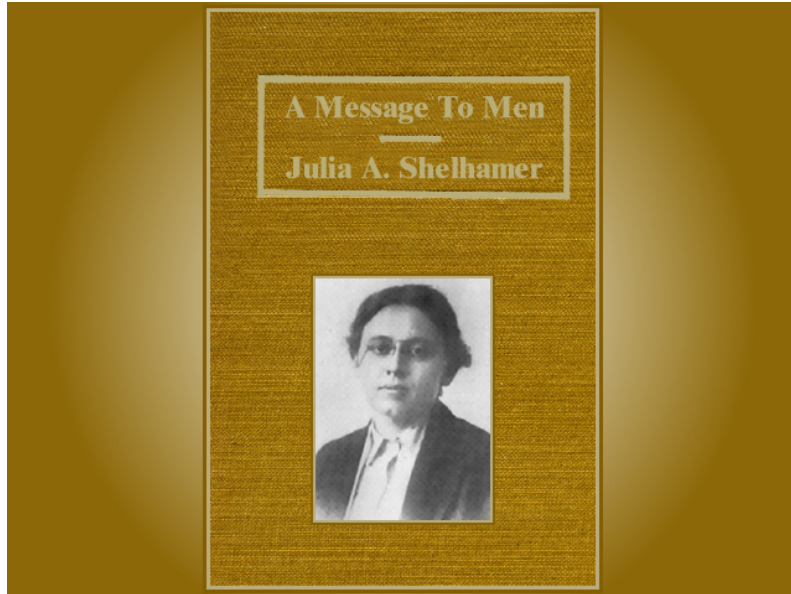


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**A MESSAGE TO MEN  
By Julia A. Shelhamer**

**Author Of:  
Trials And Triumphs Of A Minister's Wife  
Secret Of A Happy Married Life  
How To Be Healed  
Heart Talks To Girls  
Missionary Tour Around The World  
Etc., Etc.**

**With Closing Appeal  
By Her Husband**

**"Man is the noblest work of God" Alex. Pope.**

**Nazarene Publishing House  
Kansas City, Missouri**

**Repairer Pub. Co.  
Atlanta, Georgia**

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## **INTRODUCTION**

**A book for men, written by a woman! The very idea sounds preposterous. And yet, why should it? We learned our first and biggest lessons from our mothers, and in the world of knowledge as well as in the sphere of morality and religion "some of our best men are women."**

**Personally, we have to confess to being somewhat "masculine" in our preferences. We think that as a rule God calls men to preach, but as an occasional but outstanding exception to this rule, He calls women to preach. As a rule, we think, men write better than women, but as a decided exception to that rule, some women write so well that men and women alike cannot afford to miss reading what they write. As a rule, we think, men can speak and write to men more acceptably than women can. But we have found an exception to even this rule. For Mrs. Julia A. Shelhamer has given us a book, "A Message to Men," which owes much of its excellence to the fact that it is written by a woman. In fact, she has given us a book that a man could not have given, and yet it is a book that is certainly greatly needed.**

The material of this book represents a great amount of research into past and current history. A wealth of illustrative matter is herein presented that will be instantly available to parents, Sunday school workers and ministers. And there is so much axiomatic and quotable truth here that even the casual reader cannot but take away a great deal of it with him.

But the outstanding feature of the book is the sympathetic and thoroughly Christian spirit in which the writer deals with the most delicate and important problems of life. The whole atmosphere of the book is so orthodox, so chaste and sane, so loftily spiritual, and so completely Biblical and practical that earnest, thinking men will instantly respond to its purpose and appeal.

The book emphasizes the possibilities of men through grace, as well as points out their weakness and failure through sin. It makes clear the demand for the crises of heart experience in religion, and then follows on with the necessity of progress in the building of complete and well-rounded Christian character. It is full of instruction, exhortation and inspiration, and its style is so fascinating that once one has commenced it he will want to read on to the very end.

The writer of the book is well known to readers of religious literature. Her books and current articles have been read by thousands of people in America and in other lands. Her wide travels, large experiences in uplift work and her previous literary training, together with her earnestness and devotion to the cause of God and humanity provide for her unusual qualifications for her present task. Her book will be well received, and will fully merit the wide reading that it will have. May it accomplish much for the physical, mental, spiritual and eternal welfare of those into whose hands it may fall, and to God be the praise and glory!

J. B. Chapman  
Editor Herald of Holiness  
Kansas City, Mo.  
June 22, 1926

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## 01 -- WHY THIS BOOK

The writing of this book is one of the strange things which the author does not yet fully understand. Had she not firmly believed that she was Divinely led, she certainly would not have undertaken such a task; for the seeming impropriety of it has so annoyed her that it has been one of her greatest crosses to proceed.

Feeling that any procedure toward manifesting an air of superiority above the more honored sex was not only unbecoming, but out of Divine order, the undertaking of this work has been especially difficult. The masculine air of some female gospel workers and lady evangelists has so displeased her that,

confessedly she has at times felt averse to being classed with them. For while God has always deigned to honor and employ hand-maidens in his service, and a grand new era of liberty is through the gospel dispensation, now theirs, yet it will never, be His plan for them as a whole to usurp authority over God's first born sons of light.

The styles Paris has decreed for women which make them appear masculine and mere apes of men, betray a weakness of character and are as displeasing to true women as they are to the sex imitated. The reader then may appreciate the feeling of the author when the call to produce this message was heard.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for relating here a bit of experience. For the past few years my heart has been greatly crushed over the fact that man was first led into sin by a woman, and that Eve's daughters are still following her example. Friends have asked why I was sad. I have never told anyone my inner feelings but have wept and prayed in the night seasons; for three years rising long before day and slipping off into some secluded place, have poured out my burdened soul supplication to God until I have been well nigh exhausted. I have often wondered how far woman's responsibility now reaches for bringing back into Paradise the world-army of sufferers she so successfully led in the wrong direction, and I have wondered

#### **IF EVE WERE HERE**

and stood before her millions of sons, what she would say? It seems to me that she would be so overcome by the sight of fallen man she could say nothing but would swoon away under the weight of her guilt -- to think that she could open the flood-gate and let sin enter, but could not close it.

As a result of these midnight prayers came the call to pen these pages, but the work was neglected for some time for the writer has always felt that any reproach was light compared with that which one might bear for appearing bold or getting out of her place as a woman.

It was at this time that God opened the windows of heaven, and it seemed that every mother in glory who has an unsaved son on earth, was allowed to speak to the writer's troubled heart, all joining in urging her to make this effort, and blessing her for it; withal, hoping she would do her best for their boys, as they desired to send to them their unfailing love with these pages and by them to ask their sons once more to meet them in heaven. This experience was so sacred that it has never been told to anyone until this moment. Perhaps we should still conceal it but how could we face that innumerable band of mothers in glory had we not acquiesced in the matter of delivering this their last message to their sons?

During the recent world-war, no one for a time was able to stop its ravages, but on the battlefields, among the wounded and the dying, softly crept gentle

nurses, doing what they could if it were only to give a drink of cold water and call a physician.

The war of right against wrong is raging. How gladly would we bring it to a close but that is impossible. All we can do is to quietly slip in and out among those wounded by sin and give to them the Water of Life and call the Great Physician.

So we trust that this our humble effort may not be an offence, but rather will be the means of inducing the Recording Angel to write the name of some mother's son in the Lamb's Book of Life and that as a result, more than one will have the joy of telegraphing to heaven the following message:

"Tell mother I'll be there,  
In answer to her prayer,  
O, Angels, tell my mother, I'll be there."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- MAN, GOD'S FAVORITE

While praying about this message, my feelings were much like those of the young minister who had been called upon to preach in a certain college. Not being able to decide upon a subject, he went to his father who had had long experience as a minister, and asked advice.

"Father," said he, "what shall I do? I have no. subject for this occasion. If I preach about geology, there will sit the teacher who knows all about that. If I refer to astronomy, I'll be embarrassed to see the professor of that subject who knows all about that. If I mention psychology, there will sit the professor of that subject, and really I am at my wit's end to know what to say that will be new to them."

His father thought a moment, then answered, "Well, my boy, I'll tell you what to do. Preach about salvation, they don't any of them know anything about that."

It is gratifying to know however that a great many of our readers are well versed in the science of salvation and it is to the mercy of their prayers and kindest feelings that we shall be indebted for any possible success in this humble effort to reach the heart of some mother's son.

You will find our text in 1 John 2:14. "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

If God has any favorites in the human family, I think they must be men, and base my supposition upon the following facts.

I. Man was God's first creation.

**II. He was the last to transgress.**

**III. He was appointed head of the home.**

**IV. He was created stronger than woman.**

**I. Man was God's first creation and as such was to him what the first-born child is to the parents. There were certain honors and benefits that were bestowed in olden times upon the first-born son. There was a law in force in the patriarchal age that gave the birthright to the oldest son. The birth-right was his legal share of the property, plus the responsibility of taking his father's place in governing the family.**

**II. Man was the last to transgress. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." Gen. 3:6.**

**It remained for Eve, who was Adam's greatest earthly treasure, to lead him into sin. The Jewish historian, Josephus says that before the Fall of man, the serpent walked uprightly and had the gift of speech. He was also the most subtle beast of the field. The serpent's keenness of perception and plausible argument deceived Eve just as many of her daughters are deceived to-day. Her sin was: (1) Sociability. (2) Listening to the serpent's discourse against the Almighty. (3) Unbelief. These three steps led her to the one great sin of her life, -- DISOBEDIENCE which cost her everything, but it began with a sin of the tongue.**

**Had I the women here today, I would dwell upon this thought, and press home the evils of idle chit-chat, and gossip. Saint James, declares that the tongue is "an unruly evil," "a fire," "a world of iniquity," "full of deadly poison." But since the women are not present we shall center our thoughts upon something practical and ask, "What is the proper standard of morals in reference to the tongue? Shall we take the example of the Lord Jesus?" Here it is. David said of him, "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." By the time one has purified what he desires to say, seven times, it will very likely be all right to say it. Purify it,**

**1. By the Scriptures.**

**2. By the light of reason.**

**3. By the light of the Holy Spirit,**

**4. By good counsel.**

**5. By the Divine standard of purity.**

**6. By the law of kindness.**

**7. By the example of Jesus Christ.**

**When your words are thus purified, speak on! for there is no danger of your offending with the tongue. What a man says is a good index of what he is and what he says when alone with his own crowd, is soon known to his best friends and worst enemies.**

**It is strange how little a thing will tarnish one's good name. A professional man recently lost the respect of a lady friend because he said something questionable when in a barber shop where he thought no one heard him but his own class. Word was carried to her and she has never had the regard she once held for him. A very influential young man who moved in high society was greatly admired by his associates, especially the young ladies who thought him the perfection of culture, and the last word on etiquette.**

**One evening when sitting with a crowd of friends at dinner, he used a slang expression which they did not expect from him and which at once forever lowered him in the estimation of all. The whole community heard of it and he never regained his former prestige there.**

**"Mother," said a fifteen-year-old boy recently, "there is a young lady up at school who leads prayer meetings and everything like that, and we all admired her because we thought she was so refined and nice. Well, yesterday something happened that she liked real well and she ran and yelled, "O hot-dogs!" and you know, mamma, I 'spose I ought not to be like that but really I can't respect her as before."**

**The proprietor of a livery stable became a real Christian. On the walls of the barn he hung mottoes, one of which read something like this, "Jesus Christ was born in a manger so be careful what you say here."**

**A number of men were in company with Gem Grant. Wishing to relate a coarse joke one of them looked cautiously about, then began, "As there are no ladies present \_\_\_\_\_" "But," interrupted the General, "there are some gentlemen."**

**To be able to control the tongue means control over the whole body and easy control over counter influences and dispositions. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." James 3:2.**

**III. The next reason why I think man is God's favorite is because he was placed at the head of the home.**

Every institution and organization must have a head and the Creator knew that unless he appointed that head, there would always be a question as to who should be respected as such. God's selection in this instance puts upon every young man the great responsibility of preparing himself for capable leadership, mentally and morally.

IV. The next reason why we assert that man is the favorite of God is because He created man stronger than woman, in three ways: (1). Physically. (2). Mentally. (3). Spiritually.

(1) It requires no argument to prove man's superior physical ability. After Jerusalem had been besieged and the Israelites had been taken captive, the city was left desolate except for a few old decrepit men and a host of women. The prophet bemoaning these conditions cried out in remorse, "Thy people in the midst of thee are women!" This he did to portray the helplessness of Jerusalem.

(2) God has endowed man with superior mental strength. Either man was created with a larger mental capacity than woman, or because of Eve's transgression the brain of woman has since measured and weighed less than that of man.

(3) Man's superior moral strength may be proven by the fact that he was not the first to sin. It was evidently the plan of the Creator that man should be a spiritual advisor to woman.

This we infer from St. Paul's injunction to the women who were great talkers and boldly blurted out diverse questions in church. He said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches. I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man."

Again, Peter writes that her adornment must not be the "wearing of gold," but that of "a meek and quiet spirit."

While in Egypt, we saw why all this was written. The women there are very ignorant and talkative: When the minister is preaching, a woman is apt to interrupt by asking some far-fetched question on theology or the speaker's domestic affairs.

When our lady missionaries are conducting the services, some native woman will burst out with, "Say do you like dates? Let me bring you some:" The service is often ruined because of such innovations. Hence, Paul advised women to keep quiet and ask their husbands at home all questions relative to theology. Thus man was expected to be woman's superior not only mentally but also spiritually. He should by precept and holy example make it as easy as possible for her to find the way to heaven.



I am a woman and speak from experience when I say that few things get a wife under conviction quite like the soft, gentle answer of a husband when she is worried or impatient. If she needs to apologize, nothing presses her into it like a humble apology from her husband, especially if it be for a trifling offence. Man has more power for good over woman than he thinks. More than one husband has come to us seeking advice on how to live with an unsaved fault-finding wife. These men look so helpless when, really nine times out of ten the wife might be brought to Christ if the husband donned his old lover-like ways, spoke gently, apologized occasionally and lived an unselfish, Christ-like life. I wish to emphasize the need of a deep heart cleansing on your part if you would retain your wife's confidence and love. Though she may not be a Christian she knows whether or not you are.

When much is given much shall be required and if there is any difference, man is under deeper obligation to his Maker than woman can be. More blessings have been bestowed upon him, therefore his life should be more exemplary and his heart more deeply pious and devoted to God than the weaker sex. "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong," physically, mentally and spiritually.

Man shines forth with all the splendor of the noonday sun when he thus surpasses woman. This gives him a power over her that he could get in no other way. He is master of every situation without an effort. She recognizes it, is not jealous of his superiority but yields a loving, devoted obedience to him whom her heart loveth.

If you would rule your little realm and rejoice in a sweet unity of spirit in the home, make friends with the "Master of the Universe" who hath all things under His power. God places more importance upon piety than upon intellect or physical force. This is why the stammering Moses was chosen before the eloquent Aaron. To be a strong, spiritual character should be your greatest ambition.

As long as you lead woman in piety, you shall surpass her in every other way. But if you fail here you fail everywhere. She cannot and will not adore a man who is a weak moral character. If your wife has to take the lead in the religion of the home, do not blame her if God lets her surpass you on other lines, for the decree has gone forth from Jehovah, "Them that honor me I will honor." This cannot be revoked, even though the contestant for the prize be a poor ignorant colored boy like Samuel Morris or Booker T. Washington, or even a weak woman.

