overlapped, and got into the age to come, in some measure, by their faith, so God permits us to live under the powers to come, and come into the border zone where our feet are yet on earth and our heads, our eyes, and our hearts are in the coming Kingdom." This man, truly great in God's sight, verified much of this truth in his life, until his work was done. And so have others that are living today, strong, active, efficient, far beyond man's allotted time; and it would seem that a measure of the "change" spoken of in Phil. 3:21 is operative even now.

Marvelous are the provisions of grace. Invaluable the "purchased possession" through the amazing Atonement of Jesus, the Christ, in whom we have "obtained an inheritance." (Rom. 8:32.)

Who can fathom the possibility of grace, when it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. 2:9.)

But the revelations go on. Our spiritual capacity for comprehending continually enlarges; and our hearts are more and more assured that "God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think." (Eph. 3:20; Prov. 23:18; Jer. 29:11.)

In that buoyancy of hope and expectancy of faith, we would maintain the receptive attitude for more and more of the answer of that prayer which the Holy Spirit prayed for us, through the lips of Paul, recorded in Eph. 1:17 to 23.

Shall I tell you a sacred secret unbreathed as yet to a living soul, and contrary to all human reasoning? It is a vision of faith that I hold, and am slowly appropriating day by day, with joyous assurance, in utter dependence upon the blessed Holy Spirit.

There is a bow of promise, a radiance in the western sky, a sunset calm, with these long-drawn-out paroxysms of pain, and the pinch of poverty eliminated, as an earnest of my inheritance (Eph. 1:11; Col. 1:12), where the frail, crumbling clay tenement in which this circumscribed soul has long tabernacled, is gently sinking down until it is laid away to rest. Then still farther out, I catch a glimpse of the time when the liberated spirit, relieved from all earthly limitations, shall enter upon another sphere of action and take up for my blessed Lord that specially designed love service for which the triumphantly endured discipline and rugged training of this life have wrought a preliminary qualification.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,  
Paling, eclipsed by the sunlight alone,  
So let me fade away, lovingly loyal,  
Only remembered as making Him known.

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## 106 -- SOME OF THE PROVINGS OF ISAIAH 46:4

"Even down to old age all my people shall prove  
Holy sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love."

Dear friend, as you come to the closing chapter of this humble testimony of the Lord's gracious dealings with one of the least, you will be interested to know that, throughout the years since the foregoing was written, many peculiarly trying and testing incidents, with their valuable lessons, have been crowded into my life; yet with unbroken fellowship with my Holy Guest, I have been enabled to steadily "Hold on my way". (Job 17:9.) You will also rejoice to know that the miraculous has been continuous; many have been the Lord's interventions in order to extend my activities for Him.

"For he shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." (Psa. 91:11,12.)

Another incident was the fulfillment of the above promise. While in a store, to get a better view of the article in question, I stepped into what appeared to be an alcove. But it proved to be an unlighted stairway; and, falling backwards down those stairs, I was picked up by the frightened employees who hastily summoned a physician who could not find even a broken bone.

Marvelous was the blessing of the Lord, lingering for days. Friends looked on in amazement, remarking that they did not see how even a young person could have escaped death, or at least broken bones. The only way it could be accounted for was His good word of promise; His angels were in charge, and their bearing up was the protection from serious injury. (Psa. 41:2; Psa. 79:11-13)

Among many unrecorded interventions of our Lord was when that insidious foe, arthritis, which stealthily makes inroads upon one's health, crept over me unawares, in a form so different from the same malady of which I was healed years ago that I presumed it to be the natural result of age. The joints would creak with painful stiffness till helplessness was near at hand. When the discovery was made as to what the trouble really was, our pastor came at my call with anointing oil; and, you know, if with the heart we believe the Lord for healing, everything falls back of an anointing service. The next morning on awakening I was as free as if I had not been thus afflicted, and Psalm 30 was my song of praise. Some weeks later I awakened to find the disease had apparently returned with redoubled force. But considering it as a test of faith, I held fast to the promises, living in the thirtieth Psalm, and quietly contended for the faith once delivered for healing. It was a week of painful testing; then the trouble left as suddenly as it had come.

A year or so later when the same malady appeared, it was soon recognized and arrested by the same means; but this time the manifestation came gradually with continuous testings of faith.

God does not need to repeat Himself. It would not be helpful for the development of our faith if He did. One never can tell how He will work, or in what way He will manifest Himself. It is ours to steadfastly believe the promises, studying the character (Psa. 9:10) of Him who stands back of His word on which He has caused us to hope (Psa. 119:49) until, like Hannah of old, our countenance is no more sad. (1 Sam. 1:18; 1 John 5:18; Phil. 4:7.)

It has been truly said that He grants His life freely; but our danger is just here. As soon as there is any manifestation either of healing or the malady we take our eyes off the Christ (Acts 10:38) and His Word (Psa. 107:20) and place them upon our feelings. How can He fulfill His word unto us when we are believing our feelings, which fluctuate at the caprice of Satan, and not believing God's Word which is unchangeable, when it is our faith that decides the matter?

It is the same in receiving anything from the Lord. We must depend upon "what is written" instead of our changeable feelings, believe God's statement, or promise, right through the testing times; and Deut. 33:29 will be proven to be a fact. (Jonah 2:8) (Isa. 7:10).

A. B. Simpson's tract, "Hindrances to full faith and victory", holds much helpful truth. Let me quote: "I think, perhaps the greatest of all hindrances in our getting hold of God for our bodies, however, is the lack of knowing Him because, after all, in its deepest analysis Divine healing is not a thing, it is not an experience, it is not "it"; but it is the revelation of Jesus Christ as a living, almighty Person, and then, the union of the living Christ to your body, so that there becomes a tie, a bond, a living link by which His life keeps flowing in to you. There is not an hour of the day or night that I am not conscious of Somebody that is closer to me than my heart or my brain. I know He is living in me, and it is the continual inflowing of the life of Another; and if I had not that I could not live. My old constitutional strength gave out long, long ago. Somebody else breathed in gently with no violence, no strange thrills -- just a wholesome life."

It is to get acquainted with Him; it is to be wedded to Him! It is to give yourself up to Him and have Him reveal Himself to you, and then give Himself to you.

There are conditions. You must be in touch; you have got to drop a lot of other things before you can be in touch with Him. You have got to let go of this foolish world. Let Him have you, your body, your life, and then He will delight to come to you. It will be no strain; it will be simple trust. Then you will have a jealous feeling that you will not want anybody else to handle your body but the Lord.

Oh! then dear ones, just let us acquaint ourselves with Him. (Job 22:21) and thereby God shall come in to us. We have a living Christ; He has a body just like ours; He has a heart just like your heart, only stronger; lungs like your lungs, only more perfect; nerves like yours, but there is strength enough for millions; and He wants to duplicate Himself in you, and keep you until your life work is done, and then give you a nobler vessel and fill it eternally with a nobler life. Will you let Him do it?

"I yielded myself to His tender embrace and faith taking hold of His Word." (Ex. 15:26; Jer. 32:27; Rom. 4:17; Matt. 4:4; Isa. 38:16; John 6:48; John 6:53; 1 John 4:4; Prov. 9:10, 11.)

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." -- Mark 11:22, 23, 24.

Dear suffering one, do not get discouraged because of the mystery of it all. Physical life is a mystery, Spiritual life is a mystery, and the impartation of Divine life for the body seems a greater mystery to us, to be sure; but not to Him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." It is true, we are shut up to the mystery of faith (1 Tim. 3:9); but faith in its last analysis and simplicity is just seeing Jesus, and believing the words which He hath spoken (John 6:53). "Faith comes by . . . the word of God."

"Oh for a vision of Jesus  
Seen in that wonderful Book!  
As in a clear shining mirror,  
In those dear pages I look.  
There, Lamb of God, is Thy likeness;  
There glows Thy image Divine,  
So let me gaze till Thy Spirit,  
Lord, is reflected in mine."

James 1:25; 2 Cor. 3:18.

"The healing of that seamless robe is by our beds of pain." (Matt. 9:21.)

A fever had been raging for days. "He touched her hand and the fever left her" seemed vibrating through the air, just out of reach; again I needed the uplift of another's faith. At my call sister S\_\_\_\_\_ came; and as she prayed, Jesus the Christ stood close at hand. In my half delirium He seemed to draw me right up to Himself, and as a little child I leaned upon His broad bosom, hidden in the folds of that seamless robe, while the angels sang the echo of my heart.

"In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,  
Hide Thou me,  
While the fitful tempest rages,  
Hide Thou me;  
Where no mortal arm can sever  
From my heart Thy love forever,  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in Thee."

When I came back from the heavenlies, Sister S\_\_\_\_\_ was praising the Lord with joyful lips -- and the fever was gone. Psa. 32:7.

