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**AT THE COMING IN OF THE YEAR**  
Compiled\Edited By Duane V. Maxey  
December 31, 2006

"At the coming in of the year" (2 Kings 13:20).



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## INTRODUCTION

We live a cyclical existence in Time, and though I have titled this compilation "At The Coming In Of The Year, its presentation shall touch upon things pertaining to the entire yearly cycle: Its Beginning, its 12-Month Duration, and its Ending.

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

01 -- THOMAS WALSH REVIEWED HIS PREVIOUS YEAR, 1750

"At the close of this last day of the year I examined myself how I had lived the past year; and could only say, I had not wickedly departed from my God: but was heartily ashamed that I had not glorified Him better, resolving to watch for the time to come." Thomas Walsh was one of John Wesley's early followers -- a man who was sanctified wholly and who advocated the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification as a second, definite work of grace. This excerpt is from hdm0377, "The Lives Of Early Methodist Preachers, Chiefly Written By Themselves" Edited by Thomas Jackson

In regard to reviewing the previous year, James Caughey wrote: "As these calendars are of use to the end of the year, so is the record of our past religious feelings to the end of life. Who would cast away his almanac when only the half of the year has expired? -- hdm0937, "Revival Miscellanies" by James Caughey

The coming in of the New Year is often preceded by a time at the close of the Old Year wherein earnest Christians review the past, and particularly the past twelve months of their lives.

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**02 -- JOHN S. INSKIP RECORDED HIS CONSECRATION**

According to Edward Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the oath of service and fidelity to the emperor was annually renewed by the troops on the first of January. Below, we read of the fidelity of John S. Inskip to the King of kings:

"Monday Jan. 1, 1866. -- Upon returning from meeting, I feel that before retiring to rest I must record my consecration. I am devoutly thankful to God for His many mercies during the year that has passed away. I praise Him that He has enabled me to continue in the way of faith. If spared, I intend to live nearer to Jesus. Afresh I dedicate myself to the service of God. I give to Him my little all, and solemnly declare that I am and will be forever the Lord's. All my faculties and powers -- my life, influence, substance, and reputation, I renewedly devote to God, and declare that henceforth I will love and glorify Him forever. I will labor to promote His glory, and trust in Him for grace to guide, comfort, and support me. I again, and, if possible, in a fuller sense than ever, consecrate to Him all I have and am. My wife, home, and all, I give to Thee, O Lord, to be Thine. In testimony of which I hereunto affix my hand and seal, on this the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. -- hdm0131, "Life Of Rev. John S. Inskip" by William McDonald and John E. Searles

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**03 -- THE RESULTS OF THE WELCH REVIVAL OF 1859 WERE SEEN**

The results of the revival in Ireland were long and lasting. Ministers and laymen looked back with profound gratitude to God for the glorious awakening of '59... Another report in the Methodist Times tells of the decrease in drunkenness and crime, as the result of the revival: "Reports from all the districts in South Wales affected by the revival show that the Christmas holidays, so dreaded by new converts who formerly devoted the whole of the time to drink and revelry, have passed by without the defections from the faith which were loudly prophesied by the unsympathetic and unbelieving. South Wales has never known such a quiet and peaceful Christmas.

"In Cardiff, police reports show that drunkenness has diminished over 60 per cent, whilst on Saturday last the Mayor was presented by the Chief Constable with a pair of white gloves, there being no case at all on the charge sheet -- an unprecedented fact for the last day of the year.

**"The same thing happened at the Swansea County Court on the previous Saturday, and the magistrate said, 'In all the years I've been sitting here I've never seen anything like it, and I attribute this happy state of things entirely to the revival.'-- hdm0465, "When The Fire Fell" by George T. B. Davis**

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**04 -- A TITHING FARMER WAS PROTECTED FROM POTATO BUGS**

**The following story was once related to George Douglas Watson, after the farmer's pastor said to him: "Tell Brother Watson about these potatoes, great big luscious potatoes of which we were partaking." The farmer said:**

**"Well, I got saved about eight years ago and began to tithe all my crops. Last year, at the beginning of the year, the potato bugs were terrible in our community. I prayed about it and said, Now, Father, Thou knowest I am Thine entirely. All I have is Thine, wife, children, horses, cattle and potatoes. Now, rebuke the bugs; take care of my crop.**