The latest report of science that man's brain has dwarfed and woman's increased until they both are (on an average) equal in size, is a thought that we never present to a congregation where women are present, for while I believe in equal rights and rejoice in all the progress woman is making, I detest the masculine woman who wishes to lord it over man. So to save you from that embarrassing nudge of the wife and that cutting remark "I told you so," or "That fits you John," we are addressing you by yourselves.

Now if you will not feel that the speaker is coming too close home, we will explain why the brain of man is diminishing. It is due to two things: immorality and the use of narcotics.

Women are not angels by a great deal but open any church door and look in. The congregation is composed usually of twice as many women as men. At prayer meeting the men are conspicuously absent. The lodges are all men except in the few organizations for women. Enter the high schools, colleges and universities, and there you will find less boys than girls. Go to the pool room, the alley, the movie, the lowest dives of the city, and there you will find our handsome boys and noble sons. Add to this the fact that some alcoholic beverage, or tobacco is used by nearly every young man and we have at least a part of the reasons why the brain of man is decreasing.

Should woman soar so high that she reaches the stars and as a consequence returns with her wings tipped with gold, yet your Heavenly Father has blessed you with the latent power to surpass her. It is God's legacy to man and should be used. The only enemy that can keep him from rising is himself.

It might be of interest to some, should we disclose a secret which Psychology unfolds to us, viz:-that man's most potent appeal to woman is his superior strength, because it contrasts so strikingly with her weakness. This appeal is particularly enhanced the higher up the scale it goes. Though physical and mental ability are exceedingly potent factors, yet there is perhaps nothing quite so alluring to true femininity as a character that she knows has partaken of God's immutability and is in reality, a Gibraltar of moral fortitude.

In the following pages may be found hidden the secrets of obtaining this physical, mental and spiritual strength which, we trust, will lead each reader to the attainment of his highest ideal of life and the possession of everything his heart desireth, if that desire be of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **03 -- THE OLD FAITH**

"Cast not away therefore your confidence which hath great recompense of reward." Heb. 10:35.

No organization or institution can be maintained without confidence. True in the business world, certain legal documents are drawn up to bind men to their promises yet the largest part of business is carried on without such security. One of the strongest banks of Pittsburgh, once came near failing, because of a lack of confidence. A certain important business man who had patronized that institution for years and whose word was reliable was one day treated discourteously by a bank official. As a result he withdrew his patronage and more, to show the strength

of his influence, whispered among a few friends that the bank was not safe. Patrons became uneasy and went in crowds for their money. Funds were exhausted. The president seeing something must be done to restore confidence, slipped quietly out of the back door which opened into another 'bank, secured a loan and thus saved the day, Then he published the announcement that he was ready to supply every depositor who wished his money and invited all to come and help themselves. Thus the confidence of the public was restored and the bank saved. How great a thing is confidence and how necessary it is to the success of any business or walk in life.

After Mr. Graham Bell had invented the telephone he found that he lacked funds to launch it, so asked Mr. Chauncy M, Depew for a loan of \$10,000, for six months, promising him not only the principal at the expiration of that time, but also one sixth interest in his telephone stock as a present. Mr. Depew had little faith in the enterprise and refused to make the loan. Not long after, that one-sixth interest was worth \$25,000,000, which would have belonged to Mr. Depew, had he but had confidence!

Many homes have been blasted because of lack of confidence between husband and wife. How much more necessary is this element in the religious world! "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed." "He (Jesus) could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief."

Confidence may be misplaced but always brings its reward, when reposed in God. Infidelity puts a fog over all religious faith, "nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his."

1. There must have been a great First Cause in the creation of the universe. This First Cause must have been a greater mind than man's, therefore was not human. If not human it must have been Divine, for there is no order of beings between man and God except angels which are themselves created spirits.

2. If we admit that there is a God we agree with all tribes of every nation for they believe in a Supreme Being. The Indians have hope of a Happy Hunting Ground after death.

While in India we visited a burning ghat where corpses are cremated. Over the arched doorway of this crematory were carved pictures representing on one side the bliss of the righteous and on the other, the future sorrows of the unrighteous. No matter how degenerate man becomes it is his intuitive belief that there is a God and a hereafter.

In Georgia a few years ago, the price of cotton went down until the South was about to be ruined. But the business men came to the rescue and bought bales of cotton, which were stood as ornaments in conspicuous places in stores, hotels and

banks. Often they appeared on porches of palatial residences, everyone bearing the price of ten cents a pound. On one of these bales hung the sign, "This cotton to be held at ten cents a pound till hell freezes over." What did that awful statement mean? It was an acknowledgment of the common belief of the public in future rewards and punishments.

The editor of a certain city newspaper was commenting on the awful cruelty of scientists, who to obtain information on dog physiology, cut open their quivering flesh while they were yet alive to study the use of nerves. This caused such terrible suffering that the poor innocent victims moaned, whined and licked the hands of their hard-hearted tormentors and with tearful eyes tried to draw from them some act of pity. Our city editor denounced the so called scientists severely and declared that they would never get to heaven for they were so low down morally that they would even have to climb up to get into hell. This was simply another acknowledgment of the general belief in a future state.

3. Commercial Law gives us the term "An act of God," meaning an irresistible event such as lightning, floods, earthquakes, etc., causing delay or breach of contract. Why call these acts of God? Simply because faith in the Creator is general and universal.

4. Our civil laws are founded on the Law of Moses which was given by God to him on Mt. Sinai. No lawyer can graduate without first studying this primitive law.

In some states the testimony of a witness is not fully accepted if he does not believe in the immortality of the soul for it is affirmed that no one's word can be trusted who does not feel that he is accountable to God after death for what he says in court.

5. Our laws of etiquette are founded on the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians -- the most beautiful description of unselfishness and courtesy ever written. Let every worldly-minded young person consider that no matter how much he disdains father's counsel and mother's prayers, when he reads books of etiquette he is doing homage to the Word of God. If he doubts this, let him go to heathen lands where the Bible is not known and no such rules govern society. When he returns home he will feel to thank God that he was born in a Christian land.

In company with her husband, the writer was one evening walking through a dark winding street of a heathen city. Lepers minus one hand or a big toe, or a nose, or a palate, that had been lost by that dread disease, sat by the wayside begging. Unprincipled heathen who supposed that American tourists' pockets were full of money, were all about us. We felt lonely and insecure, if not really afraid of being robbed or murdered. Presently we heard floating out upon the air an old time hymn, which if memory serves us right, was:

**"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."**

**We wish all our infidel friends might have been with us that night to have enjoyed the wonderful sensation of safety, on realizing that somebody there knew Jesus.**

**I believe it was during the time of the settling of Illinois when most of the country was a wild wood that two infidels who were cattle raisers, after having sold their stock were returning home, a distance of many miles through the forests. Their money they sewed into the belts and the hems of their coats realizing their danger, for the country was infested with robbers. Night came on and they had no where to rest. A light appeared in the distance which proved to be from the flickering candle of a dingy little hut. They approached the log cabin and knocked at the door. An old man answered and made them welcome. Well protected by fire arms they entered and sat down, wondering if this might be a robber's den. When the old man stepped out a moment they agreed that they would take turns sleeping, so that one would be awake to watch all night.**

**They talked very little though their host tried to make them feel at home. Presently he said, "Gentlemen, I don't know what you'll think of me but it has always been my custom at bed time to read a portion of the Word of God and pray, and if you will not object, we will have family worship before you retire. So saying, he reached to the old mantle shelf above the fire place and taking down a well worn Bible, read a chapter and knelt and prayed for his visitors and for everyone who needed help. Imagine the changed feelings of the travelers! Though they did not profess to believe in the Bible, yet their fears all left and they both went to bed and slept as trustfully as they ever did in their mothers arms.**

**Every infidel has the privilege of moving to Africa or India where land is inexpensive and the climate in some parts is delightful. Living is far cheaper there than it is here and servants may be had for little or nothing. Why then do they not all go where they will not be bothered with churches and prayers and Bibles and song books and preachers and Sunday school teachers? Oh, that's easy to explain. They want the comforts of the civilization that Christianity affords. They desire to live under the shadow of the church steeple and within a block of the minister so they can have a sense of security and in a dying hour can send for someone to come and help them pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death safely.**

**6. The fact that everyone, rich or poor, high or low is awed by the presence of a corpse is further proof of his belief, in a hereafter. No one feels this awe when a mere beast dies.**

**7. Man's intuition informs him of the coming eternity and his accountability to God. A famous infidel lectured against the doctrines of the Bible. A friend complimented him by saying that he had conclusively proved that there was no hell. The lecturer looked serious then said, "I would give my Kentucky farm if I really knew that I told the truth to-night."**

**8. The great change Christ makes in the lives of men is one evidence of his divinity. Into one of our missions there staggered a drunken man, who when the altar call was given, went forward and knelt for prayer. "Oh, Lord sober this man," prayed the faithful workers. "Sober him and save his soul." Instantly God answered. Quickly the man arose and clasping his hands over his bosom as though to hold onto something that he was about to lose, exclaimed, "O this drunk! I paid three dollars for it and now it's leaving me!"**

**"Kneel down again, brother," said the workers, "Pray now, ask the Lord to save your soul." This he did and was gloriously converted and has not been drunk since. Thank God. The last I saw him he was on the platform in a great camp meeting singing the Gospel.**

**It is now nearly midnight. I have just returned from a mission in the heart of this city where tonight a great transformation took place instantly in the heart of a would-be murderer. He was a gospel minister who went back on God, and fell from grace. A railroad accident robbed him of one foot. While he was lying helpless in the hospital his best friend stole from his home his dearly beloved wife, the couple eloping to Arizona.**

**After he had recovered, he bought a \$47.00 revolver and followed them, determined to kill his rival. He arrived all right, but Providence had caused this man to leave just in time to escape. The Holy Spirit began working in the disappointed man's heart. He hunted an officer, gave him the revolver, confessed his evil intent and found his way back to Los Angeles. To-night he walked up to the altar and knelt for prayer, a heart-broken man, seeking comfort and forgiveness. As soon as he knelt, strange to say, he fell to the floor and lay unconscious for some time. We prayed for him and God heard. Presently he arose, perfectly happy, entirely changed! What had happened? How did it all come about? While lying there, he said he saw Christ Jesus, and the vision instantly took away all hatred toward that wicked man and he was filled with Divine Love and forgiveness. This is the kind of work God does. No man can ever be the same after he has once seen Jesus.**

**9. There is one more proof I shall give of the existence of God and that is the existence of your spiritual nature. That man has a soul is evidenced by the fact that there is one part of his nature still unsatisfied while he is surrounded by every blessing of life. This soul can be satisfied by nothing less than God himself. There is a heart hunger and an aching void in the midst of pleasure and prosperity, that can never be gratified with earth. A sportish man once thought to tease the writer**

on the subject of religion by saying that she was missing half her life by denying herself of theaters and dancing.

"What are you going to have to make yourself happy," said I, "when you are too old to enjoy such things?"

"Cigars and booze," said he.

How different from the closing days of the clean, Christian gentleman, 'St. Paul, who said, "I am now ready to be offered up and the time of my departure is at hand."

Yes, nothing can satisfy the soul but God himself. The Rev George Matthewson says:

"My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air, but no breeze can cleanse a spirit. This world has not provided for my heart. It has provided for my eye; it has provided for my ear; it has provided for my touch; it has provided for my sense of beauty; but it has not provided for my heart. Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord! It is the only unwinged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord! Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it in the mire. Be Thou the strength of my heart. Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude. Guide it in its gloom, help it in its heat; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins. I can not rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of Thine own wings."

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#### 04 -- BEHIND THE SCREEN WITH PROFESSIONAL MEN

With your permission we shall disclose some things now that are not generally known, things that go on behind the screen in the lives of professional men.

You have doubtless envied this class of persons, some of whom have command of offices, furnished with mahogany desks, marble pillars and floors, rich Oriental rugs, expensive plate glass and a tribe of private secretaries with their inevitable, "Mr. Blank is in conference, will you wait?"

May we now introduce to you a number of professional men who had life's best?

Here is Lord Bacon, the great philosopher, who climbed the heights and sounded the depths of philosophy and stood above all others of his profession, but spent his closing days suffering intensely from dishonor, chagrin and disappointment.

Notice Grotius, the man who was applauded as the great scholar. On his death-bed he envied the poor but pious peasant who had devoted much of his time to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, "while he, himself, as he confessed, had lost a lifetime in laborious trifling."

Lord Keeper North, England's greatest lawyer, struggled for years to gain the goal all British lawyers endeavor to reach: i.e. the possession of the Great Seal of England. After he had succeeded, he was much disappointed because he scarcely had one minute of ease or peace. "The king," says his biographer, describing his appointment, "lifted up the purse containing the seal, and putting it into his hands said, 'Here, my lord, take it. You will find it heavy.' This prophecy came true for shortly before Lord North's death, he declared that since he had had the seal, he had not enjoyed an easy or a contented minute."

Did you ever read the life of Lord Chesterfield, that great man of the world, called by some a "high priest of the world's vanities"? He attained an exalted position in the state, became exceedingly popular, was noted for his courtesy, and commanded great wealth. His mansion is visited now as a monument of his classic taste. In it is what he boasted, the finest room in London. Says the Quarterly Review describing his spacious and beautiful library looking on the finest private garden in the city, "The walls are covered half way up with rich and classical stores of literature. Above the cases are, in close series, the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he conversed. Over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all around, in foot long capitals the Horatian lines in Latin, 'Let us drown in sweet oblivion the anxious cares of life, by alternate study, slumber, or grateful indolence.' " His great mind was highly cultivated, but he had lived only for self. Hear him as he tells us the inmost feelings of his disappointed heart.

"I have run the silly rounds of business and of pleasure of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth very low; whereas, those who have not experienced them, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes and have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. I look back on all that is past as one of those



romantic dreams which opium commonly produces, and I have no wish to repeat the nauseous dose. I have been as wicked and as vain as Solomon, but am now at last able to feel and attest the truth of his reflection that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Shall I tell you that I bear this situation with resignation and constancy? No; I bear it because I must, whether I will or not. I think of nothing but killing time, the best way I can, now that it has become my enemy." What a confession for one of his rank to make! Truly lasting joy is the result of a life devoted to Jesus Christ.

Let us notice now the secret inner conviction of some professional men regarding religion.

While there seems to be much unbelief, yet it is often not very deep. In Zanesville, Ohio, during that great earthquake which lasted fifteen minutes, the steeple of the state house which was at that time located there, swung like the pendulum of a clock. It was a time of the most awful suspense. The legislature was in session. Was it strange or was it logical that the mind of every professional man there turned toward religion? Consternation stood on every countenance, especially upon the wicked, who fled into the streets, clinging one to another, and crying for mercy. How different were the feelings of a certain pious woman, a Mrs. Gardner, who was so happy that she ran into the street clapping her hands, and shouting, "Glory, glory, glory to God! My Savior is coming! I am my Lord's and he is mine."

During the recent fearful earthquake at Santa Barbara, when a number of people were killed by falling buildings, a banker crept under his dining-room table and prayed. His father, an acquaintance of ours, a hotel keeper there, told us how marvelously that prayer was answered in the preservation of the lives of his family and boarders.