"Pray one for another that ye may be healed." (James 5:16.) A slight dislocation of the knee caused painful swelling; a request in confidence, and the Lord would make the adjustment; but the ligaments were weak and before long it would slip out again. This continued for some time. One day a new neighbor called; and, with my heart yearning over her soul, I asked if she had ever known Jesus, my Friend, as her personal Savior. "I'm afraid not," she answered, and to quickly

change the subject added, "You would enjoy Aunt Mary. She has been a missionary to China about forty years. She will be here for a rest soon, and I will bring her over." Later on Aunt Mary came. The suffering was unusually severe that morning, but it had been committed, and was not mentioned. (You know the Lord can enable us to live above our sufferings, if we choose to do so, with all our heart, and trust Him.) I surely did enjoy Aunt Mary. Our hearts ran together like two drops of water as she told of the Lord working in China. She suggested prayer, and with what a confiding trust born out of an intimate heart acquaintance, did that saint speak to the Lord! And among other requests was that He would supply all my needs. In leaving she said, "Pray for us in China." After she was gone, I discovered the knee was all right. Occasionally as a test of faith, the pains would start up; but the commitment was restated with a special prayer for Aunt Mary, and the pain would vanish. The knee joint never slipped out again. There's valuable lesson here.

"Job was delivered when he prayed for his friends." (Job 42:10.)

Very often after committing my own sufferings unto the Lord, healing has come to me in praying through for another. (There is an important principle in this.) An appeal for prayer came from an isolated homestead in New Mexico; an elderly brother had been an extreme sufferer for months. For some reason I could not get through to an understanding of the will of God concerning him, or the real faith for his healing. In one of those long-drawn-out periods of intense suffering with little rest or sleep, one night as I sat holding my aching head, I said to the Lord, "Why, this is the way poor Brother F\_\_\_\_ has suffered for months!" And my heart overflowed with compassionate tenderness for him. (You see I knew how it hurt.) And what an appeal went up to Him whose compassions fail not! (Lam. 3:22.) At last there was that unmistakable consciousness that I had touched Divinity in his behalf; and in rejoicing over his deliverance, I lost myself in slumber. On awakening I discovered that the peace of God in my soul had permeated the entire being, banishing pain while I slept. (Rom. 8:11.) Later I learned that the brother was fully recovered and has been doing service for the Master, printing and circulating Christian literature.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God . . . rightly dividing the word of truth." (2 Tim. 2:15.)

Of necessity the subject of Divine healing has been given much study throughout the years, and in each instance there have been lessons before unlearned. We will ever be disciples of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. However, some things are apparent. James gave a general outline that is important, and, whenever heeded, gracious results have followed. More dealings have come in obeying the instructions of the first sentence, "If any among you are afflicted, let him pray" than the call for eiders. Read carefully James 5:13-16.

We have found that if we take our case definitely to the Lord, alone with Him, usually an assurance is given and a promise upon which to rest. Or if not, we will discover hindrances to faith. There may be faults, shortcomings, and sins of omission awaiting humble acknowledgment so they can be covered with the Blood of atoning mercy, readjustments to be made, a more excellent way discovered, the question of the possibility of this being the Home call, some cherished hope or some loved one to be committed. For submission is the basis of faith; and if there are hindrances or preliminaries to faith, they will come to light while we pray. This is the reason it is written, "If any among you are afflicted," first of all, let him pray. Then call for the elders who can



enter into "agreement" with us; and, He seeing the "agreement," (Matt. 18:19) this sure word of promise can become efficacious.

The question of nearing the Homeland need never hinder prayer when a soul is at rest in the will of God. When Anna Coop, that remarkable pioneer missionary, was approaching the line of worlds, friends suggested praying for her healing; her objection was that she was soon to look upon the face of her Beloved. Later she saw that it was not for her to choose, and was willing for them to gather around her bed and pray as they were led, which they did, and great blessing was poured out upon all, and she shouted the praise of the Lord. No, she was not raised up; for it was her appointed time. (Heb. 27.) But she was entirely released from the intense suffering and reclined upon her pillow in perfect rest, looking across the divide with reflected glory upon her countenance for a few days and then quietly slipped away.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" (Numbers 23:10).

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#### 107 -- LIVING ABOVE OUR INFIRMITIES -- (Rom. 8:26; Heb. 4:15, 16)

Infirmitities increase with years, but so also do comprehensions of abounding grace, (2 Cor. 9:8) and "access" through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 5:2, 3). One can always find an open door of service for the Master that no man can shut (Rev. 3:8), an effectual door (1 Cor. 16:9) with many adversaries, handicaps, etc.; but in nothing need we be terrified by adversaries or anything else. (Phil. 1:28.) We can follow the Lord; for He maketh a path through the mighty waters of opposing forces, and a way through the wilderness of perplexities (Isa. 43:16, 19; Prov. 2:8; Isa. 51:12-16.)

"The Lord God is a sun and shield, . . . blessed is the man whose strength is in thee." (Psa. 84:4-12.) "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him." (Prov. 30:5.) His Word is, "Fear not I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." (Gen. 15:1, last clause.) Yet with all these promises that are yea and amen to every one that believeth, we have seen that if we yield to the temptation to self-sympathy or give any toleration to that subtle spirit of protest or murmuring (John 6:43), (1 Cor. 10:10) against those who fail us or make life hard (though not a word is spoken), all those wonderful promises will soon be eclipsed and become inoperative. The Vision of the Christ grows dim, and failing of the grace of God (Heb. 12:14, 15, 16), we become self-centered and filled with our own way, (Prov. 12:14), (Isa. 53:6), a ceaseless trial to ourselves as well as to others, and ultimately in open rebellion against our benevolent Creator, None but would resist the first intimation of temptation to self-pity, which is common to man (1 Cor. 10:13) especially the frail, and afflicted, if they realized what it would lead to, and that it was a hidden snare of the evil one. But they can be delivered, the snare can be broken, and they can escape (Psa. 124:7, 8). But they must needs take their stand strongly against every phase of self-sensitiveness and in penitent, definite prayer appeal to the Lord in person for deliverance (Psa. 25:1, 2); and He will, according to His Word, lift them up out (Psa. 3:2, 3; 12:5) of what, at first, was self-pleasing, (Prov. 16:25) but soon become a slough of miry clay (Psa. 40:2, 3) of self-despairing torture. He delivereth them that trust Him, (Psa. 34:17; 31:19, 20) and they can hide in the Rock of Ages (Isa. 32:2) until these calamities are overpast. (Psa. 57 :1; Isa. 51:3.)

Self-sensitiveness is a more serious disease than any affliction of the body; and when conditions are met for some healing (as is often the case) the Lord includes this secondary need, the healing of the body. And when from any cause one is denied the sympathy and care he needs from others, it causes him to turn wholly to the Lord who alone can really help him; and it proves to be among the "all things that work together for good."

There are sufferers who with limited and falling strength have longed for some one who really cared, who would assist them.. This might be a seeming need; and yet, when their hope was realized, they appreciated the human sympathy so much that they got their eyes off the Lord for a time, and it held back the answer to the prayers of others in their behalf.

There are still other dear ones who profess to be looking to the Lord for healing. But the pleasing surroundings, the kindness of friends, the human sympathy of those who care for them and patiently listen to the recounting of lifelong trials and present ills, are so pleasing to the natural that they become more and more self-centered, and forgetful of the sacrifice of others and self-complacently enjoy all this that has come to them since they have been ill. They choose to prolong the situation just for self-gratification, and nestle down among their pillows with a self-satisfied sigh, with "I guess it wasn't the Lord's will to heal me," when it was their self-centeredness that blocked the way for healing, or any real experience from the Lord. (Gal. 6:12, 13; Eph. 4:2; 2 Cor. 6:6.) But as we can not fully know the heart of any individual we will not judge, lest we misjudge them; but we will leave them with the Lord and be patiently kind and pray for them, remembering the long drawn-out, gentle forbearance of the Lord in our own case. Surely "the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation." (Psa. 86:15.)

One among many who have appealed for prayer for healing was a sufferer for years from accident and many complications. Her grown children were breaking her heart with their wicked lives and their cruelty to her; and she thought that if she could receive healing from the Lord, it would be a factor in their salvation. I felt deeply for this mother, but putting aside weak human sympathy, tenderly yet forcibly discovered to her the first and greatest need for all concerned was her deliverance from the many phases of self-sympathy. After long faithful dealing through correspondence and much prayer, she saw it, sought and found deliverance; and the Lord graciously added complete healing of her long-standing afflictions. Psa. 30:1-4 and Psa. 145:14 were her rejoicing as she gave God the glory.

It means much to be set free from self-seeking, self-sensitiveness and resentment under injury, that the calmness of the deep sea of God can flow into the soul; but it also means loyal, loving obedience, and watching unto prayer, and resisting in the faith to maintain the deliverance (Col. 2:6, 7); for the tempter's cunning-devised suggestions are unending on one line or another. The conscious mind is the battle ground of Apollyon. God in wisdom has permitted one point of our personality to be open for our continuous opportunity of choosing day after day, in things great and small, whom we will serve (Rom. 6:16 page 45). This fact we recognized, accepted and triumphed over years ago. Who would not gladly choose to serve our gracious God, and abide under the protecting shadow of the Almighty (Psa. 11:1) rather than choose to follow the impulses of our weak, shortsighted human nature, soon to discover those impulses were injected into our minds by our inveterate foe as a deceiving circuitous route that he knew would soon place us under

his cruel dominion and power? (Jer. 10:23; Prov. 13:13; Isa. 17:10, 11.) But when the heart is thoroughly allured by Divine love, "None of self but all of Thee" becomes the irreversible attitude, and we meet every suggestion with "Not I, but Christ." We can patiently endure this phase of Christian conflict, deny ourselves, and take up this portion of our cross daily that we may be privileged to follow Jesus (Matt. 10:38; Luke 14:27) and find we are requited a thousandfold even in this life.