**"The farm adjoining mine on one side was literally devoured. The man expected one hundred bushels of potatoes and had only three bushels. The man on the other side had only five bushels. My place was right in between these two farms, which were devoured by potato bugs and I did not see a bug in my patch. We had potatoes in abundance and peddled around loads of God's potatoes to poor folks, widows and preachers. I put God to a test and He has proved to me He will rebuke the potato bugs." -- hdm0561, "How To Attract Prosperity" by John Marvin Hames**

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**05 -- MONEY FOR A NEEDED WELL WAS PROVIDED**

**Many years ago, a water famine threatened Hakodate, Japan, and at the M. E. Girl's School there Miss Dickerson saw the water supply growing less daily and in one of the fall months appealed to the Board in New York for help. There was no money on hand, and nothing was done. Miss Dickerson inquired the cost of putting down an artesian well, but found the expense too great to be undertaken. On the evening of December 31st, when the water was almost exhausted, the teachers and the older pupils met to pray for water, though they had no idea how their prayer was to be answered. A couple of days later a letter was received in the New York office which ran something like this: "Philadelphia, January 1st. It is six o'clock in the morning of New Year's Day All the other members of the family are asleep, but I was awakened with a strange impression that someone, somewhere, is in need of money which the Lord wants me to supply" Enclosed was a check for an amount**

which just covered the cost of the artesian well and the piping of the water into the school buildings. -- hdm0424, "Purpose In Prayer" by E. M. Bounds

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

**06 -- GOD GREATLY BLESSED THE WESLEYS' WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE**

It might be in order to give an instance or two in the life of Rev John Wesley, showing some remarkable displays of spiritual power. Many times it is stated this noted man gathered his company together, and prayed all night, or till the mighty power of God came upon them. It was at a watch night service, at Fetter Lane, December 31, 1738, when Charles and John Wesley with Whitefield, sat up till after midnight singing and praying. This is the account:

About three o'clock in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, so that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we had recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of his majesty, we broke out with one voice, "We praise thee, O God! We acknowledge thee to be the Lord!"

On another occasion, Mr. Wesley gives us this account:

After midnight, about a hundred of us walked home together, singing, rejoicing and praising God. -- hdm0427, "The Possibilities Of Prayer" by Edward McKendree Bounds

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

**07 -- HE WAS SAVED AFTER THE DANCE**

Paul Brodbeck relates the following story:

In the spring of 1837 we moved to Portsmouth, Ohio. I commenced going to the Methodist church with my wife, and gradually became attached to their doctrine and modes of worship; but at the same time I was very fond of the ball-room and the dance.

On the evening of the 31st of December, 1837, we had a great ball in town, and at the same time the Methodists held a watch-night meeting. After spending the forepart of the night at the ball-room, dancing, suddenly something seemed to say to me, "The Methodists hold a watch-night, and you must go and see what they are doing." Accordingly I left the ball-room about nine o'clock, and went to the church and heard a sermon by Rev. Henry Turner, then preacher in charge of Bigelow Chapel. I listened with great attention, but could not hear any thing that -- as I then

thought -- suited my case. At the close of the sermon the minister descended from the pulpit, came into the altar, and invited all seekers of religion to come forward and kneel around the altar for the prayers of the Church, and seek the salvation of their souls.

While some were going forward for prayer and some were joining the Church, my conscience told me, "You must go, for you are a great sinner, or you will be eternally lost." Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but yielded to the convictions of the moment, went forward, joined the Church, and threw myself down at the altar, and prayed and wrestled like Jacob of old, till nearly twelve o'clock at night, when, by the grace of God, I was enabled to shout "glory," having obtained redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of my sins. My wife all this time thought I was at the ball-room; and when I came home and told her what the Lord had done for me, she also shouted to God for his great mercy. -- hdm2028, "Experience Of German Methodist Preachers" by Adam Miller

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**  
**08 -- GOD CAME TO THEIR RESCUE**

Space permits of but one story of that time in detail. Indeed it is a wonderful story of what may be termed Blind Guidance.

New Year's Day, 1887, was bitterly cold. Jonathan Goforth and I started for a walk through the Rosedale ravine just north of my home. On reaching Parliament Street, instead of turning northward to the ravine, I stopped short and said, "Jonathan, I feel strangely impressed that we should go south down to the slum district."

He looked at me amazed, and for several moments we stood debating, for he strongly objected, saying very truly that Parliament Street was the last place for a lovers' walk!

At last I said, "Did you ever feel so clearly led to do something that you just had to do it?"

To this he replied, "If that is how you feel, let us go south." (But it was a very silent walk!) For almost a mile and half we walked down Parliament. Then I led the way a block east. By this time I was getting pretty nervous.