Perhaps no class of men are quite so responsible for souls next to ministers of the gospel, as doctors. Theirs it is to meet man in his most honest moments, when he is facing death. A minister may not be at hand, but the doctor usually is, and how important that physicians have an experimental knowledge of salvation so that they can point the dying sinner to Christ !

One of our high school principals, a devoted Christian, was dying in a Pittsburgh hospital. Said her physician to her, "Miss Z\_\_\_ why is it that people do not want to believe in hell?" "Well doctor" said she, "I think I'll let you answer that."

"Well," said he, "it is because they are awfully afraid it is true."

An evangelist preached to a body of inebriates in the Keely Institute. He said that Christ could do more for them in one moment than months of time and great sums of money could ever do. He could not only cure the drink habit but could save them from all other sins as well.

**After the service, the men discussed the sermon expressing doubt.**

**Finally a doctor, who was taking treatments, spoke up, "I don't profess to be a Christian, but I believe in this man's preaching because I know I am a sinner for two reasons. First, by the process of consciousness. Second, because I have sinned. Now, if I can know I am a sinner that way, why could not one know that he is saved from sin in the same way?"**

**My husband's friend, an unsaved man lay dying in an Eastern hospital. His four brothers who were all ministers of the 'gospel, prayed with him until he was converted to God, when to their surprise he went to shouting. The brothers fearing the doctor might not understand, went to him and explained the situation adding, "We are old-fashioned Methodists and believe in praying through until we know we have the Witness of the Holy Spirit that we are right with God and ready to die. Our brother has just got saved now and is so happy he can't keep still."**

**"O," said the physician, "that's fine, that's fine,-I believe in that myself, but don't tell anybody I said so."**

**A well known evangelist, conducted a series of meetings in a certain city. Four young doctors attended. During the services they were very much wrought upon by the blessed Holy Spirit, and felt the necessity of getting right with God. Their mothers, however, discouraged their efforts, saying that since they had just graduated from the medical college and were beginning a professional career, it would be best not to commit themselves on the subject of religion. They were dissuaded from their good purpose and made no further effort to seek pardon.**

**Not long afterward one of the young doctors became very ill and was dying. He then realized the great importance of a preparation to meet God but it was too late. Death had come for him, and he could not pray. In an agony of despair, he threw his head into his mother's lap exclaiming that he was not prepared to die, that he was going out into eternity escorted by demons. Such facts are usually covered by hypodermics or by friends but they are awfully real just the same. High social standing has no influence with Death, hell or eternity.**

**At a fashionable party a young physician spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said that he was a noble young man but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and that Christians increased his agitation by talking and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence.**

**A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion, I never knew anything about it experimentally but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room and with her**

hand on my head prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in a dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven; and I promised to do so and now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? That my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? That she will never waken again in the morning of the Resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it."

Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present.

"No," said she, "brother, let me alone, I must defend my mother's God and my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterward pacing the floor of an adjoining room, in great agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired.

"Oh," said he, "that young lady is right, her words have pierced my soul."

The result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ and are now useful and influential members of the church of God.

At an oratorical contest held in Pittsburgh, a number of the contestants slammed at the deity of Christ.

Finally one young student arose and set forth the doctrines of the Bible. A very intelligent university student in the audience, leaned over and whispered to friends, "That's what we all believe when we are alone with our consciences."

The men whose names live the longest, and are loved by every generation are those who respected Jesus Christ.

"Not many years ago a professional man died leaving a fortune of \$11,000,000. He was a member of an orthodox church, in good standing, a good husband and father, and an honored citizen. On his death bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind and gave continual expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill spent life. "O," he exclaimed, "if I could only be spared a few years! If I could live my years over again! I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life time! It is a life devoted to money getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!"

His pastor endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproofed my avaricious spirit," said he. "You have consented to call it

wise economy, but now I know that my avarice for wealth has been only a snare to my soul. I would give all that I possess to know that God absolves me from the influence of my past life. I shall die poor indeed, whatever may become of that for which I have sacrificed such happiness on earth and hope of heaven hereafter."

Many came away from his bedside impressed as never before with the worthlessness of gold and stocks and bonds and houses and lands. Thus he died, his last words expressing remorse.

Many have envied Mr. Vanderbilt, not realizing how little real enjoyment he received from his money. One day coming into his elegant living room he sank to the carpet with distress around his heart. Calling his wife he requested her to sing,

"Come ye sinners poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded by the Fall."

Thus he passed out realizing he was a poor sinner, needing God's mercy.

The brilliant Charles Lamb when in distress of heart wrote the inner feelings of his soul in these lines: "The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and passive will, to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin, could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking and feverish, looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

Had Mr. Lamb but have followed the example of a certain brilliant lawyer, he could have been instantly relieved of this galling drink habit.

The above lawyer ran rapidly down the drunkard's road to ruin. Many attempts at reform were made, but uniformly failed. He was taken to a prayer meeting where he was known, and fervent petitions were offered for his salvation. Deeply moved, he went and knelt at the altar-rail while mingled prayers ascended. A change came; he arose and publicly confessed it. His reformation was effectual. He soon obtained a large practice and is now an eminent and successful lawyer.

A French gentleman of wealth and culture who had nothing to do but enjoy himself, sought pleasure in travel. He visited different countries observing scenes, manners and men, till he became wearied of it. He read much, and there was no hindrance to his tasting every source of pleasure, which he did with even better

than usual results. After this he said, "I am at a loss what to do. I know not where to go or what to see that I am not already acquainted with. There is nothing new to sharpen my curiosity or stimulate me to exertion. I am sated. Life to me has exhausted its charms. The world has no new face for me nor can it open any new prospect to my view."

Who aspires to any loftier elevation of honor than that attained by Edmund Burke, the eminent statesman, orator and publicist of Dublin? He said he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world.

Byron said his life had been passed in wretchedness though he had been surfeited with earthly pleasures and he seemed desirous of ending it all with death.

And let us peep farther behind the screen. There sits King Solomon at his desk writing with a quill-pen from one of the rare birds of his wonderful aviary which he has in connection with his menageries. This is what he is writing: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me; I gathered also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me.

"And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour; and this was my portion of all my labour.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

And now may we say in closing, that when the books are opened, things will look much different. Then, the only thing that will be worth while, will be righteousness. St. John the Revelator gives a picture of the feelings of professional men in the last great days in the following language:

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

"And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth and

the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

There is no alternative; either man must voluntarily fall in broken-heartedness upon Christ, or he will be overtaken by the wrath of God. "Whosoever shall fall upon that stone (Jesus Christ) shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." Luke 20:18.

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## 05 -- THE MAN OF WEALTH

Wealth is a gift of heaven and a great blessing when rightly used but Paul says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." We do not hold with some that to be rich is a sin, nor to be poor a virtue. The text, found in 1 Tim. 6:9. "They that will be rich fall into a temptation and a snare," seems to mean that those who are so determined to be wealthy that they will violate God's law in order to do so will fall into temptation and a snare. It is difficult to find one rich man who has not hurt his conscience in some degree, at some time to increase his bank account. He has colored the truth or strained it, or broken the golden rule in his methods of doing business. He has either planned, or done part of his work on the Holy Sabbath day. He has become worldly minded in regard to amusements, appearance or conversation in order to please either his employer or his customers and used deceit or exaggeration in advertising. Such are a few of the temptations of a business man.

The pursuit of wealth is the universal passion. "Money answereth all things" yet it can yield no lasting pleasure and makes a cold, hard pillow upon which to die. "However legitimate the possession of wealth, when employed as a talent for promoting the glory of God and the good of our fellow creatures, it is, when sought without reference to these ends, a snare and a delusion."

There are three things we wish to notice about wealth:

1. It is uncertain. Riches are not forever. Its possessors may be paupers tomorrow. A young merchant was boasting of the great fortune he hoped to make in a certain city. In a few months he was in his grave.

2. Wealth is deceptive. It cannot give the enjoyment it promises. The reason for this is that man is a triune being composed of soul, mind and body. That which feeds the body does not gratify the mind, neither does that which gratifies the mind sustain the soul. The immortal spirit of man must have that which is itself of an immortal character in order to be satisfied and as there is nothing earthly that can

**boast of immortality, nothing earthly can satisfy the whole man. His mind and body may be perfectly pleased, still there will be an aching void that cries for something higher.**

**A merchant who had acquired more than five hundred-thousand dollars, by incessant toil was enabled when almost in the prime of life to retire from business, but a stroke of paralysis laid him low and "reduced him to a state of pitiable helplessness."**

**3. Wealth can afford no comfort in death. The guilty Colonel Charteris, who violated his conscience in more than one way, discovered that his acquisition of wealth was a poor substitute for a peaceful heart in a dying hour. When about to pass out into eternity, he declared he would readily give a hundred thousand dollars to have it proved that there was no such place as hell.**

**4. Wealth cannot be taken into the next world. A dying miser asked for the key to his safe. It was given. He grasped it -- his only god, holding it more tightly as weaker he grew. Nothing could induce him to lay it down for a second and when he was dead the hand was still so tightly clenched, it was with difficulty that his friends opened it to obtain the last and only hope of the miser. Yes,, Saint Paul, you were correct in saying, "We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out." 1 Tim. 6:7.**

**The duke of Marlborough used to wade through the rain on dark nights in order to save a little car fare. By such economy he accumulated a fortune of \$7,500,000. Most of his pleasure was in its acquisition. He would hardly have taken all these pains, had he foreseen that after his death, his fortune would finally be given to a family which he had always opposed, and regarded as his enemies.**

**The millionaire, Elwes, would often start from his sleep exclaiming, "My money! My money! You shall not rob me of my money!" His last hours were filled with bitter disappointment, gloom and anxiety. He was wretched as he passed out into eternity, "possessing such extensive wealth and yet finding it unable to supply the wants of an immortal spirit."**

**"William Beckford was born near the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a wealthy, West Indian proprietor, who, dying when the child was ten years of age, left an income of more than five hundred thousand dollars a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority.**

**"At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about five millions, he launched upon the world."**

**"How great a work he might have done for God and humanity! Some one defined a great man as "one who leaves the community in which he lives, better than when he found it." Beckford's was the marvellous talent of promoting**

happiness and blessing whole communities, but he tossed this golden opportunity away, desiring to promote only his own pleasure. Proud and haughty, he retired to the Continent and devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. He settled in Portugal, and lavished his wealth upon a charming villa.

"When out visiting, under the royal sanction, it is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of the journey. It more resembles the cavalcade of an Eastern prince than the tour of a private individual. He said, 'Everything that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience, or relaxation was carried in our train.'"

Returning to his native country, Beckford again delved into the enjoyment of his wealth and "taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion which had been erected by his father at a vast cost he ordered it torn down and resolved to raise a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in England. Fonthill Abbey, one of the wonders of the West of England was the result of his determination. Great galleries were erected apparently for the sole purpose of enabling Beckford to place on the windows the names of distinguished families from whom he boasted descent."

A most magnificent tower was built in connection with the mansion which was so great that nearly every cart in the country was employed, so that for a while, agricultural work was well nigh suspended. To expedite matters, Beckford hired a second corps of men to labor at night by torch light in the dead of winter. His main delight was watching the erection of his new home. At nightfall he would sit in solitude, feasting his eyes for hours on the sight of his idol.

After the completion of the abbey, a wall twelve feet high surrounded his mansion and grounds, the latter of which were so arranged as to contain walks and rides, twenty miles in extent. All that art and wealth could give to produce effect were there. Gold and silver vases and cups were so numerous that they dazzled the eye and the cabinets, candelabra and ornaments which decorated the rooms reminded one of the treasury of some Oriental prince whose riches consist in vessels of gold and silver enriched with precious stones of every sort from the ruby to the diamond.

"This was Beckford of Fonthill. With an income of more than five hundred thousand dollars per annum, he seemed above the reach of misfortune." And yet he was not, for as Solomon says, "Riches take themselves wings and fly away." West Indian property took a sudden slump and some lawsuits terminated unfavorably. Embarrassments poured in like a flood until those gates that Beckford in his dignity had kept closed against whomsoever he would, even to royalty itself, were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion was sold, the most of its treasures were "scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer," and the disappointed and ruined Beckford was compelled to leave with a few shattered fragments of a fortune, to



spend his old age in a humble cot, there to meditate on the vanity of riches and to realize how serious it is to neglect God-given talents or waste them upon one's self.

He fell unpitied. The noblest opportunities of conferring happiness had been placed within his reach and had been thrown away. He now had little to show for all his riches. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost, fell to the ground and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." 1 Tim. 6:17.

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## 06 -- CONFESSIONS OF ROYALTY

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

Royalty! What a word! And yet how little is known of the cares and responsibilities of the rulers of our nations! If one could but feel the mental anguish caused by crushing burdens and the pressure from jealous minds, he would never envy one in authority.

We give here a peep into the inside life of a number of rulers and their associates. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," is the confession of the greatest, the wisest king that ever lived.

Charles V after trying the pleasures of kingship, finally resigned his crown.

I believe it was President Ulysses Grant's wife, who after experiencing the honor of presiding in the White House as "The First Lady of the Land" confessed that she and her husband had not enjoyed life since their promotion as they did when in a little log cabin fighting poverty and trying to get a start in the world.

The Empress Catherine of Russia tried the joys of court life, endeavoring to find satisfaction in gratifying her expensive tastes in making a wonderful collection of costly statuary and other works of art. Though furnished with every imaginable means of pleasure, it is said that "she was so pressed by the torment of a guilty conscience as to be at times compelled to leave her chamber at night and rush from her palace, scourged by the lashes of her inward tormentor."

When dying, Queen Elizabeth left in her wardrobe three thousand beautiful gowns. She had been the admiration of many who had sought her hand in marriage. Her life was one round of pleasure but now she must face eternity and give an account for it all. Her sins rose high before her -- selfishness, pomp, jealousy and murder, until she was conscience smitten. She had possessed plenty of time to

pray and to adjust matters with her God but that time had passed and now the physician informed her that she must die. She was terror stricken. "What, go out into eternity unprepared and entirely against my will ?" Her dying words were, "My kingdom for a moment of time! My kingdom for a moment of time!"

The queen dowager of Portugal at the time Beckford of Fonthill visited the palace there suffered untold agonies of mind, being conscience stricken, it was supposed, by some awful deed she had done. By day and by night she was tormented by a mental vision of her own devoted father tied to a molten iron pedestal, a charred cinder, enveloped in flames.

In another apartment of the palace could be heard the most terrible shrieks such as a visitor could hardly imagine possible. The cries filled the place with horror. They came from the queen who apparently had everything for which heart could wish, yet did not know the saving comforts of Jesus Christ. O that this world knew that when the soul is satisfied, everything else falls in line. How true the wonderful promise, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

We here give a few facts regarding the inside life of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. He was born in Corsica in 1769, became a soldier and then a general, rose from one pinnacle to another and for a time defeated every army until it seemed that nothing could stand before him. "Kingdoms were broken by him and ancient boundaries altered at his pleasure." For a time he was "monarch of all he surveyed" but as he grew popular, he became vain. His rooms were crowded with courtiers, princes and kings, hoping to secure from him a little smile or glance of approbation. "With the majority of the countries of Europe tributary to him, he seemed above the reach of reverses." But his plans were not placed before God for inspection and approbation, hence must finally fall. His empire was based on unrighteousness and could not stand.