For the promises are living verities and Jesus the blessed Redeemer is real to our soul. The study of the glorious attributes of God is entrancing; and meditations of the foreacting plan of redemption, (Eph. 17:18) the death struggles of the present age closing, the birth pangs of the coming dispensation; the rapture of the saints, when our Lord shall sweep over this world like a great magnet, lifting heavenward them that are His among the living and the dead, the Millennial reign, the glory to be revealed in the coming ages, all centering around the Christ our Sovereign Friend, the need of souls to know Him (John 17:3), the desire to make Him known are of such absorbing interest that we are lifted above that which is temporal to the unseen which is Eternal (2 Cor. 4:16, 17, 18; Rom. 8:18) and are enabled to rejoicingly live above our infirmities.

"My life flows on in endless song,  
Above earth's lamentation;  
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn,  
That hails the new creation.  
Through all the tumult and the strife,  
I hear the music ringing;  
It finds an echo in my soul--  
How can I keep from singing?"

"I lift my eyes: the cloud grows thin;  
I see the blue above it;  
And day by day this pathway smoothes,  
Since first I learned to love it.  
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing;  
All things are mine since I am His;  
How can I keep from singing?"

"What though earth's joys and comforts die?  
The Lord my Savior liveth;  
What though the darkness gather round?  
Songs in the night He giveth.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
While to that refuge clinging;  
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?"

"Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits." (Psa. 68:19, 20; 40:11.)

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" (Psa. 116:12, 13, 14; Psa. 44:3.)

Many indeed have been the Lord's interferences with natural law, by the ascendant supremacy of the law of faith, to extend life and activities for Him. At one time when it seemed that soul and body could scarcely hold together, a company of glory-crowned pilgrims from God's Bible School called at my humble cottage in passing; and as they prayed Heaven and earth together, I was lifted above (Psa. 18:48; 18:35) that oppression of the enemy, up into the heavenlies, strengthened, and enabled to go on with my work. Thus it has been through the years. In answer to the prayers of friends near at hand, or far away, has come the uplift of another's faith, which I have deeply appreciated -- (laborers together with God) (Eph. 4:16; 1 Cor. 12:26). How could I have made it through without them? For as it was, it has been a hard-fought battle (1 Chron. 5:20; Psa. 18:39) to wrest my life as a prey (Jer. 39:18) from the grave, through all kinds of stress and strain, since the Lord first undertook for me (page 570) and I began to realize it was His desire for me to "live and declare the works of the Lord." Though appreciating the prayer of the saints, I have realized that it was my fight of faith (1 Tim. 6:12) and that I must depend upon the Lord, not upon the prayer of the pilgrims; for only as we lose sight of every one else, and depend upon Him alone, does the faith of others become a valuable asset. Our Sovereign Friend has such an investment in each one of us, and His love is of such a holy, jealous, personal nature, that He can not permit any one to do our praying for us. (Many dear ones do not realize this.) Others can be wonderful helpers together in prayer, but each individual must press through the crowd (Luke 8:43-45) of hindrances, whatever they may be, and make that vital contact with the Lord for himself, ere the life-giving virtue can be imparted; and that connection by faith in the promises must be maintained as the branch to the vine (John 15:4) if the impartation of Divine life continues. This is understood to be true for the spiritual life, but not so readily realized to be the same for the physical life.

The inspired prayer is that we may be in health, even as our soul prospereth (3 John 1:2). But few among us understand the secret of co-operation with the Lord so that this prayer can be fully answered. But we do the best we see we can do, not with that lesser unworthy motive that we may "be in health", but out of love for our Lord, that our fellowship be not marred or interrupted. (1 John 1:7.) Many seemingly little things in life are like tightening bands placed around a branch of a vine, that impedes or prevents the flowing life currents of the vine to the branch; a subtle bondage (2 Cor. 11:20) to some one, or some thing, will gradually tighten unless recognized and taken to the Lord to be destroyed (1 John 3:8), that will affect the spiritual life like the "bound" branch which will become unfruitful and gradually wither. For with the soul undernourished (1 Tim. 4:6) weak, unappropriating faith results, and Divine life for the body diminishes also. We must keep this vital union free from bondage. (Read Heb. 2:15; Rom. 8:15; 2 Tim. 1:7; Gal. 5:1.) To stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage, is essential for health of soul and body.

Never do I forget when our eyes met, and my Lord gently said, "I am never going to do a work in you that will remove the necessity of your continual dependence upon me," then added tenderly, "Without me ye can do nothing." (John 15:5; Acts 2:28.) We are persuaded if we were to deliberately choose our way (Isa. 53:6) and yield to the frequently-presented temptation to move out independently of the Lord, such a diverging path would quickly lead out from under the sacred

shelter of the Blood, and we would soon "Lie down in sorrow" (Isa. 50:11); for "it is not in man to direct his way." (Jer. 10:23; Prov. 6:17). You know any of us can enter into temptation on any line, and we need to watch and pray lest we inadvertently be drawn into it; for the ultimate salvation of the soul that will on beyond the confines of this mundane existence, depends upon the obedience of faith. We are warned (1 Tim. 1:19; 5:12), exhorted (2 Tim. 1:13; Acts 14:22), reminded and cautioned (Heb. 3:6, 14), entreated (Heb. 10:22, 23), and encouraged (Heb. 10:38, 39), lest we forget.

The written word, and seeing Him who is invisible standing back of His own word, perseveringly held to, (1 Thes. 5:21; Phil. 4:5) will bring deliverance. (Job. 36:15; Psa. 18:50; Nahum 1:7; Isa. 12:2, 25:4; Psa. 91:14, 15, "16.)

Many stubbornly-resisting ills have given way as I have gone to sleep with my blessed Book clasped in my arms night after night until deliverance came. The promises are all there. The Lord works on many lines "when deep sleep falleth upon man." (Job. 33:14-30.) It is a Scripture one can definitely cleave to in the night watches; especially during revival meetings have we seen it verified.

"Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us. Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages world without end. Amen." (Eph. 3:20, 21.)

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles." (Psa. 103:5; Psa. 132:15; Gen. 49:20.)

The reader will remember that in the closing paragraph of the former editions there was mentioned a hope that those long-drawn-out paroxysms of pain, and the pinch of poverty would be eliminated. It will be in the millennium, but that time is yet to come. However, much of the suffering has been greatly alleviated within the last year.

Many of my friends have known how my life and activities have been lengthened by endeavoring to live in the first part of the 103rd Psalm. I always believed if I used "food convenient for me" Prov. 30:8 and Psa. 103:5 would become operative, and I would have more strength and not be so susceptible to the many ills to which flesh is heir.

For some years I have been enabled to hold the promises, resisting steadfast in the faith (1 Peter 5:9-11); and, although frequently attacked by one malady or another, no disease was permitted to develop. Yet strength gradually diminished until it seemed all activities would soon cease.

I kept looking to the Lord for strength, and others joined me. I saw many promises were given for strength even for those who were "past age", and later on was clearly directed to use a concentrated natural food supplement from the sea. In a few weeks the benefits were surprising. That indescribable distress all through me that comes with malnutrition left me. Those oft-recurring severe headaches did not return. The nerves grew steadier, the mind more alert,

digestion better, and again I could go forward with my love service for the Lord. (Deut. 32:47.) But I am mindful to hold unwaveringly to the promises, depending upon Him who promised.

Hygienic living has its essential place, but there is also a part the Giver of life must continually replenish (Isa. 40:28-31); and to depend more upon anything than upon the Lord of life is sure to bring failure. And we are glad to have it so, lest we forget it is written: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "For by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my Spirit." (Isa. 38:16.)

The Lord has spoken very definitely in Prov. 9:10, 11. There is a place "near to the heart of God" where at times we may hear His voice speaking through the "Word", melting our heart as one of old. (Daniel 10:19.)

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### 108 -- THE SPONTANEOUS RESPONSE TO THE LORD'S PREFERENCE

"The Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord -- with all your heart and with all your soul." (Deut. 13:3.)

One instance was several years ago when, without the least warning, influence, the insidious scourge, overtook me while I slept. In answer to prayer the acute distress was relieved, but the effect that was left to combat with was a greatly weakened heart which laid me low. I saw that my friends had no other expectation but that I would soon pass on, but I was not given any intimation of my Father's will; so I left it entirely with Him, and for weeks I lay reposing in perfect peace upon those everlasting arms which I knew were underneath. (Deut. 33:27.)

In one of those severe heart attacks I seemed lifted as a little barque out upon the broad bosom of a deep-flowing river of inexpressible peace. (Phil. 4:7.) I passed one pleasing earthly object after another, but they had not the least attraction; but when I came to my prayer box, and that box of unanswered letters from bewildered believers who had appealed to me for prayer and counsel, whom I call my children, as I looked upon them, my heart yearned that I might help them to know Him. (John 17:3.) But as I was being carried on, I said to my Lord, "Thou canst take care of my children," and with uttermost confidence I committed these dear ones unto Him, and went on with unmarred peace, encompassed by that wonderful light that illuminated everything about me with effulgent glory.

