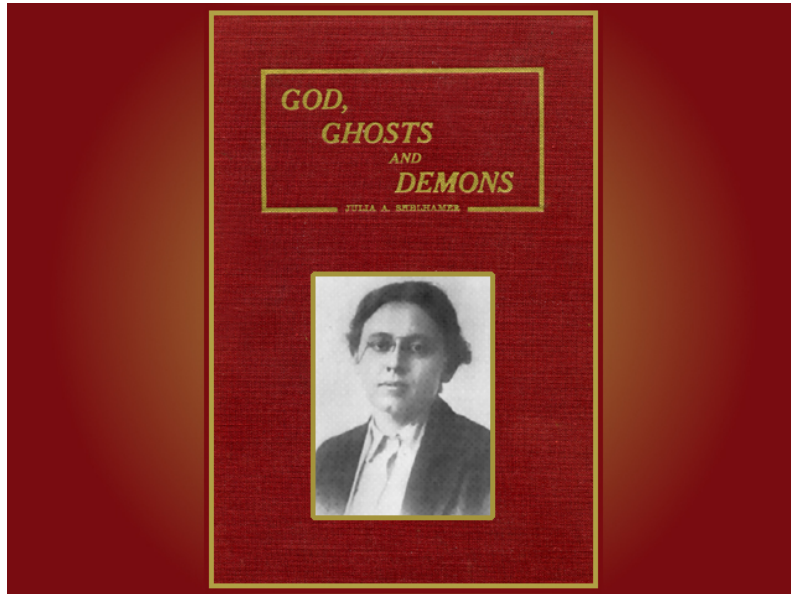


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GOD, GHOSTS AND DEMONS
By Julia A. Shelhamer



Alternative Title:
A Glimpse Into The Beyond

Other Books By The Author:
Secret Of A Happy Married Life
Heart Talks To Girls
A Whisper To Women
A Message To Men
A Missionary Tour Around The World
How To Be Healed
Trials And Triumphs Of A Minister's Wife

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits
whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out
into the world." -- I John 4:1.

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my dear sister, Jennie A. Jolley, who without salary or applause has plowed her way through poverty and suffering to the hearts of many she has blessed in the poor district of the Southland.

* * * * *

PREFACE

Just what is ahead of us in the life to come, we do not fully know but there are a number of ways of peering into the future, and those ways we are to consider now. In our effort to comfort the sorrowing because of bereavement, we have tried every legitimate door which we thought might open into the other world.

Some of these doors are securely locked but we are happy to say that others have opened at our knock. These doors we are now considering under the title of "God, Ghosts and Demons."

We trust that the perusal of this volume will relieve the strain and pressure that some hearts are carrying, and that others may find peace by believing to the salvation of the soul.

We are indebted to Fleming H. Revell and Co., for their kind permission to use quotations from two of their books, viz., "Quiet Talks on the Tempter" and "Sadhu Sundar Singh."

We also wish to thank those of our friends who have so kindly assisted us in the preparation of the manuscript for this book.

The Author.

* * * * *

The subject of God is such a vast one that it can be but barely touched in this volume. In our discussion of Jehovah, we shall deal with the experimental phase of the subject more than that which is theoretical, believing that the former is the short cut to man's heart.

It is almost impossible for a sane person to deny the existence of a Supreme Being. To some this Being is a vague First Cause only, but we hope to present Him to you, dear reader, as your own God -- a personal protector and friend -- One who truly loves you and who will love you to the last, as no one else will.

He is to man what an earthly friend could not be. His love is sevenfold. He offers that of a father, that of a mother, that of a lover, a husband, a brother, a mediator and a sovereign. Added to this, God is our Creator who plans His best for those who follow Him closely.

May we mention Him now as the Creator, not of the tadpole merely but of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? The theory of Evolution belittles God as does also the Nebular Hypothesis. Why try to get away from the miracle-working power of Jehovah? "He spake and it was done," is David's record of creation. "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God," is St. Paul's statement regarding it.

It is a fact worthy of note that those who believe in Evolution are not living in vital contact with God in accordance with the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

It is simple faith that receives direct and miraculous answers to prayer. Evolutionists are not the great soul-winners of our country. It requires a Spirit-filled person to bring men to Christ and evolutionists are not noted for being filled with the Holy Spirit.

"The day of miracles is past," so declares a backslidden church, which is drifting into formalism, modernism, unbelief and materialism.

Many churches and schools alike have combined to destroy the faith once delivered to the saints. In this volume we are endeavoring to help stem the tide of modernism by presenting to you a few facts and figures which shall serve as a life-preserver,

and buoy our readers up when crossing the cold, dark River of Death.

When once you know God as your own personal Friend, you will then cease to think of Him merely as a vague, far-away "First Cause". He will be your loving Father, Savior and Guide.

"This wondrous God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above."

* * * * *

02 -- THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

I. How can we define the term "God"?

"As to the word itself, it is pure Anglo-Saxon, and among our ancestors signifies not only the Divine Being, now commonly designated by the word, but also Good, as in their apprehension it appears that 'God' and 'Good' were correlative terms; and when they thought and spoke of Him, they were ever led, from the word itself, to consider Him as the Good Being, a fountain of infinite benevolence and beneficence towards His creatures." Dr. A. Clarke.

II. What is the proper conception of God?

"By this expression I mean, not a personification or abstraction, but a Being distinct from nature, as its Author and Governor; a Being in whom power and intelligence are combined; a Being to whom, as the Author of my own existence, I may rationally address my prayers and my praise; to whom, as the Sovereign Benefactor, I may offer my homage, my gratitude, and my love." -- Dr. Godwin.

But the principal idea conveyed by this term "God" is that of "a Being or Nature of infinite perfection; and the infinite perfection of a being or nature consisteth in this, that it is absolutely and essentially necessarily an actual being of itself; and potential or causative of all beings besides itself, independent from any other; upon which all things else depend, and by which all things else are governed." -- Bishop Pearson.

In the words of Lawson, "God's infinite perfection includes all the attributes, even the most excellent; it excludes all dependency, borrowed existence, composition, corruption, mortality, contingency, ignorance, unrighteousness, weakness,

misery, and all imperfections whatever; it includes necessity of being, independency, perfect unity, simplicity, immensity, eternity, immortality, the most perfect life, knowledge, wisdom, integrity, power, glory, bliss, and all these in the highest degree."

"But what finite mind can fully conceive the conditions included in Absolute Perfection? To evolve these would require eternity; for could they be evolved in less, they would not be unlimited." -- Harris' "Pre-Adamic Earth."

III. By what names is God revealed to us in Scripture?

"The names of God, as recorded in Scripture, convey at once ideas of overwhelming greatness and glory, mingled with that awful mysteriousness with which, to all finite minds, and especially to the minds of mortals, the Divine essence and mode of existence must ever be invested. Though one, He is 'Elohim,' 'Gods,' 'persons adorable'. He is 'Jehovah,' 'self-existing'. 'El,' 'strong,' 'powerful,' 'Ehieh,' 'I am,' 'I will be,' 'self-existence,' 'independency,' 'all-sufficiency,' 'immutability,' 'eternity'. 'Shaddai,' 'Almighty,' 'all-sufficient'. 'Adon,' 'supporter,' 'Lord,' 'Judge'." -- Watson's Institutes

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03 -- THE ETERNITY OF GOD

"When creation began, we know not. There were angels and there was a place of angelic habitation, before the creation of man, and of the world destined for his residence; and even among these pure, spiritual essences, there had been a rebellion and fall. How long these spirits had existed, and how many other orders of beings besides, it is vain to conjecture; for conjecture could lead to nothing surer than itself.

"But of one thing we are certain, that how far back soever we suppose the commencement of creation carried, let it be not only beyond the actual range (if a definite range it may be said to have) of the human imagination, but even beyond the greatest amount of ages and figures, in any way combined, could be made to express; still there was an eternity preceding, an eternity from which this unimaginable and incomputable duration has not made the minutest deduction, for it is the property of eternity that it can be neither lengthened by additions nor shortened by subtraction of the longest possible periods of time. Before the commencement of creation, therefore, before the fiat of Omnipotence, which gave

being to the first dependent existence and dated the beginning of time, in infinite and incomprehensible solitude, yet in the boundless self-sufficiency of His blessed nature, feeling no want and no dreariness, Jehovah had, from eternity, existed alone.

"There is something awfully sublime in this conception of Deity. Our minds are overwhelmed when we attempt to think of infinite space, even as it is replenished with its millions of suns and systems of created worlds; but still more are they baffled and put to stand when we try to form a conception of immensity before sun or star existed, before any creature had a being; of immensity filled with nothing but the pure, ethereal essence of the great uncreated Spirit.

From the truth that something now is, we arrive at the conclusion that something must always have been. It is a maxim which to every mind must be self-evident, that nothing can produce itself, or be the cause of its own existence, bringing itself into being; for this is to suppose the thing to act before its own existence, which is palpably absurd and contradictory. It is not less plain that what now exists could not be produced by nothing, created without a creator, caused without a cause. Some one has, therefore, existed from eternity. Here, there are only two suppositions possible. The first is that of an infinite series of causes or successive existences, produced one from another in endless progression, without any original cause at all. The whole series together is caused by nothing. This hypothesis involves a manifest contradiction. It offers no explanation of original existence. The only remaining supposition is that the Being which has existed from eternity must be self-existent, must exist from the necessity of His own nature." -- Wardlaw's "Systematic Theology"

More briefly, the subject may be stated thus: "That which is before all can be derived from none; that which is derived from no other being; but on which, as the First Cause all must be dependent, must be independent of all, and have self-existence. He whose existence is not dependent, nor has the ground or reason of such existence in any other being, but has existed from eternity, is not in His being contingent, but necessary; that is, He cannot but be what He is." -- Dr. Godwin.

Sam Jones On Infidelity

"Whenever a man gets up before a community and proclaims his infidelity, then I have just one question to ask another party and one to ask him. I say, 'Infidel, what are you doing in this

world?' "I'm fighting Christianity; that's what I'm doing.'
"Christianity, what are you doing?'

"I am rescuing the perishing and saving the fallen; I am building almshouses; I am founding churches; I am speaking words of cheer to the race; I am lifting up the fallen; I am blessing the world; I am saving men from hell; I am saving them in heaven.'

"Infidel, why are you fighting almshouses and orphans' homes and churches and happy deathbeds and pardon and peace and heaven?'"

* * * * *

04 -- GOD IN CREATION

Sir Isaac Newton had a friend, who, like himself, was a great scientist; but he was an infidel, while Newton was a devout believer, and they often locked horns over this question, though their mutual interests in science drew them much together. Newton had a skillful mechanic make him a replica of our solar system in miniature. In the center was a large gilded ball representing the sun, and revolving around this were smaller balls fixed on the ends of arms of varying lengths, representing Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune in their proper order. These balls were so geared together by cogs and belts as to move in perfect harmony by the turning of a crank.

One day, as Newton sat reading in his study with this mechanism on a large table near him, his infidel friend stepped in. He was scientist enough to recognize at a glance what was before him. Stepping up to it he slowly turned the crank, and with undisguised admiration watched the heavenly bodies all move at their relative speed in their orbits. Standing off a few feet, he exclaimed, "My, what an exquisite thing is this! Who made it?" Without looking up from his book, Newton answered, "Nobody!" Quickly turning to Newton, the infidel said: "Evidently you did not understand my question.

I asked who made this thing?" Looking up Newton solemnly assured him that nobody made it, but that the aggregation of matter so much admired just happened to assume the form it was in.

Laying his book aside, Newton arose and laid a hand on his friend's shoulder and said, "This thing is but a puny imitation of a much grander system whose laws you and I know, and I am not able to convince you that this mere toy is without a designer and

maker; yet you profess to believe that the great original from which the design was taken has come into being without either designer or maker! Now tell me by what sort of reasoning do you reach such incongruous conclusions?" The infidel was at once convinced and became a firm believer that "Jehovah, he is God." (2 Kings 18:39.)

Darwin's theory of evolution has greatly injured the faith of the civilized world. When Mr. Darwin was on his deathbed, his nurse referred to the popularity of his theory of evolution. "What?" inquired Mr. Darwin in surprise.

She repeated her statement. Then he looked sorrowful and fumbled at the bed clothing nervously.

"I was only wondering," said he in substance, "when I proposed that idea, and I am surprised that the world has swallowed it whole without investigation. I was only expressing the idea as a bare possibility."

Then came his confession of regret that he had ever written on the subject of evolution, and he passed out of the world in a sorrowful state of mind.

* * * * *

05 -- THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD

The omnipresence of Jehovah is taught in the Holy Scriptures. It is impossible to cite all the passages because of their number. We give only a few, "Lo, I am with you alway." -- Matt. 28:20. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" -- Psa. 139:7. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." -- Prov. 15:3. "They shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." Matt. 1:23.

That God is everywhere present is proved also by the fact that distinct and immediate answers to prayer are granted to persons on opposite sides of the world at the same time.

Then again, His omnipresence is proved by His frequent manifestations to His children. Binney's Theological Compend states that God manifests Himself to His own, for it would be a strange father who would not speak to his children. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and

will manifest myself to him." "We will come unto him and make our abode with him." -- John 14:21.

We herewith give an extract from the diary of Shackleton, the great explorer (written after a providential escape from the Antarctic):

"When I look back on those days, I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snow-fields, but across the stormy white sea that separated Elephant Island from our landing place on South Georgia. I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me that often we were four instead of three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us: Green confessed to the same feeling.'

A Canadian newspaper gives the following which is a wonderful example of the tender love and personality of God as a Father.

"'God came and sat by me all night.'

"That was the beautiful answer made by a little three-year-old child lost all night, a few weeks ago, on the prairie in Saskatchewan.

"Barefoot, and clothed only in a flimsy frock, little Sophie Salley of Winyard wandered out and spent one Sunday night in the vast prairie solitude. Two hundred people scoured the country, and at last she was found quite safe.

"'Were you frightened?' said one of them, and the brave child's answer may well be sent about the world.

"'No,' she said, 'I prayed as mother had told me when I was afraid of the shadows in my bedroom, and God came and sat by me all night. He kissed me once, and I thought it was mamma.'"

* * * * *

06 -- GOD IN PROVIDENCE

"With patient mind, thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He."

"Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" -- Jer. 3:37.

It is a great comfort to know that we have a Kind Providence working for us when we do not realize it.

Seeming defeats are often preparations for victories.

To claim the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God is very consoling in the hour of sorrow.

Our social losses, our great disappointments and heart crushings have in them a blessing if we but believe the Bible for

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

I once memorized a hymn which was a great help to me in my younger days:

"Thrice comfortable hope
That calms my troubled breast:
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best."

After we lost our sweet Evangeline, a dear sister sent the following tract which has been a great comfort to us.

Is God In Everything?

One of the greatest obstacles to an unwavering experience in the interior life is the difficulty of seeing God in everything. People say, "I can easily submit to things that come from God; but I cannot submit to man, and most of my trials and crosses come through human instrumentality." Or they say, "It is all well enough to talk of trusting; but when I commit a matter to God, man is sure to come in and disarrange it all; and while I have no difficulty in trusting God, I do see serious difficulty in the way of trusting men."

This is no imaginary trouble, but is of vital importance; and if it cannot be met, it does really make the life of faith an impossible and visionary theory. For nearly everything in life comes to us through human instrumentalities, and most of our

trials are the result of somebody's failure, or ignorance, or carelessness, or sin. We know God cannot be the author of these things; and yet, unless He is the agent in the matter, how can we say to Him about it, "Thy will be done"?

Besides, what good is there in trusting our affairs to God, if, after all, man is to be allowed to come in and disarrange them; and how is it possible to live by faith, if human agencies, in whom it is wrong and foolish to trust, are to have a prevailing influence in moulding our lives?

Things in which we can see God's hand always have a sweetness in them that consoles while it wounds, but the trials inflicted by man are full of nothing but bitterness. What is needed then is to see God in everything, and to receive everything directly from His hands, with no intervention of second causes; and it is to just this that we must be brought before we can know an abiding experience of entire abandonment and perfect trust. Our abandonment must be to God, not to man; and our trust must be in Him, not in the arm of flesh, or we shall fail at the first trial.

The question here confronts us at once. "But is God in everything, and have we any warrant from the Scripture for receiving everything from His hands without regarding the second causes that may have been instrumental in bringing them about?" I answer to this unhesitatingly, Yes. To the children of God everything comes directly from their Father's hand, no matter who or what may have been the apparent agents. There are no "second causes" for them.

The whole teaching of Scripture asserts and implies this. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. The very hairs of our head are numbered. We are not to be careful about anything, because our Father cares for us. We are not to avenge ourselves, because our Father has charged Himself with our defense. We are not to fear, for the Lord is on our side. No one can be against us, because He is for us. We shall not want, for He is our Shepherd. When we pass through the rivers they shall not overflow us, and when we walk through the fire we shall not be burned, because He will be with us. He shuts the mouths of lions, that they cannot hurt us. He "delivereth and rescueth." "He changeth the times and the seasons; he removeth kings and setteth up kings." A man's heart is in his hand, and "as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will." He ruleth over all the kingdoms of the heathen; and in His hand there is power and might "so that none is able to withstand" Him. "He ruleth the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, he stilleth them." He

"maketh the devices of the people of none effect." "Whatever the Lord pleaseth, that doeth he, in heaven and in earth, in the seas and all the deep places." "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him?"

These Scriptures and many others like them settle forever the question as to the power of "second causes" in the lives of the children of God. Second causes must all be under the control of our Father, and not one of them can touch us except with His knowledge and by His permission. It may be the sin of man that originates the action and therefore the thing itself cannot be said to be the will of God; but by the time it reaches us, it has become God's will for us, and must be accepted as directly from His hands. No man or company of men, no power in earth or heaven can touch the soul which is abiding in Christ, without first passing through His encircling presence, and receiving the seal of His permission. If God be for us, it matters not who may be against us; nothing can disturb or harm us, except He shall see that it is best for us, and shall stand aside to let it pass.

Take Joseph. What could have seemed more apparently on the face of it to be the result of sin and utterly contrary to the will of God, than the action of his brethren in selling him into slavery? And yet Joseph, in speaking of it, said, "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." "How therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life." It was undoubtedly sin in Joseph's brethren, but by the time it had reached Joseph it had become God's will for him and was in truth, though he did not see it then, the greatest blessing of his whole life. And thus we see how God can make even "the wrath of man to praise him," and how all things, even the sins of others, "shall work for good to them that love him."

I learned this lesson practically and experimentally long years before I knew the Scriptural truth concerning it. I was attending a meeting held in the interest of the life of faith, when a strange lady arose to speak. She said she had great difficulty in living the life of faith on account of the second causes that seemed to her to control nearly everything that concerned her. Her perplexity became so great that at last she began to ask God to teach her the truth about it, whether He really was in everything or not. After praying thus for a few days, she had what she described as a vision. She thought she was in a perfectly dark place, and that there advanced toward her, from a distance, a body of light which gradually surrounded and enveloped her and everything around her. As it approached, a voice

seemed to say, "This is the presence of God!" While surrounded with this presence, all the great and awful things in life seemed to pass before her-fighting armies, wicked men, raging beasts, storms and pestilences, sin and suffering of every kind. She shrank back at first in terror; but she soon saw that the presence of God so surrounded and enveloped herself and each one of these things that not a lion could reach out his' paw, nor a bullet fly through the air, except as the presence of God moved out of the way to permit it. And she saw that if there was ever so thin a film, as it were, of this glorious Presence between herself and the most terrible violence, not a hair of her head could be ruffled nor anything touch her, except as the Presence divided to let the evil through. Then all the small and annoying things of life passed before her; and equally she saw that there also she was so enveloped in the presence of God that not a cross look, nor a harsh word, nor a petty trial of any kind could affect her, unless God's encircling presence moved out of the way to let it. Her difficulty vanished. God was in everything; and to her henceforth there were no second causes. She saw that her life came to her, day by day and hour by hour, directly from the hand of God, let the agencies which should seem to control it be what they might.

Would it were possible to make every Christian see this truth as plainly as I see it! For I am convinced it is the only clue to a completely restful life. Nothing else will enable a soul to live only in the present moment, as we are commanded to do, and to take no thought for the morrow. Nothing else will take all the risks and "supposes" out of a Christian's life and enable him to say with assurance, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." -- Psa. 23:6.

Under God's care we run no risks. I once heard of a poor colored woman who earned a precarious living by daily labor, but who was a joyous, triumphant Christian. "Ah, Nancy," said a gloomy Christian lady to her one day, who almost disapproved of her constant cheerfulness, and yet envied it -- "Ah, Nancy, it is all well enough to be happy now, but I should think the thoughts of your future would sober you. Only suppose, for instance, that you should have a spell of sickness, and be unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one should give you anything to do; or suppose -- "Stop!" cried Nancy, "I never supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem supposes as is makin' you so mis'able. You'd better give them all up, and just trust de Lord."

Nothing but this seeing God in everything will make us loving and patient with those who annoy and trouble us. They will be to us then only the instruments for accomplishing His tender and wise purposes toward us, and we shall even find ourselves at last inwardly thanking them for the blessings they bring.

Nothing else will completely put an end to all murmuring and rebellious thoughts. Christians often feel at liberty to murmur against man, when they would not dare to murmur against God. Therefore this way of receiving things would make it impossible ever to murmur. If our Father permits a trial to come, it must be because the trial is the sweetest and best thing that could happen to us, and we must accept it with thanks from His dear hand. This does not mean, however, that we must like or enjoy the trial itself, but we must like God's will. We have learned to know that His will is the will of love, and is therefore always lovely.

This way of seeing the Father in everything makes life one long thanksgiving, and gives a rest of heart, and joyfulness of spirit that is unspeakable.

"I know not what it is to doubt,
My heart is always gay;
I run no risks, for, come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way."

Taken from "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."

* * * * *

07 -- THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL

Wesley

"In one of her lectures, Frances Willard told the story of a young nobleman who found himself in a little village in Cornwall, where he never had been before. It was a hot day and he was thirsty, and his thirst increased as he rode down the village streets seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had.

"At last he stopped and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil.

"'How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?' he demanded harshly.

"The old man, recognizing the questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered quietly:

"'My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts,' and with that the old peasant walked on.

"It would be interesting to know just what the nobleman thought as he pursued his thirsty way. But what a splendid testimony was this to the preaching of John Wesley! For more than a century the word that he had spoken for his Master had kept the curse of drunkenness out of the village; and who can estimate the influence for good this exerted upon the lives of those sturdy peasants? What nobler memorial could be desired by any Christian minister?"

William Jennings Bryan

When William Jennings Bryan was lecturing in Los Angeles, I heard him say on this subject, "Some people are just about freezing (spiritually). They oppose revivals and can understand every kind of spasm except a religious spasm. They can't understand how a man can have a spasm of repentance and be born again. They can understand how a man can go down to where the hogs are, but they can't understand how he can get up and say, 'I will arise and go to my father.'"

Judge George Alden

Judge George D. Alden was on a visit to his native homestead, a small village in Vermont. At that time a young clergyman, who had not yet completed his theological course, was supplying the pulpit of the Episcopal Church. So clever was he in his many original methods that John Wanamaker had offered him 2,000£ a year to take charge of the advertising for his great stores. His refusal Judge Alden could hardly believe, and so, calling on the young preacher, who was receiving 250£ a year, endeavored to show him his folly. "Young man," said the Judge, "may I inquire why you justify yourself in throwing away 1,750£ a year, with the prospect of double that amount in a few years?"

"For the simple reason that I have a bigger job than advertising merchandise."

"What is that job, if I may inquire?"

"Preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Preaching the Gospel?' said the Judge in a sarcastic tone, "Don't you know, young man, that your business is one of questionable value; that the Bible on which it rests is no longer believed by sensible people, and is of no more value than a last year's bird's nest? I am an older man than you, and I come to you as a friend to talk with you about your financial condition. I have been a practicing lawyer in Boston for the last thirty years, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for the past twelve years, and I tell you that I do not believe one word of the Bible, nor do I even believe in God."

"The young preacher did not tremble nor turn pale," said the Judge, "though I had spoken in thunder tones. He quietly replied: 'Judge Alden, in my opinion, your argument is worthless. You are on the wrong side of the question. Your case was decided many hundred years ago by the Supreme Court of the Universe.'"