Blinded by pride he attempted to conquer Russia. Amidst the snows of a terrific winter, "he saw entombed an army surpassing in magnitude any which had ever been led forth by a conqueror in modern times." Little by little he saw the fragments of his power pass from him. "Like a desperate gambler he risked his all upon the die and found himself at last a captive on the barren rock of St. Helena." And now was exemplified the vanity of worldly ambition. The mighty monarch's train was reduced to a few attendants, and his territory to a plot of garden ground. He who had made so many widows and orphans was himself deprived of his wife and son. The schemes to which his active mind had turned for recreation, failed. "Let us live on the past," he exclaimed, but the recollection of it loomed up before him as only selfishness. He became sick and longed for death and asked, "Why did the cannon balls spare me to die in this manner?" "I am no longer the great Napoleon. How fallen I am!"

At other times he would exclaim, "I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am plunged in lethargic stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered; but then I was Napoleon. Now I am no longer anything. My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live, I merely exist."

At other times his thoughts dwelt upon religion when he would say, "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love, and at this hour, millions of men would die for him. I die before my time and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for the worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth."

As his health failed his spirits drooped. In his garden was a fish-pond which he watched to pass away the time. Accidentally a deleterious substance got into the water and the fish died. Saddened, and disappointed, Napoleon exclaimed, "Everything that I love, everything that belongs to me is stricken. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." He had spells of long silence and deep melancholy. He wearied of life and pined away. His health failed entirely until he at last drew near the end. In his delirium he exclaimed, "Steingell, Dessaix, Massena, victory is declaring itself. Run! Hasten! Press the charge! They are ours."

Soon afterward he died and was buried in a narrow grave, overhung by a weeping-willow. In this lonely nook his once ambitious form lay for several years until moved to Paris.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte, who was blessed with talents, power and the greatest of opportunities for doing good and thereby making the world happy, but he sacrificed them all to the god of self, and was disappointed. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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## 07 -- THE MAN OF AUTHORITY

To be a leader among men, a statesman, a commoner, or one who stands high above his peers in the realm of his activities must surely be the height of bliss! Such is the heart thought of many an ambitious youth who has struggled to excel, not for the sake of humanity or for the honor of Christ, but for himself. Happiness depends not on what one does or possesses but what he is. How true are the words of Jesus Christ, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

As an illustration we herewith give a few facts in the experience of William Pitt the successful and time-honored statesman. He was a son of the great Earl of

Chatham, and was exceptionally brilliant. When a mere boy, he entered Parliament where his first speech astonished the senate because of its unusual merit. People were so taken with the youth that they were ready to confer upon him almost any honor. Strange to say at the age of twenty-four, when most men are preparing for life's work, William was made prime minister of England. He was now the first in intellectual power as well as in position and had everything in his favor. He was the greatest favorite his sovereign had ever had, and was fairly worshiped by the greatest men of the senate. "The mightiest intellects bent before him and the highest offices were in his patronage. He was privileged with knowing that in all the vast empire of England, the sun shone on no one who was in reality more powerful than himself. Besides this he was young and strong and drew a fine salary. What more could youth ask? Yet he was unhappy. We take the following account of his domestic life from the memoirs of the lady who had charge of his household.

"People," said this writer, "little knew what Mr. Pitt had to do. Up at eight in the morning, with people enough to see for a week. Obligated to talk all the time he was at breakfast. Receiving first one and then another, until four o'clock. Then eating a mutton chop and hurrying off to the House, and there badgered and compelled to waste his lungs till two or three in the morning. Who could stand it? After this, heated as he was, and having eaten nothing in a manner, he would sup with Dundas, Huskisson, Rose, Long and such like, and then go to bed and get three or four hours' sleep, to renew the same thing the next day, and the next. During the sitting of Parliament, what a life he led! Roused from his sleep, with a dispatch from Lord Melville; then down to Windsor; then, if he had half an hour to spare, trying to swallow something. Mr. Adams with a paper; Mr. Long with another. Then, with a little bottle of cordial confection in his pocket, off to the House until three or four in the morning. Then home for a hot supper for two or three hours more, to talk over what was to be done next day; and wine -- and wine -- and wine. Scarcely up next morning when tat-tat-tat, twenty or thirty people, one after another, and the horses walking before the door from two till sunset, waiting for him."

But there were many things to dampen his joy. One of his great admirers says, "During his long career of office, he could scarcely get a gleam of success to cheer him." Added to this he was disappointed in love, in the case of a young lady of rank and personal charm. More than this, his affairs gradually became embarrassed, until his spirits were pressed by a load of debt. Disease made its inroads upon his weakened frame and the ingratitude which some expressed soured his temper.

"All the peers whom he had made deserted him and half of those whom he had served returned his kindness by going to his enemies."

The last stroke was "a brilliant effort of his genius to crush the hydra-headed power of Napoleon by the battle of Austerlitz. Chagrined, disappointed and crowded with anxieties, this blow was too much for the statesman to bear, and he found the hand of death upon him."

Had he only had Christ with him in this hour, how blessed! But he possessed not the consolations of Divine grace. When asked to yield himself to God in preparation for heaven, he answered, "I fear I have neglected prayer too much to make it available on a death-bed."

His special friend, William Wilberforce, that brilliant young man whose career had been made eminently useful and supremely happy by his conversion to Christ in a barn where the early Methodists were holding a revival meeting, said of Mr. Pitt, after his death, "How do these events, tend to illustrate the vanity of worldly greatness[ Poor Pitt, I almost believe, died of a broken heart! He was the favorite, of the king and people. Yes, this man who died of a broken heart was the First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer."

He died at the age of forty-seven, a young man disappointed with this world and unprepared for the next.

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## 08 -- THE MAN OF WIT AND HUMOR

Life may have dealt sternly with you, and you feel at times to wish you had never been born. Occasionally there crosses your pathway one whose jovial ways cause you in a measure to forget your troubles and you cannot help thinking how fine it would be to possess such a disposition; to be able to see the funny side of life and to turn every serious thing into a joke. But this, my friend, is but an illusion, a mirage, for the happiness of such individuals is usually only on the surface while the heart lies bleeding over some keen disappointment.

King Solomon said, "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Prov. 14:13.

May we here give a picture from the inside life of one of England's famous humorists, Mr. Theodore Hook?

He was one of the wittiest men who ever lived. His whole time Was devoted to entertaining social gatherings where his magnetic personality greatly inspired the audience. The name of Theodore Hook was all that was necessary to draw a crowd of the highest society beaux and belles.

Mr. Hook was a ready composer of extempore poetry. At a party he without premeditation could compose a verse on each individual present in a most strikingly witty manner. "So confident was he of his powers of humor that passing with a friend a home in which a party was assembling for dinner, he undertook, although quite unacquainted with the owner of the house or any of the guests, to join them, and instructed his friend to call for him at ten o'clock. Knocking at the

door, he gave his hat confidently to the servant, and was ushered upstairs. Entering the drawing room, he affected to have for the first time discovered his mistake, and poured out such sallies of wit, that as he had anticipated, the host, although ignorant, even of his name, pressed him to stay to dinner. When his friend, Mr. Terry called, not knowing whether he should find him there, he was astonished on being shown into the drawing room, to see the man of humor seated at the pianoforte, delivering some extempore poetry. Upon perceiving the entrance of his friend, he wound up with the following stanza:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare,  
Your cellar's as good as your cook.  
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,  
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

This man became very famous. Even royalty itself felt honored by his presence at their gatherings. So fascinated was the Prince Regent by him that he appointed him treasurer of the island of Mauritius, with a salary of ten thousand a year. "This island," said he, "is fairyland. Every hour seems happier than the last." Mr. Hook gave himself up to the enjoyment of every pleasure. Had he not found the secret of happiness? Nay, verily. He was rich, witty, popular and surrounded by many friends but had not yet succeeded in finding peace. From the pinnacle of his glory he saw his downfall. A deficiency of \$60,000, not from fraud but from carelessness, arose in the treasury. While he was in a ball-room an officer walked up and arrested him and he was sent to England a prisoner for debt. Penniless and divested of all his honors he walked his cell musing on his fate. O had he but thought on the evil of his ways and surrendered his life to God at this opportune time but, alas, he would not yield.

He began to write and from his pen achieved literary eminence and an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. He again entered society, being hired to entertain. Seated at the tables of the rich and the great, he was the life of every party. His versatile genius sparkled more brilliantly than ever and he was always the center of admiration.

"In the midst of his gaiety, however, he had an aching heart. From the brilliant salon he would retire to his lonely apartment, and there with jaded spirits, sit down to write for his bread, some work of humor, racking his imagination for mirth with anguish at his heart."

Working far into the night, he retired, with a weary mind, a burdened soul, and a guilty conscience. The next day, the program was as follows: "A late breakfast; his spirits jaded by the exertion of yesterday and further depressed by some pecuniary difficulty; large arrears of literary toil to be made up; the meal sent away untasted; every power of his mind forced and strained upon the subject that happens to be in hand; then a rapid drive to town and a visit, first to one club where, the center of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties are again upon the

stretch, and aroused and sustained by artificial means; the same thing repeated at a second club; a ballot or a general meeting at a third, a chop in the committee room and then a tumbler of brandy and water or two and we fear the catalog would not always close here. Off next to take his place at some lordly banquet where the fire of wit is again to be stirred to a blaze, and fed by fresh supplies of potent stimulants.

"Lady A. has never heard one of his delightful extempores; the pianoforte is at hand, fresh and more vigorous efforts of fancy, memory, and application are called for, all the wondrous machinery of the brain taxed and strained to the very utmost. Half an hour at Crockford's is proposed by some gay companions. The half hour is quadrupled and the excitement of the preceding part of the evening is as nothing to that which now ensues. By the time he reaches home, the reaction is complete, and in a state of utter prostration, bodily and mental, he seeks his pillow to run, perhaps, precisely a similar course on the morrow."

We herewith give some extracts from Mr. Hook's journal. "Today I am forcing myself against my inclination, to write. The old, old sickness and faintness of heart came over me, and I could not go out. No, it is only to the grave that I must be carried. If my poor children were safe, I would not care. I am suffering under a constant depression of spirits, which no one who sees me in society ever dreams of."

He was taken suddenly ill at a dinner party, when he exclaimed, that he was "done up in mind, in body, and purse." Returning home he crept into bed to endure his last illness. A friend one day called when Mr. Hook said, "Here you see me, all my buckling and padding dropped forever, and I a gray-headed old man."

Not long afterward he went to meet his God and render an account for his misused talents. He had nothing but the fragments of a wasted life to give. He truly had found that the pleasures of earth are vanity and vexation of spirit. King Solomon says, "I said of laughter, it is mad." Eccl. 2:2.

And again, "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Prov. 14:13.

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## **09 -- THE LONELY MAN**

May we speak now to men who are lonely? Men who because of bereavement or of failure in love or business, or because they are strangers in a strange land, feel the need of a friend. Various societies and organizations hold out inducements to such people. Added to these are all kinds of hell-holes, such as the dance, the saloon, and the dives of the city which invite the lonely men into their midst. But

there is a better way to find satisfaction for the social nature than to engage in anything that will hurt the conscience.

The association of good people is worth more than money. No one is so well established in grace that it is wise for him to presume upon his own strength by associating with sinners unnecessarily. Thomas a Kempis said to mingle with those who are older and better than ourselves. John Wesley said that if you are not leading a sinner to Christ, that sinner is imperceptibly drawing you down.

A prosperous business corporation asked a bank president to recommend to their house "a young man who could be trusted." The reply was, "Every Wednesday evening, at the hour of prayer, a young man passes my house on his way to the prayer meeting of his church. I like that. If I were you, I would look him up." The business man was not slow to "look him up," and has had no reason to regret his choice. We are told that the young man proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and his successive promotions to places of greater responsibility were amply indicative of strength of character and loyalty to his employer. In more ways than one is the prayer meeting a valuable asset.

Men are known by the company they keep. Many a man would give all he possesses if he could prove in court that on the night when he was suspected of crime, instead of being with evil men, he was on his knees at a prayer meeting. What a defense that would be to him!

You need not stumble over the inconsistencies of church members, many of whom have never been truly converted to God. Yours it is to follow the path of duty regardless of others.

In a certain city there was a young man who sometimes attended the church of which the writer was pastor.

During the Sunday morning services he often disturbed us by riding around the church block with his motorcycle. More than once has he looked serious and respectful as we talked with him on the subject of salvation but he would not yield. Not long afterward, that same motorcycle with which he had disturbed church services became the instrument of his death. He lay in the hospital under an anesthetic. I was on my way to assist in the state camp-meeting of Georgia, but went directly to his bed side. There he lay unconscious, unable to pray or to understand. Poor young man! He now needed a Guide to take him safely through the dark valley, but he had insulted Him in life and must go without Him in death. His loving friends were greatly desirous that something be done for his soul. I knelt and prayed but that prayer did not go through, and in a few hours he went to meet an offended God.

Whether you are a Christian or not, determine here and now that your Sabbaths will always find you at church. The study of God's word is very inspiring



and helpful to the soul, mind and body. Perhaps you consider yourself beyond the Sunday school age. Still you need its benefits and will be blest in attending.

Judge Fawcett of Brooklyn, recently sentenced a nineteen-year old boy to the Elmira reformatory for burglary, when he gave the following fine tribute to the Sunday school as a deterrent of crime. "Of all undesirable professions that of burglary is the worst. No matter how good a burglar you may be, you will be caught and sent to prison sooner or later. I have seen your friends who wished to speak to me about you, and I find that all attempts to have you go to Sunday school have failed. In the five years I have been sitting on this bench I have had two-thousand-seven-hundred boys before me for sentence, and not one of them was an attendant of a Sunday school. Had you gone there I am sure you would not be before me today."

A young man who keeps the Sabbath holy will be kept from crime and will prosper financially whether he be a Christian or not. Therefore we advise the habit of church going not only on Sabbath but also during the week. If you have any trouble of any nature whatever, take it to prayer meeting and request the Christians to help you pray over it. God will answer and there is no telling to what heights of success you may attain if you thus carry all to God in prayer.

"O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry,  
Everything to God in prayer."

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## 10 -- DIFFICULTIES IN MARRIED LIFE

Many and intricate are the problems that arise in the home. A man who has been able to get along with any sort of a person in business does not always know just what to do in dealing with a companion who is a trial to him. That there are slight differences of opinion between the best of lovers is an acknowledged fact. Just how to meet those differences is the question. If one is as cool, deliberate and slow to speak as he is in dealing with business men, he has the advantage of a man who has the feminine ability to speak too quickly. If on the other hand, he is quick tempered and domineering at home, he has adopted the surest way of losing the respect of friends and of killing the affection of the family.

You, our reader, are capable of possessing the mellowest disposition, and these trials are permitted of God to perfect one. Did it ever occur to you that it fell to the lot of Abraham Lincoln, the "kind-hearted humanitarian who loved peace and his fellow-man, to wage the bloody conflict of civil war; and the more aggressive, combative character, Andrew Johnson, directed the affairs of the government while the land took upon itself the conditions of peace?"

We would feel that each was in the wrong situation, the one for which he was least fitted, but these conditions and responsibilities served to develop in each nature that which was weak. Though you may not realize it, you possess that which if brought into union with divinity will blossom out into the most perfect manhood. You may be of a fiery, impatient temperament, but that does not go to prove that you cannot be just the opposite. Look upon yourself as a complete, great-souled man, able to make yourself your highest ideal through Jesus Christ. You have conquered your temper when dealing with those outside your home and can do it now if you so determine.