(Let me pause here, to testify to any dear doubting one, that Prov. 4:18 is a proven fact: There is a path that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.) That light grew brighter and brighter, as I neared the City of Light, with unutterable joy; and just as I was about to cross that invisible line that divides that heavenly land from ours, (for there is no dark valley for one who irreversibly belongs to the Lord, and relies absolutely upon that sacrificial offering, the perfect atonement of Jesus Christ, the Son of God) the voice of my Lord, that I knew so well, whispered soft and low as if He hesitated to disclose His preferred choice for me; (The Lord holds our personality and volition with such regard that He ever seeks only our heart's deepest choice), and with most gentle inquiry He expressed His desire, and appealingly said, "But live and declare the

works of the Lord." I loved Him so truly, with a heart ever responsive to the least intimation of His will, that without the least hesitancy I turned away from that eternal bliss I had almost reached, to go with Him back to a world where the sorrows be, and to still abide in a body encompassed about with many infirmities that I might, up to my limited capacity, fulfill the desire of the heart of the Infinite, and declare the works of the Lord; for I loved Him. The very atmosphere seemed surcharged with promises for healing, but I couldn't quite reach them; I needed the uplift of another's faith. In response to my call (James 5:14, 15) our beloved Elder came to my bedside; and, as he quietly talked as face to face with God, those life-giving promises were assimilated and became a part of me, and from that hour I began to amend.

Since then there have been many letters written to those I call my children, and a great many packages of helpful tracts sent out, and thousands of copies of this book have gone on its mission of encouragement, followed by intercessory prayer, with faith in God, continually relying upon Him who is so great that He can use little things to help a soul; and blessed results have followed. Himself hath done it. To Him be all the praise.

This annex must be brought to a conclusion; yet it would be an encouragement if mention could be given of other remarkable answers to prayer for those in different parts of the world. I have learned, like other frail people, to believe God and claim the verification of the promises without long-drawn-out petition. And yet at times there are cases with such complications and deep heart problems of such momentous issues, that night after night of soul travail seemed the only way through to heart faith (Rom. 10:10) and a message from the Lord, and to find words to express it with tact and tenderness so that the sharp edge of truth will wound, yet heal the perplexed and tortured soul. For it requires special wisdom from above and the free-flowing of Divine Love to deal with a soul in despondency. We must follow the Master closely (Isa. 61:1, 2, 3) if we would really help one in dire distress. Sometimes there are lessons we have learned low at His feet that will help them; but often the situation or entanglement is complex beyond anything we have encountered, and nothing but a message from "The Book" can reach to the depths of their soul need. (Isa. 41:17-20; Psa. 72:12-14.)

But, praise the Lord, it can be found there, as we search the Scriptures in their behalf, and the "Most High" does make His Word effective when He has a believing heart as a channel of faith to work through, as proved by letters from delivered souls, that have been placed in the prayer box (referred to in chapter 68) which has now become about eighteen inches square, and three feet high, filled to the top with precious letters that I have answered, to those whom I call My World (chapter 64).

I will add another incident for your encouragement (for you also have "a world" of souls that you can touch for God). Much of the time I am most too frail to gather with the pilgrims in my Father's House. The radio, a gift from esteemed friends, brings me in touch with much of the work of the Lord. I was carrying such a burden, as Rev. Charles H. Babcock, that man with such a full vision of Christ, was preaching, that I was utterly absorbed in soul travail for the millions reached by that marvelous message, as He lifted up Christ, and carried us on out into the regions beyond. Suddenly I was caught away, and again was given a momentary glimpse of the plains of glory. (It is a wonderful country, that home of the blood-washed -- a land of far distances. Isa. 33:17, marginal.)

But what attracted me, was one special white-robed company with shining faces, all looking this way. Such happy faces! The sight was a real uplift to my soul, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and praised the Lord. For days the vision lingered, with great blessing; yet I could but wonder why they were all looking this way, and why they said in that soul language, "There she comes." Then the Lord whispered to my heart, (something that astonished me beyond measure) "That company," He said, "is a part of your world that have persevered, and made it through to the skies; they do not forget the encouragement that came to them in their times of perplexity through your efforts." I cannot tell you how I felt. I laid my hand upon my mouth and prostrated myself in the dust of humility at the feet of the adorable Redeemer, and my soul breathed softly, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory now and for evermore."

Let me tell you, my friend, that vision has wonderfully quickened my faith in God's using little things for the encouragement of souls, and has been a Divine urge to unwearied, unremitting effort to make Him known, with such passion for souls that I covet every one I can touch in any way for God, by faith putting them in "my world". Especially do I claim those who read this book of true, unexaggerated testimony that has been lived through. Many were the promises given me for those who would read it, as I toiled away, overcoming handicaps innumerable in writing it; and those promises go with the book, which gives it value. I pray much for "my world" and keep faith in the promises, and they have been verified to many; and if you will believe them (Rom. 15:13), they will be verified to you and you will be enabled to keep coming up through whatever tribulations may cross your pathway to the skies.

"Now unto the King Eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever." (1 Tim. 1:17.)

"Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel our father . . . Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head over all." (1 Chron. 29:10, 11.)

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#### 109 -- PERPLEXING, BUT PATIENT, KINDLY DISCIPLINE OF OUR LORD

"Take heed to yourselves, lest . . . your hearts be overcharged with . . . the cares of this life." (Luke 21:34.)

"The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." (Luke 18:27.)

Incidents regarding the writing and publishing of this book may stimulate courage and reassure your confidence to go forward in whatever may be the will of God for you. I marvel at the gentle alluring of Divine Love that patiently bore with me, in disclosing that this was His plan. (But in looking back it is plain that He had been leading me blindfolded, as it were, to this end; for some of the poems were heart-echoes "born" adown the years). With the first suggestion there came such an overwhelming sense of inability that it seemed an impossibility. I was without



education, had not been in a schoolroom since a child, was entirely without means, in very frail health, and I could not think of one individual to whom I would feel free to turn for advice or assistance on any line, or who would be in sympathy with such an undertaking. I said, "Why Lord, I don't see how I can do that; besides book publishing is so expensive!" And I dismissed the subject. But it kept coming back, and I kept saying, "Book publishing is expensive." But when the Lord secured my serious attention with kindly forbearance He said, "If you will trust me and let me carry the care, I will finance the book as I financed the tracts." I knew just how the tracts were financed. Every penny that I could save from actual necessities was dropped into an old cream pitcher; when enough had accumulated, a tract was published, and some twenty different tracts had thus been financed, and I saw that the Lord would do the same on a larger scale.

For years I had been too frail to earn my daily bread; my very modest needs and means to carry on my tract-work came little by little, entirely unsolicited, from those "whose hearts God had touched"; and there was a heart content to have it so, though often tempted to do as I saw others doing.

Without further controversy, I began a publication fund; and settled down to my task with the thought that it was to be only a small book. There would be brought to my remembrance (John 14:26) an essential truth so many needed to see, an incident from my life or another's to illustrate, and words to express it, often sending me to the dictionary to see how fully the thought was delineated, and scriptural reference for substantiation. Thus chapter by chapter was written, many of them while others slept. By prayer (Lam. 2:19) I pressed through opposing forces and obtained promises (Heb. 11:33) for those who were to read them. At times the opposition would be so strong that it would take hours to write a short chapter and I could but think of 1 Cor. 16:9; Phil. 1:28-30. Every sentence had to be prayed out; I would often say, "Well, it must be those who will read this chapter need more prayer, and those promises go with the book."

The days were full with people coming and going, each taking his turn for private conversation and prayer; there were many letters to answer, etc., etc. Yet my soul was nourished (1 Tim. 4:6), the frail body sustained and built up (Jude 20), and with grateful praise I remembered (Deut. 8:2, 3) and saw deeper into those fathomless depths of Scripture verity, discovering precious treasures both new and old. (Matt. 13:52.)

For some time there was much blessing and little conflict in watching the publication fund slowly accumulate, for I believed the Lord meant it when He said, "If you will trust me, and let me carry the care, I will finance the book." That was a contract, or covenant, and I knew there was never a covenant broken off from the Lord's side. (Psa. 105:8.) I recognized that big word "IF"; and I was watchful lest I should take on undue anxiety as I went forward with the many preparatory details, securing approximate estimates from reliable book publishers, etc., trusting to be guided in judgment. (Psa. 25:9.) From my tract-work friends, advance subscriptions began to come; others wrote how the Lord had whispered softly to their heart to assist me in my work. With the exception of a small portion means came to me in dollars which were carefully acknowledged. When about two-thirds of the publishers' estimate had accumulated, most subtle, unrecognized temptations were suggested as some of those unusual angles in the will of God. If you will turn to chapter thirty-six you will see the rule that I had endeavored to follow for many years, and I had known much of the blessedness of dwelling without care. (Jer. 49:30, 31.) But this seemed different; there

were so many things to look after that at times the Lord would be eclipsed, because of failure to comply with Phil. 4:5-7. Then in humility resorting to 1 Peter 5:7, I would begin all over again to let Him carry the care. In every undertaking there is a part for us to do, and a part that God must do. In our eager desire to do our part, it is difficult for us to differentiate and we often find that we were trying to do the Lord's part. There had been so much left to my guided judgment to decide, that without realizing it, I relied upon my judgment more than upon my Guide. The publication fund seemed to accumulate so slowly; and becoming eager to expedite matters, I thought of the many that I had ministered to and especially three friends for whom for years I had poured out much of my life, literally carrying them on my heart, dividing my necessities with them gladly as unto the Lord, satisfied with His approval without a thought of reciprocation. It came to me that now, since they had means, that out of grateful remembrance of my unwearied denial of myself for them in the past, they would be glad to assist me in this.