"If my case has been decided, as you say, by the Supreme Court, will you please give me the citations, with the volume, page and paragraph?"

"Picking up a Bible he opened it to a certain chapter and verse, and said, 'There it is; read it for yourself.' This is what I read, 'The fool hath said in "his heart, There is no God.'

"I was mad, boiling mad, to think that I, Judge Alden, one of the best known lawyers at the Boston bar, and twelve years on the Supreme Bench, should be thus insulted by an ignorant young preacher, not yet out of school -- it was more than I could endure. I told him that I would read all that had been written against the Bible by the most eminent scholars, and I would come back and demolish him with his own weapon, for I thought that would be an easy task.

"So far as I know that young man is living today. At least he ought to be, for I never went back to demolish him. And why not? For the simple reason that as I read about the Bible, and more especially as I read the Bible itself, I became convinced that it was substantially true, and that it is the only authoritative revelation of God's character and will for man. It was a humiliating experience, but I am not ashamed to confess it, for now, thanks to that young theologian, I come to you as a firm believer in the Bible, and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. And, in my humble opinion, what this country needs at the present time is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, which is the

only cure for the moral dishonesty in business, the political corruption, domestic unhappiness and religious indifference which is so prevalent."

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08 -- THE POWER OF CHRIST'S NAME

If you can quote the name of Vanderbilt and Ford as references you can realize the power of a name. When you come to the Father for a favor, if you can in faith quote the name of Jesus, your prayer will go through and you will realize the power of His name.

A newspaper states that the Methodist Church has recently cut her hymn book to pieces, eliminating fifty hymns which speak of the blood of Jesus. Let us hope that this is not true for when a church loses Christ she has lost all, and what better is she than heathen? Notwithstanding the atheistic attitude of some, we must declare our belief in the atonement. There is power even in the name of Jesus when spoken in faith in the blood.

The Heathen Drunkard

A missionary in South Africa told the following story of her experience there in the use of the great name of Jesus. She was traveling in Bechuanaland, camping by the banks of a badly swollen river. Drunkenness was common. In her despair of soul she went to prayer and was led to go to the canteen (saloon). She approached a very old man, clad in a few filthy rags. His face was bloated, he was bleary-eyed and had loathsome sores. She inquired why he was drinking. With a wild laugh he answered, "Why? I can't help it. I am enslaved by the white man's drink. I would gladly quit, but I can't."

She told him there was a way out of his slavery. It was in a name.

"A name!" he exclaimed in awe.

"Yes, a name!" she answered.

He wanted to know what it was. The missionary explained the story of the Gospel and the power of Christ's name.

The message took hold. The poor old black man repeated the name "Jesus". They two knelt in prayer and parted.

More than a month passed when the missionary met the old man's wife, who related the following story. Her husband had gone away but when the awful fever for drink came over him he tried to resist. Seeing he was going to fail he recalled what the missionary told him -- that there was power in a name. So he sincerely said over and over, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" Victory came. The desire for liquor left so that he could not feel that he had ever desired drink. A few times the temptation came but it was always successfully resisted by repeating the name of Jesus. He testified that his mouth was as clean as a little child's and, "A coolness came over my brain and body and I was free."

A simplicity of faith, sincerity and honesty make up for a lack of knowledge. If we could see with spiritual vision we could have seen demons around the old drunkard, urging him on to his drink but fleeing before the name of Jesus. That name also removes all forms of guilt.

St. Louis Burglar

"Valentine Burke, a St. Louis burglar, was converted in the Moody meetings by believing in Christ's name. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart. 'Some old case they've got up against me, but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I'm done lying.'

"The sheriff greeted him kindly. 'Where have you been, Burke?'

"'In New York.'

"'What have you been doing there?'

"'Trying to find a decent iob.'

"'Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about some weeks ago?' asked the sheriff.

"'Yes,' answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. 'I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion.'

"'Burke, I had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest, Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once.'

"He began. He set his face like flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until the men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs.

"Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did him. Moody told how he found him in a closed room upstairs in the courthouse serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds! Burke sat with the sack of gems in his lap, and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack. "'Moody," he said, 'see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it.'

"There must be something very great and very real in a power that can thus change a burglar. And yet this wonderful power, every one may have, if he will but believe in the wonderful name of Jesus."

The Conversion Of Mrs. Kim

"It was a beautiful day and, after studying all the morning, we sought rest in walking up the mountain," writes a missionary. "We had not gone far when we saw, sitting upon a large rock, a woman who was weeping. She was weeping so sorrowfully that it would have melted a heart of scone. We stepped toward her and propounded the question, 'Why are you weeping?'

"She looked at us with those great black eyes and said, 'Who are you? Do you know any women in this land that do not weep?'

"'Yes,' we said, 'we have forty of them down in that red brick building who do not weep because of their own sorrows. Jesus has wiped their tears away.'

"'That's the name! That's the name! Jesus, Jesus! That's the name of the God who loves women. Where is He?'

"Have you heard that name before?' we inquired. "Then she told us how and where she had heard that name before. She had been married three years. To the day of her marriage she had never seen the man to whom she was to be married. Even on her wedding day her eyes were pasted shut so that she could not see the bridegroom. While she was waiting to be married, a missionary stepped hurriedly to her side and whispered quickly: 'There's a God who loves you, and His name is Jesus.'

"Three years rolled by, and because she had not given her husband a son, his parents had put her out of the house and at last she had become a cast-off widow. She was not allowed to marry again for (they said) she had grieved the gods. (Many of these women actually throw themselves into wells, or lay themselves across railroad tracks, or drift despairingly into houses of prostitution.)

"A missionary happened to cross her pathway. She had already been to several temples asking the priests if in that temple there was a god who loved her, but in each she received the insult that always comes to a cast-off, for they are among the most tired, homeless, friendless, loveless humans in the world. Not knowing what else to do, she had sat down on the boulder to weep.

"We took her to our dormitory. Our Christian women received her with open arms. Many of them had once been in the same plight. After attempts to reach her mind with line upon line and precept upon precept, one happy day she passed from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. Rejoicingly she received the remission of her sins. She was given the first bath she had ever enjoyed. She was cleaned up. Her hair was washed. She had the most beautiful hair that ever we had seen. It fell in beautiful tresses down her back.

"The Bible students read to her and she very quickly memorized some of the Scriptures. One day she came to our house and asked if she might become a Bible woman. Would we train her? We told her if she could get ten dollars to pay her first two months' tuition we would secure support enough for her to enable her to become a Bible woman. She was very happy and yet sad, for where could she get that amount of money? She went, however, to the mountain to pray. She prayed all night. Early the next day she came to us with the ten dollars. She had sold her hair that she might learn how to win souls, and she came with great joy, saying, 'Now, teacher, I can be trained to win souls for Jesus.'

"We had received a box of goods from the homeland and in it was a black hair net. We fixed her hair for her and, oh, she was very happy for she was ashamed of her short hair. She studied incessantly to know the Word of God. She visited every day and during her two years of training won more than two hundred souls to Jesus Christ by personal touch. We taught her to play a small organ, and she had one favorite hymn which she sang and played almost daily:

"'Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.'

"After graduating as a Bible woman she was stationed thirty miles south. She served there a year and brought in her first report to the convention. Eighty-five women had either been seekers or had been converted in that short time. Praise the Lord! She had not been back to her church more than four weeks when the pastor sent us word to come down as Mrs. Kim was very ill. With all speed we hastened to her side.

"'Now,' said her converts, 'she will get well.' Upon our entering the mud hut she looked at us and smiled.

"'We have come,' we said, 'to anoint you and the Lord will raise you up.'

"'Oh, no,' was her reply, 'I did not send for you to anoint me, I sent for you to ask of you one request. Will you grant it?'

"'Oh, we don't know,' we replied, 'you Bible women ask some tremendous things. What is it?'

"You can do it, teacher. Please grant me my one request before I die."

"'But, Mrs. Kim, you are one of our best Bible women and the Lord will heal you.'

"'Oh, no, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. Please grant my request.'

"We answered her, 'All right, Mrs. Kim, what is your request?'

"'Take me back,' she said, 'to my heathen mother and father and five brothers and their little wives.'

"'Mrs. Kim! do you want to die among the heathen and be buried in heathen fashion?'

"'No, you will go with me; please take me back.'

"'But why?' we exclaimed.

"'You know, teacher, how afraid my people are of death, they die in darkness and terror; but I am dying and it's light, wonderfully light, and I want them to see a Christian die.'

"We called a ricksha and lifted her into it, and drove her ninety miles over rough, winding roads. We thought surely she would die before we arrived.

"On reaching the village, she pointed to a mud hut, saying, 'That is my mother's hut.' We entered the courtyard and inquired if anyone were in. An old woman looked out of the paper door, and gazed long at us.

"'You had one daughter and you married her to a Mr. Kim," we said.

"'Yes, yes, but because the gods were grieved with her, she didn't give her husband a son, so he cast her out,' the mother replied.

"'Well, she's here at the door, dying,' we answered.

"There?' said the woman, and rushed out to see. 'Yes, yes, that's my daughter.'

"'Well, may we bring her into the hut?' "'Dying, dying, is she dying?' "'Yes,' we said, 'she's dying.'

"With tender hands we lifted her into the house. We sent for her father and five brothers, who came from their rice fields. When they arrived, Mrs. Kim asked us to raise her head as she had something to say. She began to preach and took for her text Matt. 11:28, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We have heard many great preachers and some great sermons while traveling over this old world, but here was one which we shall never forget -- a dying woman preaching her first and last sermon to twelve heathen souls.

"After some thirty minutes she paused a little. As she was exhausted, we revived her with a drink of water. Again she asked us to lift her head. We admonished her that she was sinking fast and that she ought to rest.

"'I must sing my song,' she said, and on being lifted, she began in the most beautiful strains and sang:

"Some day the silver cord will break,

And I no more as now shall sing,
But, oh, the joy when I awake,
Within the palace of the King.
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story saved..."

"But her soul was released and she finished the song looking into His face. She was safe in the arms of Jesus.

"There was a silence, except for the sobbing of twelve heathen souls. We turned to that precious heathen mother and said, 'She's gone.'

"'What do you mean?' she replied.

"After we had repeated it several times, we said, 'She's dead.'

"That heathen father leaped forward and said, 'Here, do you say she's dead, and yet was just now singing? Dead and singing? Dead and singing? Here, missionaries, I want to die like that.'

We assured him that he would die just like that if he lived like that.

"With tender hands we wrapped her in grass matting, and dug a grave not far from their hut. Before that precious body was laid beneath the ground, that father and his five sons took their station on one side of that grass casket and his old wife and the five young wives on the other side. They bowed their heads and with bended knees they surrendered to our Christ. They burned their tobacco and idols, and with our own eyes we saw hope and peace and joy come into their faces. We put on a tent meeting and stayed there for ten days and the whole village turned out to meeting. We got a nucleus of Christians, and today there is a church, a pastor and his wife. They have a fine Bible woman, also, preaching and teaching the Bible."

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09 -- THE POWER OF THE CROSS

Bishop Berry gives the following story:

And it all came about through the power of a name. "I was traveling through the southern end of New Mexico when our train stopped at a little station below Deming. Several men came into

our coach. One of them sat down beside me. He was an athletic young fellow, rather good-looking, and his dress belonged to the frontier region through which We were passing.

"I greeted the young man as he sat down and we began to talk. While we were chatting, I noticed that he was looking at me closely. Presently he turned sharply upon me and asked, 'Is your name Berry?'

"'It is,' I replied.

"'I know you,' was his hearty rejoinder, as he reached out his big, brown hand. 'You were at our house when I was a kid, and I have never forgotten you,' he went on. 'Don't you remember when you visited our house at Adrian?'" I remembered.

"Then I knew that the young fellow was from Michigan, and that his father was an old friend. It dawned upon me also that I had heard my friend's laddie had become wayward and had gone west. Then sitting by my side as the train rumbled along, he told me a remarkable story, told it with a kind of realism that made it very vivid and clothed with dramatic power:

"'A little while after you were at our house, began young Bickel -- Joe Bickel was his nameplate and I had a difference. I became very angry, and said some things I ought not to have said. That night I ran away from home. A week later I was in the Sherman House at Chicago, and met a young fellow from northwestern Ohio, who had also had trouble at home and had left abruptly. We struck up an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship. There was something in the circumstances, so similar, which caused us to run away from home, that drew us together and made a common bond. We each got a job and saved our change, and finally came to Denver.

"'In Denver we went bad,' he confessed. 'We learned to drink and gamble and went into sins that should have made us shudder. After a few months we drifted down into New Mexico.

"'One afternoon,' continued Bickel, 'my friend Clark and myself were in the back room of a saloon, playing cards with two Mexicans. A dispute arose over the game and angry words were spoken. Without warning, one of the Mexicans pulled his gun from his belt and shot Clark through the body. The poor fellow's face turned white, and he rolled off his chair to the mud floor of the room. I was too horrified to speak or act, but I heard Clark say: 'I guess I'm done for, Joe, but I can't die here. For my mother's sake, take me out of this place.'"

"With the help of an attendant, I lifted my chum and carried him out of the saloon, across the narrow street, and to the shade of a tree on a little hill. Then I took off my coat, made it into a pillow, and laid the poor fellow down upon the rocky ground.

"He was quiet for a few minutes and seemed to be scarcely breathing, but then he opened his eyes, and whispered pathetically: "Joe, I can't go this way. Both of us were taught to believe in God, and that Christ is merciful. Maybe He would be merciful to me if we'd ask Him. Won't you pray a little for me? I've tried, but this pain hurts me so I can't keep my mind on the prayer."

"I wondered for just a moment whether I could venture to pray, but I had gone so far away from God, and had been so reckless and wicked, that I dared not try to pray, so I shook my head. Excepting for the low moaning that escaped his lips involuntarily, Clark was very still for a time.

"In a few minutes, however, he looked straight at me, and said: "Old man, I've been trying to remember some of the words of the Bible that tell of God's mercy to sinners, but I can't get any of them. Won't you get some of those words for me?"

"I reached back through the years, and tried to compel my memory to reproduce some of the promises I had learned when a boy. Soon I got hold of one word that suggested another. Then a verse came to me, and another, and another.

"He asked to be lifted to a sitting posture. Then, after steadying himself, he said slowly:

"You will never know how much those words from the Bible mean to me. How wonderful! I never saw them so wonderful before. They seem to be just for me. Now, my chum, do one thing more. Sing one of the songs we used to know back home, something about His mercy."

"I tried to remember some Gospel song. At first the silly ditties I had learned on the frontier came to mind. I could also recall snatches of college songs. But for anything serious my mind seemed to be a blank.

"Suddenly, like a flash, there came out of the rubbish of memory a line of an old hymn. That line suggested the stanza and

other stanzas. With my arm around my dying chum I began to sing in a low voice,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"The eyes of my friend were fixed upon me as I sang the first stanza. Then I began the second:

"Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

"Before the next line was reached I saw that Clark was trying to lift his right hand. He got it partly up and it fell by his side. Then he tried again. He seemed to be reaching for something he clearly saw.

"Just as I was singing,

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

he pushed his hand a little higher, clutching at something above him. He seemed to grasp it.

"Then, turning a radiant face to me, he said: "I'm all right, Joe. It's the Cross, I've got hold of it, and I'll never let go!"

"In a moment his hand dropped, and he leaned more heavily upon me. I was startled, and looked down into his face. Clark was dead?"

Then Bishop Berry wrote to Clark's mother, telling of her boy's last moments.

Her reply was full of gratitude, and she said, "I felt sure my boy would be saved. I had prayed for him every day since his birth. I never relaxed my hold upon God. Somehow I always had the assurance that he would be brought back." "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

This praying mother's Christ had forgiven and brought her boy safely home by the way of the Cross.

* * * * *

10 -- THE POWER OF PRAYER

Many women write us in regard to their unsaved loved ones. We are satisfied that if they became desperate in seeking God for an answer by fasting and prayer, they would be well repaid.

Pardon a personal reference. We have seen such remarkable answers to prayer because of fasting that we feel like recommending it.

Our own children have all been saved and called to be soul winners by this means. At one time the Lord laid a five-day fast upon us for an unsaved man who choked his wife. On the fifth day he was converted. His Christian wife could and should have had the joy of thus bringing him to God had she been willing to fast but she said that it always gave her a headache to miss a meal. I thought to myself, "Well, if you prefer a choking to a headache, very well."

The weaker sex can many times bring strong men to terms when, instead of quarreling, in meekness and humility, they resort to the mighty weapon of prayer and fasting. Of course one should be led of the Spirit as to how long to fast. Sometimes one meal is sufficient, then again a longer time is required to prevail. Daniel abstained from "pleasant food for three whole weeks" before the answer came. Sam Jones says:

"When I was preaching down in Macon, Georgia, I was staying with a family where the wife was a good Christian, and the husband, though one of the kindest men I ever met, was not a Christian.

"One night the wife came home from church about ten o'clock. Her husband had not been there. He was a wholesale merchant, very busy, and had gone to bed.

"'Well,' he said, 'what sort of meeting did you have?'

"'Oh; she said, 'such a grand meeting. Everybody enjoyed it but me.'

"'Everybody but you? And why not you? I am sure there is not a better woman in this town than you.'

"'It was not on my own account but on yours.'

"'On mine, wife -- why, I'm going to be religious some day.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'we have been married now for sixteen years and all that time you have been going to be religious. Now, husband, you know how near you came to dying last summer, and how I wrestled with God in prayer and begged Him not to take away my husband before he was saved, and God spared your life. How you can go to sleep. I am going into the other room to pray all night for you.'

"'But, wife, if you will pray all night, why don't you stay here to do it?'

"'No, I want to be alone with God.'

"She went across the hall, got down on her knees, and prayed till after twelve, when the door opened and he came into the room, knelt down by her side, put his arms around her and said, 'Precious wife, I am going to help you pray the balance of the night. I am the most miserable man in the world.'

"The next morning when I walked down to the breakfast table, I saw the happiest husband and wife in the country, and for these years they have been happy and on their way to Heaven."

The Ex-Prisoner

Again, Sam Jones tells the following wonderful incident:

"A poor fellow was serving an eight-year term for theft. A good Christian man who came in every Sunday to speak to the prisoners once used as his text, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee.' It was the last Sabbath before the prisoner's term had expired.

"On Wednesday morning, he was given a citizen's suit and was turned out on cold charity without a dollar.

"He looked around and thought, 'Here I am without a friend in the world and with no money. No one cares for me. I guess I'll have to go back to stealing.' Then he remembered the text, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee.'

"He looked up and said, 'O Lord, here I am without anyone to help me. If Thou wilt help me live right for a week, I'll give myself to Thee forever. I'm in trouble; help me.'

"Then he saw a horse running away as hard as it could tear. Looking down the street he saw a great long plank lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up and ran to meet the horse, struck him right in the center of the forehead and knocked him down. Then he looked inside the carriage and saw a little three-year-old child sitting unhurt.

"Just then the father came rushing up. As soon as he reached the carriage and looked in and saw his boy sitting there all right, he said, "'Who stopped the horse?' "'That man over there.'

"The gentleman ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar gold piece and gave it to the prisoner. As it dropped down into his pocket a voice said to him, 'Call upon the Lord in the time of trouble; he will succor thee.'

"The gentleman, while waiting to get another horse hitched up, said to the ex-prisoner, 'What is your name, and where are you from?'

"He answered, 'I am so-and-so from this state (Indiana).'

"'Well,' said the gentleman, 'I have not time to talk to you now, but here is my card, and the address of my home and store. Call and tell me all about yourself.'

"The ex-prisoner called the next day and told the story of his life and how he had asked God to help him, and how just about that time he saw the runaway.

"The gentleman listened to him and said, 'God is answering your prayer and giving you good work. I will give you employment and put you into my business.'

"He did so, and today that ex-prisoner is one of the leading men of Indianapolis."

The Influence Of Another's Prayers

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning, eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac river, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove, in a retired place, to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along, amusing one another

with idle jests, the bell of a church in a little village some distance away began to ring.

Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped and said to the friend nearest him that he would go no farther, but would return to the village and go to church. His friend called out to their companions, who were a little ahead of them: "Boys! Boys! come back here; George is getting religious; we must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him by immersion in the water." In a moment they formed a circle around him. They told him that the only way he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them.

In a calm, quiet, but earnest way he said: "I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water, and hold me there till I am drowned; and, if you choose, you may do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles away from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I do not remember ever seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father, and offered to take me without any charge. He was very anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left to her. At length, after many prayers on the subject, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject till the morning when I was about to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked me if everything was ready. I told her all was ready, and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head, she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe that, till the day of my death, I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother's heart, in parting, for the last time, from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked, for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sand in the hourglass of my life has nearly run out.

In the far-off strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to give counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me -- farewell.'

"Boys, I do not expect to see my mother again on earth. But by God's help, I mean to meet her in heaven."

As George stopped speaking, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed about him was opened, lie passed out and went to church. He had stood up for the right against great odds.

They admired him for doing what they had not the courage to do. They all followed him to church.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in Heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the church. Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good Christian woman. And, if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors, we should have a good illustration of a mother's prayers. -- Anon.

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11 -- THE POWER OF SONG

The power of the Gospel is so great that even the sound of a hymn inspires, cheers or convicts one.

"One day over a half a century ago, a gypsy wagon stopped before a doctor's door in a little Herdfordshire town. There was a sick child inside. The doctor went to the door of the cart and looked at her. His verdict was instant: 'Smallpox. Get out of town at once.'

"Under the doctor's directions, the father drove his wagon to a quiet lane where he set up a tent. He kept the wagon at some distance, and used it for a sick room, and there he, the father, remained to take care of the suffering child. In a few days another child became ill. The father took him, too, not allowing his wife to come near. She cooked the food for the sick ones, and wandered up and down the lane, almost distracted with grief. In her anxiety she crept closer to the wagon where her sick children lay, and so, probably through her mother love, exposed herself constantly to disease.

"One morning she knew that the fatal disease had found her, too. The father was desperate. He loved his wife devotedly, and had tried his best to save her. Day and night for a month he had nursed his children alone. Now his wife was dying. From the first there was no hope for her and the baby. Sitting by her bed, the husband asked if she believed in God. Once, years before, he had been in prison upon some charge or other, and had heard the chaplain preach from the text, 'I am the good shepherd.' He could not read, and there was no one to help him; but the sermon had made a deep impression upon him, and through all his years of wandering he had not forgotten it.

"'Do you try to pray?' he asked.

"'Yes,' she answered, 'but always there comes a black hand before me, and a voice says,

"There is no mercy for you." Her husband hurried outside that she might not see his face.

"He was utterly alone in his terrible need! His wandering life had left him small opportunity to form any permanent friendships in any of the places he had visited, and his race was never regarded with favor. Now, also, the terrible disease, from which his wife was dying and his children suffering, still further cut him off from human help. Then from the wagon he heard his wife's voice:

"'I have a Father in the Promised Land.
My Father calls me; I must go
To meet Him in the Promised Land.'

"The feeble voice sang the words clearly. The man ran back.
'Where did you learn that?' he cried.

"The dying woman lifted her eyes to his, all the trouble gone from them. One Sunday when she was a child, her father had pitched his tent upon a village green. The children were going to chapel, and the gypsy child followed them and heard them using those words. Today they had come back to her with a wonderful message.

"'I am not afraid to die now,' she said. 'It will be all right. God will take care of my children.' A day or two later she died -- quite unafraid.

"No minister, teacher or missionary had ever come near her life, but through a child's song, heard twenty years before, the mighty love of God had met the seeking soul and given it peace. The dying woman was the mother of the famous evangelist, Gypsy Smith."

When Sankey Sang The "Shepherd Song" On Christmas Eve

It happened that on Christmas Eve, 1875, Mr. Sankey was traveling by steamboat up the Delaware River. It was a calm, starlit evening and there were many passengers gathered on the deck. Mr. Sankey was asked to sing, and, as always, he was perfectly willing to do so. He stood there leaning against one of the great funnels of the boat, and his eyes were raised to the starry heavens in quiet prayer. It was his intention to sing a Christmas song, but somehow he was driven almost against his will to sing the "Shepherd Song":

"Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

"We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray."