Hesitating for a moment, I led on down Sackville Street for over a block, then stopped in front of a small cottage and said, "O Jonathan, don't look at me as if I had gone crazy! Let us knock at this door."

Jonathan, evidently getting anxious, exclaimed, "But why?"

"I don't know," I replied. Now I must say the man of this house was such a drunken fellow I had always avoided visiting his wife at times when he might be in. But at this time I knew of no reason whatever why I should call. We knocked.

The husband opened the door, and on seeing me cried out, with tears running down his face, "Oh, Miss Bell-Smith, God has sent you!"

We found the place like an ice house: no fuel, no fire, no food. The poor wife was lying on a miserable bed with but little over her and seemingly coughing her life away. In the corner of the room lay a dead baby, born a few hours before. Their sad story was quickly told. The man had gone to the city hall for help, but it was closed, it being New Year's Day. Returning to his wife with his last hope of help gone, he sank down by her bedside and joined her in crying to the Lord to send someone to them. At that very time the strange impelling had come to me.

The story would not be complete without the following: Forty years later my daughter Ruth (Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey of Indo-China) when on furlough addressed a meeting in the East End Mission Hall. A poor old crippled woman was helped in and seated at the door. She asked that Ruth be brought to her. Then tremblingly she unwrapped a tiny parcel and handed to Ruth a small gold coin worth two dollars and fifty cents, saying, "Give this to your mother and tell her I have never forgotten how she saved my life forty years ago." She had been keeping the coin for that purpose for years. -- hdm1509 -- "Climbing" by Rosalind Goforth

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

09 -- GOD BEGAN TO GIVE BRENGLE OVER 3,000 SOULS

Today (June 1, 1919) I am fifty-nine years old, and there is not a cloud in my spiritual heaven. My mouth is full of laughter and my heart is full of joy... This past year has been wonderful. Since the first of January considerably over three thousand souls have knelt at the penitent-form in my Meetings, seeking pardon and purity. Seldom have I seen such manifestations of God's presence and power as during these months. I rejoice in God my Saviour, and my soul doth magnify the Lord. -- hdm0021, "Love-Slaves" by Samuel Logan Brengle

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

10 -- A PRECIOUS, ENLIGHTENED CHILD OF GOD WAS LAID TO REST

On the first of January [1818], at our mission in Upper Sandusky, while I had charge of the same, I was called to bury one of our little flock, an aged woman, the mother of Jaco, and aunt to Mononcue. She lived at the Big Spring reservation.

Fifteen miles from the mission house. On the Sabbath before her death, I conversed with her about her future hopes. She rejoiced, and praised God that he had ever sent his ministers to preach Jesus to her and her people.

"I have been trying," said she, "to serve God for years; but it was all in the dark, till the ministers brought the light to my mind, and then I prayed, and found my God precious to my poor soul. Now I am going soon to see him in his house above; and I want all my children, and grandchildren, and friends, to meet me in that good world."

She died a few days after, in great peace. I was sent for, to go and bury her. Brother Riley and myself rode there in the night, and early in the morning commenced making the coffin. It was late before we could finish it, and, consequently, late before the funeral was over. But I think I shall never forget the scene. It was between sundown and dark when we left with the corpse.

The lowering clouds hung heavily over us, and the virgin snow was falling. We entered a deep and lonely wood, four men carrying the bier, and the rest all following in Indian file. When we came to the burying-ground, the Indians stood wrapped up in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees, in breathless silence; and all bore the aspect of death. Not one word was said while the grave was filling up; but from the daughter, and some of the grandchildren, now and then a broken sigh escaped. At last Mononcue broke out in the following strains:

"Farewell, my old and precious aunt! You have suffered much in this world of sin and sorrow. You set us all a good example, and we have often heard you speak of Jesus in the sweetest strains, while the falling tears have witnessed the sincerity of your heart. Farewell, my aunt! We shall no more hear your tender voice, that used to lull all our sorrows, and drive our fears from us. Farewell, my aunt! That hand that fed us will feed us no more. Farewell to your sorrows: all is over. There your body must lie till the voice of the Son of God shall call you up. "We weep not with sorrow, but with joy, that your soul is in heaven."