With the exuberance that oftentimes is misunderstood and thought to be the blessing of the Lord, I hurriedly wrote to them, and with gleeful anticipation awaited their replies. Well, from one came a dollar reluctantly given; a few lines in answer to a question regarding their work came from another; and no reply from the third. I was surprised and saddened beyond words, not for myself but for them; the ingratitude of their hearts was so apparent that my heart broke over the condition of these precious children of God. But as I prayed for them, I saw as never before that gratitude was a calamitous deficiency in every human heart. We take from one another and from our blessed Heavenly Father as a matter of course, and run along without one heart-felt thank you. Luke 17:12 is an object lesson and warning. (1 Cor. 10:11.) We are undoubtedly living in the last days described in 2 Tim. 3:2, 3, and I could not bear to see these dear ones take on the spirit of the times. While in earnest prayer for them I saw my own shortcomings along that line until my heart was humbled. to the dust for myself, as well as for them; for the Lord who is kind to the unthankful, and fills our heart with the same compassion for them, deals faithfully with us, and we must realize our own deficiency and receive the merciful provisions of grace for ourselves, before we can claim and hold the promises for others in that commitment of confidence in God. (Luke 6:35.) This was an ineffaceable lesson; but there was another of grave importance that I did not see at that time. Yet I realized that instead of "as the clear shining of the sun after rain" (2 Sam. 23:4) there was dimness, (Lam. 5:12) and I wondered why, and kept looking to the Lord for readjustment.

It would seem strange that we must learn the same lessons again and again, until we consider 2 Cor. 4:4, Eph. 4:17, 18. The imperative need of watchfulness is then apparent, lest we walk as do others, and our understanding gradually become darkened; and just such disastrous results would follow unless diverted by some merciful interference of our gracious God.

Later on when that little stream of finance that had been coming in the mail ceased, there was proof that I had inadvertently sidestepped somewhere, and broken my part of the contract. In desperation I began to inquire of the Lord, but He was silent. The remembrance of such Scriptures as Hab. 2:20; Zech. 2:13 and Psa. 46:10 hushed my impetuous urgency into penitent pleading as the days dragged by (Prov; 14:12). I seemed so utterly blind as to what had come in between, but Isa. 42:16 came to mind with great comfort.

One night in those early hours (Lam. 2:19) in the deep recesses of my chastened spirit, once more I heard that gentle voice which flooded my soul with unspeakable peace, as He quietly

reminded me that the rule of my life had ever been to "see no man save Jesus only," and I had forgotten that He had said, "I will finance the book if you will trust me and let me carry the care." (Psa. 31:21.) It would be impossible to express the ineffable kindness in that gentle voice or the love and devotion inspired in the depths of my being, or how profoundly thankful I was that friends had failed me, and that the little stream of subscriptions and gifts was discontinued. I wept for very joy at the discovery of my mistake and forgetfulness (Psa. 17:7); for I loved my sovereign Friend so truly that I loved His will. Away back there when a lonely, friendless orphan I had found this Friend--

"Oh, such a Friend,  
He loved me, e'er I knew Him;  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him."

And all through the changing scenes of my life my irreversible desire and attitude of soul had been--

"I'll be a friend to Jesus,  
My life for Him I'll spend;"  
I'll be a friend to Jesus  
Until my life shall end.

"I'll do what He may bid me,  
I'll go where He may send;  
And try each flying moment  
To prove that I'm His friend.

"The world may turn against Him,  
I'll love Him to the end;  
And while on earth I'm living  
My Lord shall have a friend."

"To all who need a Savior,  
My Friend I'll recommend;  
Because He brought salvation,  
Is why I am His friend."

James 2:23; Isa. 41:8; John 15:14.

What a gracious exhortation is Heb. 13:5, 6. Listen, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It means much to maintain that heart attitude in the conflicts of life, and especially when the need of some enterprise for the Lord is pressing on our hearts. Yet it is possible to rely so fully upon "what He hath said" that we can boldly say, "The Lord is my helper" with such confidence

that fear is annulled. Though conscious of coming short at this point, I contend there is adequate grace (2 Cor. 8:8). We are prone to measure a God-stated fact by our experience of it, rather than choose with all our hearts to believe God's Word and expect Him to make it a fact in our lives. To be sure it is a fight, but moral fiber is thus developed; yet it is a winning fight, and each battle can be won by the sword of the Spirit in accord with Eph. 6:13-17.

How often when under pressure, contending for the faith once delivered, at some point, by steadfastly declaring with Paul, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me," (Acts 27:25) deliverance was brought! (John 5:4.) Even after the manuscript was in the hands of the publishers a most terrific assault was defeated by Isa. 14:27: "The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" I just lived on that statement of immutable truth, and faith became stronger. (Job 17:9.)

With what unchangeable faithfulness (Mal. 3:6) does our own God keep His contracts with the children of men! He is ever mindful of His covenant (Psa. 111:5). Never was a covenant broken off from His side (Judges 2:1 last clause); and if unwittingly broken from our side, as soon as discovered it can be renewed and soul attitudes readjusted without grievous delay. My heart overflows with inexpressible gratitude for His great kindness and unceasing faithfulness in discovering to His own any transgression of spiritual law that would interfere with our covenant relationship or our blessed fellowship with Himself. (Eph. 3:16, 17.)

"If in anything ye be otherwise minded God shall reveal even this unto you," is a most reassuring promise (Phil. 3:15). Many essential lessons were indelibly stamped on my soul. Among them was: Our sovereign Friend deals with each individual soul just where we are spiritually; as servants, stewards, soldiers and sons, God controls, chides and chastises us; but when we enter the Bridal relation -- the place of utter, loving abandonment -- He graciously and patiently shows us what is His best for us, and leaves us free to choose. But if inadvertently we turn into the by-paths of our own choosing, we soon find Ourselves in the darkening shadows of silence, and cannot hear His voice, and must learn obedience by the things we suffer. Jer. 6:16 is a more excellent way.

As a young girl rejoicing in the love of Jesus, I was compelled to attend a small gathering of spiritualists (Isa. 59:8, 9). It was stepping from (Prov. 6:18) the path of light into a path shrouded with darkness and uncertainty. (Job 10:22), and I could not find Jesus. During the year that followed I was forcibly pressed into the mistake of my life. It is more serious than we can realize to take a diverging path under any circumstance.

But to go back to the story of financing the book. I learned deeply the truth of Heb. 12:6, 11, and, after this a period of child training, that little stream of advance subscriptions and offerings began to flow again. Thus was the first edition financed.

As some have said, the financing of these several editions during the depression is truly marvelous (Psa. 118:23). But the greatest marvel of all is how the Lord has borne with my infirmities, divergences, and shortcomings as I encountered manifold temptations, and eventually such an one as I had to Let Him Carry The Care. (Phil. 4:5-9.)

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110 -- EXPERIENCES AND THEIR LESSONS FROM THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER -- (A)

(2 Kings 4:10, John 13:7).

"But Thou, O Lord, knowest me... and tried mine heart toward Thee" (Jer. 12:3).

"Thou hast visited me in the night. Thou hast tried me and shalt find nothing." (Psa. 17:3.)

"Fear not: for God is come to Wove you, and that His fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not." (Exod. 20:20).

Some of the trials and testings that have gone the deepest, and enlarged my comprehension of "the power Of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings", were brought about through troubled souls who came to "rest with us" 2 Thess. 1:7) in the prophet's chamber (2 Kings 4:10). The majority were led by that nail-scarred hand into a deeper, sweeter covenant relationship beyond what they had known by believing the unchangeable Word of God (Psa. 119:89; 1 Kings 8:56; Heb. 4:3, 13). But when He who is light began to answer their prayer, some dear ones whose deep depravity of their interior nature was revealed drew back (Heb. 19:39) in unbelief (Heb. 4:6 last clause); for they felt as did one of old, "a horror of great darkness" (Gen. 15:12). And failing to cling to the promises, (Heb. 10:23; 1 Thess. 5:34), not realizing that just on the other side of the valley of this shadow lay the Beulah land of perfect love, turned away from it all. (John 6:66).

"Oh, how long I'd been praying  
To find this sweet rest;  
To cease from my labors  
And lean on His breast!"

(Prov. 16:25; Eccles. 8:10)

Among these was one sister who knew much about the Lord and His salvation, but like many another, did not know Him in that close intimate relationship that satisfies the human heart, or the heart of the Infinite. (Zeph. 3:17).