There was a deep stillness. Words and melody, welling forth from the singer's soul, floated out over the deck and the quiet river. Every heart was touched. After the song was ended, a man with a rough, weather-beaten face came up to Mr. Sankey and said: "Did you ever serve in the Union army?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sankey, "in the spring of 1860."

"Can you remember if you were doing picket duty on a bright moonlight night in 1862?" "Yes," answered Mr. Sankey very much surprised. "So did I," said the stranger, "but I was serving in the Confederate army. When I saw you standing at your post I thought to myself: 'That fellow will never get away from here alive.' I was standing in the shadow completely concealed, while the full light of the moon was falling upon you. At that instant, just as a moment ago, you raised your eyes to heaven and began to sing. Music, especially song, has always had a wonderful power over me, and I took my finger off the trigger.

"'Let him sing his song to the end,' I said to myself, 'I can shoot him afterwards. He's my victim at all events, and my bullet cannot miss him.'

"But the song you sang was the song you sang just now. I heard the words perfectly:

"We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way."

"Those words stirred up many memories in my heart. I began to think of my childhood and my God-fearing mother. She had many, many times sung that song to me. But she died all too soon, otherwise much in my life would no doubt have been different.

"When you had finished your song, it was impossible for me to take aim at you again. I thought: 'The Lord who is able to save that man from certain death must surely be great and mighty' -- and my arm of its own accord dropped limp at my side.

"Since that time I have wandered about far and wide; but when I just now saw you standing there praying just as on that other occasion, I recognized you. Then my heart was wounded by your song; now I wish that you might help me to find a cure for my sick soul."

Deeply moved, Mr. Sankey threw his arms about the man who in the days of the war had been his enemy. And this Christmas night the two went together to the manger in Bethlehem. There the stranger found Him who is their common Savior, the Good Shepherd, who seeks for the lost sheep until he finds it. And when He has found it, He lays it on His shoulders, rejoicing.

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12 -- THE POWER OF CONFESSION

"If we confess our sins," St. John assures us, "he is faithful and lust to forgive." Confession serves as a medicine to one in trouble, for "a sorrow shared is a sorrow halved."

Many persons are suffering untold agony over a mistake or a sin which has festered in the soul and is sending its impurity through the entire being.

John Wesley advises those who have sinned to go to some friend in whom they can trust and freely open the heart in full confession and trust God to restore light, joy and victory.

Many persons who have always had good health and sound nerves are now in a state of mental depression simply because of unconfessed sin. Satan causes them to brood over this until they are nervous wrecks, or really insane.

Medicine or a trip to the sea will not cure such cases. But if the patient could find a true and devout soul and with him pour it out to the Lord Jesus, the cure could be effected. Do we not read: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more against them forever"? The following from the pen of L. D. Weatherhead will serve to illustrate:

"Mrs. Murray sat back in her chair in my interview room. Her face was white and drawn. The kind gray eyes behind the spectacles were tired.

"Mrs. Murray obviously cared tremendously about the patient in whose interests she had come so far. And the interest could be understood, since the patient was her own daughter.

"It was an unusual story. Dora was a bright healthy girl in her early twenties. She lived at home. Until the last twelve months she had been radiantly happy. It was a joy to have her in the house. Every one liked her. She won friends everywhere. She had been engaged to a young dentist. He had good prospects. They were to have been married. Then he fell a victim to an incurable disease. Marriage became impossible. She watched him die. She was deeply grieved, but seemed to be getting over it. She met and was engaged to a young business man. They loved each other deeply. He was a member of the same church. Every one spoke highly of him. His character was of outstanding worth. But during the last twelve

months something had happened. Dora had been morose and sad. She had given way to fits of weeping. She had complained of insomnia. She had wished she were dead.' The doctor had diagnosed nervous breakdown and ordered fresh air and good food and a thorough rest and complete change. Dora was now at the seaside with a friend. Her lover could not understand it. He was looking forward to marriage. Dora, on the other hand, maintained she would never marry. When asked why, she said she was not worthy to be Gordon's wife. Would I see Dora if she were brought to my rooms by car from the coast? Certainly I would. So the day came, and a very despondent and distressed girl sat in my room. I asked very few questions. I listened, and as I listened I knew that I was listening for half an hour to lies. But the time was not wasted. Ice was broken. Real confidence would be easier next time. Moreover I gained the important knowledge that Dora did not belong to the morbid type of those who love to think themselves ill in soul and body in order to center attention on themselves, and who enjoy treatment more than they look forward to cure. In a day or two we arranged the second interview. Dora came with her father, who remained in another room. 'Now, Dora,' I said briskly and cheerfully, "tell me the truth." For one instant she faltered, then she said, 'I'm so glad you opened the subject like that. I've so hated myself for lying to you.' Then in uninterrupted jerks came the story which was exactly what I had suggested to her mother. Repeated sex indiscretions with the dentist leading to the fixed ideas that she had rendered herself unfit morally for marriage with her present lover. The reader can imagine how the girl's mind had brooded over her mistakes, and how severe was the mental conflict raging, a conflict made more serious by the mother's frequently expressed belief in the girl's high character and by the belief of her lover in her. The seaside had done little, for if you take a troubled mind to the seaside and hope to be whole, the sea cannot wash you clean.

"The 'old Gospel' is a very wonderful thing. Dora gradually received the idea. She promised to tell her lover all he ought to know. She also promised to begin again the very next morning on the slate which God had washed quite clean. She was no longer to look in, but out, not back to the failures of the past, but forward to the heights of the future. We finished the interview on our knees. I left her putting on her things and went to her father. 'Well, what do you make of it?' he asked. 'Dora has had something on her mind,' I said, 'but now it's all right and she is better.' 'Do you mean she's better?' he asked incredulously. 'Yes,' I said. 'Give her three days to pack her things and have a day with Gordon, and then she is coming home to you.' 'What's been the matter?' he asked. 'Well,' I said, 'that is not my business to

tell, and if I were you I shouldn't ask. She'll tell you herself one of these days if she wants to.' 'Well,' he said, 'it's a miracle.' And so it seemed, for in an incredibly short interval Dora, thought to be seriously ill and in danger of losing her reason, was her radiant happy self again, and still is. She is hoping to be married soon, and added to the scores in my files I have one more illustration of the fact that confession so brings past unforgiven sin up to the focus of consciousness that it can more readily be effaced and its morbid effects nullified by the forgiving grace of God."

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13 -- GOD IN DISAPPOINTMENT

"Mr. Chen had almond eyes and a yellow skin, but that made no difference. His heart was pure, and he loved God. His home was far away in a beautiful mountain country of South China. As he thought one day of some people he knew who lived right up among the mountains, and who had never heard of God, he prayed: 'Oh, please, heavenly Father, send some one to teach them of the love of Jesus.' Then he went to the missionary. 'Can you not send a teacher to those people up there?'

"'Alas!' and he sadly shook his head, 'we have no one to send, and no money to pay for a teacher.'

"Disappointed, Mr. Chen returned to his own home, asking God to send the man and the money. As he prayed, he seemed to hear God saying to him:

"'Answer your own prayers. Give something yourself:

"He looked round his own dreary little hut, and said, 'But I have nothing to give. What can I possibly give?' He looked at the three planks covered with straw which did duty for a bed, his little stool, and his charcoal fire burning on the mud floor. At his feet lay his pig, and she was the whole extent of his fortune.

"Suddenly, a thought struck him, 'I'll sell my pig, and give the money to God!'

"Next day he drove his pig to market; but evening found him sad and dispirited. No one had wanted to buy the pig!

"Then at daybreak, his good wife, who was always up first, rushed in with the news: 'The pig has gone!' and she lowered her voice to a horrified whisper, 'A tiger, I do believe!'

"Mr. Chen cried out in the grief: 'Ai-ya; ai-ya! and I wanted to sell her in order to send a teacher to that tribe in the hill district.'

"The surmise was only too true. Following the little mountain track, Mr. Chen found the remains of his pig. Had God refused his offering? Why, oh, why? Had not God asked him to give something himself?

"'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.'

"His wife saw that he was grieving over his loss, and she bethought herself of a plan. 'Stuff up the body of the pig with poison, and if the tiger returns to his prey tonight, we may find him dead by the morning. Dead tiger will fetch a better price than a live pig.'

"'True words,' shouted Mr. Chen, greatly cheered by this suggestion. 'I will go to buy some poison at once.'

"Together they stuffed what was left of their pig with poisoned meat, and propped it up against a tree, while they went home to await events.

"That night, the tiger crept stealthily down once more to finish the tasty supper which he had been obliged to leave the previous evening.

"At daylight, Mr. and Mrs. Chen hurried to the spot. Imagine their excitement and delight to discover this time -- no dead pig, but the most beautifully-marked three-year-old tiger, quite dead!

"Had you been at the market the next day you would have seen an eager man, with a crowd around him, offering for sale a magnificent tiger skin. Three hundred dollars were soon given for the beautiful thing, which was ten times more than the value of the pig.

"With a song of praise in his heart to the Lord, joyfully he took his gift to the missionary.

"Now there stands, in the center of that little town among the mountains of Kweichow, a little Chinese chapel where some happy Chinese Christians gather around Mr. Chen, listening to the old, old story which we love so well.

"Perhaps some day God is going to ask you to answer your own prayers, to give something yourself, or to go yourself."

Surely "all things work together for good to them that love God." -- Rom. 8:28.

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14 -- IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

There is a natural craving in the human heart for a knowledge of the great beyond. This craving is God-given, and but proves the existence of the world of spirits. It also proves that the soul is immortal.

"Universal beliefs are true," says J. E. Dinger in his "Reasons for Believing in Immortality." They spring from the constitution of the soul and are therefore God-implanted. The fact that the immortality of the soul is the intuitive belief of all nations whether learned or unlearned should be one argument in its favor.

This craving for revelation also proves that Christianity is the true religion for through it we have revelation, not only historically and theoretically, but also experimentally.

When men lose faith in the old Book they lose respect and love for one another. They become degenerates.

While in Scotland, we were told that Queen Victoria paid Glasgow University a compliment by visiting it several years before she died. She was asked to speak, and arose before a great audience of students. Instead of welcoming her with cheers and respectful attention, the crowd hissed her down.

Naturally we asked why, and were told that the students were trying to be smart. They had so lost respect for the God whom Queen Victoria worshipped that they had lost respect for her as their sovereign and also for law and order.

The good Queen was very polite but never returned to Glasgow.

The present crime wave may be traced to a lack of old-time salvation. "The greatest loss resulting from the World War was the loss of faith," says one writer.

We have educational advantages but "one may possess a great deal of knowledge and still be a fool," writes Dr. J. B. Chapman. "This is evident from the fact that hundreds of university graduates in this country are tramps. Man's initial act of wisdom is to save his own soul. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Just as a man cannot be profited by gaining the world at a sacrifice of his life, so no worthy reward can be bestowed upon a soul which is itself to be banished from the presence of the Lord. It is my own soul that is meant when the poet makes me say,

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

We herewith give a few proofs that the soul is immortal:

1. This doctrine may be argued from the pernicious tendency of the rejection of this theory. A belief in immortality and retribution hereafter is beneficial. Skepticism in reference to a future state is of a demoralizing tendency. One who is an unbeliever in future rewards and punishments will not be asked to take oath upon a witness stand for "he whose actions here are not in some degree molded or restrained by a belief in a hereafter is not to be trusted even upon oath." Such men are asked to "affirm".

If everyone be taught that there is no hereafter, all confidence between man and his fellow would be destroyed.

See France when she denounced revelation by a national creed and declared: "Death is an eternal sleep! There is no God but reason." She dragged the Holy Bible through the streets of Paris, tied to the tail of an ass. Then followed a reign of terror. Friend could not meet friend in the street without fearing his dagger. By-path, lane and highway were dyed with the blood of citizens, till the heart of humanity shuddered.

2. The doctrine of immortality has been recognized by the best men of all ages. The Egyptians, Phoenicians, Persians, Scythians, Assyrians, Celts, Druids, Greeks and Romans all believed in it.

Dr. Blair said: "Never has any nation been discovered on the face of the earth so rude and barbarous that there was not cherished some expectation of a state after death."

Plato said: "When Death comes upon a man, what is immortal withdraws itself from Death, safe and uncorrupted."

Cicero believed in the immortality of the soul.

This doctrine is bounded by no clime and limited to no age. The greatest of the world's statesmen, poets, authors, and inventors are added to the list of those who believe in the future state. There was Watt, who invented the steam engine, and Fulton, who brought to us the steamboat; Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the self binder, and Morse, of the telegraph, whose first message was taken from Deuteronomy: "What hath God wrought?"

Edison, although a doubter, said: "There is evidence enough in chemistry to prove the existence of God." George Washington believed in the future state; and so did Abraham Lincoln, who prayed with his Negro servants in the kitchen, and whose face at times literally shone with the glory of God. There was John Hay, the brightest Secretary of State that ever served our nation, and William Jennings Bryan, and Garfield, and McKinley, and Grover Cleveland, and Harrison, and Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson -- all added to the list of those who firmly believed in the immortality of the soul.

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 her life sustained her in the 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 spirit. "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.

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15 -- GHOSTS

When we were children, mother told us there were no ghosts -- that man could not with his natural eye see a spirit. So I felt secure when passing a cemetery at night, for I knew my mother always told the truth.

But as time went on I heard so many "authentic" (?) ghost stories that I began to wonder if so much could be said about their existence by thinking people without there being at least a semblance of truth in these stories.

England, Scotland and Ireland seem to have been frequented by ghosts in the past. Addison said:

"Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy: and loved to astonish themselves with apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the church-yards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of fairies

belonging to it; and there was not a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit."

"A dream in which a dead person figured may have been so realistic that the dreamer believed the dead had actually returned in person; or the dreamer may have believed that while sleeping his own soul left his body and visited and talked with the dead. At any rate, the belief in the return of the dead in the form of ghosts has played an important part in religious beliefs, and various religious theories have developed therefrom, such as ancestor worship, witchcraft, nature worship, totemism and spiritualism.

"Shadowy figures of the dead are imagined by living persons. Belief in ghosts has furnished gruesome stories and has led to many superstitious fears. They have been credited with remarkable powers, and in the past terror was felt for the returning spirit of anyone who died a violent death or who was concerned with a murder. Stories of haunted houses show that this feeling still exists.

"Some of the ghost stories found in literature are that of Hamlet's father in Shakespeare's tragedy, 'Hamlet'; Morley's ghost in Dickens' 'The Christmas Carol'; which changes a miserly, hard, old man to a cheerful, helpful giver. 'Ghosts,' one of Ibsen's most thrilling dramas, is a ghost story showing the results of inherited evil.

"The North American Indians have a religious dance called the ghost dance, which is performed at night and for which a white garment is worn. The superstitious fears of Negroes are well known, and acting on that knowledge the Klu-Klux-Klan, with its ghostly garments, was organized in the Southern United States at the close of the War of Secession, to frighten Negroes into political submission.

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16 -- HUNTING GHOSTS IN THE BRITISH ISLES

It was last September (1931) while crossing the Atlantic ocean that I felt the Divine call to write his book. And, knowing so little about apparitions, I decided that when I arrived in Europe I should study the subject.

When Roosevelt traveled through Africa he went lion hunting and, under the circumstances, why could not I go ghost hunting?

Upon investigation I learned that the Highlands of Scotland are said to be frequently visited by spirits; but that Ireland surpasses Scotland in her faith in ghosts.

And since some of the most thrilling ghost stories of literature had their origin in the British Isles, I hoped that when we arrived there we might be able to trace down something that would be of interest to our readers.

The Irish tell of real fairies and of banshees -- animals which warn of approaching death by giving an awful scream just outside the house.

In England there may be seen many places of historical interest which tradition says have been visited by departed spirits.

Our hostess, Mrs. Place, arranged to take us out. On the way I said to her, "I believe it would be easy to see ghosts in some of these old dark, barny buildings, don't you?"

"No," she said solemnly, "I don't see how we could see ghosts when there aren't any." When we arrived at Kirkstall Abbey the guide took us around the musty old ruins and we shuddered to learn of the murders, the confinement, the cruel treatment some of the stones had witnessed.

This ghost story is found in English literature. As I am giving it merely from memory it may not be exact.

Living in Leeds was a beautiful maiden by the name of Mary. She was so holy that she was not afraid anywhere.

She was offered a prize one time if she would visit the inside court of Kirkstall Abbey at midnight. This was a great venture but she went and stood in the darkness all alone.

Hearing voices, she investigated and discovered her lover and his friend carrying out a man whom they had just murdered.

Later she died and ever since her spirit haunts the old ruins of the Abbey.

"Has the ghost ever appeared recently?" I asked our guide.

"Yes," said he. "One dark night two Americans were walking along this road past the Abbey when they saw her run out over

these vast ruins to the outside wall. She moved to its highest point, gave an awful shriek and disappeared."

On our way home, I said to a friend, ":Now, let us get up a party of men and women and come out here after church some night and wait around in these ruins and see for ourselves what is to be seen."

She shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed, "Oh, no!"

"Well, why?" said I. "If there are not any ghosts, what would harm us?" But she would not consent. I was in earnest. I wanted to see the ghost if she were there, but I could not get a party together who were willing to accompany me.

Across the street from these ruins once lived the monk who had charge of the great monastery, The house is still standing but is now used as a museum.

So leaving the Abbey we crossed the boulevard, climbed the terraced lawn and entered the museum. After viewing old relics awhile, I inquired of the keeper if the place were haunted. "Well, y-e-s-," he said, "the monk in charge of the monastery was once buried under this floor right here where you are standing. Thirty years ago his stone coffin was taken up and is now a window box just outside the museum. Since that time this place has been thought to be haunted. There are noises -- strange noises -- and the spirit of the monk is supposed to walk back and forth in a long corridor upstairs which is not open to the public. Now," he said, going to the wall and opening a tiny door about one foot in height, "here may be one way we may account for the strange noises we hear. Inside this door is the interior of the wall which is hollow." "Now," he continued, picking up a piece of plaster, "if this should fall from the ceiling to the floor through two stories of this hollow wall, it would make quite a noise and arouse fear.

"But there are other evidences of the presence of this ghost. Sometimes we find the door unlocked."

"What, really?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said calmly, "we find the door unlocked."

"Well, maybe the door is forgotten at night," I suggested.

"No," he answered, "we are very careful to lock this place. It is valuable. The door and lock are comparatively new and are

very good. Personally, I do not believe in ghosts," he said, "so I have carefully examined that lock and have wondered if the vibration of the building caused by the tram cars might be responsible for this: but I can't see how such a thing could be possible.

"There is something very strange about it which I cannot explain. None of us sleep here at night."

"Now," I said, "I am going to do something I never did before in a museum. I am going to suggest that we pray, since there are only us four." The English are very respectful to religion, hence such an innovation was not out of order. The keeper seemed to appreciate our interest in his soul, but I confess as I passed out of that house I felt sort of weird. Were there ghosts, or were there not?

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17 -- THE BRADFORD GHOST

It was during the rupture between the King and Parliament that the city of Bradford was besieged by the Royalists. Fear and consternation were on every hand.

We give herewith a quotation from a very ancient history which contains the ghost story:

"Now reader, here stop for a moment; pause; and "suppose thyself to be in like dilemma! Words "cannot express, thoughts cannot imagine, nay, art "itself is not able to paint out the calamities and "woeful distress we are now overwhelmed withal! "Every countenance overspread with sorrow; every "house overwhelmed with grief; husbands lamenting "over their families; women wringing their hands "in despair; children shrieking, crying, and clinging "to their parents; death, in all its dreadful forms "and frightful aspects, stalking in every street and "every corner; in short; horror; despair; and destruction united their efforts to spread devastation "and complete our ruin.

"What are all our former calamities in comparison "to these? Before there were some glimmering "hopes of mercy from the enemy, but now they are "fled. For, behold! immediately orders were issued "out to' the soldiers by the Earl of Newcastle that "they should put to the sword every man, woman, "and child, without regard to age, or distinction "whatsoever... But here I must beg leave to "inform the reader of a report that prevailed

amongst "the inhabitants (for I mean not to affirm it) of "a circumstance that was said to happen the night "before the above-mentioned sentence was to have "been put in execution.

"The Earl of Newcastle being in bed at Bowling "Hall, an apparition appeared to, and importuned "him with these words, "Pity Poor Bradford! "Pity Poor Bradford!' How far this was true, "I humbly submit it for others to determine: "but this must affirm, that the hand of Providence "never more conspicuously appeared in our favour; "for, lo; the Earl immediately countermanded the "former order, and forbade the death of any person "whatever, except only such as made resistance; so "that no lives were lost, save about ten persons who fell into the hands of some desperadoes, who, contrary to the Earl's orders, satiated their revenge "upon them."

Each reader may form his own opinion of this story, but is it not likely that, instead of this being a ghost, it was an angel of God who visited the cruel Earl and softened his heart?

Whether it was a dream or a real presence it must certainly have been a messenger sent by heaven in answer to the cries and prayers of the condemned populace.

One day our hostess took us to the room where once appeared the ghost called

The Lady In Blue.

Just outside of the city of Leeds is the Temple Newsam, a very large stone mansion containing immense rooms furnished in old-fashioned style. Alighting from a street car we were led by a guide through this great palace. It is an immense building. A Scripture text adorns the outside, made of steel letters.

The drawing rooms are exquisitely furnished and the kitchen is a real curiosity. A party of us went through the mansion from bottom to top and were shown into a great many beautiful rooms. There were two bed rooms of particular historical interest. One is the birthplace of Lord Darnley who married Mary Queen of Scots. It is said that the ghost of an aged priest often appears in this room. In the adjoining bedroom Lord Halifax used to sleep when visiting there.

Lord Halifax is still living at the age of ninety-three. It will be remembered by some that his son was once viceroy of India

and bore the title of Lord Irwin. Both are fine Christian gentlemen.

It is said that when Lord Irwin received his call to India he asked advice from his father who replied, "Well, Edward, we will go over to the church and pray and then we will decide." Together they walked to the house of God and, alone in that quiet retreat, asked for Divine guidance. They arose and without a word started home. Presently Edward said, "Well, father, I believe I must go."

"Yes, Edward," said he, "I believe you must."

Lord Irwin went and became a great blessing to the dark land of India. But I started to tell you about the guest room. On one side of the pretty canopied bed is a door through which the Lady in Blue entered one dark night. She quietly passed by the bed and disappeared through a door on the other side.

Lord Halifax, they say, constantly affirmed that this ghost really appeared. But before leaving England I wrote him a letter of inquiry concerning this apparition. His reply written by his secretary we herewith give. It speaks for itself:

"January 7th, 1932

"Lord Halifax thanks Mrs. Julia A. Shelhamer for her letter which ought to have been answered before. He is afraid the story of the Blue Lady is rather hypothetical. The only foundation for it was that strange noises and footsteps were supposed to have been heard in the room in which, at the time, Lord Halifax was sleeping, and that one night, he saw, as he thought, a woman with a blue shawl over her head pass across, the end of the room from one dressing room to one opposite to it. That he imagined he saw the lady and that he spoke of it at the time to Lady Halifax and Mrs. Meynell Ingram is certainly true, but he imagines that what he saw was only in a vivid dream. He is afraid this story will not be of any interest to Mrs. Shelhamer." Still we were left in the dark regarding ghosts.

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18 -- THE GREAT MINE DISASTER

One day while we were yet in England, news came of the terrible mine disaster at Bentley. An explosion had taken place in the pit and forty-three men were killed. Thirty-nine were buried in one grave. It was a terrible hour and there was great anxiety

and suffering because of the fact that five men were still entombed in the coal mine one thousand feet below the earth's surface.

Esther and I were holding a revival about thirty miles away at the time. Our hearts ached for the bereaved families and for the poor men who were dying, so we hastened to the scene of suffering to do our little best for all.

We went first to the hospitals and prayed with the dying. These men moved their burnt lips in audible prayer for forgiveness and God came very near.

Then we went to the homes and put our arms about their weeping wives. Oh, how we longed to help them! One poor widow who did not know Christ sought and found peace as we prayed with her. She had a son about thirty-five years of age. He also prayed and seemed to find pardon. Oh, how happy we were!