Then he said, "Who of you all will meet her in heaven?" This was a feeling and happy time, and we parted, I think, fully determined to die the death of the righteous. We rode home that night, fifteen miles, and felt greatly comforted in talking of the goodness of God and the power of his grace. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth." -- hdm0683, "Pioneer Life in The West" by J. B. Finley

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

11 -- LIFE'S CHALLENGES ARE MET ONE TICK AT A TIME



If you were in Mr. Moody's home, and asked him about a certain clock on his mantel in the sitting-room, he would probably tell you a story. This clock was given him by a lady in London, who came to one of Mr. Moody's meetings and was very angry at some things he said. She came back the next night, however, and was angrier still; she came back the next night, and her anger began to vanish. The night after she was also there and became deeply convicted of sin. The next night she was in the inquiry meeting, and she came night after night, until one night she said to Mr. Moody, "I realize that I am a sinner; I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; but I believe that I cannot be a Christian. Whether it is my sin, or what it is, I do not know. But I do not believe that if I commenced to be a Christian I could ever hold out."

Mr. Moody tried every way he could to get her to decide to try. But he failed, until he thought of that old story about the pendulum. On the first day of January the pendulum began to count up what it had to do. It had to tick so many ticks in a minute, and there were so many minutes in an hour, and so many hours in a day, and so many days in a year, and it would likely have to keep on ticking for so many years. When it found out the millions of times it would have to tick it said, "It's of no use; I will stop right now." Then this thought occurred to the pendulum: "It is only one tick at a time." So it began to tick, and it ticked the next tick, and the next, and the next, and it is ticking yet.

This lady said to Mr. Moody, "I will tick the first tick now," and she is ticking yet. She gave that clock to Mr. Moody -- she is now one of the most earnest Christians in the city of London -- and asked him if anybody should refer to it, to tell them the story, that it is only a tick at a time. Blessed be God, it is as simple as that! "As the ten lepers went, they were cleansed." -- hdm0072, "Present Day Parables" by John Wilbur Chapman

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**  
**12 -- THE TRUMPETS WERE SOUNDED IN ISRAEL**

The blowing of trumpets represented the preaching of the gospel, by which men are called to repent of sin, and to accept the salvation of Christ, which was signified by the day of atonement... At the beginning of the year, they were called by this sound of trumpet to shake off spiritual drowsiness, to search and try their ways, and to amend them... -- Matthew Henry's Commentary on Leviticus 23:23-32

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**  
**13 -- REVIVAL COMMENCED IN VIRGINIA IN 1776**

It is significant that just before this Nation's Independence was declared on July 4, 1776, revival had broken out in Virginia at the coming in that year. Rev. Jarratt, who early worked with American Methodists, recorded the following:

We have had a time of refreshing indeed a revival of religion, as great as perhaps ever was known, in country places, in so short a time. It began in the latter end of the year 1775; but was more considerable in January 1776, the beginning of the present year. It broke out nearly at the same time, at three places not far from each other. Two of these places are in my parish, the other in Amelia county, which had for many years been notorious for carelessness, profaneness, and immoralities of all kinds. Gaming, swearing, drunkenness, and the like, were their delight, while things sacred were their scorn and contempt. -- hdm0008, "A History Of The Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. 1" by Nathan Bangs

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At The Coming In Of The Year...

14 -- THE MOST NOBLE DEED DURING THE PAST YEAR

In the old school reader there was a story under the title, "The Noblest Deed of All," a story which may now be somewhat new just because it is so old. It related to a very wealthy man who had three sons to whom, when they were all come to years, and while he was yet alive, he divided his fortune. This division affected all his money and goods, except a very valuable diamond which was an heirloom in the family. Concerning this gem, the father said, "I cannot divide this diamond, and I do not want to sell it that I might give to each of you his share of the money. But I want to give it to one of you, and when it is given, it is your property to keep or to sell, as will give you the most satisfaction. But here is what I have decided to do: I want us to all go on our way, now. At the end of a year I want us to meet here again at my house, and then I will ask each of you to tell what he thinks is the noblest deed he has performed during the year, and to the one whom I judge to have done the noblest deed of all, I shall give the gem." To this plan all agreed. At the end of the year they came together and the sons one by one recited what they considered their noblest deed of the year. One told how he had leaped into the water, at the risk of his life, to save the life of a drowning child. At the conclusion of the story the father said, "My son, you have done well, but not nobly." The next told how he had found a friend in hunger and nakedness and had given his own rations and cloak for the saving and sustaining of the life of his friend, even when the articles in question were given at the risk of his own starvation and exposure. To this, too, the father responded, "My son, you have done well, but not nobly." The third told of finding a mortal enemy at whose hand he had once narrowly escaped death. This enemy was found asleep on the edge of a precipice over which he could have easily been pushed, and into which he would probably have fallen from the effect of the slightest stir in his sleep. To the side of this sleeping enemy this son had crept noiselessly that the enemy might not be awakened and endangered thereby. With gentle care he had drawn the enemy away from the edge of the cliff, and then had

awakened him to tell him of his danger, and had gone his way, expecting still that he would be repaid only with the continued curse and injury of his enemy. Scarcely had the story ended, when the father cried, "The gem is yours, my son, for yours is the noblest deed of all."