In my sympathetic sorrow for the unrequited love of the Savior, as well as for this self-complacent yet unsatisfied soul, in my desire to make His adorable personality real to her, reluctantly I laid bare my bosom, unveiling sacred secrets of the Lord's gracious dealings, that she might know Him (John 17:3), and not only a measure of the transforming power of His grace. But to my painful astonishment she seemed only to see me, and complimented me on my experience; and I would go to my room with a breaking heart.

Later on, observing the many packages of tracts, books and letters that were being sent out, she overlooked my shortcomings and difficulties innumerable, and undertook to exalt the human, and this humble service, constrained by the love of Jesus for the purchase of His blood. It shocked

and distressed me beyond words, for I was sensitively jealous for the honor of Jesus the Christ. I reasoned and remonstrated again and again but to no avail; for she continued to boast of my work, and to others as well as myself. What she said about my work was all true, but that was much like numbering Israel (2 Samuel 24:10), and my heart attitude had ever been, "Thine is the power and the glory." And it seemed that there was being thrust upon me what wholly belonged to my Lord. I shall never forget the soul-anguish night after night; for it seemed that ignorantly with profane hands was the crown being wrested, from the holy brow of the Son of God to be placed upon my unworthy head. And I could not have it so; the tears I shed would have bathed the feet of my adorable Lord. I did not blame her; for evidently her thought was of doing God's service, and she could not understand why I should feel as I did. The sorrow of it affected my health, and my nurse-friend drew her attention to the fact. Only then did she desist, which was a great relief. Yet I could not account for such acute suffering. I knew it had enlarged my capacity for deep, true devotions to my Savior-Friend, whose rights and honors I was ready to defend (Phil. 1:17) with my heart's blood. This deep testing was an inestimable blessing; it proved that my heart was irreversibly fixed in accord with John 5:41-44.

But one day I read the following paragraph which flooded my soul with light, and I could begin to understand this indescribable sorrow of heart. Listen to these words: "Truth is always greater than the expounder of it; deeper, higher, broader, larger. Men are attracted by his personality, by the peculiar form in which he puts the truth, by the amplitude of illustrations, the strength of his convictions. By those qualities in a sense they interpret, in another sense they obscure the truth.

"No man realizes this like the man who is trying to interpret a great truth to mankind. In him it dwells, in him it burns as a fire. He seeks to fling open the door of his heart that men may look in and see, not him, but the truth, that is, the power within himself. And he is perplexed and humiliated, and distraught and sorrow-stricken that men all will not see the truth, but will only look at him; at his words, at his figures of speech, illustrations, natural and bestowed endowments or his love-inspired service for the Master."

At last I understood and was at rest. How precious is that promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," especially when we remember the "hereafter" begins now!

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#### THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE UNOFFENDED -- (Matt. 11:6)

Another incident from the prophet's chamber carries a serious warning. An earnest Christian woman came to "rest with us". I had every reason to believe the desire of the Lord was to undertake for her suffering body, but I said little, trusting the Lord to reveal His will to her. The Lord wonderfully manifested Himself as we worshipped together with the nurse and others who came in. She began to look to the Lord for healing and there came a time when

"He answered prayer, and gave the will  
And strength to touch the hem,

And gave tae faith and virtue flowed  
From Him and healed them."

There was a decided change. From that hour she began to amend (John 4:52), with steady increase of faith, and with great blessing upon all. But a test came, as it will, you know. The nurse inadvertently said something that was misinterpreted, and seemed to the retired, sensitive nature to be a serious reflection. Instead of frankly inquiring just what was meant, which could have been satisfactorily explained, she was grieved in spirit and failed to maintain the blessedness of the unoffended.

Not till long afterward did I learn of the offended spirit (John 16:1) that had arrested the flow of virtue, (Luke 6:19) that Divine life for the body that was being marvelously manifested. For when the Lord undertakes for the frail physical, the weak places in the spiritual structure are ever considered and built up by holding steady faith in going through trial and testing. Jude (second verse) is the rule of God's working. It must needs be that offenses, or testings come, but "great peace have they which love thy law (of patient forgiving love) and nothing shall offend them." (Psa. 119:165.)

I saw the shadow of testing and tried to encourage her faith, but Divine wisdom would have endeavored to gently draw out from the reticent nature the cause of the difficulty, and with readjustment of soul, the life currents would have flowed free again; she would have once more been let out "into the gladness of making God glad," in co-operating in the restoration to health and active service for Him again. For whether we believe it or not, "man is the deciding factor in the purposes of God," and "blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." (Luke 7:23.)

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#### 111 -- EXPERIENCES AND THEIR LESSONS FROM THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER -- (B)

"Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the way everlasting." -- Psa. 139:23, 24.

"Examine me, O Lord, and prove me, try my reins and my heart." Psa. 25:2, 3; Job 23:10.

"There remaineth . . . a rest to the people o] God. He that is entered into his rest . . . hath ceased from his own works." -- Heb. 4:9, 10, also verse 1, 11.

"Oh, how long I'd been praying  
To find this sweet rest;  
To cease from my labors  
And lean on His breast!"

Another was a frail little woman alone in the world. My heart went out to her in a special way when first we met some months before. She was much confused in her seeking that rest that remains for the people of God (Heb. 4:9), but evidently never realized the necessity of Heb. 4:10.

The first day she unburdened her heart of shocking acknowledgment of an unsundered will. From a child a set determined disposition to make things go her way had worked discomfort for her family and friends and her own undoing. And since she was left alone and unable to force things, she recognized, in a measure, how deplorable was such a persistent course, filling her heart with unrest, and at times bitter rebellion, and yet it seemed a necessity for her to get "desperate" before things would move. I had a sympathetic understanding, for it brought to mind how away back, there was a short period in my life when I actually believed I had to "fight" to bring to pass what I thought ought to be done, and that it was my duty to do so. And I was slow to see I must cease from my own works if I would enter into rest. I tried to tell her how the Lord enabled me to yield myself to Him in full surrender and lay that strong characteristic down in His hands and trust Him to take over the management of my affairs, and enable me to so cooperate with Him that He could work them out after the council of His own will. It was a real death to give up my own way. But, oh, I found rest to my soul!

"o sweet rest! O sweet rest!  
No more weary waiting for Jesus to come;  
For Christ liveth in me,  
My heart is His home."

Later on to my astonishment I found He had not only separated the precious from the vile (or unworthy) but transmuted that component part of my natural make-up, that had been so troublesome, into a constructive force that has been used of God for the encouragement of others.

It has been demonstrated in many lives that the power of God can transmute every adverse trait in human natures, no matter how detestable it may be, into something of estimable worth, if an entire surrender is made and maintained through the testing times. What an encouragement in praying for one whose propensities are shockingly deplorable, or for one who is battling half hopelessly against some destructive force in his nature!

She could hardly accept my testimony. Poor dear! She had held so relentlessly to her own way that it had utterly eclipsed the more excellent way (1 Cor. 13; Isa. 55:8, 9). I saw her preeminent need was an enlarged comprehension of God, and placed in her hands that wonderful book "Our Own God" by G. D. Watson, which she read with absorbing interest. Lost to everything else, her face became luminous with reflected glory. Silently rejoicing in spirit I watched the transforming power of a vision of God, and His blessed truth piloting this long tempest-tossed mariner on the ocean of life toward the haven of rest. For after all there is nothing comparable to a vision of God, and the allurements of Divine love that will so loosen our hold upon our own way and things earthly, until nothing seems worthwhile but to live for the Lord and make Him known.

Going into her room one morning with kindly greeting, I was startled to see the "solar light" had faded. In my endeavor to encourage her faith I spoke a few words of the change wrought in my heart, when with face white with anger, she turned on me, denouncing what I said as untrue, with abusive language until I left her room. Later on she came into my rooms again and again with such unwarranted accusations and vile threatenings as I never heard from human lips, until finally I said, "If we cannot live in peace, you must go away." But she stayed on for months in disregard to my



request; my rooms were closed against her, and her accusing questions were answered in a few quiet words. (Prov. 22:24).

As you may know it was a period of testing and perplexity, In penitent heart-searching I saw I could have prayed more for and with her and given her more time from my letter writing; I could have used more tact, and refrained from trying to explain that she misunderstood me, which she would not accept, and many other places where I did not use Divine wisdom.

I felt I had failed the Lord and severed the opportunity to help a needy soul, and I went down, do-am before the Lord in dust and ashes.

I knew there was nothing I could do but to trust Him for pardoning, cleansing mercy; but the sorrow of failing this dear one pierced like arrows day after day. The Word of the Lord tried me (Psa. 105:19). My compassionate tenderness increased; her need was overwhelming. But my faith was wounded; the faith faculty was half paralyzed. It is an awful thing to fail a soul. Many days passed before I could pray through and hold a promise. Her terrible condition was so apparent that for a time it eclipsed the promises of omnipotence. But persistently I prayed on, until my heart finally responded to my intelligence, and with the heart I did believe that He was able to do above all I could ask or think for this soul. It took days of "cleaving" (Deut. 4:4; Acts 11:23) to this statement of truth before becoming established in this new step of faith, and holding to it unwaveringly for this poor demon tossed soul, as I had for others. Among the reasons the children of God are permitted to be mistreated is that prayer may ascend for the offender. Cod works through channels of faith. And who can know if definite, believing prayer would ever be offered for that individual unless some pilgrim had suffered?