We took tea that evening at the home of dear Sister Carlisle. She had as guests a Rev. and Mrs. H_____ whose names are in the book of life.

After tea, when all were seated around the old-fashioned fireplace, we began to discuss the interesting sights of Europe. The old castles and mansions were mentioned and the fact that perhaps each one had its ghosts. "Do you believe in ghosts?" I asked the ex-bishop? "Well," he said, "the apostles evidently believed in them. They said of Rhoda's description of Peter at the gate, 'It is his angel.' Satan has power to introduce himself not only into the spiritual but also into the material realm, and I would not be able to say that imagination is the only thing there."

"So you believe," I said, "that spirits do not appear, but that Satan himself can appear as an apparition." He answered in the affirmative.

While in England, surrounded by so many haunted houses, I wrote Evan Roberts, asking for his opinion of the relation of ghosts and demons. His reply was as follows: "I have written today to London for a book, 'War on the Saints,' to be sent to your address in Ireland. 'War on the Saints,' as you will see, contains my views on the subject you inquired about. Will you write me again after reading the book? Meanwhile I send 2 Thess. 2:7, Dan. 7:20 and Rev. 13:7 as the key texts to the supernatural manifestations of today."

Evan Roberts, you will remember, was mightily used of God some years ago, praying down and conducting the great Welsh Revival. His assistance is very much appreciated at this time.

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19 -- FIRESIDE GHOST STORIES

We were invited to dine one evening at the home of a certain minister. Quite a party of friends were present.

After a characteristic English supper we gathered around the fireplace. It was a cold night and the roaring, crackling fire drew us close to its comfort, when the conversation drifted about as follows:

"We are very proud of our old castles here in England," said the minister's wife.

"Yes," I answered, "I have been visiting a number of them with a view to locating some of the ghosts which are said to haunt these places; but as yet I have not succeeded in finding any. I have almost run onto one several times, but some way I always miss them. I have really hoped I would see one before I leave, if there are any, for I am trying to write a book on 'God, Ghosts and Demons'.

"Well," said one, "there have been a number of fake ghosts here which appear in the highway to scare people. But these ghosts have been arrested and they were fortunate if they escaped alive, for bricks have been thrown at them by superstitious people who believe that such a missile will pass through a ghost without hurting him. It is very dangerous business to play ghost, and besides some people have been known to be seriously injured by the fright.

"One time a gentleman was sick. His wife, fearing he would die, was in constant fear of some sign of death. One night as she entered the sick room she heard an awful noise like an explosion. Thinking this was a conclusive omen of death she arranged for her husband's decease. When morning dawned, he was, I believe, a bit better. She was surprised. Surely there was something wrong with the sign.

"Later it was discovered that the noise was occasioned by a bottle of pop which had suddenly blown off its cork."

"Here's one my mother used to tell," said the minister. "She was once sitting up with a woman who was in the last stages of cancer of the tongue.

"During the night the solitude was broken by a strange noise. It seemed as though some one had entered the front door and was walking:softly down the long hallway, sweeping the floor as he went with his long silk skirts. When he came to the door of the sick chamber he stopped.

"My mother of course was afraid and felt that this was a ghost who had come as a forerunner of death. But, being a brave woman, she went to the door and opened it. There on the floor lay a large open newspaper which, swept by the wind down the hall, had made this suspicious noise as it came. The patient did not die that night."

Here Is A Ghost Story My Mother Told

No one could understand why Mr. Blank's fine house on the hill should be haunted. But it was-it certainly was. Each morning at one o'clock could be seen running up and down the stairway a troupe of little white ghosts. They seemed to be in great haste to get upstairs and just as anxious to get down. Besides, they had the faculty of disappearing gracefully.

There came to town one day an intelligent gentleman who was seeking a good home for his family. He was delighted with the house, wondered why it was empty, and on inquiring about the rent was greatly surprised to find that it was little or nothing. But he was told the house was haunted.

He did not himself believe in ghosts, but before moving his family he would sleep there alone and watch for the apparitions -- at least test the place.

He retired for the night and slept well until the town clock struck one, when he was awakened by a rushing noise. He~ leaped from his pallet and saw running up the stairs a whole troupe of little white ghosts. Then down they came in a great hurry, but before Mr. Blank had time to investigate the little spooks were gone.

The next day, the gentleman sprinkled sand on the stairs to find what kind of tracks the creatures made.

He retired for the night. Exactly at one A. M. the ghosts appeared again just as before. After they had gone, their tracks were examined and found to be those of rabbits.

So Mr. Blank and his family moved into the fine big house and had rabbits to eat all winter. Thus ends another ghost story.

While we were in Brooklyn, Rev. C. E. Dotey and his wonderful companion entertained us in the parsonage. He had formerly been a chemist near Boston where the people are so well educated that the owls, it is said, know when to say who and when to say whom. I asked him one day at the dinner table if he believed in ghosts. His answer was about as follows:

"While I was living in Worchester, Massachusetts, we heard of a house there which was said to be haunted. Family after family moved in but shortly after moved out. No one could stay on account of the dreadful noises. There were wild shrieks, then weird moans and hollow sounds as though the spirit world were doing its best to frighten mortals. Sometimes there came wild screaming which was dreadful in the extreme and could be heard some distance. For this reason this house stood idle for a long time. Finally some one made an investigation which, to the astonishment of the city, revealed the cause.

The house had once been fitted with speaking tubes which connected the rooms. These were now defective and out of use, but when the wind was favorable it howled and screamed through them most piteously.

"I believe," said Rev. Dotey, "that every ghost story could be accounted for in some such way."

But let us return now to Great Britain and continue our ghost hunt.

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20 -- FAMOUS GHOSTS AND FAMOUS PEOPLE

After we closed our revival at Leeds, Esther and I went to Silloth, England for a meeting. Here God gave us fine crowds and a number of souls for which we praise Him.

Then we crossed the Irish Sea to Larne and took the train to Belfast, Ireland, where we opened a campaign for God.

It was while here that Mrs. Place of Leeds sent us the following, from the pen of Mr. H. W. Wilson.

"Just thirty years ago," he says, "the poet Lionel Johnson, well known to Oxford men of that day, left his chambers in one of the inns of court because of inexplicable happenings. The chambers in question had been quitted by a whole series of tenants one after another, and there was a sinister report that every one who occupied them came to an early end. This was verified in the case of Lionel Johnson, who died quite young only a few months after he had left, and in strange conditions. "So circumstantial were the reports of supernormal incidents in these chambers that a careful investigation was made by two barristers for the 'London Daily Mail'. Both were cool and careful observers and neither of them had the slightest belief in ghosts. Their experiences were recorded in 'The Daily Mail' at the time and were of so strange a character that I will recount them here, condensing them from the narrative then published. I knew one of the investigators intimately and can vouch for his good faith and his complete freedom from any excess of imagination.

"The set of chambers had three sitting-rooms and a bedroom and was the only set inhabited at night on that particular staircase. Of the sitting-rooms, one was a large room with two doors in its south wall, one leading to the entrance hall to the chambers, and the other to one of the small rooms from which there was no other door.

"The investigators searched the place thoroughly. There were no panels, no cupboards, 'nothing to hide a black-beetle'. They locked the outer doors and secured the windows and stove registers. They then spread powdered chalk on the floor of the two small rooms, closed the doors into them, and retired to the large room.

"They had been warned that nothing ever happened in the room in which a watcher sat. All the electric lights were turned on. At 12:43 (they reported afterwards) the door opposite to them on the right, leading into the little room with no other means of access to it, unlatched itself and opened slowly to its full extent. The click of the handle turning was very distinct, and the handle could be seen turning. At 12:56 the same thing happened to the left door. Both doors then stood wide open.

"They waited some minutes, and then got up and closed the doors. Nothing could be seen; there were no marks on the chalk.

"Nothing further happened until 1:32, when the right-hand door opened as before, the handle clicking and slowly turning. The door swung slowly open, the process lasting eleven seconds. At 1:37 the left-hand door opened in the same way. The observers watched and waited. At 1:40 both doors closed simultaneously, swinging gently to within eight inches of the wall, when they were slammed with a slight jar. Both latches clicked. Between 1:45 and 1:55 this happened twice again, the openings and closings of the two doors not being simultaneous.

"At 2:07 and 2:08 they opened again, and this time marks were noted in the chalk in both rooms. They were footprints like those of a turkey or large bird, converged diagonally towards the doors, and were sharp, not blurred.

"There was nothing in the chambers and no one on the staircase when the vigil ended as daylight set in. And both the observers agreed that what they had seen was mysterious beyond rational explanation. Since that day to this, however, nothing more has been heard of manifestations in these particular chambers -- or at least nothing has reached the public ear."

When I was preparing this for the press I handed the above ghost story to an ex-spiritualist medium who after sixteen years of calling up the dead gave his heart to Christ, renounced the whole system of spiritualism and is now a student in a theological school.

He read it, then said, "That's simple: knocks and the opening of doors are but the kindergarten of Spiritualism. That is common. This turkey track was simply made by Satan to let people know that no man had been there but that an unseen force had been."

"Well, why would he do that?" I asked. "To show his power," he answered. "Did you ever bring up a spirit?"

"No," he said, "no medium has the power to do that. My clients thought I had brought the spirits of friends but I had brought only demons and that I did by absolutely surrendering myself to the power of Satan. The only spirit who was ever brought back was Samuel. God brought him back by His own power. No person can bring a spirit back."

"Do you suppose the ghost of a murdered person ever comes and appears to the murderer?" I inquired.

"'I don't believe it. God does not tantalize people. He draws them to repentance, then He loves -- He forgives. If such a ghost ever appears to a murderer it is not the spirit of the one he sent into eternity. It is a demon who has come to trouble him and drive him to despair. That's the way Satan works. He drives one into sin; then drives him to despair."

Are Ghosts Demons?

I told this ex-medium a number of ghost stories which intelligent friends have declared to me were absolutely true. Some of these were so terrible that I could not believe them, however much I trusted the word of my friends.

Mr. E_____ listened, then answered, "Certainly I believe that: demons do those things to frighten and to annoy good people and also to show their power. Often ghosts appear in the form of real human beings, then dematerialize or disappear without any material way of egress.

"But there is a way to stop such appearances. In the name of Jesus Christ, denounce the demons and request them to leave. This need not be done in an angry or violent tone of voice: but with a firm authority backed by the blood of Christ.

"My mother was a Christian," he continued, "and greatly disapproved of my sinful life. After her death I left Spiritualism but was not living as I should. One day I felt impressed to look up. As I did so I saw my mother standing looking at me. It was broad daylight and the apparition was very distinct and clear. No one could doubt that. I was not at all frightened. I greeted her. She answered. Then I asked if she were satisfied with the life I was living. She replied in the affirmative and disappeared. I wondered at this for I knew I was not living right.

"Some time later, she came again. This time I realized that she was not my mother, but was a lying demon impersonating her, sent by hell to get me back into Spiritualism. At once I denounced the demon in the name of Christ; it left and never has returned."

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21 -- SUPERNATURAL NOISES AT EPWORTH

The following we quote from the "Memorials of the Wesley Family" by George Stevenson, page 114: "All who have written about the Wesleys have dwelt at much length on the extraordinary noises

which were heard there during the years 1716 and 1717. These have been largely considered by the various members of the Wesley family, by Dr. Whitehead, Henry Moore, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Southey, Mr. Kirk, and Mr. Tyerman.

"In their violent forms they commenced on December 1, 1716, and continued almost daily to the end of January, 1717. The noises did not cease then. No less than thirty-four years afterward, in 1750, Emilia Harper wrote to her brother, John Wesley, saying that Old Jeffrey visited her on every extraordinary new trial or affliction. More than one hundred years after the Wesley family had left the rectory house the then resident rector heard extraordinary noises there which induced him to take his family away for a time to the Continent.

"The testimony of all Mr. Wesley's family agrees as to the time and the character of the noises. They all heard them separately and collectively. Whether the rectory house clock was right to time or not, the noise began at a quarter before ten at night.

They were sure to be heard at the family devotion when the words were repeated in the prayer for the king and royal family, 'Our most gracious sovereign lord, King George.'

"When by design the rector omitted the prayer for the royal family, knocking was not heard.

"The noises were so varied, bold and persistent, that all notion of their being natural is placed beyond possibility.

"These are some of the varieties of disturbances which were heard: Commencing with a noise like the winding of a jack, knocking on the floor, on ceiling, walls and doors was daily heard. The turning of a wind mill, a carpenter planing wood, emptying a bag of money, the crashing of a hundred bottles, the overturning of all the pewter on the kitchen floor, rattling the door latch, knocking at the warming pan, shuffling amongst boots and shoes, turning the corn-mill, opening of doors, running about like a badger or a rabbit, walking up and down stairs as though trailing a long silk gown behind, imitating the groans of the dying, turning Mr. Wesley's trencher on the table before Sunday dinner, and when challenged by Mr. Wesley to knock his usual door knock, 1 -- 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 -- 7, at first refused, but afterwards imitated this exactly.

"How shall all these things be accounted for by the laws of nature? They cannot. The only conclusion which can be arrived at after a thoughtful consideration of the whole matter is that these disturbing causes were permitted for some wise purpose which served the end designed.

"Men of piety, learning and wisdom have plied their arts in vain to ascertain the cause and design of those supernatural disturbances and the solution of both seems as far off as ever.

"Emilia then twenty-four years old, writing to her brother Samuel that she had been too much inclined to infidelity, said, "I therefore heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple of the existence of some beings besides those we see."

"Emilia Wesley wrote to her brother Samuel, February 11, 1716: 'One time little Kezzy (six years old) pretending to scare Patty (ten years old) as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor and immediately it, (the spirit) answered with three knocks just in the same place."

"Anne, in her account to John, dated September 10, says that one night she was sitting on the press bed playing with some of her sisters when Molly, Hetty, Patty and Kezzy were in the room with Robert Brown.

"The bed on which her sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her on it. She leaped down and said surely 'Old Jeffry' would not run away with her."

Martin Luther had some such experiences. Might it not be that he and the Wesley family suffered such visits to tantalize them because of the mighty work they were to do later on?

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22 -- THE HOLLYWOOD GHOST

It has been reported on good authority that outside of the city of Atlanta, Georgia, there is a cemetery from which come orthodox Gospel sermons in the dead of night. As this cemetery is the resting place of my dear parents, our baby, Juliette, and a number of special friends, this story drew my attention. I could picture the many hills, the dales, and the piney woods that hide some of these graves. There is a rushing brook that dashes its way through the cemetery, sometimes rising after a rain until its mad

waters roll as though seeking to carry even the bodies of the dead before it.

When the above report came, I listened with both ears for I wanted to know all about it. My friends continued to describe the whole affair. I learned that these sermons were delivered in a clear, serious and authoritative voice and seemed to come sometimes from the cemetery and sometimes directly from the overhanging sky. Some have thought that the messenger of truth was once delivering a sermon and, before finishing it, dropped dead in the pulpit. Feeling he has not finished his life's work, he returns, during the sombre hours of the night when the owls are out to respond to his message, and attempts to complete the sermon.

Others declare that this ghost is a headless preacher who stalks about among the graves preaching the everlasting Gospel. Just where he keeps his voice no one seems to know but he preaches nevertheless, and preaches the truth. His favorite text seems to be, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good." Another is: "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be evil or whether it be good." The voice has all the qualities of an efficient speaker. It is clear, resonant, forceful; yet gentle and compassionate and contains sufficient authority to drive the truth home to hearts.

Hundreds of automobiles have parked in front of Hollywood Cemetery by night and it is believed that thousands of people have attended these nocturnal programs rendered by the ghost, and many times persons who had parked their cars out in the darkness for some wrong purpose, have become so frightened, on hearing the voice from the dead, that they have quickly sped away; we hope to mend their ways. There seems to be no doubt but that a real voice speaks from Hollywood Cemetery.

The news of the great work the Hollywood Ghost is doing has spread over the South: as a result cars from long distances have come laden with people anxious to listen to these midnight sermons. One came from Alabama.

Hollywood Cemetery is located on a very lonely and untraveled road. At night one would hardly want to pass that way alone. Yet at times when the ghost was preaching the number of automobiles has been so great that the city police has had to come out and direct the traffic!!

A newspaper reporter spent the night in the cemetery and his findings were so real that he returned to Atlanta and wrote a very graphic story of the ghost, illustrated with comic pictures.

Just how this situation can be explained has caused Atlanta to wonder.

Last summer on my way from a camp meeting in south Georgia, I stopped off and visited Hollywood Cemetery for I wanted to pray at the graves of my loved ones and place flower's thereon. I remained that night in a little cottage snuggled in a hidden nook by the cemetery and so surrounded by hills and verdure that it can scarcely be seen from the lonely road.

This proved to be the haunt of the Hollywood Ghost. He bade me be seated in an old-fashioned rocker. He has a pleasant smile, an intelligent mien and large kind eyes. He is serious and seems to be possessed of a desire to share the burdens and sorrows of the whole wide world.

The ghost's own story as came from his lips is in substance as follows:

"My wife and I have been greatly grieved over the terrible crimes that have been committed on this road. We wondered what we could do to lessen them. Finally the Lord revealed to us a unique way of preaching the Gospel, viz., by use of megaphones. We have several of them of various sizes. Sometimes I climb to yonder hill and preach. It is then the conscience-ridden sinners believe that I am preaching from the sky. Sometimes I merely step out upon our front porch which is so high that the sound carries well and still people believe the voice to be that of a ghost.

"One night the crowd so surrounded our house to listen that they broke down our front steps but we humbly believe good has been done and that many will find heaven who otherwise would not.

"My wife and two daughters often help me in these services either by singing or quoting Scripture.

"One night a policeman came out from the city to see me. He laughingly remarked, 'Understand, Mr. J____, I did not come out to stop your preaching, I merely came to direct the traffic, and to prevent accidents'."

And so the good work goes on. Real conversions have resulted and we trust there are more to follow. Will you pray for these

faithful missionaries who are laboring all day and far into the night for the Master?

If you want to know more of them, send stamps for a sample copy of the "Repairer" or fifty cents for a book of thrilling experiences written by the Hollywood Ghost. Address E. O. Jolley, Atlanta, Georgia, Repairer Publishing Co., Route 7.

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23 -- TRICKS OF EVIL SPIRITS

There is great danger that God's children will be deceived by the devil and led into spiritualism unawares.

A Christian gentleman once begged his dying wife to come and visit him if possible after death. She assured him she would try.

She passed out. His heart was broken, but one night after he had retired he realized her sweet presence and felt her head lying upon his arm. He was pleased and yet a bit skeptical, so asked his heavenly Father to reveal the truth to him and tell him if that person really were his wife.

God answered prayer. Instantly the person arose and left, climbing over the foot of the bed. As it did so the Christian gentleman discovered that it had the form of a demon! It never returned.

Satan is always "on the job," but he can be proven to be false.

A Methodist minister had a little daughter who was mentally deficient and could not learn to read or write.

One day a medium noticed her and offered to teach her to write. In a short time she had her doing slate writing. The little one became proficient and wrote very nicely.

Later on, when occasion presented itself, the medium called the child's father and showed him what the little girl could do. His heart was pleased, of course, to see his darling learning to write but he was not aware of the danger.

The child wrote whatever was called for with great accuracy and rapidity. Finally the minister, being a Methodist, asked her

to write a quotation from John Wesley. She wrote a long one and at the bottom signed the author's name.

Scanning it, the minister said, "That does not look like John Wesley's words."

Then he demanded, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth tell me who is writing this?" Immediately the little imbecile erased the words John Wesley and without hesitation wrote the word, "Beelzebub."

Then the father fully understood that his little daughter had been writing only as Satan had taken hold of her hand and the child was immediately taken from the medium's tutorship.

Another Case

The Rev. Dr. A. was a noted and venerable minister of the Gospel. One day his special friend, Dr. Blank, said to him, "Dr. A., I am afraid if you die, the Spiritualists will announce to the public that you are to appear at certain seances and thus try to use your influence to draw patronage.

"Now, let us agree on something that will test this thing." So they prayed that God would remove all of hell's forces from the room while the two ministers made an agreement.

"Now," said Dr. Blank, "let us make a secret contract that if you die first and the Spiritualists announce your appearance at their meetings, I will respond when you call for me by asking you to quote this certain Scripture text in Greek. By this means, I shall prove whether or not it is you speaking, or a demon impersonating yourself."

Shortly after this agreement, Dr. A. passed on to his reward. The Spiritualists, knowing the stand he had taken against their work, soon announced that they had called him up and he wished to talk with his old friend, Dr. Blank. The latter responded. When Dr. A. appeared, his name was announced.

Dr. Blank approached and asked, "Is this Dr. A.?" "It is."

"Tell me truly, are you really the Rev. Dr. A.?"

"Why certainly, why should you doubt your old friend?"

"Well," said Dr. Blank, "if you are really Dr. A. please quote for me the passage we agreed upon."

There was a painful silence. The demon impersonating Dr. A. was dumbfounded as he knew nothing of such a contract.

The medium fell off her couch foaming at the mouth and the supposed Dr. A. retired without proving his identity.

There are various little tricks and games which lead to Spiritualism, such as the ouija board and the passing of a door key over a passage of Scripture to find out whom one is to marry.

When asked about these games an ex-medium replied, "These are the first lessons of Spiritualism. They are very dangerous and should not be permitted in the home."

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24 -- MAY DEPARTED LOVED ONES VISIT US?

We have already noticed that the devil cannot through mediums or any other way release the spirits of the dead and allow them to visit us. If they seem to appear we have reason to believe that demons are impersonating them. Satan cannot bring a saint from glory to our side. He has no jurisdiction over heaven since he was cast out, neither has he power to release lost souls from hell that they may visit earth.

To attempt to "call up" our dear ones in glory would be unscriptural. Mrs. Penn Lewis and Evan Roberts of Wales say in their book, "War on the Saints," "Believers may unknowingly develop mediumistic conditions of which deceiving spirits are not slow to take advantage. They are careful not to frighten the believer by doing anything which will open his eyes but they keep within the range of what they will receive without question. They will personate the dead to those who grieve after their loved ones, and as they have watched them during life, and know all about them, they will give ample 'proofs' to confirm the deceived ones in their deception.

"Visions may come from one of three sources: the divine from God; the human, such as hallucinations and illusions because of disease, and the satanic which are false."

"'Visions' given by evil spirits also describe any thing supernatural seen by the mind or imagination, from outside; such

as terrible pictures of the 'future'; flashing of texts as if they were lit up; 'visions' of widespread 'movements,' all counterfeiting either the true vision of the Holy Spirit given to the 'eye of the understanding,' or the normal and healthy action of the imagination. The Church is thus often made a whirlpool of division through believers' relying upon 'texts' for guiding their decisions, instead of the principle of right and wrong set forth in God's words.

"In like manner as a 'spirit of divination,' deceiving spirits can use 'palmists,' and 'fortune tellers,' to deceive; for in their work of watching human beings, they inspire the mediums to foretell, not what they know about the future -- for God alone has this knowledge -- but things which they themselves intend to do; and if they get the person to whom these things are told, to co-operate with them, by accepting, or believing, their 'foretelling,' they try to eventually bring them about, i.e. the medium says such and such a thing will happen, the person believes it, and by believing, opens himself to the evil spirit to bring that thing to pass. They cannot always succeed, and this is the reason why there is so much uncertainty about the responses through mediums, because many things may hinder the workings of the evil spirits, particularly in the way of prayer by friends, or intercessors in the Christian Church.

However, it is reasonable to suppose that our sainted loved ones may at times know what we are doing and, if God is pleased, visit us as ministering angels. We are not permitted always to know of their coming to us though at times God may impart this knowledge.

A precious lady friend lost her husband "and was almost frantic over her loss. One year later she told me that her beloved husband was with her at times when she needed him most and his assistance then was greater than it could have been had he not died.

Recently in company with my husband, I was traveling from northern Michigan to Indiana. It was a long trip. On the second day as I sat communing with God, I began to think of dear Minnie - my husband's first companion. Just why I should be recounting her virtues in my mind at that particular time, I had no idea. In about two minutes our train pulled up to a station. Looking out of the window, we saw the name of the town on the depot.