We cannot deal with all marriage problems here; but mention a few. Not long ago, a gentleman whom we shall term as Mr. Unsociable, called at our home asking for advice. His life was miserable, he said, because of his wife who was an incessant talker, and he wished the writer to do what she could to help her. Later his wife called, begging us to do something for her husband as he was making her life very unhappy. So for the benefit not only of this couple but also of thousands of others we give the following confidential letters.

My Dear Mrs. Talkative:

Yours received. As much as I would like to, I am afraid I cannot help your husband until I have first spoken with you. You say he accuses you of talking too much while he, himself hardly utters a word except by way of complaint; that he has ceased to love you with that tender, solicitous regard he once held and does not care to be at home.

Now, my dear, there is one encouraging feature and that is that the betterment of the situation lies almost entirely in your own hands. Here are a few rules which I believe will bring about a reconciliation:

1. Forget his faults in considering your own and learn the blessedness of taking as much blame as you can upon yourself.

2. Be free to apologize, even though you feel that your offense is not so grave as his. Keep this up as long as your faults are repeated.

3. When your husband complains of your extravagance, such as using too much butter in cooking or more gas and electricity than necessary, do not retaliate by pointing out his inconsistencies but thank him for his suggestions and assure him that you are his partner in saving money. Put yourself in his place as breadwinner and keep sweet and patient when reproved. This will be hard to do, but it will silence him more quickly than an argument. I know it is humiliating but it will not hurt you in the least and besides, it is the price of peace and, my dear, you cannot expect your husband to acknowledge a fault to you if you hold out for your point in

dignity and pride. It is the great soul that can thank one for a suggestion and take advice even when because of ignorance it is misdirected.

Someone asked Noah Webster for the hardest words to pronounce in his new dictionary. His answer was that the most difficult words he ever tried to pronounce were these, "I am wrong."

4. It appears that your husband's main complaint is that you are so free to speak that you get not only yourself but also him into trouble. Then, too, you talk so much that his head whirls, he cannot slide a word in edgewise, attend to business, or enjoy reading. As a consequence, he often spends his evenings out when he would much prefer to be at home.

As to the first charge, perhaps you do not feel the dignity of your position as you should and consider that there are few things that can be said about a woman which sound more uncomplimentary than, "She is a great talker."

Now, between you and me, Mrs. Talkative, there is something I do not tell just anybody but since it is you I'll venture with your promise not to reveal it. It is this:

The writer has had the honor a number of times of being the only woman on the Stationing Committee of a Free Methodist Annual Conference. Perhaps you know it is the business of the Committee to make the appointments for the pastors for the following year. While serving in this capacity we learned why it was that some of our best educated, most capable men are sent to poor charges while those who are not so competent have the better circuits. Here is a sample of the conversation in the committee room:

Bishop, "What will you do with Bro. A?"

Presiding Elder, "I move that we send him to our best city charge."

Delegate, "Well, brethren, Bro. A. is a fine man, we haven't his equal in the conference but what about his wife?"

That's enough. They all remember what harm her tongue worked at a certain appointment where one of the biggest churches was split in two, so the order goes forth to erase his name from its exalted position and write it down by a poor country circuit. Yes, a woman is capable of either making or ruining her husband.

As to your husband's second charge that you make him tired, may we suggest the following as a cure?

1. Before husband arrives in the evening, see that the house is in order, that dinner is ready on the dot and that you, yourself are dressed for the occasion. Do

not allow your habits to become slovenly regarding person or home. This is very important!

2. Put the children to bed early so that you and George may enjoy the evening alone as you used to do.

3. Attend to all the minor details of comfort that so attract your husband. Surprise him by numberless little considerations of which he has never dreamed. Study to show your old time affection instead of waiting for him to manifest it for you.

4. In the evening, sit down with him and read. It will be wise not to try to sew or you will want to talk. You have no idea how much your husband dreads to have the thread of his thought broken by the sound even of your sweet voice and you know it is the height of ill manners to interrupt either a conversation or one's mental peregrinations. If company comes try to let your husband do the talking. Do not help him out by correcting his statements or adding to what he has said. Your "strength is to keep still," and smile. The Bible states that a woman's ornament is a "meek and quiet spirit." For a woman to talk more than her husband is inversely proportional to the size of her vocal organs and sometimes of her brain.

Then too, since it was woman's sociability that led the whole human family into sin, should not her tongue be her most guarded point?

If you are a true woman you will not reflect upon an absent one. No cultured person wants to associate with a tattler but you will hardly be able to cure yourself of the habit of evil speaking until you are able to talk a great deal less than you do.

Now as to your unsociable husband, may I say that. there is a little trick in getting a man to talk, i.e. to keep quiet yourself until he gets in the notion of speaking.

Men have various reasons for not talking and wives often misjudge them. Withhold criticism until you know. May we here give the situation as viewed by one of Los Angeles' leading bankers? He says, "When a young man starts in business he sometimes finds to his sorrow that he has talked too much, said something that has not only gotten himself into trouble but has also involved the firm for which he is working.

"In the course of time he learns to be particularly cautious and to hold his tongue so that he says just as little as possible. A wealthy business man came in the other day and after talking over some matters with the manager and me, said, 'When I come in here I always do all the talking.' We did not realize it but we were saying nothing just because we had been trained to speak with caution.

"Now when we go home after a hard day's work, our wives have perhaps been alone all day and they want to talk. We appear to them to be unsociable. It is not because we intend to be but it is because we have forgotten to take off the brakes."

Mrs. Talkative I am just wondering about those "brakes." Would they not be a good thing for women as well as men? Perhaps if we could take as charitable a view of our husbands' unsociability as the banker does of the talkativeness of the wives, we might not have so many family jars.

5. It will greatly aid you in curing your loquacious disposition to take up some beloved course of study. Logic and law are especially beneficial to women and are intensely interesting. Of course you will not take to them if you have been accustomed to reading stories. It is the shallow minded one who uses the tongue glibly. Determine that according to Dr. Mary Wood Allen's advice you will not let your husband get ahead of you in mental development. If you desire something lighter than the afore named studies, try music, or painting, and review your rhetoric especially the parts that refer to condensation in speaking.

The finest thing to help one condense is to write a ten-word telegram from a long paragraph. Practice this over and over each day, until it becomes your habit to use few words. Such a course of study will soon so change your nature that your friends will hardly know you and it will be painful to you to come in contact with a loquacious person. Your husband's unsociability will cease to trouble you for your social nature will have united with your intellectual in enjoying the things you have read.

Now, Mrs. Talkative, I do hope you will pardon my frankness in writing thus. I can hardly blame you if you feel that I am one-sided in my views. Perhaps, however, you will change your mind when in my next, I write to your unsociable husband.

Mrs. Julia A. Shelhamer.

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11 -- MR. UNSOCIABLE

Mr. Unsociable  
Dear Sir:

Please pardon the delay in answering your appeal for advice regarding your domestic infelicities. An answer might have been sent at once, but you know it is easy to flippantly venture an opinion without due deliberation.

Though the writer has been awake more than one night asking our Heavenly Father's advice, yet after all, perhaps you will feel that what we say might better be discarded than regarded.

There is one consolation, my brother, you are not the first man who has had trouble. The situation is a grave, yet a common one -- a talkative wife and her rather unsociable husband. It was only a week ago that a gentleman came, asking how he could live a Christian life with the wife he had for he said, "She talks too much."

He was a professional man -- tall, handsome, capable and the thought came, "How was it that such a man was not sufficiently wise to discover such a serious fault in a woman before marriage. It surely was not because he was not with her enough." But such a thought does not mend matters at an hour like this.

Since you have read the letter we wrote to your wife, whom we addressed as Mrs. Talkative, I feel that I can speak plainly to you now. There is one thing that we have discovered in years of advising people, that often men take suggestions without so many words and in a more humble spirit than the women do.

There is one safe rule and that is if you wish to correct another's faults, begin by correcting your own. It does not seem philosophical but it is. Now I would not, for a moment point out unsociability in itself as a fault, for Solomon says, "He that refraineth his lips is wise." Compared to the awful sin of talkativeness, your lack of loquacity is perfect innocence. But you are accustomed to seeing both sides of a question at once, so to be fair shall we consider your wife's view of the matter? To her, there is more than mere innocence in a man's getting off in the corner in a big chair and making a total eclipse of himself with a newspaper, and for the whole evening padlocking his tongue; looking grave if not grouchy, answering every question with a short -- "Yes or No," keeping all the news to himself, shutting up like a clam shell which he refuses to open even at a weary, lonely wife's gentle knock, and just leaving her guessing whether he is ill, mad, tried at her, worried, or mentally preoccupied by a vision of some absent fair one.

I think you can see that it is hard for a woman who has always had a large circle of friends to be shut up within four square walls with one who is not with her all the time and who, when he is at home does not have anything to say. She compares you of course to the days of courtship, when her words dropped upon your ears as the refreshing dew upon the thirsty flowers; when you praised her for her "wonderful conversational ability," and never once intimated that she talked too much.

Perhaps she did not at that time, but might it be that your unsociability has tended to aggravate and augment what in her may have been at that time loquacity in its incipency?

Do you think that it is at all possible that you are slightly to blame for her over sociability ? I could not be honest and not agree with you that her fault is far worse than yours, but a man of your mentality can readily see that in order to bring about a reconciliation there must be concessions on both sides and this sometimes begins by an apology from the more innocent party. Before marriage she was always surrounded by school mates, chums and neighbors, to say nothing of her devoted parents and frolicking brothers and sisters. Now, that her honeymoon is over, (a thing that should never end) she is lonely, for after a long, hard day's toil at home with the little ones who can afford her no real mental fellowship, she longs for the sweet companionship of the evening alone with you. You come home feeling just the opposite. You have met with people all day who have sapped your vitality by their incessant drawing upon your brain and nerve force. You want rest and quietude, and to you that is what home means.

If you are shut up within yourself, she cannot help but mentally compare you with the magnetic, attractive, and devoted lovers she used to know and though she would not for a moment entertain one wandering desire their way (for she is a true woman) yet may I speak plainly, my brother, there is that temptation!

There are at least five causes of unsociability. 1. Mental fatigue. 2. Business cares. 3. Responsibility. 4. Grouchiness. 5. A guilty conscience.

Concerning the first three we would suggest that every woman should have more or less mental work and responsibility to keep her mind preoccupied that she may in some manner sympathize with you, for no one can comprehend the weariness resulting from a constant mental strain but those who have experienced it. There is nothing like responsibility and a contact with busy people, those who have no time to chat, to cure talkativeness, I was amused the other day at a young unmarried man, the president of his college class, who said, "I think husbands should see that their wives get out more, for that would keep them from wanting to talk so much."

To visit the sick and the suffering is beneficial to one afflicted with talkativeness, therefore encourage your wife to take up any line of social service work that will not conflict with her home duties. It is to your interest that she do this. It broadens the mind and renders the petty trials of life insignificant compared with the suffering of humanity in jails, almshouses, insane asylums, rescue homes and the slums. She will enjoy this work and you will have a much sweeter, more lovable, dutiful wife if you encourage her to use her talents to bless others.

Another suggestion that will help a sociable woman is to let her realize the dreams of her youth in taking up that course of study she has so long desired. Of course it will cost a little, but you can afford it better than you can to have a nagging, discontented wife in your home. Such a course will occupy her spare moments and latent energies so she will not have the time to talk with the

neighbors and an ambition of this sort raises one's self respect until she feels too womanly to meddle with other people's affairs.

I will not dwell upon the other causes of unsociability but since you have frankly stated that you sometimes become grouchy, I might add that you doubtless have been provoked to it, yet a true gentleman is one at all times.

Nothing has such a good effect upon an ill tempered wife as a husband's greatness of spirit manifested in gentleness during provocation. Do you remember what it was that made King David great? It was not his wars, his wealth or his wisdom, but he says, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

A few months ago there came to our home a city official in mental distress over his domestic relations. His wife was loquacious and irritable. He was a strong character, with a certain per cent of rashness in his nature if things did not go right at home. Added to this he was possessed of an outrageous temper. When he wanted to know what to do to bring peace in the family, I ventured, "Well when you go home to-day call your wife aside and sit down by her, then put your strong arms around her and looking into her eyes, give her one of those old-time lover-like smiles. Then make an apology for the scoldings you have given her and for everything else you can think of." I am ashamed of my lack of faith in him, but he was so proud and pugnacious that I did not think he would do it. We had a short prayer and he left.

A few hours later his wife came bursting in at the door saying, "What in the world have you been doing to my husband? Why you have put some sort of a spell over him."

"What is the matter with your husband?" I answered calmly. "Why," said she, bursting with smiles and exuberance, "when he came in today he put his arms around me, "and asked forgiveness for everything. He broke all to pieces as he did so and we both took a good cry. Then when he got through he called the boys (one was an unruly young fellow) saying he guessed it was about time to have family prayers. We all knelt. He prayed and wept and asked the boys, to forgive him for the way he had acted. This had a good effect upon them for they began to weep and apologize too."

It was not long until the wife was also apologizing and the divorce that was planned was forgotten. Thanks be unto God.

And now, my brother, allow me to have a few closing words with you. Rest assured that your name has been treated confidentially so what we say now is known to you and God alone. If your shut-in attitude toward your wife is caused by a guilty conscience, may I extend my sympathy for I know you are very unhappy. In our work we are constantly dealing with those who suffer as you do and I wish you and your wife might accompany us on some of our evangelistic trips that you could



see the great transformation that is worked in the lives and feelings of men and women. You need not remain in this state of condemnation. There is a remedy and you may be made perfectly happy through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ who is waiting and longing to cast your sins, "into the depths of the sea," and to remove them "as far as the East is from the West." Let me urge you not to suffer on this way, my brother. It is too hard on you. You are getting gray too soon. Instead of searing your conscience, clear it and be once more that cheerful innocent creature you used to be when before marred by sin you lisped your infant prayer at your mother's knee. Perhaps that dear mother who has long since been in heaven just now stands by your side reading this letter with you. Yes, she is whispering, "Come on my boy, mother and God will help you to make the decision. You can do it, you are man enough through Christ Jesus our Lord."

Mrs. J. A. S.

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## 12 -- WHY I COMMITTED SUICIDE

There is a spirit world. That world is inhabited by the departed souls of men. These facts are proven by the Holy Scriptures, and confirmed by the opinion of all nations at all times, and the dying testimonies of the departed. In this spirit world dwell all suicides, not one is missing. Most of them are lost as was Judas, the son of perdition.

The crime wave resulting from the recent awful World War, has increased the number of suicides in the United States until 1921 shows a record of 12,114. Of these 8,410 were males, and 3,734 were females.

In 1922 the number had increased to 13,530. Add to these the records of each year previous until you get the whole history of suicides from the time of King Saul and you will have a great army. Besides this, put to the number the great concourse of suicides that have never been recorded, and you will get only a faint conception of what the judgment will be, when this vast army approaches the great Tribunal, "for we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ."

More suicides are committed in California than in any other state of the Union. At the head of the list last year, stood presidents and heads of large concerns. Of these, there were about 100. The next largest number were bankers and bank presidents of whom there were 88. The number of physicians was 84, millionaires 79, judges and lawyers 52, college professors and teachers 50, wealthy women 46, college students 38, preachers and gospel workers 19. The reasons for committing suicide are varied. The devil cares not how or why, just so it is done. He throws a fit of despondency over one for the most trivial things then makes it appear he is ruined forever and might as well end it all.