Her threatenings brought other testings for I knew that she would carry them out, just as far as the Lord would permit, and how far it must be permitted for the child training that I needed was to be left entirely with Him. I had learned long since to accept any possibility in the permissive will of God, in perfect submission until He changed things, as the only way to maintain that quietness and assurance (Isa. 32:17).

These testings went deep on many lines. It seemed like a great steam shovel was excavating the depths of my being and I endured as seeing Him who is invisible (Job 23:10; Zech. 13:9), knowing that the painful process would enlarge my capacity and make more room for my Holy Guest; and it surely did. One perplexity after another arose (2 Cor. 4:8); but by living on my face, as it were, I was held (Psa. 66:9) from making (2 Chron. 20:12) wrong moves and eventually each in turn was settled with the Lord's approval. "Take joyfully the spoiling of your goods," was gently spoken to my heart, but I hesitated. I needed the furnishings of the prophet's chamber; and how could I replace them? Yet it was my Lord's wish, and against all my natural feelings to the contrary, out of love for Him, I calmly and deliberately chose to take joyfully the spoiling of my goods and trusted Him to make it a fact in my soul.

You know that all we can do is to choose what we see to be His will, and stand by the choosing and trust Him; then He will work the fact within us. We choose; "He doeth the work".

With her departure much of the furnishings went also, but with every discovery of loss, a peculiar joy welled up from those subterranean depths. Our blessed Lord does not hire us or suggest an exchange when He asks of us what seems "hard"; for He seeks compliance with His wishes from heart integrity and unmixed love for Himself. But what surprises come to us, such unmerited rewards (Matt. 16:27) flooding our hearts with joy! Why He even purified the rooms of the atmosphere that she had created, stifling as with the breath of demons! And the air was sweet and heavenly as it was before. Neighbors said, "I guess you are glad she has gone." My answer was: "I suppose I should be, but I am so grateful for this depth of excavation and discovery of the heretofore unsounded depths of the love and power of God that it eclipsed everything else. And the marvel of it all is that through the tender mercies of God came the enabling to cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart, that with all my failures and shortcomings perfect love with fellowship unbroken still reigned" (1 John 1:7; Daniel 12:10). The Lord wrought so much out of it that it seemed that she had really done me a kindness rather than otherwise. (Romans 11:33.) If we would look beyond the present trying of our patience to the "afterward", and be constructively exercised thereby, it would not be difficult to count it all joy (Jas. 1:2, 3; Psa. 66).

Every remembrance of her stirs my heart with gratitude to God. And when I meet her over there, saved through Jesus' blood (for I hold the promises for her ultimate salvation), I'll thank her for being an agency (Gen. 50:20; Psa. 66:12) used in this enlarged comprehension that has quickened my heart which has been so slow to "believe all that the prophets have spoken," (Luke 24:26; Heb. 5:11) for "men are God's hand". (Psa. 17:13, 14.)

A. B. Simpson, of precious memory, gave an exposition of Rom. 8:28 that can be proven by every sincere pilgrim. When our whole life is dedicated to God and conformed to His high calling, then for us the promise becomes true, "All things work together for good . . . to them that are called (or I would say those who respond to the call) according to his purpose." This is not true in the same sense of every Christian, but only those who are living according to His put the context, to be conformed to the image of His Son.

"If that is the and live for God character of our life, and if we truly love with the singleness and strength of an undivided heart, we shall find that all the wheels of providence move at the touch of the hand that is leading us. We are witnesses of these things."

In a calm, retrospective contemplation the paramount cause of the sudden fading of the "solar light" that played over this woman's countenance until she was beautiful with reflected glory from the upper world, through drinking in those expositions of Holy Writ, was clearly discernible. Transporting and transforming power was working in her soul; but it was arrested, no doubt, by the failure to relinquish her will at some point. And turning back to her own way (Isa. 53:6), most naturally she would see manifold imperfections in one who was gladly sacrificing to help her, but whose only perfection was perfect love. It is true; isn't it? "Faith is ever first a vision, then a repose." It is truly heart-breaking to see one come right up to the border-land of the Canaan of perfect love and turn back to the wilderness wandering again, from failing to take that one last step of faith. The fact remains, "They're a million miles from the gates of peace, When they're one little step from God." (Eccl. 8:10, 11.)

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## TRIUMPH AFTER LONG DEFEAT

The Basis, or Ground Work of the First Principles of God's Great Salvation  
(Mark 11:25, 26; Rom. 2:11; Psa. 107:9-15; 103:20; 1 Kings 8:56)

Defeated souls are all about us. We have mentioned a few with the hope that others, being forewarned, might safely pass the wreck-strewn reefs on which their ship of faith was stranded, if not wrecked. It would be an encouragement were I to mention even briefly a few others who under the gentle guidance of the Holy Spirit were led out into a plate of "broad rivers" and "streams" (Isa. 33:21, 23). There are many twice-born souls, honest and sincere, who really love the Lord, enjoy salvation and have the victory, yet at times go down in defeat at some one point, or over some person, and blame the enemy or the party in question, and do not realize that there is a reason-back of all this, and that they can have, and hold the victory all along the line.

One sister had gone down in defeat frequently over the ungodly husband, and felt he was to blame. She was hard and unforgiving toward him, and lost hope for anything better, as long as he acted as he did. I had a sympathetic understanding of her perplexity and her great need, and after much prayer, very gently said, "Do you ever really pray the prayer that the Lord Jesus taught the disciples?" In surprise she said, "Why! I have repeated it all my life." "Did you ever notice carefully those words, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?" (Matt. 6:12 and verses 14, 15). And then I went on to tell her of one I had known, who was given such victory in a parallel situation that she was perfectly willing to accept the measure of God's forgiveness, as she forgave him who had made life hard for years, wrecked her health and finally sent her adrift, and then endeavored to defame her character. And I heard her say that, through all these years of severe testings, there was nothing in her heart for him but that Divine Love that suffers long and is still compassionate and forgiving. And she would be so glad if there was anything she could do to help him; it would be the crowning joy of her life to see that "solar light" upon that dear face once more. I tenderly endeavored to help her to see that what the Lord had done for this woman, He could, and would, do for her, if she would trust Him. For there is no respect of persons with God (Rom. 2:11); He is absolutely impartial.

The Lord blessed the prayed-down message, and it set her to thinking and studying that Scripture. Later on she said, "I'll never pray that prayer again. Why! to be forgiven my trespasses as I forgive my husband his trespasses against me, would not be forgiveness at all." She was shocked that she had never realized the truth in that unmistakable, clearly-expressed statement of Matt 6:12, 14, 15. However she was not swept off her feet by this clear light upon God's unchangeable Word that discovered the cause of her tortured (Matt. 18:35) and defeated life, but went down before the Lord in humble acknowledgment of it all, and eventually her heart was filled with the same compassionate forgiving love for this soul that is in the heart of the Infinite, who so loved the world. (John 3:16). Later on she wrote of the great change the Lord had wrought in the husband, and everything was different.

Another dear one in the quiet resting time. The calm, clear light (John 1:4; 8:12) shone down into the deep recesses of her being, discovering to her natural depravity beyond what she had before realized, till she could believe all that the Bible had to say about the carnal mind; and

because of an enlarged comprehension of our sinful inheritance from the fall, she prayed through to a deliverance that reconstructed her entire life.

Another blessedly-saved sister who had long battled with a sacred, secret heart-problem, as she quieted her soul in the hush of the prophet's "chamber. Jesus Himself drew near, revealed to her that He could take the place of unrequited love, and she was lifted up into a realm of victory where Christ was all in all, with a continuous unfolding of joyful surprises beyond what she had ever thought possible in this life. This is not astonishing when we remember it is written: "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, nor hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for him" (Isa. 64:4). The memory of others of the Lord's beloveds crowd around me, but I must desist.

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### ABIDING PLACE IN JESUS

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches." (John 15:5).

"Have you found this abiding place in Jesus?  
Is His life flowing freely into thine?  
Have you peace that Apollyon cannot shatter?  
Have you constant victory all along the line?  
"You can find this abiding place in Jesus  
Where the life will flow unhindered from the Vine,  
Where there's rest from every care  
In the secret place of prayer;  
There is victory for you all along the line."

But it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit" (1 Cor. 2:9, 10).

"Now to Him that is of power to stablish you -- according to the preaching of Jesus Christ." (Rom. 16:25-27).

"But the God of all grace who hath called u, unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." (1 Peter 5:8-11; 2 Thess. 3:3; 2 Thess. 2:16, 17).

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling . . . To the only wise God our Savior be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever" (Jude 1:24, 25).

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." (Psa. 107:2, verse 43; Isa. 44:23).

"I can see far down the mountains  
Where I wandered weary years,  
Often hindered in my journey  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;  
Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
But the Spirit led unerring  
To the land I hold today."