"Decatur!" exclaimed my husband. "Why this is Minnie's birthplace. I did not know we were to go through here." He lifted his hat with quiet reverence and the train passed on.

Now, why did I think of Minnie as we neared her old home? Was it God who brought her to my mind or do you believe that she herself had anything to do with this coincidence? I do not know, but I like to think that sainted loved ones often see us and know what we are doing in this world.

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25 -- FALSE MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD

Man longs for revelation. This longing is a proof of the immortality of the soul. We cannot be satisfied with the materialistic side of life for the spirit must travel some day outside this realm of the material and wants to know something of the beyond and where it is going.

Death is cruel and unfeeling. We cannot comprehend him nor his works. He takes from us our best and sweetest and does not stop even to tell us why. When our hearts are torn and bleeding we long, oh, how we long, for a revelation -- for the screen to be removed.

Then it is that Satan comes with a temptation to inquire of mediums concerning our loved ones. There are several reasons why we should not yield to this suggestion. We herewith give only a few. Spiritualism gives one unrest.

We cannot deny that there is something in Spiritualism. An ex-medium, said to us recently, "A minister who makes the assertion that there is nothing in Spiritualism thereby proves ignorance and also his inability to help mediums. When I was in that work I was greatly troubled and annoyed with spirits. They are real and cannot be denied."

"Did you know they were demons?" I inquired. "Yes, later on I did. When I was sick I used to ask mother to leave the light burning as the spirits bothered me so much. I knew a Spiritualist lady preacher" he continued, "who was so troubled by spirits that she used to get out at night and run. Yes, I know there is something in Spiritualism: but thank God I have been delivered!"

Mr. J. Arthur Hill, a Spiritualist writer, admits deliberate fraud on the part of professional mediums and is skeptical with regard to "materializations".

We shall not dwell long here upon the deception practiced in Spiritualism. This is acknowledged by leading member's of that movement. Conan Doyle deplored this dishonesty.

"It is not unlikely," he thinks, "that persons who sit waiting, in darkness and expectancy, the appearance of discarnate personalities may pass into a mental state quite normal and closely analogous to hypnosis."

Orthodox theologians agree that the spirits of unsaved persons may not visit the earth and that mediums have not the power to bring back the spirits of the dead.

Our loved ones may not return to us" at our bidding nor at the call of mediums.

We are forbidden of God to patronize fortune tellers, necromancers and spiritualist mediums. The following are Scriptures on this subject.

Isaiah 8: 19, 20; 19:3. Lev. 20:6, 27; 19:31. I Sam. 28:3, 7-20. 2 Kings 23:24; 21:1, 2, 6. Deut. 18:10-12. 1 Tim. 4:1-3. 1 Chron. 10:13, 14. 2 Thess. 2:10-12. 1 John 4:1-3. Luke 16:29-31. Acts 16:16-18.

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26 -- TRUE MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD

But are we altogether shut off from communication with our sainted loved ones? There are differing opinions as to this.

We know that Christ, Peter, James and John sat and talked with Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration.

When Stephen was dying he saw the heavens opened and the angels coming for him.

St. Paul was taken up into heaven and saw and heard things which he felt he was not permitted to tell.

The rich man in hell saw into heaven and conversed with Abraham.

John the Revelator had visions which the Bible gives as authentic descriptions of heaven.

We know that man is privileged with communing with God who is in heaven.

Though there are many things about heaven and God that we do not know, we may all hear Him speak peace to our troubled souls and say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." To that extent we may have communication with the spirit world.

In Moore's "Life of Mrs. Fletcher" we find the following, written after the death of her husband, the Rev. John Fletcher. She says:

"He feels no more from the fear of losing me. Perhaps he is nearer to me than ever! Perhaps he sees me continually, and, under God, guards and keeps me. Perhaps he knows my very thoughts.

"It appears to me," she continues, "no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish and are divinely permitted to know. In this Mr. Wesley is of the same mind, (from whose writings I shall borrow some of my ideas,) and that they are concerned for the dear fellow-pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are; and though death is the boundary we cannot see through, they who have passed the gulf may probably see us."

Added to this, Mrs. Fletcher gives some seventeen pages of what seemed to her to be Scriptural and scientific proof that our sainted loved ones see us from heaven and know our lives.

She says in her diary of August 24th, five years after her husband's death:

"Last night I prayed that I might not have so disturbed a night as I have found of late, but that the Lord would keep away those harrying dreams which often disturb the quiet repose of my spirit. And it was so: About the middle of the night I saw my dear husband before me. We ran into each other's arms. I wished to ask him several questions concerning holiness, and the degree to be expected here, etc., but I found something like a dark cloud on my memory, so that I said in myself, 'I cannot frame the question I would ask; I am not permitted.' At length I asked, 'My dear, do you not visit me sometimes?' He answered, 'Many times a day.' 'But,' said I, 'do not principalities and powers strive to hinder

you from communing with me?' He said, 'There is something in that,' 'And does their opposition cause you to suffer in coming to me?' He answered, 'There is not much in that.' 'But do you know evelT material thing that occurs to me?' 'Yes.' 'And may I always know that thou art near me, when I am in trouble, or pain, or danger?' He paused, and said faintly, 'Why, yes!' then added, 'But it is as well for thee not to know it, for thy reliance must not be upon me,' He mentioned also some in glory who remembered me, and said, 'Mr. Hey is with us also; he bid me tell thee so, and by that thou mayest know that it is I who speak to thee.' Mr. Hey died a short time before, very happy in the Lord.

"I know our friends are not really divided from us; they are only become invisible. Perhaps if we saw the spirits of our dear companions at such seasons, we might be much tempted to put our trust in them. A veil is therefore drawn between; and all for our eternal good. But the Scripture declares, 'We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect:' but this is far more plain to their eyes than to ours, which are as yet under the veil. Lord, give me to rely on Thyself alone!'

Is it not possible that God allows our sainted loved ones to act as ministering angels to us at times? I do not know as this can be substantiated by Scripture. Perhaps if it were, we might make too much of it, and drift into Spiritualism. However, I would like to give a few incidents which to my mind give us license to believe that our sainted loved ones are permitted at times to assist us.

I was once preaching in a Nazarene Church in Los Angeles. When I had finished, the pastor arose and said his mother died before he became a Christian -- that many times after her death he felt her near him and heard her voice in his soul pleading with him to become a Christian. This continued until he finally surrendered himself to God.

One of the finest Christian gentleman of the Free Methodist Church -- a member of the executive committee -- told me that his mother died when he was a child. Ha lived in a small mining town where were plenty of saloons. There was no place to spend their evenings, quite so pleasant as the pool room and ale house, for home was not home without a mother. With his father and brothers he went to such places trying to find comfort and pleasure. But during all those years living among wicked men and surrounded by evil he never once touched a drop of liquor.

"This I attributed to the fact," said he, "that there was not a time while I was walking those streets and passing in and out of those saloons that I did not feel my mother with me. She seemed to be by my side all the time. God preserved me from evil and at an early age I found Christ."

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27 -- THE GHOST OF MEMORY

Eliphaz at one time became so frightened that his bones shook and his hair stood on end and it was all because he thought he saw a ghost. (Job 4:13-16.) Whether Eliphaz's ghost was genuine or not, we do not know, but the world acknowledges the existence of one haunting spirit and that is "The Ghost of Memory."

"Son, remember!" is the decree which can never be repealed and Retributive Justice makes it impossible for man to forget some things though he would be willing to give all if he could only do so. "One never forgets anything!" says a scientist. What we seem to forget is but imbedded in the subconscious mind, and will revive later.

Perhaps the Ghost of Memory is the most cruel of ghosts. He robs one of sleep and appetite, turns youth into premature old age and mars every pleasure by reminding man of his sins and failures.

A passenger train was once robbed as it entered a dark tunnel. During the robbing and murdering one robber constantly rang the engine bell. He later confessed that ever since that time that bell had been ringing in his ears.

"I smothered it!" confessed a heartbroken woman as she told how her husband had brought a baby saying she must keep it. "I couldn't bear it and I killed it, but oh, those cries and screams! I hear them yet: they have sounded in my ears ever since. I am almost crazy."

An ocean liner received a distress signal from a sinking ship. The captain of the liner refused to lend aid, and passed on. Years afterward he confessed that he had never been happy since -- that the sound of the whistle of that sinking ship had never died out of his ears.

"Nurse, can you undo?" asked a dying soldier. She did not understand. "Yesterday," said he, "my comrade's head was shot to pieces. He was a fine Christian boy when he entered the army but I

determined I'd make him backslide and I did. He gave up his religion just too soon, and I'm to blame. Say, nurse, can you undo?"

"Indeed, I think we shall do wrong -- my conscience condemns me I must return," said a young lady.

"There can be no harm," replied her brother, "in taking a Sunday excursion on the water, especially since we have resolved to go to a place of worship tonight."

"I must return," said she, "my conscience condemns me. What will my father say if he hear of it?"

By this time they had reached the bridge. A boat was engaged and the ladies were all helped into it by the men. Suddenly one of the gentlemen arose to greet one on shore. From some unknown cause he fell into the water. Everyone rushed to the side of the boat. It upset and all were dumped overboard. Women on shore fainted. Boats rushed out and rescued one after another. A number of physicians were waiting, but oh, no language can describe the horror when two of that party were found to be missing!

"Where's my sister?" inquired the young man. "Where's my Charles?" asked the gayest girl of the crowd. Two boats were then seen nearing shore, bearing the two missing ones. Charles was breathing, but the lady was unconscious. When it was found that she was indeed dead, her brother started up and became almost frantic.

"Oh, my sister, my sister, would God I had died for thee!... Oh, who'll bear the heavy tidings to my father?" said he as he paced the room like a maniac broken loose from his cell.

"I forced her to go against the dictates of her conscience and I am her murderer. I entreated one of the best of children to an act of disobedience which has destroyed her."

What a haunting thing is Memory's Ghost! Is there no hope, no relief from a guilty conscience? Perhaps you would give your all to be able to forget, but you cannot in this world or in the next, except by the grace of God. He says, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more against them forever."

In deep despair a murderer went forward for prayer. He said that the dead man was with him constantly. After confessing his

sins to God, peace came. He arose and shouted, "Oh, I'm so happy! The dead man is gone. He's gone! He's gone?"

Friend, confide your trouble to Christ. He will forgive and cause you to forget it all through the Blood of Calvary. He alone can give you rest from sin and from the awful hauntings of Memory's Ghost.

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28 -- THE PERSONALITY OF SATAN

We do not like to say much of Satan. But unless we know him, we cannot resist him. Often we have trials for which we blame others. If we could see the cloven foot in the case, that in itself would relieve the situation. We would know better how to resist and, knowing from whence our trials come, could fight or believe our way to complete victory. If we but knew it, many of those strange, weird feelings, sudden impulses and subtle temptations come from Satan.

Rev. H. T. Upchurch says on this subject:

"It is no uncommon experience for a sanctified person to have a cloud overshadow him that cannot be accounted for. Duty has not been neglected, the prayer life is enjoyed, and Bible reading is a pleasure; but all of a sudden a heavy depression settles on the soul. I have long since learned that is an action of the devil which should be resisted."

In order that our beloved readers may recognize him when next he visits them, we are in the following pages presenting some facts concerning this enemy of all mankind.

Once an archangel, now a prince of demons, might be the shortest history which could be written of Satan. This proves his existence and his personality. We cannot deny the existence of evil, which is not a primal cause but an effect. We must look for the source, which Scripture declares is a personality.

A young lady once said, "I don't believe that there is any devil. I believe that there is just an evil influence." This is an illogical statement, for an influence is not a primal cause. It is an effect. It is a radiation from a person, and cannot originate with itself. Therefore we conclude that evil has a source which is Satan. As there can be no goodness without God, so there can be no evil without Satan.

His personality is further proved by the fact that he is worshipped. In foreign lands there are devil worshippers. In London there is a church dedicated to Satan. The congregation prays to the devil and receives answers. When certain influential ministers of God are to go to England to preach, this congregation prays that they may be afflicted in body and their prayers are often answered. Much of our suffering that we do not understand is caused by the hatred of demons. Also suffering which we attribute to other causes sometimes comes directly from hell's emissaries who hate the Christ that is in us.

Satan has two characteristics which render him almost omnipotent. The first is his alertness.

That about us which tires is our humanity. Our spirits do not weary. The latest findings of science are that the mind never tires, that it is the body alone which is weary when study becomes distasteful. This may be true or it may not, but it is the truth that the spirit might work incessantly were it disembodied. This is proved by the fact that interest is sometimes so keen in that which we are doing that were it not for the absolute need of the physical we would not stop even to eat or to sleep.

The alertness of demons may be explained on this score. They never tire of working. They are at it all the time -- day and night. They seem to be all eyes and all intelligence, watching for every little chance to hurt or destroy. Surely our adversary the devil "goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

The second characteristic of Satan is his wisdom. We quote from John Wesley:

"Satan's wisdom may likely be reckoned next to that of God since he is believed to have been the highest archangel of heaven before he fell. With that sagacity all turned loose upon poor, weak, fallen humanity, what can we do without God to protect and to give us wisdom to combat with hell. No wonder saints often feel like praying constantly, 'Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us.'"

Sinners are led astray by the wisdom of Satan without the protection of God. No wonder they stumble. If the two forces, satanic and heavenly, were seen by the world in their true light, perhaps no one would yield to the power of darkness.

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"Properly speaking," says one great writer, "there is but one devil, whereas demons may be numbered by hundreds of millions. We know that a legion of the demons were cast out of one man. Satan himself is the arch-enemy of God and man. He is known by various names in the Scriptures. He is called Abaddon in Hebrew, Apollyon in Greek, and the meaning is 'destroyer' (Rev. 9:11). He is called 'the angel of the bottomless pit,' 'the accuser of the brethren' (Rev. 12:10), 'the adversary' (1 Pet. 5:8), 'Beelzebub, the prince of devils' (Matt. 12: 24), 'the great dragon' (Rev. 12:7, 9), 'the god of this world' (2 Cor. 4:4), 'prince of this world' (John 12:31), 'prince of the power of the air' (Eph. 2:2), 'the old serpent' (2 Cor. 11:3; Rev. 12:9), 'the tempter' (1 Thess. 3:5), and 'that wicked one' (Matt. 13:19; 1 John 2:13 and 5:19). All these titles, and yet others that might be given, are applied to the one great enemy, Satan. They are not applied to his underlings. These seem to have no personal names in Scripture, but are simply bunched and called 'demons'. I think it will be found on examination that in every instance where the word 'devils' is used in the plural, the Greek has 'demons'.

"It seems probable that most of our temptations come, not from the devil, but from demons. As there is but one Satan, and he is not omnipresent, he evidently could not attend in person to all men. He is, however, served by a strong force of allies who do his bidding and seek by every possible means the destruction of men.

"As to Satan -- he is the prince of demons, their generalissimo. His keen wit and far-seeing intelligence, with his next to omnipotent power, are at their service. They work through his power and under his direction. In one place we read of 200,000,000 of them turned loose on the earth at one time under his leadership (Rev. 9:16). We know that Satan is termed the 'god of this age' (2 Cor. 4:4). This seems to imply that the world as it now exists is under his infernal power and arrayed with him against the kingdom of Christ.

"Few men who can consent to remain in sin have any conception of their own abject slavery to Beelzebub. But it is certainly true that sinners are under his power. (Acts 26:18.) Their redemption consists in annulling satanic power.

"Satan was once an angel of light, burning and shining in celestial glory and evidently very near to the throne of God. He no doubt took high rank among the celestial hierarchy, All his skill and power seem to remain with him to this day.

"In the Book of Daniel we have an account of a time when the prophet went on a long fast, continuing three full weeks. There appeared to him an angel whose glory was marvelous. The description (Dan. 10:5-12) reminds one very much of the picture of Jesus Himself as set forth in the first chapter of Revelation. The angel's glory was so excessive that the prophet fainted before it, and needed a touch Divine to revive him. This glorious angel makes the following astounding announcement: 'From the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words. But the prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days; but, lo, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me.' Thus it seems that even this glorious celestial being had a three-weeks' battle with Satan, for he is evidently the one intended by the term, 'prince of the kingdom of Persia.' It seems that the assistance of even Michael, the great archangel, was necessary that the battle might be won. Might not this case solve the question of the delayed answer to many of our prayers?

"Daniel's petition was heard at the beginning, but help did not reach him for three weeks because of the obstructions put in the angel's way by Satan. Is not a man very foolish to put his life into the service of such a dreaded foe as this? Why should one willingly sell out soul and body for time and eternity to one who is the greatest foe of his own best interests? Satan shall have no part in my life. When we meet, it shall be on the battle field. Demons do his bidding, and they, like him, are infernal in their character and conduct. He who is wise will seek to be at once and forever freed from their presence and polluting power."

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30 -- DEMON POSSESSION

It is Satan's ambition to possess all the souls he can. During Christ's earthly ministry many were possessed. Many today are thus afflicted but the fact is not usually recognized.

The following we take from the pen of Rev. F. B. Meyer:

"An instance was related of an old and wealthy count, who was subject to fits of ungovernable passion, and was the terror of his wife and children. But when, in answer to definite prayer, God gave power to His servant to command the evil spirit to go forth, he became calm and gentle, and afterwards died in the full faith of Christ.

"On one occasion Count Pashkoff, with some other believers, prayed for four hours for a man who was all the while mocking them, and saying that their efforts were useless, that there was not one demon only in possession, but many. Finally, when in despair, the count said, 'Lord Jesus, we have no power at all to drive forth this evil spirit, do Thou do it,' there was an evident going forth of some evil influence, and the man became subdued and quiet.

"My friend, Baron Nicolia, also says that in his judgment there is a great difference between demon influence and demon possession, and reminds me that Dr. Howard Taylor has said that in China he was accustomed to diagnose the symptoms of demon possession in the same way he would any other disease.

"A godly man in the town where I am writing these words, who is just now greatly afflicted, confesses to be always conscious of an evil spirit who is perpetually beside him, and is constantly denying the truth of Christianity, and the Deity and power of Christ. He was a bright and useful servant of the Lord Jesus, until this befell him, and he is greatly tried by it. What depths of Satan there are! What mysterious influences may not be affecting the currents and movements of our time! We may be in the presence of mighty spiritual forces, which we are endeavoring to combat by wholly intellectual methods, forgetting that Spirit alone can cast out spirit.

"We once knew of a professed Christian man, wholly insane, yet whose friends were not willing to send to an asylum, as the family believed in the power of the Lord to heal. Whenever any one of them would enter his room, he would mock at them, with the most satanic leer upon his face, taunting them with the powerlessness of their God to heal him, telling them to call upon their God and let Him heal if He could. This was followed by mocking laughter. To remain in his presence became unbearable. One day when we were in his room praying with the family, the Lord said to me, 'Go and rebuke that evil spirit in him, casting it out.'

"'Oh! I cannot,' I said, never having had to deal with such cases of demon-possession before, 'I have not the power or the faith to do it.' 'Do you believe in the power of My name? Do you believe it has the same power as when I was on earth?' He asked. 'Yes, Lord,' I replied. 'Then go and use it. You do not need to have faith in any power of your own, but in the power of My name.' I arose, timidly to be sure, but with perfect confidence in the power of the name of Jesus (see Mark 16:17) and commanded the blaspheming spirit to come out, and found it instantly obeyed, for

even the countenance altered, and the whole sickness changed from that hour.

"Another case was that of a young lady suffering from melancholia, sent to us by a friend, rather than to an asylum which was a last resort. The poor girl could do nothing,, when awake, but arraign the wisdom and government of God in the affairs of men, by constant questions, until one felt like running from the room. At other times she would lie in bed for days, with her face buried in her hands, refusing to reply to anyone addressing her, or to rise. We prayed over her for days with no apparent results, until one day God showed us that she was possessed with a demon which must be cast out before the healing could come. (There is no healing of the devil.) We accordingly went to the bed where she was lying, and one of our number in the name of Jesus commanded the evil spirit to come out of her. This was repeated several times, as we felt great resistance, When the demon left, and the girl arose and proved to be entirely delivered from all satanic power.

Rev. H. G. Rushey, a Free Methodist missionary of South Africa, writes:

"It was our privilege recently at an out-station meeting to have a part in praying the demons out of a man who had given himself over to be their special tool.

"On the 6th of May, 1931, there came to our village a visitor, a possessor of demons, by the name of Andresson. Now I was very much upset to see him so bound by the demons. I prayed for him and talked with him of the God of heaven and earth, but the man answered, 'These demons are very stubborn and they will not leave.' Then I opened the Book of Mark, 16:15-20. When I had read those verses Andresson was set upon by his demons and they began to work on his body, a thing he had not experienced previously. Also when the demons became active there appeared in his hands two 'tinjele' (a sort of rattle used by witches, and often at dances). We do not know where they came from. When his stepson saw what was happening he spoke to me and said, 'Father, I know these demons. You will be bewitched, and not simply you yourself but also the things in your house.' Now I began to call in others of the village to pray, and we prayed about two hours and a half until the demons left. However, when we all arose from prayer the 'tinjele' were nowhere to be seen. We then asked him to remove the demon paraphernalia, to which he replied, 'If you think that God will help me I constant to remove them all.'

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31 -- DEMON OBSESSION

If Satan cannot enter the soul, he will endeavor to oppress it. Rev. S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on the Tempter," says, "We are more familiar with the term, demon possession, than with the companion term, demon obsession. Demon possession means that a demon or evil spirit has been allowed to come in and take possession of one's personality. The other thing, or demon obsession, is extremely common though not much recognized. It means simply that evil spirits are attacking, disturbing or annoying us.

"Demon possession is impossible without the consent of the man whose personality is taken possession of. But obsession is possible without such consent, because it is an outer attack, and the remarkable thing is that obsession by demons is quite a common experience of the saintliest people; though rarely recognized. Indeed it seems to be true that it is the earnest, consecrated, saintly ones who are singled out for this form of attack.

"Whatever disturbance or annoyance an evil spirit may cause in this way comes under the general head of obsession. The mental depression, the melancholia and mental stupidity really belong under this head. Sometimes the attack takes the form of mental stupidity, or the sense of extreme tiredness when reading the Bible or praying or attempting some bit of Christian service.

"I recall an earnest Christian woman of much more than usual mental keenness who for a long time was troubled in this way. Her mind was clear enough with other matters or books, but when she turned to her Bible reading, she seemed mentally stupid and seemed unable to get anything out of it. She would kneel and pray at night, and intense sleepiness would come over her; yet when she would rise from her knees and retire for the night, sleep would leave her eyes. This continued long, until a bit of light broke. She recognized that an evil spirit was attacking her, and steady resistance in Jesus' name brought relief which has come without a break.

"I recall the experience of a man of mature years and well seasoned judgment. He had been led to take an advance step in his Christian life which meant much of sacrifice. He has since been used in Christian service in a marked way and to an unusual degree. This experience came after the step referred to had been

taken. He was awakened in the night by a sense of an unwholesome presence in the room, or rather the feeling that the room was full of evil beings. A peculiar feeling of horror came over him, with strange bodily sensations. The air of the room seemed stifling. He quickly recognized that he was being attacked, rose from bed and attempted to sing a verse of a hymn with Jesus' name in it. It seemed impossible at first to get his lips open or any sound out. But he persisted and soon the soft singing was clear and full, and the spirit atmosphere of the room cleared at once. With grateful heart he lay down again and slept sweetly until morning. Yet he is a man of unusual caution with a critical matter-of-fact spirit of investigation.

"A friend told me of an earnest godly man of more than the average sanity of judgment. It was shortly after retiring for the night, and before sleep had come, that a peculiar sense of awful blackness came over him. With the same sense of mental keenness that marks such experiences, he seemed to know that his mind was slipping away from his control. He could not recall who he was and realized that he could not. He could not even remember his name. There was an overwhelming sense of blackness as though his mind were saturated with blackness that was pressing in upon him. He said he was conscious of being conscious of only one thing-the name of Jesus. He clung to that, saying the name Jesus over and again. It was as though every power of thought and of speech were gone save that of uttering that name. Relief came, and with a sense of gratitude that could never be told he prayed and went to sleep.