Here are a few of the silly causes of suicide. One young man left a note saying he had everything he wanted in life and was tired of the whole thing. Another killed himself because of a row over a cat. Another, because he thought the end of the world was near. One man killed himself because he did not want to face another cold winter. A designer was driven to death trying to guess the coming styles for women. One man ended his life because he was forced to stop playing golf. A girl killed herself because she became depressed about her looks after bobbing her hair, and a woman after missing two trains. A young man committed this awful act "for the fun of it," and one woman's last note, said she was taking poison, "just to get a new thrill."

Now let us suppose that in Hell there is called a Suicides' Convention. It is held in a special large auditorium. Here they come! People of all classes, rich and poor, high and low! The place is so crowded that there is not seating room.

The underlying cause of the suicides is yet hidden. The immediate cause was discouragement which is still with them. Wearily some drag in extra chairs. Some on arriving are so crest-fallen that they do not lift their eyes. Some are so overcome by past memories that they lie prostrate upon the floor. The convention is called to order by Satan himself and a large number of new names is added to the roll.

The order of the day seems to be an experience meeting, various ones telling why they committed suicide. King Saul is the first who arises and stands head and shoulders above his peers. He begins, "Of all persons in the world I am the last that should be here, but I was the first. I had a fine chance in life, was a Christian, so humble, that my name is mentioned everywhere the Bible is read as an example to others. But after my accession to the throne, honors began to pour in and I became vain in my imagination. Our president here, planned my ruin a long time ahead. One small sin led to another until, when in the severest conflict of my life, I discovered I was so far backslidden that I had crossed the Dead Line. I tried to pray but the only answer was the hollow echo of my own voice and I discovered to my horror that God had departed from me. I would have given anything then for Samuel's prayers but it was too late. The rest is too terrible to relate. I am forever undone!"

Judas is the next to arise. He says, "King Saul's experience is awful but mine beggars description. No one here had the chance I had. I lived with the Savior and saw his miracles and assisted him in his work. I could have had one of the highest places in heaven, but here I am occupying the lowest place in hell. I loved money, would have it at all hazards and betrayed my Lord to get it, -- only sixteen dollars! Ah, that night, would to God it could be blotted from history! I see that tree now where I tied the noose. Travelers view it by the hundreds every year, for mine was perhaps the most notorious sin ever committed. If I could return to earth my message would be to money lovers and those who think they have sinned away their day of grace."

The next speech comes from a man of modern times, whom we shall call Mr. A. He was a professional man and had a fine family. His wife was a beautiful character and much could be said of him that is complimentary ; his testimony is as follows:

"I am a victim of suicide and of hell because of deception. I deceived my wife and when I found I could no longer do this, and would be ruined when it came out, I thought I would put an end to it, but oh, how fearfully mistaken I was. Death is not an eternal sleep. I am more awake now than before. My remorse has only begun! Oh, that I had realized what that first little deviation from the path of rectitude would mean! I was warned over and over. Everything warned me. The birds, the flowers, the stars, the ticking of the clock, the innocence and purity of little children warned me. The Bible, my good judgment, my conscience and my God all conspired to make me a good man. Oh, were I a minister of the gospel I would warn men to abstain from the first appearance of evil."

Then a minister's wife arose and said, "Little did I think when attending college, that I would ever be here. My life was one of culture and lofty ambition. They say I was beautiful. I had plenty of friends. A minister's son succeeded in wooing me and we were married. He became pastor of the college church and was ,highly honored. While he preached well, his heart life was not deeply spiritual, nor was mine though we both tried to do our best to build up the church. His favorite text was, "Be not righteous overmuch" and he seemed to be afraid of getting too much grace and when temptation came, he was weak. We had trouble, I had expected so much of him, because he was a preacher. When I saw he would not apologize, but remained stubborn I lost heart. No one knows the awful conflict of the days that followed. In a fit of despondency I tied a rope to the attic rafters and when my husband came home he could not find me until late when my helpless form was borne from the dark death chamber and laid beneath the sod. It is done, .too late to recall but could I live again on earth my warning would be to ministers to seek a deeper experience in grace and live as holy as their parishioners imagine they do. And I would say to ministers' wives, be as holy as you could wish your husbands to be."

A young man then said, "I don't suppose I can say anything new, for, being all spirit, I read in others that I am not the only one here who got into trouble because he left home too soon. Had I stuck close to my parents and to God it would have been different, but you see after I left, the world began to look great and I thought it was necessary to be like other boys, in order to become a man. I began to smoke and play cards and attend the theater. I became a fine dancer and was very popular with the young folks. O how worthless that all seems to me now! Wine and dinner parties came in their turn and late hours led to sin. Then,oh, how I suffered! My conscience kept saying, 'What if mother knew! She never imagined you would come to this! You are just as bad now as some others upon whom you have looked with disdain.' I might have been saved at that time had I but yielded to Christ, for all I could see was my mother's tear-stained face though she was many miles away. I

could hear her groans at night as she remained awake pleading in prayer for her boy. Say, fellows, a man never gets down here easy. He's got to fight his way to Hell. He fights against his early training, he fights against the Bible and the truth of the songs which he learned in Sunday school. He fights against the admonitions of his best friends and of his own good judgment. He chokes conscience, refuses the gentle wooings of the Holy Spirit, tramples on mother's prayers and father's counsel, resists all the warnings that come from missions and street meetings, revival services, and myriads of gospel tracts. I say, damned souls, God did his best, to bless me and get me to heaven, but I am here from my own choice. I have fought my way to hell."

A criminal speaks, "Well, this is the last place I ever expected to go. When people know what I have done, they look at me as though to say, 'He surely is a low down creature.' But I just want to tell you that I was not a bad boy, I had good parents and the best training. I did not intend to go wrong. Indeed, it was my greatest desire to be an honorable man, doing my bit toward making the world better and happier. And now to think that I am here, a victim of suicide, to escape death on the gallows, may seem strange to you but the beginning of it all was when I began taking quiet rides on Sunday afternoons with the boys. They were not the worst boys. They all had nice parents. But there is a little secret in there, I wish every parent knew and that is this: When a fellow breaks loose from his conscience on the subject of Sabbath keeping, he is likely to become loose on any other subject. I see it now since I am out of the body that it is impossible for one to violate any part of the moral law against his fellow men until he has first broken a law against his God. And while we boys in our Sabbath excursions at first @ere not guilty of any immorality yet we did feel let loose from restraint which naturally grew with time. Finally, we got too big to go to Sunday school, as we thought and were privileged characters. Then we dropped out of the church services occasionally and when we did go, took a back seat. Boys I can't say any more, that was enough to damn us. It overcomes me with sorrow to recall those boyhood days when I was just merging from innocence into a knowledge of evil and the practice of crime. Oh, my God, would I had never been born. The gallows, I can see it now, would have been far better than self murder for then there would have been hope. God always stands by the side of the doomed criminal if he is penitent, to take him the moment his life passes out. There are a great many such poor fellows with the thief on the cross in Paradise. Oh, were I privileged to live on earth once more, I'd certainly spend my time and money warning others not to do as I have done."

A minister arises and says, "You are all looking at me as much as to say, 'Why are you here?' I will tell you. I was once a minister of the gospel and labored in revivals, seeing many souls brought out of darkness into light. I was not a hypocrite but a true follower of Christ. The question of making a wrong right arose, a sin I had committed in bygone days. I knew it was my duty. I repeatedly refused until the Holy Spirit finally left me and when eternally abandoned by my Heavenly Guide I wandered in darkness until tired of life, I was deceived by Satan who daily pressed

me, until I at last took my own life. Ah, I see it now, it was my refusal to obey God that brought me here."

The curtain drops and hides from view this sad picture.

And now to you who are conscience stricken because of sin, may we say, there is hope. Though now you are so burdened with a sense of guilt that you have no peace of heart except when sound asleep and always dread waking, do not ever think of resorting to suicide. That will only increase your troubles. Instead of forgetting them your remembrance and remorse will be keen and eternal. Suicide is the devil's express train to hell. Never allow yourself to entertain such a thought. If tempted, go and confide in someone who can pray for you. If you are a stranger in a strange land inquire until you find a minister or mission, worker who really knows God and can help you. Above all tell your Savior your sorrow. Talk it out to him as to a bosom friend. He will not betray your trust and can help you. He has been in the business of delivering people from trouble for six thousand years, and your case is a small one compared with many. This is your only hope, my brother. If you do not take this way, conscience may take up her iron scepter and smite down reason and hope and peace, leaving you a raving maniac or a melancholy victim of insanity, and finally of suicide.

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### 13 -- THAT CONFESSION

"And must I confess it, I, who have always been held in high esteem by everyone?" This is the question that confronts millions of men if they dare to think of correcting the past, and many back down, only to give up and lose their souls. We have helped some such persons into blessed victory -- those who perhaps would have soon lost their minds through remorse; some who had attempted suicide have been saved only through the mercy of our Heavenly Father. The writer's heart has been so broken over such cases that she felt she could not close this message without speaking directly to tempest-tossed ones who dare not confide their sin to anyone. May we give the following basic principles from which to work?

1. If you have a desire to find peace, do not let the thought of confession hinder you. Make peace with your Creator and trust Him to help you to make all needed amends later on, to others when you have sufficient spiritual strength.

2. Never rashly declare you will not confess, and do not rashly confess something if you are in doubt concerning it. God will make this plain to you.

3. If you feel confident that confession is your duty, and yet you are unwilling to the extent that it is impossible to act, pray this little prayer. "Lord, I am unwilling but am willing that thou shalt make me willing. Prepare the way for me. Make it as

easy for me as thou canst and, God helping me, I'll do my best." Your Heavenly Father loves you and has a thousand ways of helping people out of trouble. He knows just how to help. Stop trying to reason it out. Let God do it.

**4. If you have a confession that should be made, consider:**

(a) You are not the only one who is in that trouble. The Bible states, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Yours is not the extreme case you imagine.

(b) Consider also that sin always comes out. It is impossible to hide it forever. "Be sure your sin will find you out," is only one proof text of this assertion, and since this is so it would be to your advantage to meekly, frankly own up to your sins, for your confession is the only thing that will ever restore the confidence of friends. A confession of guilt places yourself on the side of Him who has said, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

(c) You feel you ought to confess for you are a manly man and do not believe in trying to get to heaven and go through life in a sneaking way. Any body else would have to make it right had he been guilty of your sin and you are going to be just as honorable as you feel he must be in order to have your full confidence.

"Yes," you say, "this is all true, but the one to whom this confession is due is of such a disposition that I do not know as it is wise to proceed." If the party is a man he may be gruff and heartless. He has never been known to show mercy. God bless you, my brother, perhaps you are the only one who can touch that hard heart. All the preaching you could ever do would not move him but only harden him, but your simple, heartfelt confession may break him into a thousand pieces. Such acknowledgments on the part of a sinner seeking God, sometimes bring more souls to Christ than a minister of the gospel could have done in a much greater length of time. This is practical religion and is something men can see and understand.

If the one to whom you feel you must confess is a critical wife, your trial is of a different hue. Has she been sensitive, cross and suspicious, if not really jealous? Then I do not blame you for being reticent about making the confession for you fear it will only make had matters worse. It certainly looks that way. But though it is none of my business, will you allow me to say that perhaps you do not yet quite understand women. They are a very peculiar set of creatures. I make no pretensions to understanding men but am frank to confess that I know a little about my own sex. Women are sometimes exactly opposite from what they seem, and it may be that the reason why your wife has been critical is not because she is trying to make it hard for you but because she feels that you need a deeper experience in religion and since you have not acknowledged it, she does not feel the sweet confidence in you that she once had.

She may not have seen anything wrong in you but her intuition causes her to fear or feel that something is wrong. In proof of this, we assert that your wife had a sweet disposition when you first met her. You will not deny that. So your confession will doubtless have exactly the opposite effect upon her from what you have feared. She will feel toward you the deep confidence she once had.

(d) I remember being told, I believe, by a slave master of the cruelties inflicted upon the colored race by men of his class. He added, "Niggers are the most forgivenest critters ever born." And if you will pardon me for saying my first boastful word about women, I will add: with all of their faults and frailties, they are very forgiving in their nature, especially when they have good reason to believe that a man is truly repentant. We could give some very encouraging illustrations of this point that have come under our own observation, but we forbear.

A heart broken wife once said to me, "My husband needed to confess but did not know that I knew it. He wanted to find God but this was his barrier. He was afraid I would not forgive him. All that time I was just anxious to receive and forgive him, but he did not know it and covered his sin. He almost lost his mind over it. He could have been relieved, O, so sweetly had he only come to me but he would not." How suggestive this is of the pathetic words of the Savior as he looked out over Jerusalem, his heart aching with love for his persecutors, anxious to forgive them if they would only come to him. Hear him say, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not."

Listen, could anything be sweeter? -- and it is meant for you just as much as though no one else needed it: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest to your soul for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

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## 14 -- HOW TO SECURE BOOZE

While we would not wish to be accused of being overly sympathetic, yet our hearts are greatly touched when we see an inebriate who has been long accustomed to getting drunk periodically, suffering untold agony on account of not being able to get that which his soul loveth. It is enough to melt the heart of an adamant, to say nothing of the heart of a woman, to see these men come into our services, blear-eyed and broken in health, asking prayers. So at the risk of offending our government I am herewith opening the alabaster box which contains the knowledge many a man so much desireth. It is taken from the Ben Franklin Casualty Insurance Company, which in sending out advertising matter from its

offices in Chicago, gives the following in the Safety Bulletin No. 5, of the Illinois Steel Company. It reads as follows:

"For the married man who cannot get along without drinks, the following is suggested as a means of freedom from bondage to saloons; start a saloon in your own home. Be-the only customer (you'll have no license to pay). Go to your wife and give her two dollars to buy a gallon of whisky, and remember, there are sixty-nine drinks in a gallon. Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time that the first gallon is gone she will have eight dollars to put into the bank and two dollars to start business again.

"Should you live ten years, and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man and quit thinking about you entirely.

"Note, -- Most compensation laws specifically provide that no compensation shall be paid to any employee who is injured while under the influence of intoxicants."

If you prefer to be free from the habit of drink, and become a clean, strong man, physically, with clear, sparkling eyes and good complexion; if you desire to have better mental efficiency, a new set of nerves and fine will power; if you would prefer a mind that is as pure as heaven and a heart that beats in unison with the heart of God, I will open a second box and give you a most profound secret. It, like good whisky, is as "old as the hills," has been "mellowed with time," and "aged in the woods."

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. 55:1.

Many a man is longing to find a permanent cure for the drink habit and this one will cost you nothing and has the advantages of all others in that it saves not only from drink, but also from all other sins as well.

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## 15 -- THE PRODIGAL

Dear Wandering Boy:

I am writing for the sake of your mother who seems to have little hope of ever seeing you. I suppose by this time you have found that the world is large, busy, mindful of its own affairs and notices you only as long as you can pay for its attentions. It might be cheering for you to know that this is not so at home, but



everything and everybody there miss you and long for your return. Your cozy room is waiting for you. The bed with its downy pillows and white coverlets, seems anxious to cuddle a homesick boy. The old clock wears a sad face and ticks off the moments solemnly since you went away.