The vision (Ezek. 40:2). The Divine urge to Zion. (Isa. 40:9). -- The trumpeters. (Isa. 27:13). The glory. (2 Chron. 5:13, 14).

"Life is like a steep climb, and it does the heart good to have somebody 'call back' and cheerily beckon us on." This mountain climbing is serious business, but glorious, "if we travel light" (Heb. 12:1). It takes strength of purpose (Dan. 1:8; Prov. 20:18; Acts 11:23), and steady step (Mal. 2:6; 1 John 2:6) reinforced by the unfailing alluring of Divine love to keep traveling on up into the mountains of God. For there are obstacles to be overcome, fierce assaults from our defeated foe, and blinding storms to encounter where we can only "stay upon our God (Isa. 50:10); and lean not to our own understanding." (Isa. 50:11.)

There also are the valleys. Every explorer of mountain ranges, who would climb to higher heights, understands that he must needs go down through the valleys that lie between. And so it is in the Christian life: the way up is often down. There is a commendable eagerness for the mount of vision, the lengths, the breadths, and the heights appeal to us. But we need to remember that there are depths also of the love of God (Eph. 3:18, 19), and we usually find the depths in the valley. The Bible speaks of many valleys. They are an interesting study. The Valley of Berachah -- Blessing (2 Chron. 20:26); Valley of Baca -- Triumph (Psa. 84:6, 7); Valley of Ajalon -- Audacious faith (Josh. 10:12; Isa. 45:11); Valley of Vision -- Burden (Isa. 22:1-5); Valley of Jehoshaphat intercessory prayer and the answer (Joel 3:2, 14, 18), and the Valley of Eshcol (Num. 13:23, 32:9) with its admonitions, (Heb. 3:12, 13); and among them is "the Valley of Achor for a door of hope." (Hos. 2:15.) Who but the Lord could transform such a sad valley as Achor (Josh. 7:26; Isa. 65:10) in your life and mine, into vineyards with songs of praise and bring us into that soul-satisfying relationship with Himself? (Hos. 2:19, 20.) But He is ever bringing just such miracles to pass.

The Syrians said, "The Lord is God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys" (1 Kings 20:28). What a mistake! Listen: "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of waters, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills" (Deut. 8:7; 11:11-12).

Dear friend of mine, fear not the valley of the shadow through it seems a real death to some cherished earthly hope, Study the Shepherd Psalm with its present, personal application. Sure you know the 23rd Psalm, and you know the Shepherd, but you will become better acquainted with the Shepherd as He leads you beside still water, walking with Him through each valley of the shadow leaning upon His rod and staff -- the Word of God (Gal. 3:16). And down in these shadowy

valleys you will find the lilies of the valley, and the gems of rare treasures hidden away, (Isa. 45:3; 33:6; Deut. 28:12, first clause) to be sought out by a quiet soul, while this Divine hush is upon the spirit (Psa. 46:10; 4:3, 4; Prov. 1:33); and you can discover a sacred stillness where you can hear that gentle whisper, saying over and over, "Fear not, I will help you." (Isa. 41:10-14.) In every valley that may lie between some towering heights that you hope to gain in this vast range of delectable mountains, and from every surmounted summit, our enraptured gaze discerns other summits still more entrancing; for the out-look widens with the altitude, and at times we catch a glimpse of "The land of far distances where our eyes shall behold the King in his beauty." (Isa. 33:17.) The ratified atmosphere inspires and invigorates, and the prospects are so transporting that we seem to live with heart and head in the heavenlies while our feet still walk the earth.

"Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling;  
Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are calling;  
Far below the storms of doubt upon the world are beating.  
Safe am I within the castle of God's word retreating.  
Nothing there can reach me, 'tis Beulah Land."

(Isa. 40:8; Matt. 24:35; Psa. 119:11)

"Call back and tell me that He went with you into the storm;  
Call back and say He kept you when the forest's roots were torn;  
That, when the heavens thundered and the earthquake shook the hill,  
He bore you up and held you where the very air was still.

"But if you'll say He heard you when your prayer was but a cry,  
And if you'll say He saw you through the night's sin-darkened sky;  
If you have gone a little way ahead, O Friend, call back;  
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track."

(Deut. 1:38; 31:6; 1 Sam. 30:6)

These words are the echoes of many a perplexed soul, and I am sure that the Divine urge to write this book was that it might be used to answer in part, that heart cry; and since another half decade and more replete with vicissitudes common to life has passed into history, I would again "call back".

Some sixty eventful years have come and gone since I first found my sovereign Friend. One-half of these years I have been alone in the world, (2 Tim. 4:16, 17) a bit of wreckage adrift, but salvaged by the Master of the sea, and given a humble place to dwell with the King, for His work and, as one of old (1 Chron. 4:23; 2 Sam. 9:13), have been a recipient of the manifold kindnesses of God, provided with "a daily rate for every day," sustaining both body and soul.

At the beginning of aloneness Matt. 6:33 was the engrafted word (James 1:21) that became a part of me; and, in accord with my heart's desire, ever seeking and keeping first "the kingdom of God and his righteousness," doing what I could for my own maintenance, the promise was verified. His instructions to me have ever been "Owe no man anything, but to love one another" (Rom,

13:8), thus escaping the most common snare of the enemy and being saved from even the spirit of solicitation with the exception of yielding to temptation occasionally which necessitated painful child training (Heb. 12:11). I speak of this, for there are not a few precious "alone" ones who need to realize the above Scripture is a proven fact; and what the Lord has done for one, He will do for any other of His children who will keep first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Let me whisper another proven fact to every sad "alone one". If we will calmly choose to loosen our hold upon our dear ones gone, committing them to God, and turn wholly to Him and walk on by His side, incredible as it may seem--

"He can take the place of loved ones,  
Wipe the falling tears away;  
Turn our sorrow into laughter,  
Change our nighttide into day."

It is almost unbelievable how Jesus the Christ can fill even the most tender relationships of life, that are vacant from whatever cause. (John 17:26; John 16:24; John 15:13; Prov. 18:24; Matt. 12:49; Isa. 54:5).

Again I would "call back" and bare witness to the glory of God's grace that 1 Cor. 13:4; Songs of Solomon 8:7, as a heart quality, have been maintained day after day since July 25, 1903. To be sure there was much for human nature to endure and often in great perplexities (Isa. 41:17; 42:16); but wonderful has been God's grace (Deut. 33:27; Psa. 41:12; Psa. 63:8). I seemed to be upheld (Psa. 66:9), just a little way above it all, and enabled to maintain that heart attitude mentioned on page thirty-eight and to keep traveling on up into the mountains of God. To one who believes in our almighty God there is no reason for dismay, whatever may be the terror of the storms that burst upon him or the shame of the failures that wither him, He knows that the way of progress is very long and the days of effort are unnumbered. His eye is not on the thorns that pierce his feet but upon the goal of his hopes, the summit of his aims. He knows that many a weary traveler has passed his way, and none have fainted who kept faith with the Lord, that only those break down who doubt or rebel. The eternal years belong to Him; for He sees the invisible and will make no surrender to difficulty. He has learned that sacrificial love has always enough to engage a zealous heart.

May I once more "call back" with a word of solicitous warning and counsel; as a preventive, lest you fail to keep traveling on up into the mountains of God (Ex. 14:15). It is never safe to slacken our pace; never safe to rest on past experiences, however blessed; never safe to sit down and count up our spiritual riches, though they are great. Regeneration and the infilling with the blessed Holy Spirit was only the beginning of real life in God.

On the resurrection side of the cross (Col. 3:1, 2) there is an ever-widening vista, and the normal Christian heart, hungering for God, (Psa. 42:1, 2) ever re-echoes the cry, "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection"; and at whatever point we may be in our spiritual life (Phil. 3:12, 13), let us press on to deeper and deeper depths, and higher heights of the knowledge of Him, the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings (Col. 1:24), being made conformable unto His death (Phil. 3:10), so as to be enabled to comprehend in ever-increasing

measure the breadth, length, depth and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge (Eph. 3:18, 19). That the life also of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal body (2 Cor. 4:11; Gal. 2:20).

"In union with the Holy One,  
I find my heaven on earth begun."

"O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above!  
There, to an ocean fullness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

"With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lustered with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

"Oh! I am my Beloved's  
And my Beloved's mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His "House of wine!"  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

"The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace --  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand --  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land."  
(Phil. 1:21.)

"There is a faith in God, and a clear perception of His will and designs, and providence, and glory, which gives to its possessor a confidence and patience and sweet composure, under



every varied and troubling aspect of events, such as no man can realize who has not felt its influences in his own heart There is a communion with God, in which the soul feels the presence of the unseen One, in the profound depths of its being, with a vivid distinctness and holy reverence, such as no words can describe. There is a state of union with God, I do not say often reached, yet it has been attained in this world, in which, as far as we personally are concerned, all the past and present and future seem reconciled, and eternity is won and enjoyed; and God and man, earth and heaven, with all their mysteries, are apprehended in truth as they lie in the mind of the Infinite."

"But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.

"To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

"And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." (Heb. 12:22-24.)

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever." (Heb. 13:20, 21.)

"Finally, my brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you." (2 Cor. 13:11.)

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END