"Evil spirits attack the saintliest men and women in these and similar ways. Failure to recognize the nature and source of the attack has sometimes led to serious results."

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32 -- SATAN AND MENTAL DEPRESSION

Mental depression is a favorite mode Satan has of attacking Christians. Much depression is due directly to bodily conditions, but there is a great deal coming directly from hell. The degrees of this depression vary from the smallest amount to melancholia, insanity, and suicide. It usually begins with an absence of peace. The soul realizes that God has hidden His face and imagines that His presence is withdrawn because of displeasure. This fear chills faith, and this condition makes secret prayer a disappointment until it finally becomes mechanical.

Bodily affliction, or distress of mind, caused from outside influences, misunderstandings, unkind treatment, one's own sins or blunders may cause one to be pressed beyond measure until he is driven to distraction or a state of dense, spiritual darkness. From this condition one usually may extricate himself by persistent fasting and prayer, but sometimes when Satan has decided to depress the soul, it is hard to pray into light and victory. It sometimes requires days, weeks or months to rise above everything. But God is able. The longer the siege, the greater the victory.

During this period of depression of soul one is likely to "strain at a gnat". He may apologize for little acts which have no moral quality in them whatever; while those who have caused this suffering do not apologize at all and even blame the conscientious one for suffering at all. They may accuse him of being sensitive, babyish or even carnal. Then the pressure becomes so beyond measure that one may appear queer, and some may even suggest that he has lost his mind.

Just why it is difficult to extricate oneself from such a state is unknown to most people. The reason is that Satan is troubling the soul and does not intend easily to relinquish his hold. The easiest way out is to discover the devil in the plot. Perhaps it was Evan Roberts who said, "Here recognition is half the remedy and if it lead to quick resistance in Jesus' name, the relief will be complete."

May we give our readers fair warning, i.e., if you want to save yourself from a degree of suffering in the future -- so awful that your mind cannot now comprehend it -- deal gently and tenderly with all those who are now suffering physically, mentally or spiritually. You may not understand them, and it is likely you will not, until you yourself pass into like borrow.

Rev. Joseph Parker says, "Oh, this cry for mercy! I would you could all feel its pathos as I have felt it, and be broken down by it. When your little child says to you, "Have mercy!" then spare him. When the wife, or the husband, or the friend, or the client says, "Have mercy!" you will never be so godlike as when you say, "For Christ's sake, I will."

"Then there will come into your throat a great lump and your heart will swell and your spirit mellow.

"The way to interest God in your prayer is for you to answer a brother's prayer. Heaven wants to repay your human love. If you

are not attentive to the wants of others, how can you ask God to love you? "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

By living a life of kind consideration of your loved ones' feelings, you make it easy for God to cover you with a cloak of protection against the cruel assaults of Satan later on.

It was a Negro who saved Jeremiah's life by interceding for him with the king and by pulling him out of the dungeon. Later when Jerusalem was destroyed, God saved the Negro's life because of his kindness.

When St. Paul was in prison, a certain man visited and ministered to him. Little did he know of the great blessing he would receive for his small act of kindness, to say nothing of the fame he has acquired because of this. His name is now published to the whole Christian world by Paul who says of him: "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain: but, when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day: and in how many things he ministered unto me at Ephesus, thou knowest very well."

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33 -- TANTALIZING DEMONS

If the devil cannot get one into sin, he will try his best to annoy him in one way or another.

He will inject fear into the mind, or worry and tantalize him with a thousand and one suggestions.

We have partly learned the valuable lesson that when we feel especially tried about a matter, it is because we do not need to be tried.

Demons delight in tormenting God's saints by suggesting evil thoughts and worrying them with ideas far beneath their dignity and holiness. If not promptly resisted these thoughts develop into temptation and temptation if harbored becomes sin.

We once heard of a saintly woman, perhaps it was Madame Guyon, who suffered thus for a long season; and after much fasting and prayer, relief came and Jesus appeared to her.

"Why were you so long in coming, dear Lord? Didst Thou not know I have been suffering intensely?"

"Were these thoughts pleasing to thee?"

"Oh, no, dear Lord, far from it. But I was so afraid I might have grieved Thee."

"Well then you had no need to fear so long as your heart did not consent."

May we say to those who are thus annoyed, recognize that you are God's property and trust Him to defend His own and in due time drive away the accuser who is throwing mud at God's Building.

The best of saints sometimes awaken in the morning depressed. The glory and bright witness of the preceding evening are no longer in evidence. They may wonder if God is displeased with them. Sometimes one may feel half backslidden and yet not know what he has done to grieve God. Or he may awaken literally frightened at circumstances, prospects or even at nothing at all.

This condition may arise from one of three causes: 1. Perhaps one has made some mistake which he did not see until now and God wants to talk to him about it. 2. It may be God wishes to warn him of coming danger through temptation or accident. 3. It is possible that this depression of spirit may come directly from Satan who likes to accuse innocent ones of guilt and cause them to suffer from false condemnation. Under any condition one should immediately arise and pray until the cloud vanishes.

Now, why does Satan thus love to torment God's children in the early morning? Because before he fell he was styled "The son of the morning," It probably was his business as an angel to scatter light and good cheer at daybreak and now that he has been cast out of heaven he continues to work in the early morning. He may be jealous of angels who are commissioned to visit us on awakening. At any rate it seems to be his business to be on hand first thing in the morning to annoy God's children. This however, may turn to our account by driving us to prayer the first thing upon waking.

One time Billy Bray preached at a camp meeting. The altar was full and souls were seeking God. Just then he had an impression that his house was on fire, several miles distant. He jumped on his horse and galloped away, leaving a glorious revival. After a long, exciting ride he arrived at home only to find the house

standing where it was when he left it and the family all asleep. Then Billy discovered that it was Satan who had driven him home.

Under such hurrying impressions one should take time to pray and seek guidance from God. A hurry spirit is generally of Satan.

Amanda Smith had gone in obedience to God to hear Rev. John Inskip preach, some distance from her home in New York City, as she was seeking holiness. When she was enjoying the service and taking in every word, Satan tantalized her. She says, "I heard my baby scream -- as distinctly as ever I heard a child scream." She had left him at home in the care of her daughter Mazie, thirteen years old.

"Satan said, 'You told Mazie not to take that child up but she has done it and let him fall!' " It seemed actually real to her and her heart stood still and a voice said, "Trust the Lord."

"As Brother Inskip warmed up and I was feasting, my baby screamed out again. I jumped, and it seemed that all the people in the church heard; it was so plain.

"'There,' the devil says, 'James (her disagreeable husband) has come home and Mazie has not done as you told her and you will catch it when you get home!!'

"Oh, I felt that if I had wings I would fly. A sweet voice said, 'You said you would trust the Lord.' I sat back and was drinking in the sermon. Again I heard my baby scream. 'There, Mazie has let him fall and broken his back.' I got up and walked to the end of the pew!"

She determined to leave as she could get no peace of mind.

"'Didn't you say you would trust the Lord with that child?'

"'Yes, I did, and I will trust the Lord even if he is dead.'"

In a few moments she was sanctified sitting there. What glory! On arriving home she found her husband had not been there at all, and the baby had not been awake for one moment, but was sleeping sweetly.

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"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure," says the old hymn written by Thomas Moore.

While we are speaking of demons, we must mention the one who whispers, "No hope!" He is one of hell's best workers. He accomplishes great things, for when a person is disheartened, he can do but little.

There is one sorrow which eats up one's life forces perhaps more than any other -- that of losing a loved one who was not a Christian. Particularly is that sorrow deep when the loved one was taken suddenly. But God has a way to heal even in such a case.

One dear mother lost a beautiful daughter who was not saved. The remorse on her part was beyond description. She mourned, wept and prayed until at last she was comforted by this thought: "She is in the hands of God. Whatsoever is right, He will do."

We cannot fully know of the great goodness of our Heavenly Father. He does His very best to save and is not willing that any should perish. Perhaps as the soul is passing into the other world, God may sometimes have mercy and reveal Himself to him as He did to the thief on the cross.

An unsaved young man, accidentally fell into deep water. He could not swim and began to drown.

Instantly, his whole life of sin passed before him in panoramic style. In another instant his heart repented and looked to God for pardon. Immediately that pardon was given while the boy was still under water.

After much effort he was rescued and "brought to," praising God for salvation. Then he told of his sudden and complete conversion and said, "If I had died, you would have thought that I was in hell, but I would not have been there. I would have been in heaven."

Not every Christ rejecter might thus receive forgiveness in the last moments.

My husband and I once assisted in a camp meeting when the president of the camp told us the following bit of his experience in words nearly as follows:

"Years ago we had a son who broke our hearts and ran away from home. We did not know where he was. We mourned, wept and

prayed for his salvation and for his return. Months passed. One day a messenger came saying that a corpse was to be brought to the house, that oily boy had been killed on the railroad. I climbed to the hayloft and prayed, "Now, Lord, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee, but we would like to know if our boy is saved. Kindly answer me now, in the name of Jesus. Amen.' Instantly a wave of glory swept through that hayloft, knocking me prostrate onto the straw. Then God spoke, telling me he had saved our son and that he was now with Him in heaven. I rushed from the barn into the house, praising God.

No sooner had I entered the parlor than another wave of glory floored me. I shouted aloud the praises of Jesus. Just then footsteps were heard on the porch and strong men brought our precious boy's body into the home. Joy and sorrow then mingled. It was an awful blow, but I have never doubted the Divine assurance that our lad reached heaven in safety."

If you, dear reader, can pray through, clear through, until God speaks to your soul, you shall receive great comfort from Him who is styled "The God of all comfort."

My friend's uncle was a very wicked man. He lived a low life, and finally was accidentally killed. Of course we had no hope of his salvation. But last week while we were visiting a son of the deceased, he took us upstairs and, pointing to an enlarged photograph, said, "There's a picture of mother. She died a glorious death. Just before she passed over, she said, 'Oh, I see Jesus, and, look there's G_____ too. They have come for me.'"

"Is that so?" said my husband. "I thought your father was an awful sinner."

"He was," said H____; "he was very wicked but just one week before he was killed he began to repent. Mother often found him up at two o'clock in the morning, weeping and praying. Not only that, but father confessed and apologized to the proper parties. However, mother was doubtful of his salvation as he never left a definite testimony. But after her death, we were well satisfied that he had made it through."

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35 -- SATAN IN EVANGELISM

The methods Apollyon uses to hinder evangelistic efforts are varied, for revivals are always opposed by him and his emissaries.

His first attack is upon the saints to keep them from taking time to pray through for the salvation of souls. His second attack is upon the church in general, he knows that they will have to humble themselves, make apologies, or seek a deeper experience before sinners will yield to Christ. Satan so thoroughly opposes this latter move that it requires sometimes a week or ten days to get the church in working order. After this is accomplished God usually descends upon the scene.

Then the attack of Satan is sometimes upon the evangelist. The enemy often brings distraction or excitement just before the altar call is given. The fire in the stove must be replenished, or a window adjusted; a baby will cry, a dog rush into the room, or some one will faint and have to be taken out. This is one of Satan's impolite turns just to break the spell of conviction by attracting the attention of the people. Then it is that the evangelist must keep in the Spirit, use tact and the wisdom that comes from God.

Another attack upon the evangelist is made by discouraging him with his effort and getting him to discontinue his altar call just a little too soon. I remember once assisting in a camp meeting in Owosso, Michigan. One night a noted and very successful evangelist preached. We sang and sang and no one came to the altar. The audience was small and scattered over the large auditorium, and personally I felt that the people had not been deeply impressed.

About the time we should have planned on pronouncing the benediction, this evangelist said to the workers on the platform, "Keep praying and holding on. Souls are coming. I've seen many a meeting fail because it was closed too soon." We sang on and soon the break came and a number of earnest seekers knelt at the altar.

At this writing we are holding a revival in Belfast, Ireland. Husband is evangelizing in Africa, and our son, Everette, is conducting a revival in England. Last Sunday night, after we had battled for a week here, we faced the largest audience this church has seen for years. People sat and eagerly listened to the truth, and I felt that now was the time that the break should come. Just as I was closing the appeal some one arose and opened a window almost over the pulpit. That distracted the audience. Then we arose and gave 'the invitation. No one came. Not a hand was raised for prayer. We sang and no one made a move. My spirit fell. An awful, black depression came over me. I felt defeated. I exhorted again and did my best but no one responded. "What, must I close

this service," I thought, "without a victory?" I knew God had helped me to speak.

"No use," whispered some black spirit into my soul. Instantly I recognized that as Satan. I said, "Lord, this meeting is Thine. I plead the blood-I plead the blood. Rebuke Satan. Thou knowest we have met the conditions of having a revival here and we shall have one. Thou canst not fail us now."

In a few moments the altar was filled. It all happened quickly, and, oh, what praying! Souls plowed through on their knees to real victory, and I saw again that Satan had planned to ruin that important service by injecting doubt and discouragement into my mind and causing me to close the invitation too soon. Oh, how we need to live in the Spirit!

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36 -- THE ACCUSER

Confession of sin is not conclusive proof of the guilt of the confessor, so says civil law. A man may be coerced into a confession, or under the pressure of accusation and surrounded by the atmosphere of suspicion and guilt he may succumb to the belief that he is guilty. Or it may be that he does not understand legal terms, and believing that some petty offense of which he is guilty rightfully comes under one of the divisions of crime, he may confess to that crime. There is on record the case of a man who, I believe, confessed to being guilty, of larceny. Investigation proved that he was innocent, but the truth finally leaked out that the accused did not know the meaning of the word larceny.

Now, in like manner, Satan our accuser loves to tantalize God's children by accusations which annoy and frighten. My sainted mother was super-conscientious and lived very close to God. Satan knew this and used to trouble her greatly. His method was to swoop down upon her mind at two or three o'clock in the morning and awaken her suddenly with a terrible sense of guilt. At such times she commenced to pray immediately and open honestly her heart to the light of the Holy Spirit, asking Him to search her and show her her guilt, promising Him that she would at once make right any wrong that she had committed against God or man. As she prayed her sense of guilt always vanished until she realized that she was perfectly clear in the sight of God. This terrible experience was repeated morning after morning, with the same resultant sense of relief through prayer, until Satan finally let her alone on this point.

It is quite usual for the accuser to weaken one's nervous system by disease, fright, calamity, bereavement or unkind treatment of friends or foes; then to continue his onslaught by accusing the soul of sin or of some terrible mistake.

While traveling in the British Isles recently I had the pleasure of receiving a book called "War on the Saints," from Rev. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, written by himself and Mrs. Penn Lewis. On page 229 we find the following on this subject:

"Victory over the devil as an accuser: The difference between the accusation of the enemy and his temptations is that the latter is an effort on his part to compel, or draw the man into sin; and the former is a charge of transgression. Temptation is an effort to cause the man to transgress the law, accusation is an effort to place the believer in the guilty position of having transgressed the law. Evil spirits want the man to do wrong, that they may accuse and punish him for being wrong. Accusation can be a counterfeit of conviction -- the true conviction of the Spirit of God. It is important that the believer should know, when the charge of transgression is made, whether it is a Divine conviction or a satanic accusation.

"(1) The devil may accuse when the man is truly guilty; (2) he may accuse when the man is not guilty, and cause him to think, and believe that he is guilty; (3) he may endeavor to pass on his accusations as a conviction, and cause the man to think that it comes from the evil nature, when he is not guilty at all.

"Evil spirits are able to infuse a sense of guilt. Sin itself comes from the evil nature within, but it is not forced into the personality from, without, apart from the person. How can the believer tell if evil spirits are at the back of involuntary sin? If the man is right with God, standing on Romans 6, with no deliberate yielding to known sin, then any manifestation of sin coming back again unaccountably may be dealt with as from evil spirits.

"The believer must therefore never accept an accusation -- or a charge, supernaturally made, of having transgressed -- unless he is fully convinced by intelligent knowledge and clear decision that he has done so; for if he accepts the charge when innocent, he will suffer almost as much as if he had really transgressed. He must also be on guard to refuse any compulsory drive to "confession" of sin to others, which may be the forcing of the enemy to pass on his lying accusations.

"The believer should maintain neutrality to accusations, until he is sure of their real source, and if the man knows he is guilty, he should at once go to God on the ground of 1 John 1:9, and refuse to be lashed by the devil, as he is not the judge of God's children, nor is he deputed as God's messenger to make the charge of wrong.

"Malicious spirits try to make the man feel guilty by their nagging accusations, so as to make him act or appear guilty before others; at the same moment flashing or suggesting to other's the very things about which they are accusing him, without any cause. All such 'feelings' should be investigated by the believer. Feeling wrong is not enough for a man to say he is wrong, or the accuser to accuse him of being wrong. The man says he 'feels' wrong. He should ask, 'Is the feeling right?' He may feel wrong, and be right, and feel right, and be wrong. Therefore he should investigate, and examine the question honestly, 'Am I wrong?'

"The devil as an accuser also works indirectly through others, inciting them to make accusations which he wants the man to accept as true, and thus open the door to him to make them true; or he accuses the believer to others by 'visions' or 'revelations' about him, which cause them to misjudge him. In any case, whatever may come to the believer from man or devil, let him make use of it for prayer, and by prayer turn all accusations into steps to victory."

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37 -- FALSE IMPRESSIONS

"Try the spirits." -- 1 John 4:1.

Satan has counterfeits of everything that is good. He even counterfeits God's impressions and Divine leadings.

When one becomes a Christian, the devil becomes very wily and attempts either to inspire or to drive him to some unwise act which he will afterward regret-some act which he believes the Lord asked him to perform.

If the deed be committed in perfect sincerity and the purest of motives, God will overrule and take care of it. But one does not always know his own heart. There may be a tinge of the self life which at the time is so thoroughly covered with good intentions that it is not easily discovered. There may be a bit of

egotism -- a desire to show off -- to be seen or recognized as above the average. When this is true to any degree, it is difficult for God to overrule blunders.

Self-opinionated people like to prophesy some future event such as a pestilence, a war, or the closing of the Gentile Age. Sometimes one even goes so far as to set the date when some such event is to take place; then when the prophecy fails there is chagrin. If it come to pass, spiritual pride says, "I told you so. The Lord told me that before it ever happened."

Again, a great world-wide revival is foretold and if some do not believe, the prophet is ready to argue. Friend, if such a revival is coming in answer to your prayers, why not keep still about it? Do you not know that to herald abroad an expected answer to prayer on any line hinders the answer from coming? May we quote from Rev. Daniel Awrey on this subject?

"In Psalm 24:14 we read, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' There are some things that the Lord puts into our hearts that He considers as secret; and just as sure as we give away His secret, that which was shown so clearly to us does not come to pass.

"Sometimes the Lord gives us an assurance about some matter, and as we talk about it and tell it out, the assurance weakens and the circumstance does not come to pass; then we are humiliated and God is not glorified.

"We might turn to Judges 16:17, 18, and find where Samson gave away the secret of his power. The Word says, 'He told her all his heart,' and later on we read, 'And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.' What caused the Lord to depart? Giving away the deep secret that neither Delilah nor anyone else should have known. In Nehemiah 2:12 we read, 'Neither told I any man what God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem.' He didn't tell it out, and you know how successful he was.

"It is a great hindrance to God's work when we fail in this way, for people will soon call us false prophets. May the precious Spirit of God teach us. You will have to watch carefully, because sometimes you will feel so happy you will think you just have to tell it, but you must not tell anybody. Little things that I have told only to my wife have failed, but I have learned how to cherish the Lord's secret. Sometimes when the children were sick she almost thought I didn't care; I had the assurance that God had undertaken the case, and yet I could not say anything about it.

Keep it in your heart, under the blood, and then just sit back and see the Lord work.

"Many people fail in their healings right along this line. They think that when they get the assurance the healing is settled, and they talk about it, and it fails on their hands, even after they have had a wonderful touch from the Lord."

After being used of God one should watch particularly against pride. John Wesley gives the following wonderful advice to Christians, It should be read and re-read by every one. "Beware of the daughter of pride, enthusiasm! Oh, keep at the utmost distance from it; give no place to a heated imagination. Do not hastily ascribe things to God. Do not easily suppose dreams, voices, impressions, visions or revelations to be from God. They may be from Him; they may be from nature; they may be from the devil."

And again, sometimes a person thinks God is leading him to do certain things. He obeys his impressions and that very obedience leads him into darkness or into blunder which exposes his ignorance or seems to prove that the Lord Jesus does not answer prayer.

When a person is given a vision or a strong impression, it is best for him to be perfectly quiet about it until God tells him to speak -- because he may not at first fully understand the vision. We naturally add a little unwittingly, i.e., our own thoughts mingle with God's proposal and it is difficult to know just exactly how much God really said and how much we thought out ourselves.

I have in mind a precious, saintly woman who lived very near the heart of Christ. She often prayed all night and fasted all day. Great were her answers to prayer. She received a vision one time which showed her that a minister of the Gospel was living in sin. She inquired of the woman involved. The latter confessed. This led to the restoration of both her and the guilty minister.

Later on this godly woman received other visions which proved to be genuine. Then came an impression or a vision that indicated that God wanted her and a certain man to be united in marriage. She proposed. He consented. They were married. Then feeling divinely led, as she thought, to leave a good holiness church "because of its lack of vision," she did so and joined one that was more visionary. Here she continued to receive visions. One was that she should shorten her dresses, paint her face, bob her hair

and have it marceled. This impression she obeyed and thus led her Christian daughters away from the pilgrim track into worldliness.

God does not ask us to get out of our places as ladies or gentlemen in order to obey Him.

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38 -- A SPIRITUALIST SEANCE

While we are investigating this subject let us describe to you a Spiritualist seance. We are indebted for the information in this chapter, to an ex-Spiritualist medium.

"There are a number of different kinds of seances; viz., the clariaudient, the clairvoyant, the materializing, the trumpet and the transfiguration.

"In the clariaudient the medium alone hears the voice of the spirit and communicates to the seeker or patron.

"In the materializing seance all who are present may see the workings of the spirits.

"In the materializing seance the spirit comes into the room in the form of a body which is claimed to be made of vapor of chemicals. This spirit cannot be touched without permission from itself. It has a very cold, deadly feeling which causes one to shudder. These spirits often speak but the voice is very droll, sad and solemn. If a friend asks, "Are you happy?" the spirit answers in a very low, mournful voice as though there were some question as to its veracity, 'Oh, yes.'

"Now let us describe a seance. Any room that will hold about fifty people will do. In this room chairs are placed as near as possible in a circle. Adjoining this is a small room called a cabinet. It may be a bedroom or a large closet. If such a room cannot be had, the cabinet is built inside the large room and consists of a frame covered by black cloth and hung in front by curtains that overlap and part. In this cabinet the medium sits. Opposite the cabinet, on the wall is a small box containing a dim light. This light may be shut halfway or entirely off by means of a slide which is operated by a string passing through a pulley.

"After the people are all seated, the medium enters the cabinet and takes his chair. The cabinet tender plays a number of sacred or sentimental numbers on the Victrola, then the slide on

the light is let down, leaving the room in total darkness. During this time demons enter the cabinet. The slide is raised a bit and a very dim light reveals, to the astonished audience, spirits looking out at them from between the black curtains which close, then open. The demons gather boldness according to the faith of the people in Spiritualism and do not come in full strength and appearance until that faith is tested.

"Now a demon appears and beckons to a certain person in the audience who is looking for a departed loved one. Then a conversation is held. Sometimes a demon makes a mistake and calls the wrong person. He does this purposely in his attempt to prove that he is not a demon but a departed spirit -- a relative of the visitor. The cabinet guide is a demon or so called spirit who comes to entertain the crowd. He appears in the seances, jokes and says funny things. He flirts and waves his hand at the girls.

"I have seen a large Hindu, much taller than the door, come out of the cabinet, dematerialize in the center of the room, then materialize again in another spot. The supposed spirits of men all come dressed in black and those of women in white.

"The trumpet seance is slightly different. The room is in total darkness. The seekers or patrons sit in a circle around a table upon which are placed trumpets. One or two songs are sung such as 'Will the Circle be Unbroken?' or 'I Have a Father in the Spirit Land.' Then the trumpets float around the room and through them come the voices of spirits. Sometimes a spirit sings the song with the audience. His voice sounds terribly weird and sad. Then the so-called spirits come and talk with their friends through these trumpets. At the close of this seance the trumpet guide, who is a demon called a 'doctor,' comes in and bids the seekers all good night. These seances cost from fifty cents up.