Mother certainly does love you. Actually, sir, she's worried to the smallest details. She thinks you need some mending done, and buttons sewed on. Her heart is so broken that her health is failing. Nothing will help her but to see you. I am not going to advise you but am just asking the favor of you for mother's sake, i.e. that you open the Bible to Luke 15:11-24, then remain alone with God until you feel that your Heavenly Father receives you. Don't try to hide the tears. They are one of the greatest signs of manliness.

Of course you will get your arms around mother's neck as soon as possible and tell her all, just as you have dreamed of doing many a time, and you will kiss her good-night, as she has done to you myriads of times. The shadows in her life are lengthening. Old age is creeping on and she deserves your love and tenderest care. It will be one of the greatest consolations of your after life to know that you mad2 mother's last days as happy as possible.

You are too manly to stay away, and will not let a false dignity or stubbornness hinder you. You know that such things always come back upon one later on, and you want to make a smooth path for your feet in after years. Should you be inclined to think that it is not manly to retrace your steps, notice the following intensely interesting experience in the life of the man whose great bronze statue graces the center of the city of Atlanta, Georgia, and after whom the immense hospital of that city is named, -- Henry W. Grady.

At the close of the Civil War this great Southern statesman and orator attended a large Y. M. C. A. convention. At the last service the men all joined hands and sang.

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."

When Mr. Grady was invited to participate, he refused and stood with head bowed saying, "Now fellows, I can't do it, I am sorry but I can't do it." The next day he sent for the delegates who had urged him to join with them. When they arrived at his office, Mr. Grady met them with all the fine courtesy of a Southern gentleman saying, "I hope you will pardon me for taking your valued time on the eve of your departure, but you noticed last night that I could not join hands with you and sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds.' You fellows have something I do not have. I used to have it years ago back home with my mother, at Athens. But in the cruel war and the hurly-burly of public life, I fear it has got away from me. I want it back. I have asked you fellows to come here and tell me how I can get it back."

They told him the Old Story. It was all they needed to tell. That day Mr. Grady walked into his office and said to his associates:

"I am going away for a week or so and I do not want you or any one else to know where I am. Don't worry about me. I shall be here when I get back." And he disappeared. The man took the train for the old home town.

"Mother," said he as he took her in his great strong arms and kissed her, "I have come home to spend a week all alone with you. This time I have not come merely to kiss you 'how-de-do,' and 'good-bye' and go again, but to stay with you a bit. I want to go back to the old days and be just your boy again, and have you treat me as if I were a little fellow once more."

The wise little mother asked no questions of the big son upon whom his country had lavished such honors, but merely said to him, "All right dear."

"And I mean just what I say, mother," persisted the son. "I want you to be my 'Mother dear,' just like you used to be in the old days. I want you to make me the little pie-dough cakes on the back of the stove just as you used to do, and the turnovers in the oven. I want the dear old gingerbread horses with raisin eyes. Cook me the eggs in the ashes. Cut me the nice warm bread with the brown crust and the molasses a-soakin' away down into it, will you, mother?"

"I certainly will, my son," gladly replied the mother, wondering much but asking nothing.

The next day the mother was surprised to see her famous son go down to the swimming hole and roll around in the mud puddle on the clayey bank and splash around with the pickaninnies. Later he was in the sheds where once again he crawled all over the old gin, and tried to "skin the cat" on the pole. He would hitch up to the old rig and let the Negro boys drive him around the cabins and start some old mammy or Uncle Remus to telling old time stories.

In the lazy afternoons, after a nap, he would throw himself down on the porch floor at his mother's feet; and, putting his head up in her lap, where she could play with his hair, and smooth his cheek, he would say; "Mother, tell me the old stories you used to tell me about Joseph and his coat, David and his sling, Daniel and the lions, Elijah and the chariot, Elisha and the bears, and all those." And the mother did.

At other times he would go to the mantel and bring the "Bible book" saying; "Here, mother, read me again the sweet Old Story that you used to read about the little Baby that was born in a stable, the angels that sang and the wise men who brought gifts and who followed a star; and how He grew to be a man and went about doing good and making the world better; and how men killed Him; and how

He is now up in heaven yonder and wants your son to be a good boy." And the mother did.

When night came and he had gone up to bed he would call to her; "Come, mother and tuck me in and hear me say my prayers." and like unto the days that had gone, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep.,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless mamma, and make me a good little boy. Amen."

Then he would say; "Now, mother, will you put the candle out in the hall and hold my hand and sing me the song you used to sing?" And many a man knows what the mother sang:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with Him then."

Thus for nearly two weeks the famous son lived his boyhood days over again in the old home with his mother where he found peace with God and a special preparation for the great work ahead of him.

When he arrived at his office he found waiting for him an invitation from the New England Society of New York to be the principal speaker at the society's next dinner. He accepted the invitation.

His speech was called "The Old South and the New." It thrilled the country from ocean to ocean. It was the first time the New South had had a chance to speak since the great conflict. And the words of the New South were words of love and perpetual peace.

Where did that inspired message come from? Said the orator afterward; "When I found myself upon my feet every nerve was strung as tight as a fiddle string, and all a-tingling. I knew then that God had given me a message for that assemblage. As soon as I opened my mouth it came rushing forth."

"In the history of our country there have been three great orations, and they will be found side by side in every collection of masterpieces of eloquence. The first was given by Patrick Henry, at Williamstown; the second, by Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg, and the third by Henry W. Grady, at New York, the man who went back to his home, his mother and his God."

Pardon this long letter, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, but I felt that if you knew the facts you would hasten to give mother the comfort of your presence the few remaining days of her life and, ere the curtains of death are draped around her winging spirit, you will have the blessed and lasting consolation of having kissed her good night.

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## 16 -- HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN

The phone is ringing. The call is but one of the many from dear, perplexed ones seeking comfort or advice. Now a woman is asking us to go at once to the hospital and see her husband who has lived in sin and is dying. We hastened to his side. There he lay, a tall, nice looking, middle-aged man, perfectly rational, but struggling in vain against the last efforts of that dread disease -- tuberculosis. Though his voice was gone, he did not seem to realize his danger and no one wanted to tell him. Seeing that something would have to be done at once or he would die unprepared, the writer approached the sick one and taking his hand said tenderly: "My brother, you are not well and I fear you cannot be with us long. Is there anything we can do for you? If there is, we should just love to do it. Will you let me help you find Jesus? You need Him now and He is longing to bless you." He opened wide his large inquiring eyes and with a look of mingled gratitude and despair, said; "How, How?"

Though he was capable of making money, he did not know how to find God in a dying hour. We prayed a simple, earnest prayer, then asked him to pray. He began and pleaded with his neglected Savior as only a deep-dyed sinner can do, the tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

After waiting upon the Lord for some time, peace came and he was assured of the forgiveness of his sins. His happiness was infinite. Just before dying he 'gave a heavenly smile saying, "I am ready."

If the writer had ever had any doubts of a heaven, they would all be blown away now for, since Mr. died, judging from our feelings, I think he must have asked every white winged angel in heaven to bless us for the little we did to help him make the landing in safety.

Many inquiring hearts are asking, "How, how may I become a Christian?" Many more people than are generally known wish to be heirs of heaven. In answer to these inquiries, we would say, To become a Christian one must be converted. Jesus said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children [in sincerity and simplicity of faith] ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 18:3.

By this is not meant:

1. Reformation which affects only the outward life.

A minister sought earnestly to reform a profligate. At length he met the rebuff, "It is all in vain, doctor, you can not get me to change my religion." "I do not want that," replied the minister. "I wish religion to change you."

2. Conversion is not confirmation. The latter is but a mental acquisition of the doctrine of Christianity and cannot change the nature.

3. Conversion is not church membership. It has no power whatever to re-create the heart. Jesus Christ alone can do that. To sign a card indicating your desire to become a Christian, or to raise the hand for prayer in a revival meeting are only mental assents to the truth and cannot reach the soul.

When an evangelist reports the number of his converts by the number who stand for prayer, or sign cards or join the church, he is leaving a wrong impression on the public. One noted minister held a great revival campaign in Elgin, Ill. He preached sinners under conviction, then, instead of letting them "pray through" until they found peace, he had them go into a small room and sign cards. Those who did so were reported as converts, and the number went into the thousands. After the revival closed, and the evangelist had gone, scarcely one remained to tell the story. Most were reported backslidden, when in fact they had never slid forward, but were simply reformed. Such revivals do harm to the cause of Christianity, so that many feel that there is nothing in it.

4. Baptism is not conversion. It is but an "outward sign of an inward work of grace," and cannot change the nature. A native of Africa was baptized by a Catholic priest who on this occasion changed his name to Adam. The black man was not accustomed to fasting and did not like to submit to the rigidity of self denial. This was reported to the priest, who went to see Adam, on a Friday, and found a fine dish of beef on his table. For this the colored man was reprov'd and admonished, when in justification of his Self-indulgence, he said, "That no beef, Massa. You wash me and Christ me and cross me and you give me 'noder name; you call me Adam. Me wash him, and Christ him and cross him and call him fish. Him no beef, him fish."

This logic has caused many ministers to call sinners by the name of saints, merely because they have washed and christened them in the waters of baptism.

5. Conversion is not merely living an exemplary life. Morality will not suffice. Instead of giving a long theological discussion of the conditions of salvation, we here give a few examples of conversion as seen in the lives of eminent men. These will help the reader to comprehend the way of salvation, more quickly than would the bare theory.

1. Adam Clarke, the Commentator.

"When he was a young man, a preacher asked him, 'Do you think that God for Christ's sake has forgiven your sins?' 'No sir, I have no evidence of this,' the youth replied. He accompanied his mother to class meeting and began seeking for salvation. Conviction seized him. He was in much mental anguish. One day he began work in the fields but could not proceed. He fell on his knees to pray, but seemed to be without ability to utter even a broken supplication. His strength left. He tried again to pray but failed. The most impenetrable darkness settled on him. He fell flat on his face for his agonies were indescribable. He felt forever separated from God. Where to go, what to do, he knew not, realizing the awful displeasure of a holy God for having sinned against Him. Something whispered within his soul, "Pray to Christ." He looked up confidently to the Savior of sinners. His agony subsided. His soul became calm. He found his conscience was no longer a register of his sins against God. A change had taken place. Distress was gone. He sat down upon the ridge where he had been working, filled with ineffable delight, he felt a sudden transition from darkness to light and was like a person who had entered a new world. He was now able to draw nigh to God with more confidence than he ever could to his earthly father. Thus did this moral young man begin that Christian life which adorned and sanctified the eminent scholarship of his riper years."2. Martin Luther, the Reformer.

"In 1510, this Augustinian monk walked with desolate heart, the streets of Rome, and turning away from the pomp of her churches and the corruptions of the Vatican, sought relief to his awakened soul by ascending on his knees, with peasants and beggars, the staircase of Pilate which is supposed to have been trodden by Christ at his trial and is now enclosed near the Lateran Palace. While pausing on the successive steps to weep and pray, a voice from heaven seemed to cry within him, 'The just shall live by faith.' He fled from the place, went to his home, and found the most enchanting peace of soul by trusting alone in the merits of Christ for the remission of his sins."

### 3. Charles Wesley, the great hymn-writer.

He had been for years groping in spiritual darkness. On a bright morning in May, 1738, he awoke wearied and sick at heart, but in high expectation of the coming blessing. He lay on his bed "full of tossings to and fro," crying out, "O Jesus, thou hast said, 'I will send the comforter unto you.' Thou hast said, 'My Father and I will come unto you and make our abode with you.' Thou art God who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy promise. Accomplish it in thy time and manner."

A poor woman, Mrs. Turner, heard his groaning, and constrained by an impulse never felt before, went to the door and without opening it, said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." He listened and then exclaimed, "O that Christ would but thus speak to me !" He enquired who had spoken those life giving, words. A great struggle agitated his whole man and in another moment he exclaimed, "I believe! I believe!" He then found redemption in the blood of the Lamb and experienced the

forgiveness of sins. The hymn he then wrote to commemorate the anniversary of his conversion shows the great change that had taken place. It began thus:

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My Great Redeemer's praise.  
The glories of my God and King  
The triumphs of His grace."

4. John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress." "Early in his life John Bunyan had been tormented by his youthful sins. His keen sensibility and powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from heaven cried to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health.

"One day," he said, "while I was traveling into the country, musing on the wickedness of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, the Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace through the blood of his cross.' I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other. I was ready to swoon, not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace."

John Bunyan was a Baptist. No wonder the Baptists do not believe in backsliding. When a man goes through all Mr. Bunyan suffered to get religion, he is not anxious to go through it again."

5. Henry D. Gough.

We take the following from Steven's History of Methodism.

"He was a young man of great wealth, residing at Perry Hall, about twelve miles from Baltimore, in one of the most spacious and elegant residences in America at that time.

"His wife had been deeply impressed by the Methodist preaching but he forbade her to hear them again. While reveling with wine and gay companions, one evening it was proposed that they should divert themselves by going to a Methodist assembly. (Bishop) Asbury was the preacher and no godless diversion could be found in his presence. 'What nonsense!' exclaimed one of the convivialists, as they returned, 'What nonsense, have we heard tonight!'

**"'No,' exclaimed Mr. Gough, startling them with sudden surprise, 'no, what we have heard is the truth, the truth as it is in Jesus.'" "I will never hinder you again from hearing the Methodists," he said as he entered his house and met his wife.**

**"The impression of the sermon was so profound that he could no longer enjoy his accustomed pleasures. He became deeply serious and at last melancholy, "and was near destroying himself," under the awakened sense of his misspent life. (His converted slaves were happier than he with all his luxuries). He went to his chamber, leaving a large company of friends at the table; there he threw himself upon his knees and implored the mercy of God, until he received conscious pardon and peace. In a transport of joy he went to his company, exclaiming, 'I have found the Methodists' blessing, I have found the Methodists' God!'"**

**6. Rev. Alfred Cookman, was converted when but a mere lad, kneeling alone at a chair in a corner of the college church of which his father was pastor. A great revival visited the school and many students were earnestly seeking salvation, but little Alfred, though not much noticed received forgiveness that night which he never forgot. As a result he went forth to become the flaming evangel who at the close of a long useful life, exclaimed, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the Blood of the Lamb."**

**Little Bessie Sherman aged nearly five, went to a children's meeting and gave herself to God while kneeling at the altar. Receiving the sweet assurance of sins forgiven, she arose and ran to her mother saying, "Mamma, Jesus took the naughty out and put the happy in."**

**This was not a mere childish fancy for her experience in grace lasted a lifetime in long and faithful service as a missionary to India.**

**Not only children but those mentally deficient may also find peace and pardon. If they are sufficiently bright to commit sin, they have enough mentality to be forgiven that sin. Isaiah says, "The wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." Isa. 35.**

**A seventeen year old idiot who was a great blasphemer knelt for prayer in a revival meeting in Henderson, Kentucky. He did not know any better than to do as he was told and as a consequence found pardon before some of the more brilliant seekers. He simply yielded himself to Christ the best he knew how, prayed for forgiveness and became very happy. His consistent life afterward proved that he was a genuine Christian. As he could not hire out, he took great interest in assisting his mother in the home and became a very neat housekeeper. We all enjoyed his testimonies; they were so clear, positive and amusing.**

**Across the Ohio river from Henderson there was a creamery where this young man often went for milk. One cold winter day, when the river was frozen solid, he walked across on the ice and was returning carrying a two-gallon bucket**



of skimmed milk when he slipped and fell, spilling the entire contents of his pail. The first impulse was to swear but Divine Grace held him steady and suggested that he pray. So, kneeling down upon the ice he thanked God for salvation from the sins that once troubled him and asked for grace to meet his mother with the empty bucket. He must have prayed for some time for when he arose and turned around to give one last look at his spilled milk, to his astonishment it was frozen solid. He picked it up and putting it into his bucket, went on his way rejoicing. You should have seen the audience praise God that night when this young man told his experience in a revival meeting! The testimony of this idiot did more good than the entire sermon of the evening.