"Now let us describe the work of the medium. When he enters the cabinet for any kind of seance, he takes his chair and puts himself into a blank state of mind. Then he feels as though a band were being drawn tightly around his forehead until he dozes off into unconsciousness, entranced. The medium feels as though he were dying. Sometimes the whole body, from the neck down, prickles. When in this condition the medium cannot move.

"At one time when in this state, I was greatly frightened because of the spirits I saw, and attempted to run, but was unable to rise from my chair. It was hot weather and I was almost overcome with suffering and heat. There was no possibility of a draught or a breeze touching me, but soon a very cool, refreshing

breeze fanned me and I was enabled to stay in comfort. This came directly from demons.

"When the seance is over, the medium comes out from his trance but often is so exhausted that he has to have water or food. He groans and moans, then calls for cold water. He usually is hungry and orders a dinner. Mediums do not as a rule eat anything before going into a seance. They claim that the spirits work better if they have not partaken of food. Mediums do not enjoy this work as Christians enjoy theirs. They often feel a fear of entering into the cabinet. They say it is on account of the 'strong forces.'

"The seance of materialization is said to be controlled by an Indian guide or spirit who speaks in his language and goes around shaking hands with the seekers. To close this seance the Indian causes the medium to speak in the Indian language, then untrances him. Thus we learn that mediums can speak in tongues while under the power of demons.

"Spiritualists are not happy. They are not possessed of a heavenly rest of soul.

"Spiritualism is hell-sent, hell-controlled and hell-bound. So all who follow it are on their way to hell. When once in it, very few people ever get out. Many take their own lives or get killed, or perhaps die insane. A few have been delivered. Glory be to God! He delivered me after sixteen long years of belief in Spiritualism. Reader, seek God. Don't let the devil delude you."

"I have felt the touch of demons on my body. Once during a seance another medium was sitting in the cabinet. I wanted to enter myself but did not dare lest my spirit should not be tuned to his. So I prayed to the demons in charge and asked them to take me into the cabinet. I felt a hand on my arm which led me into that dark place. Led by him my presence was not a hindrance to the seance as it otherwise would have been."

The above writer agrees with orthodox ministers that the spirits who appear in seances are all demons -- that mediums have not the power to bring anyone to earth. There was one exception, i.e., the case of Samuel. That was a direct interposition of God who alone can cause spirits to return.

Another proof that spirits are demons or that demons appear to some in the form of ghosts is the fact that criminals sometimes confess that their crime was suggested to them by a ghost.

We are in receipt of a news item sent us from England, which states that a certain train wrecker caused a terrible tragedy where twenty passengers were dashed to death in a ravine. When in court he confessed the following:

"A ghostly spirit urged me to commit deeds of disaster that would shock the world," he said. "I resolved to follow the example of Trotsky, who became the great leader of men as the result of his actions of violence."

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39 -- A NIGHT WITH DEMONS

It was on Sunday morning, July 26, 1931, that I arose under a great burden and tried to pray. A number of things troubled me which I could not readily cast upon the Lord. My face was bathed in tears when, to my happy surprise, Jesus spoke and said, "If you will go to see that bandit today I will answer your prayer." Quickly I dried my tears and made full arrangements for the trip, inviting several workers to accompany me. The bandit was Mr. C____, the leader of the gang of robbers who had molested many cities, including Chicago and Cincinnati, but could never be caught. It seems now that Mr. C____ had become repentant and had expressed a desire to "go straight". Fearing that he would be exposed if Mr. C- got right, a fellow bandit shot him, and now he was lying in the hospital in a hopeless condition, with six bullets in his head and more in his body. One of his number had threatened to finish killing him, so he was constantly guarded by his wife or mother, and a detective.

When we arrived at the hospital we found the man pale, weak, and unconscious. By his side was his mother, a nice appearing Methodist lady who sat tenderly wiping the perspiration from the face of her wayward son as he neared the valley of the shadow of death. I stepped up and introduced myself. She received me graciously, and said, "Can you pray?" "Yes, indeed," I answered, and without further conversation we laid our hands very gently upon the head of the dying man.

I had little faith, but knew that God had sent me, hence there must be hope. In a quiet tone of voice we asked God to bring Mr. C____ back to consciousness long enough to find peace with Him. In a moment the man "came to," trembled all over, pulled the sheet as though in despair, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. He seemed to want to talk but was unable, so I spoke cheerfully,

saying, "Brother C____, Jesus is here and wants to help you. Trust Him to forgive all your sins just now, He loves you." Then rather than weary him unduly we left him for a few moments. When we returned he had lapsed back into unconsciousness, but after we prayed again, he aroused, trembled, pulled the sheet, and wept greatly. The Spirit of the Lord drew very near and we realized His wonderful presence. Mrs. C____ was very happy and remarked, "I believe he understands." We left, assuring her that we would continue to pray for her son.

On our way home two of the workers expressed their belief that Mr. C____ had found Christ. We certainly did hope so, but longed for greater evidence. The bandit had repented in a measure before he was shot, and could not Christ appear to Him now and finish the work of salvation?

On reaching home I opened my Bible and read, "Who willeth not the death of any," and kindred passages that seemed given directly to encourage my faith for so great a sinner. Added to this a gracious spirit of prayer remained with me for the man's soul for two days and two nights; then suddenly it lifted and I became very happy. I was alone in my room, sewing, at the time. I looked up and spoke audibly, "Lord, why am I so happy?" I had a peculiar joy, not of earth. But reason told me that if Christ had truly won a victory, I would suffer for it, for hell had lost a victim of note.

Satan is a person and can make himself as sensibly felt as does Christ. There are hours of darkness when we are ushered into the very presence of perdition and seem almost smothered with the black clouds from hell. St. Paul said: "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Martin Luther declared that on the eve of the Reformation evil spirits entered into his room and troubled him. One night he was so annoyed by the presence of Satan that he actually picking up his ink bottle and threw it at him. John Wesley and other early Methodists had battles with demons who caused the windows and the very house to shake. This may seem like imagination to some who have never troubled the Devil enough to be bothered by him in return.

On retiring that night I examined my heart and, finding that my motives had been pure in all that I had done, I crept into bed, trusting Christ. But no sooner had I begun to doze than I was aroused from slumber by the same terrible feeling that lost souls have when they exclaim, "There is no rest in hell." I began to call on God, but He chose to let me become acquainted with

infernal influences for one night. I was calm in my soul, however, and would not allow myself to become excited, but I had the sane consciousness that my room was full of demons; I knew the air was in a commotion and there was a terrible conflict of some kind on hand.

I once was dying, when my mind was able 'to hear and comprehend both time and eternity, earth and heaven; it was thus on this night when demons visited me. I do not ask anyone to believe it, but with my spiritual sensibilities I felt that Satan and a host of demons were on the outside, trying to break down the walls of my room; also there was a most terrible commotion in the air; I could see with my spiritual vision, missiles flying in every direction. To add to the confusion, great boards seemed to be flying through the air. They clashed together with a terrific force, causing a wild disorder, and there was an infernal terror about it all that cannot be described with tongue or pen. There was a vehemence in the strange activities of that night which spelled bitter hatred, and that hatred was all directed against me, because I had tried in my weakness to help a prince of bandits.

Suddenly I was literally possessed with a most unusual fear of burglars. I arose and locked my door, but that did no good. I am not a Spiritualist, but I certainly was having a seance that night all my own. Some are wanting a new thrill; I had a series of them that night. However, my faith held steady and I prayed, "Lord, nothing can hurt me since I have done my best," but I must confess I was very conscious of the terrible visitors. I felt so little and utterly helpless with my own quiet room invaded by demons who seemed to have agreed to remain with me all night. They moved about like lightning, and their activities were increasing in rapidity with every moment. I know now a little of what hell is like. If the presence of a few demons could make one suffer thus, what must it be to be in hell with millions of dark spirits? Yes, hell is real; it is no old fogy notion.

Satan seemed determined to punish me so thoroughly that I would never again attempt to help a bad person find Christ. I could stand it no longer so opened the door and slipped out into the hall; I wanted to run, but refused to obey the impulse, for I knew it would only increase my fright. I stepped into a small room and got down to pray where I could look out upon the lights of the sleeping city. I do not know how long I remained there, but it must have been several hours.

I did not know how to pray. In fact I could not pray; my lips were sealed, everything seemed strange to me, so I just waited before the Lord with a few feeble words of petition. After considerable time, sweetly the answer came, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words: "If Mr. C_____ is lost, it is a proven fact that your visit did him no good; if it did him no good, then hell had no cause to trouble you as it has tonight; Satan does not thus bother people when they do not injure his kingdom. Such an extraordinary experience is evidence that you have scored some wonderful victory, something eternally worth while; that victory is real and the conflict correspondingly so. Therefore you have reason to rejoice and should take it as a compliment that hell has paid so much attention to you tonight."

Then Jesus appeared to me as the great, compassionate Savior, whose heart beats in tender love for the sinner; who saved the thief on the cross and who is anxious to bless all such who repent. He assured me that He had done His best for the bandit.

Then I saw that Satan had in the past often troubled me and I had not understood. When I had suffered thus I blamed myself or others. I had often endured terrible onslaughts from the enemy and had not known how to fight him. I saw also that we conquer through the blood of Christ; that to keep every act of our lives constantly covered by the crimson flow is our only safety; that we should frequently pray to be thus covered by the blood, lest a sin of ignorance might expose the soul to an attack of the enemy.

This was a wonderful night of prayer; I did not care to retire; the first part I had spent with demons; the second, with Christ Himself. It was sweet to sit and listen to His voice. I know a little of how Jesus felt when, after the forty days and nights of temptation, "angels came and ministered unto him."

Shortly before daybreak I retired, and the next morning awoke literally bathed in blessing and victory, with the calm assurance that Christ had conquered and that Satan was a defeated foe.

* * * * *

40 -- WRONG AFFINITIES

Much might be said of the relationship of spiritualism to hypnotism, mental telepathy and spiritual affinity. The Bible mentions familiar spirits when forbidding us to patronize spiritualist mediums. "A man also or a woman that hath a familiar

spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death." -- Lev. 20:27.

There is one strange and subtle snare laid for the feet of those who seem to be well established in grace, and that is spiritual affinity, or an undue drawing of one heart toward another of the opposite sex. The danger of this is that at first there is nothing apparently carnal about it. It seems to draw souls together in the Spirit. It is God in the person that is admired, then, little by little, the carnal element enters.

The parties may be married or single, old or young. Indeed, the middle-aged and old seem to be more affected on this line than others. The snare usually is laid in religious services or where the persons are thrown together. A woman confides in a good man. They pray together and are a great inspiration to each other, never dreaming of the snare Satan is setting for their feet. A brother comes to a good sister for religious counsel and Satan injects a thought of evil, particularly if those who are asking counsel are unfortunate enough to have unsaved companions, or those who are not the help to them that they should be. This may or may not lead to outward sin; but the spirit is contaminated.

Spiritual affinity often enters while the workers are engaged in successful revivals or camp meetings. It sometimes begins at an altar service.

Just to be frank, it seems to us that there needs to be some reform regarding the conducting of these services. To the outside world it appears that a great crowd of men and women mingle freely and dump themselves in a heap around the seekers. Of course this is not true, but could there not be some rules which would make things look better from the outside?

The world likes to reflect upon Christian people by casting insinuations against them. For this, if for no other reason, it is wise for women to work with women and men with men at an altar service. If this rule cannot be kept to the letter, let there be no familiar glances or actions, and no touching of the other's person.

A very prominent Methodist pastor of Los Angeles has a rule that he never rides in an auto alone with a woman. A good lady evangelist announced when she began a certain revival, "I am not here to ride around the country with preachers," and it had a good effect. The writer makes it a rule not to be the only woman on a platform of ministers. If there is no other lady evangelist, she

gets the pastor's wife to accompany her, even if she has to bring the baby.

It is not so much a matter of conscience as of decorum, for perfect politeness blends beautifully with holiness; indeed it is a part of it. Read 1 Cor. 13. The writer once made several holiness women angry because her spirit reproved them for their softness and familiarity toward a certain prominent holiness leader; and when occasion demanded that she herself have a rather long talk with the brother she hunted up his wife and invited her to be present. Carnality does not like to be disturbed or exposed.

Many a valuable minister is now preaching on past unction, and leading souls to Christ while he himself is below par spiritually because of carelessness along this line, Spiritual affinity has robbed thousands of heaven, and is now causing thousands more to work on, backslidden in heart, deceived and going to hell.

Spiritual affinity is made possible by and has its foundation in one or more of the following conditions:

1. When the parties have the same likes and dislikes.
2. When their callings are similar.
3. When they have the same leadings or convictions.
4. When they find in another what they fail to find in their own companions.
5. When home ties are not so pleasant as they might be.
6. When they are more or less in bondage to each other's opinion.
7. When the spirit is exhilarated in the other's presence. In such a case one may mistake this for the blessing of the Lord, while it is just the opposite.
8. Spiritual affinity starts in the mind or the spirit. It is not a physical affinity. Indeed, at first the physical appearance may be repugnant. But if the affinity continues it may end in the flesh.

My husband says, "Preachers, priests, doctors and dentists are trusted further than any other class of men. Women, as a rule,

are of a clinging, dependent disposition. They love to associate with those who are socially above them and, sad to say, some of them in order to have fellowship with brainy men will cease to be on their guard and to make every one feel, Come thus far and no farther. This has led to the downfall of many who were once pure and innocent."

Sad Confessions

The phone rang. I answered. A lady wanted to see me. We made a date and met. Her story was as follows: She was the organist in a certain mission, and was a good altar worker; but her husband, though very devoted to her, was unsaved. The minister who had, about six years previously, led her to Christ sometimes called at her home to read the Bible and to pray with her. She thought a great deal of him for he had been a great help to her and, since he was several years her senior, she thought nothing of his coming, though her husband was usually away at work.

A "divine love" sprang up between them (as they thought) and they never dreamed of the carnal element that had so insidiously entered. The Bible became more and more interesting as they together delved into its pages. He knew better, but she trusted him. He came once too often, and now it was too late. She was almost insane. What could she do?

"I dare not tell my husband, for he will kill him," she explained.

The truth began to leak out. Terrible things followed, and now there are two unhappy homes.

Thousands of people are thus guilty before God of an affinity, but it has never been known to the public, because they have not allowed it to lead them into crime! One evangelist confessed that he had some such affinity at every place he held a revival.

A lady once confessed to having ruined two prominent holiness preachers -- not by actual, outward sin, but in the spirit. She threw her power over them and compelled them to notice her and to be in her presence. She was seeking holiness when this confession was made, and she added the awful news, "That is why those two men died prematurely. God had to take them away to prevent my disgracing them."

Office girls are in great danger of wrong affinities. One dear girl told me that her boss was just wonderful. "He often invites me into his private office, not to work but just to talk," she said. The fact was he truly admired her for her solid Christian character, and felt drawn to her; but not realizing her danger and being of a sociable disposition, she soon woke up to the fact that there was a strong attachment to that man, though she would not for ten thousand worlds have yielded to crime; neither would he have had the disposition to intimate it. But she had gone too far in spirit.

Another case. She was a devoted wife and mother and had been a Christian; but she came to our altar as a chronic seeker. We were informed that she knelt at the altar of nearly every special revival effort and no one could help her. She had once been a flaming evangelist, and the contrast was so great that some thought that her mind was affected; others intimated demon-possession; but now she confesses.

Her health broke down and she went to a good physician who was well recommended. He gave her massage and chiropractic treatments which seemed to benefit her. But, as time went on, he wove a web of infatuation around her, or at least so far got her under his spirit that he made her believe that certain small liberties were essential to her recovery. He took her a hair's breadth from the path of right by telling her that it was in the line of his profession. Little by little she drifted until he had his mesmeric power completely over her and she had gone. When she awoke to her condition she almost lost her mind. Though her noble husband has freely forgiven her, yet she has never been able to find peace of soul and is now on the verge of insanity. Let all who read take warning.

Another case came to us in a great metropolis. A dear young woman, tired out in mission work, was given money for chiropractic treatments and was told to go to Dr. ____, the very finest in the city. This gentleman had a wonderful office, and his wife treated patients just across the hall. His kindness was unmeasured to the new patient, as she was a Gospel worker, and he gave her several free treatments. She did not realize the strange power he had over her until she woke up to the fact that he was not honorable. But by that time she found herself unable to break away. "I was partly to blame," said she, "for I knew better but did not know how to save myself."

She was another chronic seeker at our altar. Friends wondered why she was in such awful darkness when she had so recently been

happy in the Lord. She had lost her health and youth worrying about this, and seemed utterly unable to find rest of soul. But what about that wicked doctor? He still holds forth in that beautiful office, like the spider inviting flies to enter, then ruining their lives.

Not only are women in danger, but also men. One young preacher confided to my husband that he had been led astray in the office of a woman. One of the saddest cases is that of a noted minister of the Gospel whose "sun went down at noonday." He was suffering from a nervous breakdown. Kind women waited to him, taking turns rubbing his head to relieve the pain. This led to an infatuation, and now all his good works are forgotten, and "his everlasting reproach shall never be wiped away."

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

* * * * *

41 -- DREAMS

Now shall we try another door and see if it will open into the other world? Possibly we may thus receive some enlightenment from dreams.

Among all races and in all ages dreams have been supposed to have some significance. There are dream books which are consulted by many who desire to learn the interpretation of their mental night wanderings.

It is said that Aristotle once wrote a book, "Concerning Dreams and Their Interpretation". In this the author held that dreams have their origin in Divine inspiration.

Many people believe them to be of no consequence whatever -- just queer things, and indeed most of them are.

Leslie D. Weatherhead, in his "Psychology of the Service of the Soul," says: "In dreams we often have the power of recalling events which have long ago dropped out of consciousness. This is due to the fact that our dream life belongs to our subconscious life, namely, to our mental life that is below the level of consciousness and that in the depth of that unconsciousness, as we may call it, lie all the memories, all the perceptions of our mind since the day of our birth; and during dream conditions these memories may be recovered."

Because of this fact one may dream of where a long lost article may be found.

Dreams have a number of different origins:

1. Desires that are so deeply imbedded in the soul that they are not perceptible by the individual may be voiced in dreams.

2. If anything weighs heavily upon the mind during the day, it may cause a troubled dream. If the conscience is not at ease, the mind and body cannot rest, though asleep.

3. Another cause of dreams is mental anxiety over one's work. Solomon said, "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." For this reason one should if possible finish the duties of each day before retiring and always commit himself to the Heavenly Father in prayer ere closing his eyes in sleep. "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

4. Another cause of dreams is poor health. Everyone knows the effect of a fever or of liver disorder upon the mind when one is asleep.

5. Still another cause of dreams is a tired stomach which has worked all day,, then is compelled to work at night digesting food. As if lonesome when working alone, Mr. Stomach seems to attempt to awaken his master by talking to him in dreams. When one retires for the night, his sleep will be more restful if he has not partaken of a late supper.

6. One important cause of troubled sleep is some deep menace, fear or anxiety which one is not properly facing -- some moral obligation which is troubling him. It is best to always look matters squarely in the eye before retiring and never sleep until plans are made for settling every matter between God and man, as soon as possible. We are admonished by St. Paul, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The literal meaning of this is, "Apologize before sundown."

Rev. L. D. Weatherhead relates the following: "Some time ago a young woman came to me at my room. She had been sent by her doctor, and she brought a letter from the doctor with her. In the letter I was advised that the patient was on the verge of a very serious breakdown, but that all the doctor could suggest was that she should go away for a rest and take sedative medicines.

"Truly the patient was in a pitiable state and could not keep from tears. It was exceedingly difficult to get behind her mind in order to see what was the matter. Her heart throbbed violently,

and she showed all the symptoms of nervous distress. We got at it a last through a dream. This was the dream as reported by the patient. 'I stood just inside the porch of my house while a great storm raged in the street. In the middle of the road stood my brother. He seemed distressed at the violence of the storm and had no mackintosh or umbrella. At last I rushed out with a coat, threw it over him, and brought him to my house. In doing so I got drenched.'

"I immediately advised the patient to sit down at my table, write a letter to her brother, invite him to tea at her house, and make it up. (She was a married woman with a home of her own.) She asked how I knew she had quarreled with her brother, but this she had told me in the dream which, obviously, is simpler than most and freer from distortion. She wrote the letter, made it up, came back in a week, when I asked her if she wanted another appointment. She replied that was quite unnecessary as she was better and was sleeping and eating normally, and I may add that her very facial expression was altered. It possessed a new radiance. The doctor was amazed at the cure.

"Now the right course of action is always the healthful thing to do. God made us like that. Therefore when she writes to her brother, inviting him to tea, and makes up the quarrel, she at the same time shares the brother's troubles and resolves her own conflict. When the conflict is resolved the cause of the 'breakdown' disappears and a rapid cure follows. It would have been little use the patient taking drugs, for they do not touch the mind. And a holiday at the sea is a poor remedy if you take with you a troubled mind. 'The sea saith, It is not in me.' -- Job 23:12."

7. While psychology and physiology enable one to interpret many dreams yet there are others which cannot be interpreted only as coming from Satan. A wicked dream is not necessarily a sign of a wicked heart. The devil likes to annoy or tempt through dreams. He works upon the subjective mind when we have no control of it, but as long as we resist evil we are safe.

8. Then, again, many dreams are mercifully sent by a loving heavenly Father to guide, to encourage or to warn. The Bible states that Joseph was warned by a dream to flee into Egypt. Pharaoh was warned in a dream of a seven-year famine. Job says, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." -- Job. 33:14-16.

I once had a dream of warning which I believe saved our son Everette's life.

After our baby Juliette went to heaven I was harassed continually by the thought that if we had only known enough to have taken greater pains with her when she first contracted a slight cold, perhaps she would have lived. "I blamed myself, I blamed others, and could get little relief in prayer. No one could comfort me. Finally I asked God to please give me a dream that would help me. In mercy He answered. That night little blue-eyed Juliette came far enough out of heaven to speak to me and said, sweetly and distinctly, "I am here by Divine appointment." Then she vanished. I awoke, oh, so happy to think that she was in Divine order in being in heaven. Thus, my days of mourning were in a measure ended.

The following dream is recorded in the diary of that wonderful woman, Mrs. John Fletcher, and may be found in her biography written by Henry Moore.

"When I was at Leeds some time since, I had much proof of the goodness of God in many ways. On the whole it was a journey for good. I heard a dream of a good woman while there, which was made a blessing to me. She thought she was dying, and felt her soul leave the body. Immediately she found herself standing in the presence of God. Jesus appeared to her as seated on a white throne! He beckoned to her with His hand, and said, 'Come up hither.' When she was by His side, she saw many of the saints, with the angels. Among them was William Bramwell; he shone very bright. Some others she knew also. Our Lord then pointed to the crowns of some saints still on earth; and she understood by the appearance of some of those crowns that the persons were in great temptation. Our Lord and the glorious company seemed to sympathize greatly with them; and when by faith they conquered, a jewel was added to the crown, and the whole shone brighter. But every time they gave way to any corruption, a gem dropped out, and the whole crown turned dark! Sometimes there seemed joy in heaven over them; sometimes a kind of mourning. She sat some time in sweet delight, and then, awakening, found with amazement she was still in the body."

A dear friend had lost her mother. She was in doubt in regard to the deceased one's salvation. It worried her day and night. Her mother had repented a while before her death, had given up sin and the world, but whether or not she had received the evidence of pardon was the one great question to this daughter. She came to me

with her trouble. What could I say? The only thing to do was to pray. Some time after, the daughter called for me. I went and found her extremely happy, and walking the floor for joy. Said she, "I told the Lord I must have an answer. Last night it came. I dreamed a hand appeared to me -- the hand of Christ. Oh, that hand! It was the most beautiful hand I ever saw. It contained a long letter written to me by my own dear mother. In it she told me how happy she was and what a wonderful time she was having visiting friends, giving them all by name.

On reflection the daughter remembered that each one whose name was in that letter had died saved. Her mother closed her letter by assuring her girlie of her love. On awakening, my friend found herself bathed in glory. She had been blessed of God in her sleep. Jesus had spoken, and now her joy was unmeasured for she felt assured that her precious mother had made the portals of Heaven in safety. "But, oh, that hand," she said, "I can never forget how wondrously beautiful it was."

My husband and I recently held a camp meeting in Bellaire, Michigan. Outside of the town, on a mammoth cherry farm, lived a very estimable couple by the name of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Greenman.

One day we took dinner in their beautiful home. Mrs. Greenman told us that her only son, Eugene, when four years of age one morning awoke and said, "Mother, I had a pretty dream last night. I thought Jesus came and took me to heaven in an airplane. Wouldn't you just love to see Jesus, mother?"

Ever after that dream, he watched the sky, expecting God to come and take him. It was not long before he had scarlet fever. During his sickness he talked about Jesus and longed for Him to come and get him. In a short time his spirit went to heaven.

Mrs. Greenman told us of another dream of warning. Her two brothers, both unsaved, went into the World War. One night she dreamed that she saw soldiers marching. Following them was a company of angels keeping perfect step.

She awoke, but the dream impressed her so that she realized that God had sent it. That night a telegram came saying that her two brothers had died of the flu. Later a letter stated that both had found God on their deathbeds, and one especially had left a beautiful testimony. Was not this a dream of comfort to sustain and comfort until the letter came telling of the conversion of the boys?

It is wise never to treat lightly a dream that impresses one to change his life for the better, for very often it so happens that a dream is God's last call to a soul.

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42 -- ANGELS

Inasmuch as we have spoken so much of ghosts and demons we feel it might be in order to mention the subject of angels.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." -- Psa. 34:7.

"And the angel of his presence saved them." -- Isa. 63:9. "An angel from heaven strengthened him." -- Luke. 22:43. "Who maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flame of fire." -- Heb. 1:7. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"Holy angels in their flight
Traverse over earth and sky.
Acts of kindness their delight,
Winged with mercy as they fly."

The Scriptures abound in their references to the beautiful deeds done by these white winged creatures. They visited Abraham and Sarah, helped Lot out of Sodom, delivered Daniel from the lions and comforted Jesus in the garden.

Sometimes they appeared as angels, and at other times as men, hence the admonition, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." In the case of those who visited Abraham and Lot we are of the opinion that no one could know by their appearance that they were not ordinary human beings, and that even Abraham and Lot did not know this at first.

You who have read the life of Sadhu Sunder Singh remember that he had a number of experiences in his evangelism in India which seemed to prove that angels are still ministering to saints on earth, and that they still appear as men and not as angels. After their work was done they disappeared or dematerialized at will as in Bible times.

After his remarkable conversion from heathenism, "with a deep determination to make the name of Christ known in this hostile

country the Sadhu began his work, knowing that sooner or later bitter persecution would be his lot. At a town called Rasar he was arrested and arraigned before the head Lama on the charge of entering the country and preaching the Gospel of Christ. He was found guilty, and amidst a crowd of evil-disposed persons was led away to the place of execution. The two favorite forms of capital punishment are being sewn up in a wet yak skin and put out in the sun until death ends the torment, or being cast into the depths of a dry well, the top being firmly fastened over the head of the culprit. The latter was chosen for the Sadhu.

"Arrived at the place he was stripped of his clothes, and cast into the dark depths of this ghastly charnel house with such violence that his right arm was injured. Many others had gone down this same well before him, never to return, and he alighted on a mass of human bones and rotting flesh. Any death seemed preferable to this. Wherever he laid his hands they met putrid flesh, while the odor almost poisoned him. In the words of his Savior he cried, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'

"Day passed into night, making no change in the darkness of this awful place and bringing no relief by sleep. Without food or even water, the hours grew into days, and Sundar felt he could not last much longer. On the third night, just when he had been crying to God in prayer he heard a grating sound overhead. Some one was opening the locked lid of his dismal prison. He heard the key turn and the rattle of the iron covering as it was drawn away. Then a voice reached him from the top of the well, telling him to take hold of the rope that was being let down for his rescue. As the rope reached him he grasped it with all his remaining strength, and was strongly but gently pulled up from the evil place into the fresh air above.

"Arrived at the top of the well, the lid was drawn over again and locked. When he looked around his deliverer was nowhere to be seen, but the pain in his arm was gone, and the clean air filled him with new life. All that the Sadhu felt able to do was to praise God for his wonderful deliverance, and when morning came he struggled back to the town, where he rested in the serai until he was able to start preaching again. His return to the city and his old work was cause for a great commotion. The news was quickly taken to the Lama that the man they all thought dead was well and preaching again. "The Sadhu was again arrested and brought to the judgment seat of the Lama, and being questioned as to what had happened he told the story of his marvelous escape. The Lama was greatly angered, declaring that some one must have secured the key and gone to his rescue, but when search was made for the key and

it was found on his own girdle, he was speechless with amazement and fear. He then ordered Sundar to leave the city and get away as far as possible, lest his powerful God should bring some untold disaster upon himself and his people. Thus was Sundar delivered from a fearful death, and praised God for interposing on his behalf.

"When he was plunged into the misery of an eastern prison at Ilom, to find himself herded with all sorts of evil characters, he wrote in the flyleaf of his New Testament these words:

"'Nepal, June 7, 1914: Christ's presence has turned my prison into a blessed heaven; what then will it do in heaven hereafter?'

"So sure is the Sadhu of Christ's continual presence with him that he expressed no surprise when the following event took place in his life. When traveling through a wild part of Tibet and unable to enter the village because of the hostility of the people, the Sadhu took refuge in a cave. He had not been there long when he saw a number of the village people approaching him with sticks and stones, and feeling that his end was near he commended his soul to God in prayer. Within a few yards of him the men suddenly stood still, and falling back some paces they began to whisper together. Then again they came forward and said to Sadhu, 'Who is the other man with you in bright garments, and many more who surround you?' He replied that there was no man with him, but with awe the men insisted that they saw a host of bright ones standing all round the cave. Then the men besought the Sadhu to accompany them to their homes, and going with them he spoke of Christ so that they feared and believed his words. He then knew that God had sent His angels to preach to these men."

David said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." -- Psa. 34:7.

"Incidents such as the following show the spirit in which the Sadhu takes his deliverances. On one occasion he was preaching in a village of Nepal, called Khantzi, where considerable opposition was being shown. The villagers seized him and, rolling him up in a blanket, hustled him out of the place, but a stranger passing by took his part and released him. The day following he was again preaching in the same place, and this so angered the villagers that they took him and bound him by his hands and feet to a tree and left him there. Slowly the day wore on, and being faint for want of food he looked longingly at the fruit on the tree just out of reach. In that strained position he at last fell asleep from exhaustion. In the morning he awoke to find to his amazement that

his bonds were loosed. He was lying at the foot of the tree and by his side lay some fruit. He then praised God for the suffering he had endured for Christ's sake, ate the fruit with thankfulness of heart, and went on his way filled with fresh courage to preach the Word to those who know it not.

"On another occasion, when he was in a place called Teri, some men told him that in a certain village the people were anxious to hear the Gospel, and they gave him instructions as to the way he should take. Following the directions he wandered on for a long time through marshy jungly country, but without seeing any signs of a village. The undergrowth grew thicker, and presently he discovered he was lost in a jungle from which there seemed no escape. Arrived at a stream he thought that by crossing it he might find a way out, but on stepping into the water he found the current so strong that any attempt to cross it would endanger his life. Evening was closing in, and in a dejected frame of mind he sat down by the stream to consider what next to do. Listening to the weird sounds of the jungle, and watching the increasing darkness, his mind became full of apprehension, for soon the wild animals would steal from their haunts in search of food, and his life would be safe no longer.

"He prayed earnestly to God, and then looking across the river in the gathering gloom he caught sight of a man, and the words reached his ears, 'I am coming to your help.' Then he saw the man plunge into the stream and swim across, and taking the Sadhu on his back he swam to the other shore with him. Arriving on the bank he saw a fire at which he began to dry his wet clothes, but even as he did so the stranger disappeared, and the Sadhu was left to meditate on the wonderful ways of Providence in thus sending help to him in this unaccountable way.

"Yet one more instance is worth relating. The Sadhu had been preaching at a place called Kamyon where much bitter enmity had been exhibited. The whole day had passed without his being able to get any food, so, hungry and weary, he found himself in a desert place without shelter for the fast-closing-in night. Very weak and miserable he lay down under a tree and soon fell asleep. About midnight it appeared to him that some one touched him and bade him arise and eat, and upon looking up he beheld two men with food and water standing over him. Imagining that some villagers had had pity on his condition he gratefully partook of the refreshments thus offered to him. When his hunger was satisfied he turned to converse with the men who had brought the food, but there was not a soul to be seen anywhere. Now they had disappeared he could not

tell, but again he blessed God for His kindly provision for him in time of need.

One missionary says of him, "He is never impatient, never too wearied to meet people who seek him, always gracious, and ready night or day for the tasks that fall to him. He is a living copy of his Master. Sharing his Master's spirit he also shares His loneliness. Speaking of such a time as this he tells of a day when he was unusually tired, hungry, and footsore. Utterly dejected, he was painfully trudging along when he was joined by a man who entered into conversation with him, and so led him out of himself that he forgot his misery in the charming companionship of his new friend. They went on together until they came close to a village, when much to the Sadhu's perturbation he found himself once more alone. He cannot explain it, but his own words are, 'I now know that it was an angel of the Lord sent to strengthen and uphold me in my hour of weakness.'" -- Taken from his Biography.

Unseen Guardians

C. G. Steinhofer, formerly of Germany, was a Christian, firm in faith, consistent in principle and practice, and, as a clergyman of the Lutheran community, very earnest and zealous in fulfilling what he considered to be the duties of his calling. These were often arduous and unpleasant, but he did not shrink from their performance. On one occasion he was informed that the chief man, the highest public officer in his district, was living in sin, to his own disgrace, to the inexpressible grief of his wife, to the sorrow of every really Christian citizen, and to the great scandal of the church there, of which he was a member. On receiving this information, this faithful guardian of the flock went at once to the offender and reproved him kindly.

The rage of the public officer was so great that, in the insanity of passion, he determined to kill his faithful reprover. Knowing that on that afternoon Steinhofer would visit a sick member of his congregation, he determined to waylay him and execute his wicked design. The road from the parsonage to the residence of the sick man passed through a small wood, in the recess of which, behind a tree, the intending murderer placed himself with a loaded gun. In due time the clergyman came in sight, but, to the dismay of the watcher, two men appeared to him to be with him, one on either side. This for that time baffled his intention; but being determined to effect it, he concluded to do it when the visit was over, and therefore remained waiting in the wood. Steinhofer, after a short period, returned, but, to the surprise of his enemy, the two men who had appeared to accompany

him as he went were still apparently beside him; and thus he again passed safely through the wood, not knowing that it concealed an enemy.

Perplexed in mind and uneasy in conscience, the officer felt an earnest desire to know who the men were whose presence had protected his intended victim. To obtain that knowledge he sent a servant maid on some trivial errand to the house of the minister, telling her to: find out who the strangers were who accompanied him on his afternoon visit. She made the inquiry and was told that he went out alone, and took nothing with him but his Bible, which he carried under his arm. This reply to his question startled the inquirer more than ever. He immediately dispatched a messenger to the clergyman, demanding who those two men were, who, one on his right and the other on his left side, accompanied him to visit the sick man. The messenger was also instructed to say that his master had seen them with his own eyes.

C. G. Steinhofer, although he knew not what peril he had escaped, yet felt convinced that the Lord's hand was in the thing, and also that He had by His preserving providence been round about him that day. He bade the servant tell his master that he knew of no man having accompanied him. "But" he added, "I am never alone; the Lord whom I serve is always with me." This message, faithfully delivered by the servant, produced a powerful effect on the master. His conscience was alarmingly awakened. He immediately complied with the requisitions of duty, and the next morning, as a humble penitent, he called on his faithful reprover, with tears confessed his past crime, and also his wicked intention so providentially frustrated. The work of repentance did not stop here, but through the Lord's assisting grace this evil man amended his ways. -- The Christian Boston.

An Angel Escort

My brother-in-law, Rev. J. F. Beeson, says: "When I was pastor of a church in Robinson, Pennsylvania, there came to the service one dark night a frail little woman who lived several miles away. She had walked that distance alone. After the service, there proved to be no one who was going her way. She was afraid, as her path led down dark streets and lonely country roads, past railroads and down by the river.

"No one liked to see her go alone, but no one offered to go with her, so she tried to be brave and started alone.

"Soon she realized that a presence was with her. Looking up she understood, for there were two persons, one at each side, walking with her. They were not human beings, of that she was sure, they were from Heaven and yet were dressed like men. "Not a word of conversation passed between them, and when she arrived at her home, they disappeared." This is but one more instance of the ministry of angels. "The angel of his presence saved them."

Angel Visits Child

Mrs. A. E. Knaak, wife of a Free Methodist minister, writes:

"Emma Knaak was a little German girl whose parents immigrated to America and settled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. When she was about four years old she had a remarkable experience, the truth of which is vouched for by members of her family. Emma was a very sweet child, the flower of the family. It was decreed in heaven that her pure spirit should be transplanted on the evergreen shore, and this fact was revealed to her by an angel who came into the home and talked face to face with the child. On the day of the revelation Emma was playing about the house as usual. At length she slipped out of the living-room into the bedroom, where she remained some time. Her father, passing through the living-room several times, noticed her absence and made inquiry about her. He was told by her mother that Emma was in the bedroom playing. She finally came into the living-room and her parents noticed something unusual on her countenance. She told them that an angel had been in the bedroom, had talked with her, and had showed her the inside of Heaven. She said she saw many children there and heard them sing, 'oh, so beautifully.' She saw several persons who had recently died, among whom were the Sunday School superintendent of the Zion Evangelical Church, which the parents attended, and a young man of the same church. She also said she saw 'many, many flowers in heaven.'

"She was told by the angel that he was coming again and would then take her with him to Heaven. She entreated her parents not to weep when she was gone, 'because,' said she, 'heaven is such a beautiful place.'

"The next day Emma was taken sick with pneumonia, and all through her ten-day sickness she confidently affirmed that the angel was coming for her, and insisted that her parents must not weep. The last night, as her mother sat beside her bed, Emma moaned and said she was so sick and asked if the angel were coming soon. About fifteen minutes after this the heavenly messenger came

and Emma's pure spirit was borne to the beautiful place which had been shown her."

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43 -- AN ANGEL VISIT

A few years ago while assisting in a camp meeting in Ohio, we were introduced to an intelligent appearing lady by the name of Mrs. John Hittle. It was her home that the angel visited, as described in the following pages, by her pastor, Rev. J. M. Dustman.

"There was a protracted meeting in progress in the neighborhood, and the parents and Ora were going to the meeting, while the rest of the children were to stay at home alone. They had never stayed alone before, and therefore protested against it on the plea that they were afraid. But the mother told them not to be afraid, for God and the angels would take care of them.

"Finally they consented, and after the parents were gone they lowered the blinds, locked the doors, and gathered together on the sofa to have their family worship. Pearly, however, had already been put to sleep in the cradle in the bedroom. After they had all said their prayers, they happened to get hold of Foster's 'Child's Story of the Bible, which had been presented to Ora on his twelfth birthday. They began to look at the picture of an angel, whereupon Henry exclaimed, 'Oh, I wish I could see an angel!' And each one of the rest said, 'I wish I could, too!' They had hardly said this when they heard some one stamp on the porch and knock at the door. So they all jumped up and ran to the door. They raised the curtain and looked out, and, behold! to their great surprise, an angel came right in through the glass and stood among them. His presence, however, did not in the least frighten them, for, they say, he looked so pleasant, and immediately began to talk to them. He asked them where their parents were, and they told him that they had gone to meeting. Then Lizzie, who happened to be standing by the rocking chair, said to him, 'Take a chair and sit down.' He answered, 'Oh, I can't stay long.' But he took the chair and drew it up toward the stove and sat down, saying as he did so, 'You have a nice stove and a good

warm fire.' Then the children noticed that he was barefooted, and as the weather was quite cold and the ground covered with snow, they would naturally suppose that he must have cold feet. Therefore Henry said to him, 'Put your feet on the railing of the stove and warm them.' The angel did so, and then called the children up to him. They, however, were still wondering in their

minds why he should be barefooted in such cold weather, and this made them take particular notice of his feet, which, they say, looked perfectly white and glistening like wax.

Then he said to them, 'Well, I must go now,' and began to shake hands with each one of them and thus bid them good-bye. It is impossible to describe the loveliness of his hand as they took hold of it. It felt just like snow, or like a soft, downy cushion. And, like his feet, it was perfectly white and glistening. He wore a most heavenly smile upon his countenance. His voice was most tender and sweet. His entire demeanor was marked with gentleness and kindness, and his whole appearance was only that of grandeur and beauty, so that not only their fears were all banished, but they also felt perfectly at home and enraptured by his presence. And it really made them feel sad when he told them that he must go.

"But after he had bidden them good-bye, he started immediately for the door through which he had entered. When he came to the door he paused a moment and the children noticed that he had a long staff which he held horizontally in his hands, and in an instant they saw him gliding out through the unopened door in the same manner that he had come in.

"As soon as they saw that he was gone, they instantly made a rush for the door, literally stumbling over one another to get there first, and when they got to it and had raised the curtain and were looking out, they saw him standing on the edge of the porch and a bright cloud had gathered around him. Then they saw him glide out into the yard. His body was now in an inclined position, with his feet extending backward and his wings partially unfolded, while the lower part of his garment and the bright cloud seemed to roll and fold themselves together in a most unique manner. He went on in this way until he came about halfway between the house and a pear tree, which was standing in the yard, then he ascended, and the last they saw of him was his beautiful white feet. Then one of the children exclaimed, 'Now he is gone!' and another said, 'I wonder why there was no bright cloud around him while he was with us in the room,' and still another said, 'I wonder how long it will take him to get to heaven?'

"The next thing in order was to wait until the return of the parents. They could scarcely wait until they came, they were so anxious to tell them. In the meantime then carefully examined the door from top to bottom, rubbing their hands over it, to see if there was not a crack or a break of some kind where he had come in and gone out. But to their astonishment they could not find the

least sign of a crack, either on the door, the glass, or on the casing of the door. After a while they heard their parents coming, and they were all up and ready to meet them. The mother went to the house first, while the father and Ora put away the team. But who can imagine the bustle and excitement which ensued as the mother entered the house? Henry, Lizzie, Ida and Nettie, each one trying to tell it first. They jumped, they laughed, they clapped their hands, and were perfectly wild with joy. So great was the noise and holy racket that the father and Ora heard them at the barn, and wondered what in the world was the matter with the children.

"'Who do you suppose was here, mother, while you was gone?' they all exclaimed with one accord! 'An angel, yes, an angel! O mother, an angel was here! And then when the mother had quieted them sufficiently, they went on to describe him, how he looked, what he had done, and what he had said.

"Their shining faces, their exultant spirits, their positive declarations and the unison of their assertions, soon overwhelmingly convinced the mother of the truthfulness of her children's story, and of the reality of the vision which they had seen. Besides, being a spiritual woman, she could all the more easily be persuaded of the facts in the case. She listened to them with suppressed emotions until her heart could no longer contain the joy which filled and thrilled her whole being. Then, going to the bedroom, she threw herself upon the bed and gave vent to her feelings with loud shouts. She felt that the very house was hallowed by the presence of the Lord, and that from henceforth, more than ever, her home should be like a little heaven on earth.

"Presently the father and Ora returned from the barn, and as they entered the room she exclaimed, 'O father, you ought to hear the children tell of the wonderful visitor which they had while we were gone!' Whereupon the children began to tell the story to their father and older brother. 'Ah; said the father, 'you are only excited, it was simply your imagination. You did not see an angel.' 'Yes, yes, father; sure, sure,' came from every one of them. And so positive were they and still so overwhelmingly happy that the father could not long withstand their simple arguments, but was compelled to believe that what they were telling him was true, and soon he began to praise the Lord, and to participate in their joy.

"This story has been told by this dear family to only a few of their most intimate friends. They deem it too sacred to be told to everybody. The writer became their pastor in the spring of

1896, and not until the evening of January 7, 1897, did they tell him about it. And it has made an impression upon me that shall never leave me. While they were telling me I felt that such a good thing as this should not be kept a secret any longer. Therefore, on the day following, I wrote out a minute history of the same, just as the children had told me. Of course they were no longer little children, but all except Pearly had grown to be young men and young women.

"Nearly five years later (November 27, 1901), I visited them again. All the children except Ora were still at home, and in the evening while seated with them in this same room, and talking to them about the matter, I found that after the lapse of nearly fifteen years it has not in the least lost any of its freshness in their memories. Their whole lives have been influenced by it, and I told them that when I shall meet them in glory in company with their angel friend, I should like to have a talk with them concerning this matter.

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44 -- A GLIMPSE OF JESUS

I have been rather slow to believe testimonies of those who claimed to have seen Jesus, but since my late experience I see that heaven and earth are near together and it is not unscriptural nor unreasonable that God should visit this earth personally.

It was Thursday, just one week after our precious daughter, Evangeline, had been laid to rest, in the graveyard on the hill." My husband was called away to a meeting and I with our two children wept at home alone. The sad, sad scenes of the past few days pressed themselves in panoramic view before my dazed and wearied vision until I was crazed with fear, for we had met the grim monster Death in open conflict and he had conquered. The house seemed haunted with dread, and old familiar scenes opened the sore afresh.

Nothing seemed worth while. I would give the world (if I had it) just to have my darling back, for I wondered if she were in Divine order in leaving us at this time when she was so fully prepared to win souls.

My strength had failed, for I could neither eat nor sleep properly, but little did I care; for why should I live? How could I, in such sorrow? I wanted to die, and the sooner the better.

After giving a lesson in my studio that morning, I strolled sadly across the campus to our home and started upstairs to my lonely room. My heart fluttered and I feared I would faint when, lo and behold, in that dark hour, a most beautiful form appeared at my left side and assisted me up the stairs. I was alone but not afraid, for I knew he was not of the earth but from heaven.

He looked to be about thirty-three years of age, was tall and graceful and of a professional mien. He was dressed in an extremely neat, jet black suit, and had manners of the highest polish. He was extremely dignified, yet full of compassion for me in my sorrow. He took my arm and helped me to my room, then disappeared.

But despair again soon overcame me; I could not rest and had to arise and pray. I walked the floor in anguish and hoped to die to get relief. I looked up, and the terror in my gaze met again the face of this Messenger of mercy I had seen on the stairs. The heavenly serenity of his look calmed my fears. I wish I could describe it, but there are not adequate words in the English language to do so.

There he stood -- a gentleman of the highest type of culture. With the intelligence of the keenest lawyer, the superb mentality of the greatest financier, the authority of a Gladstone, the polished manners of an English knight, and the dignity of a king--these all combined with the finest integrity and with God's holiness. Words fail to describe him.

I felt that he had the wealth of the universe at his command and the power of the Eternal with him, that he was sent expressly to help me, and that whatsoever I asked I should receive of him. When I looked up with fear and terror, I detected by the light of his countenance that the distrust mixed with my thoughts was a silent insult to him. It hurt him, yet he was too polite to say so or even to give me a reproving look. He bore it in the meekest silence, while his innocence, superb integrity and fine capability invited my fullest confidence. His face seemed to say, "Of course you will believe me and cast away your fears, 'For all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

I felt cheap when I saw that look and, placing my confidence in him, I found sweet rest. When the waves of sorrow returned and I prayed again in anguish of soul, that face reappeared as much as to say, "My word is good. You need not repeat your request. I am one of few words. When I speak, it is settled. My word is more reliable than an instrument under seal." Then I felt a little as a

nervous, illiterate woman would feel were she to walk into a great National Bank and ask the manager to change a dollar bill for her, then quibble and fuss and worry trying to decide whether the change were genuine or counterfeit.

Though my visitor said nothing, his face and form spoke volumes which might be interpreted thus:

"To doubt the power and providence of God is as incredulous as for a man to open his safe every morning to read aloud his contracts to the parties of the second part, to remind them of their duty." With this, he disappeared.

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THE END