A pitiful looking ten-year-old idiot yielded himself in simple faith to Christ. A great change was manifest, so that he was more easily managed by his mother whose life was being worn away by the grief of her son's mental deficiency.

Later, it became evident that God had not only touched his heart but also his mind which became clear and normal. He soon astonished his friends by announcing the fact that he felt called to preach. He was sent to school. He learned rapidly and entered the ministry. He is now one of the most successful of evangelists; has traveled around the world, written several books and is a great soul-winner. He is invited as a speaker to our largest camp-meetings. Who is he? None other than the Rev. Charles Stalker.

I might add that the child's mother had asked God for a son who would be a preacher. During the ten years of his pitiful idiocy, she still held on to the Lord's promise and, like Abraham, believed God against all outward discouragements, constantly affirming that her son should preach the gospel and so it came to pass. God can't hold back the blessing from some people because they are so simple in faith and so persistent in praying. Reader, ask what ye will. Our God doeth wonders.

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## 17 -- WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF RELIGION

"What we need is an old fashioned revival." President W. G. Harding.

Thomas Jefferson said, "The Bible makes the best people in the world."

Webster said, "I read the Bible through every year for my help."

Milton declared, "In all literature there is nothing that compares with the Bible."

Benjamin Franklin said, "The Bible is our only certainty for this life."

**Abraham Lincoln daily read his Bible, and spent hours upon his knees in prayer.**

**"He is worse than an infidel who does not read his Bible and acknowledge his obligation to God." -- George Washington.**

**John Ruskin, a great literary genius, said that he owed his literary style to the Bible.**

**Bishop Asbury said of George Washington, his personal friend, "At all times he acknowledged the providence of God, and never was he ashamed of his Redeemer."**

**Probably since Lincoln we have had no president who was stronger or more immovable, when he believed he was right than Grover Cleveland. In one of the crises of his life he went to visit his mother's grave.**

**He said, "I should like to talk it over with mother. I miss my mother's prayers."**

**When Abraham Lincoln was presiding at one of his cabinet meetings he saw that it would be difficult to settle certain important questions before them, so proposed prayer. All got down on their knees while the president of the United States poured out his full soul in sincere supplication to God.**

**"Jesus Christ is 'our divinest symbol,' A symbol of perennial, infinite character." -- Thomas Carlyle.**

**"The character of Jesus is not a fiction. He was what he claimed to be, and what his followers attested." -- William Ellery Channing.**

**"He (Jesus Christ) remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought; and no perfect piety is possible without His presence in the heart." -- David Friedrich Strauss.**

**"I consider the Gospels to be thoroughly genuine; for in them there is the effective reflection of a sublimity which emanated from the Person of Christ and this is as Divine as ever the Divine appeared on earth." -- Goethe.**

**"No matter how much the human mind may progress in intellectual culture, in the science of nature, in breadth and depth, it will never be able to rise above the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it shines in the Gospels." -- Goethe.**

**The philosophers, the poets, the prophets, the rabbis, -- he (Jesus Christ) rises above them all. Yet Nazareth was no Athens, where philosophy breathed in the circum ambient air. What words of rebuke, of comfort, of counsel, admonition,**

promise, hope, did he pour out! What profound instruction in his proverbs and discourses! What deep divinity of soul in his prayers, his action, sympathy, resignation." -- Theodore Parker.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, though an infidel, in his saner moments wrote the following, "I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

"I know men; and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religions, the distance of infinity."

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for him." -- Napoleon.

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## 18 -- THE INFIDEL'S DEATH BED

We come now to the last message of this series. Shall we now draw back the curtain and consider the closing of man's life? These are the hours that tell the whole story; that prove the strength or weakness of the doctrine he has advocated. Theories may sound well and be substantiated by scientific facts and figures; a man may have a mighty following and because, for a time he is in the limelight may be applauded by the world, but wait until he is going into eternity and see then how his theory carries him through.

"A scientist lay dying. In that hour he felt that there was no anchor for his soul except the Bible which he had thrown away when he became a skeptic. But in his last moments he was eagerly searching for something among the bedclothes. Being asked what he was looking for, he begged for the 'old Bible.' It was given, and he died with it in his arms. But better will it be for you, my reader, to have it in your heart when living, than in your arms when dying."

While in school your faith may have been shaken regarding the fundamentals of religion, or it may be, though you still believed, you did not have the courage of your convictions to stand your ground against so many and as a result, darkness has come into your life.

It may help your faith to know that Professor Richter of the University of Berlin said that "What we popularly term Darwinism, which really originated in

Germany, has been refuted and set aside by the learned men of that country years ago, and that it is surprising to find in America we are just beginning to talk and actually quarrel about it."

The London Christian Herald publishes the following testimony of an intelligent man, who says that he would be an unbeliever but for three reasons:

"First, I am a man, I am going somewhere. Tonight I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all that such books can tell me. They shed not one ray of hope upon the darkness. They shall not take away the Guide and leave me stone blind.

"Second; I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that she was not dreaming.

"Third; I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would they should die rather than I should leave them in this sinful world, if you blot from it the teachings of the gospel."

Yes, the faith of our fathers is not yet dead and will live as long as the stars shine. There are more Bibles being used now than ever before in the world's history. Bible societies are doing a larger business than ever, notwithstanding the unbelief of the present age. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and God's word shall not pass away.

But we are to examine here the final test of one's religious belief, viz. his dying testimony. It is in his last moments, if ever, a man is honest and what he says then ought to have some weight.

"A youth of sixteen entered college and graduated with the highest honors of his class. His most intimate friend was E\_\_\_\_\_ who was very bright and witty, and remarkably winning in his person and manners, but a confirmed infidel. The ambitious youth came fully under the influence of his gay and brilliant companion, and when he left college he, too, could ridicule the Bible and crack his jokes at the expense of weak minded people, who believe it to be the Word of God.

"While traveling one evening he stopped at a country inn, and the landlord apologized for the necessity of putting him in the room adjoining an apartment occupied by a young man who was extremely ill, and in a dying condition.

"The youthful infidel smiled at the apology, for what was death to him? However, in the stillness of the night he heard through the thin partition, the groans of the sick man, groans of suffering; groans it seemed to him, of despair. He was ashamed to find that these hollow hopeless groans not only disturbed him, but appalled him, and he covered his head with the bedclothes in profound

mortification, when he reflected that the intellectual, witty and sarcastic E-would laugh him to scorn if his weakness were discovered. At last all was still, and he fell into an uneasy sleep. When he awoke, descending to the office, with an assumed indifference he inquired after his fellow lodger. 'Dead; was the blunt reply of the landlord. The infidel was startled, but again asked in a careless tone: 'Don't you know who he was?' 'Oh, yes; he was a graduate of P\_\_\_\_ College, and a fine fellow. His name was E\_\_\_\_, and it's a pity he died so young, for he would have made his mark.'

"And so the groans that made the young stranger think of E\_\_\_\_ as a refuge from his unmanly fears were actually the groans of E\_\_\_\_ himself, the wicked and mocking deist in his dying hour!

"The young skeptic afterwards became the devoted and distinguished Dr. Adoniram Judson, the great missionary to Burma."

Now let us go into the room where lies the handsome young infidel, Mr. Altamont. He is noble, ingenious and accomplished, but has denied the divinity of Christ and advocated his theories to others. He has exerted an influence for evil that will never die. He has led the life of a profligate, gay and unconcerned; he has been making idle pleasure his daily pursuit, but now is dying. Dr. Young is in the room taking notes of what his patient is saying.

A friend is there also trying to help the dying young man find peace. Being so much affected with Mr. Altamont's expression of remorse, his friend started to go. "No, stay, how madly I have talked! But look on my present state as a full answer. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is doubtless immortal. And as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

Soon after, with an eye of distraction and a face of despair he cried out, "My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh, thou yet indulgent, Lord God, hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

Among the last words of the atheist Mr. Hobbes, were, "I am about to take an awful leap into the dark."

Charles IX, king of France, when dying said, "Oh, my nurse, my nurse! What blood, what murders, what evil counsels have I followed! Oh, my God, pardon me and have mercy on me if thou canst. I know not what I am! What shall I do ? I am lost, I see it well."

**When Tom Paine was dying, he said to the doctor, "I'll give you, (so much money) if you will let me live till I can write a book that will undo the 'Age of Reason'."**

**David Hume's mother was a Christian until he persuaded her to cast away her confidence in Christ and become an infidel. When dying, she appealed to her son for comfort, for she said it was all dark ahead without the light of Faith. Her last words were the most pitiful, but her son could not help her. His unbelief could not alter facts in a dying hour and she passed out into a dark eternity wailing that while she was once ready to die, she had cast away her confidence which was the only hope for a soul in death.**

### **A Contrast**

**How vastly different are the following dying testimonies of Christians:**

**Among the last words of Rev. John Fletcher were, "God is love. It fills me every moment. God is love. Shout! Oh, it so fills me that I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth."**

**When her physician bade her good-bye, and said he thought she was dying, Francis Ridley Havergal answered, "Beautiful! Too good to be true! Splendid to be so near the gate of heaven! So beautiful to go."**

**"The waters are rising but so am I; I'm not going under but over." Dying words of Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army.**

**Bishop McKendree's dying words were, "All is well, all is well!"**

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### **19 -- CLOSING APPEAL**

#### **Three Planes Of Life**

**By E. E. Shelhamer**

**Man is a little like a three story building:--**

**1. The basement, the ground floor and the up stairs. Sad, but most men live in the basement of their natures. Their chief joy is along fleshly, sensual lines. They are wide awake to any story, picture or indulgence that feeds the animal. They can forget privations and endure all kinds of drudgery if they can only look forward to the gratification of their appetites and passions. This is the brute state -- the lowest plane of life.**

2. Then there is the ground floor, or what might be termed the mental plane. Those who are living here find satisfaction in that which feeds the mind. They enjoy art, music and good reading; if not strictly religious, at least educational and uplifting. Many profess to belong to this class, but though educated like Lord Byron, nevertheless, the animal nature is on top. It is wonderful to see a boy or man climb the stairway out of the basement to a higher realm. Look around friend, for the stairway. Others have gotten out of the cellar and you can also do so.

3. But do not stop here. The up stairs is the ideal life -- The Spirit Plane. Paul the greatest specimen of humanity that ever lived, put highest things first. He wrote, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly [entirely] and I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless." God wants 'to permeate the entire man from head to foot. The up stair life gets one away from earthly things. We read, "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." When? When we get to heaven? Yes, but long before we enter that place of bliss. For remember, Heaven is a prepared place, for a prepared people.

If we could behold with angelic vision we might see both a white and black-winged being on each side of us. They never sleep and are always alert -- one trying to lead us upward and the other downward; one trying to help us renounce every ignoble thought and deed, while the other is ever ready to catch away all good desires lest they take root and produce fruit. The tragic thing about it all is, that what we entertain on the inside is stamped indelibly on the outside. Long before we look saintly on the one hand or vicious on the other, we have deliberately ascended or descended the inner stair case of our being. "The shew of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not."

There is a beautiful picture recorded in Mark 11 -- Christ riding into Jerusalem. Here we see Divinity on top of the animal; a triumphant march .and we hear, "Hosanna in the highest!" But reverse the order and let the animal have the ascendancy, then there is a breakdown, the march ceases and there are no more Hallelujahs. If we could only realize it, this same scene is enacted in.. our lives every day. As long as the spiritual powers are on top, as long as we live up stairs, there is a triumphant march heavenward. But let the old animal nature get the mastery, then we not only come to a standstill ourselves, but break down and blockade the way for others.

## **Reproduction**

We live our lives over in more ways than one. There are three ways of projecting one's self into the future -- by a bounty, a boy or a book.

There are three planes of reproduction.

1. The lowest form is that of the Physical. Sad to say, this is all that many men know anything about. They live on a level with animals and some are actually

lower and more sensual than the beasts of the field. For, as a rule, beasts have regard for each others' feelings and for certain seasons of the year. But some men are such slaves to lust that nearly everything they see, or hear, turns in that direction. Their wives are afraid to love or caress them lest their animal desires become uncontrollable. How did these men become such brutes? By giving way to themselves on fleshly lines when they were boys. If you practice self-control when young, it will be eager to do so when you become a man.

There is a close relationship between the mind. and the sexual functions. The more one thinks upon sensual things the more the sexual powers are developed. One can do this until his system is overcharged and he ignorantly imagines that in order to get relief and enjoy life he must gratify these desires. This is a sad mistake. It is simply living on the same plane with the brute creation.

2. But there is a higher plane of reproduction-on Mental lines. This "creative energy" can be housed up and transferred to the mind so that it now finds expression in new thoughts, keen perception, and inventive genius that originates and brings things to pass. Instead of momentary pleasure on animal lines, this richest part of the body can be used to give fresh zest and vivacity to life.

Prof. Newton Ridden says, "If the creative principle is retained in a man's nature it will create new life in him. It will be transformed into muscle, thought or feeling. It will give strength to every function, faculty and sentiment. If this force is properly directed in youth, it is rapidly utilized in the economy of nature, in the development of manhood and womanhood. It rounds out the physical form, gives solidity and plumpness to the muscles, elasticity to the step, animation to the expression, vigor to the energies, keenness to the intellect, vivacity to the emotions, ardor to the affections, courage to the convictions, magnetism to personality, independence and stability to character.

"Why do we have so few original thinkers? I will tell you. Every original idea born in a brain, is the child of the creative principle -- the product of the union of the masculine and feminine elements. No man or woman deficient in gender is ever highly original. Creative force will alone beget a new idea. Without this element men may perceive, remember, reconstruct and in a scholarly manner repeat, and express what they have learned, but they cannot originate.

"There are thousands of men and women in every vocation and calling, who will never know what they might have accomplished in life, the mental power they could have had, or the moral heights to which they might have risen, had they wisely directed their forces to the brain."

3. But there is yet a higher form of reproduction -- on Spiritual lines. He who has the complete mastery of all physical desires and mental delights is truly a spiritual giant. Some things may be legitimate but do not edify; some things are



innocent but at the same time, do not tend to the knowledge or love of God. It is stepping down from a high and holy plane, to that which is earthly and transitory.

Physical reproduction is a blessing when properly used. Mental reproduction is a greater blessing. But the greatest of all is the ability to set in motion something that will live and mold character for heaven after one is gone.

We often wonder why one man can say good things with scarcely any effect, while another will say practically the same thing and men will be moved to tears and immediate action. If we knew all things, perhaps we would find that the powerless speaker was given to amateness and self-indulgence, while the other was reaping the benefits of self-denial. We get, and give out to others in proportion as we find enjoyment alone in spiritual things. It is too bad that many a man of ability has sold out to his lower nature and gone into oblivion, who might have lived longer, and been a greater success, had he only known how to restrain himself and transfer his vital force to a higher realm. Reader, will you here and now resolve to live on this high plane? "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

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THE END