Jesus gave the supreme test to unselfishness when He required His disciples to love their enemies and do good to them from whom they could expect nothing but harm. Paul made a summary of it when he exhorted, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." A Christian is laid under special obligation to his enemies. If he neglects anyone, it must be his friends, from whom he may reasonably hope for charity and consideration. But he must never overlook or mistreat his enemies. For although he may rely upon the faithfulness of his friends, he must yet win his enemies before he can depend upon them, and with this bigger task before him, his enemies become his special charge. -- hdm0657, "Christian Living In A Modern World" by James B. Chapman

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**  
**15 -- HE HAD PERSEVERED**

Thirty years ago a bare-footed, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow and asked for work as an errand boy. "There's a deal of running to be done," said Mr. Blank. "Your qualification would be a pair of shoes." The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself to Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package. "I have the shoes, sir," he said quietly.

"Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace this house." The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes.

The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write. "It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you." The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He found work in a stable near to a night school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank. "I can read and write," he said briefly. "I gave him the place," the employer said afterwards, "with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in

**Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman." -- hdm0524, "Nuggets Of Gold" by George Brubaker Kulp**

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...  
16 -- ONE CAN BE SAVED FROM PLACE-SEEKING**

**This gospel will save a man, until when he is put out of office he will feel relieved. You know that is not the case ordinarily; you know that usually when we change officers at the end of the year the man that goes in feels better than the man that goes out. God help us, and give us a salvation that will save us from seeking leadership, and from seeking position, and from wire pulling for a place, and from thinking that we are better qualified for the place than anybody else! In all cases our offices in the church ought to seek the men, and not the men the offices. -- hdm0375, "Fire From Heaven" by Seth Cook Rees**

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...  
17 -- HER SANCTIFYING GRACE HAD BEEN CLEARLY SEEN**

**One wintry November night, the wind was blowing and the snow flying, when a beautiful young girl of nineteen stood at the door with a six-weeks' old baby in her arms, seeking shelter from the storm She was not only a sinner, but so possessed and so completely controlled by the devil. that nobody could live with her. Her ungovernable temper made her unmanageable. She had been in one or two Rescue Homes, but they could do nothing with her. She would not only break up the furniture, but break up the folks if they did not get out of her way.**

**Our doors are open to such girls day and night. She was given a warm welcome, and kindly treated. She was very soon found on her knees, weeping over her sins. As is common, she came to us with a string of lies on her lips, but under conviction, she confessed that she had never been married and gave her correct name. One confession after another was made, and wrongs were righted, until at last God forgave her sins and wonderfully saved her soul.**

**It was not long till she was seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and when she unconditionally gave her all to God for time and eternity, He gave her the blessing in her heart and she was unspeakably happy. The glory of God filled her soul, and the shine of heaven was on her face. How the complexion of everything in her life was changed! No more fits of anger -- no more slamming doors or knocking over chairs no more hard words or angry looks. All was changed to the placidity of grace and heavenly quietude.**

Pearl soon found employment in a public laundry. Before she went out to work, she had said to me, "I feel called to missionary work, and want to go to the Bible School for preparation. I had sent a number of girls to school, but some way did not feel led to give her much encouragement in that direction.

The first time she came home from her work, she said, "Brother Rees, I have seventeen dollars laid up for paying my way to the Bible School." I said, "That is good," but did not yet say much; but I found that she had been tithing her income and had bought Bibles, and given to the other girls in the laundry.

When she came home a second time, she said, "I have twenty-five dollars toward my support in the Bible School." By this time I saw there was good mettle in her and said, "That will be enough; go and get your outfit, and I will take care of the rest."

Please note the power of the gospel. That sinful girl, almost insane at times with inflamed anger, boisterous, and most aggravating in her manner, entered the Bible School and lived a most exemplary life for a whole year. The following is the testimony of her room mate, given at the end of the year: "I have lived with Pearl all this school year; have seen her under the most trying and provoking circumstances; I have never heard an unkind word fall from her lips, or seen her when her spirit was the least ruffled." This is one of the miracles of the gospel in the slums. Praise the Lord. -- hdm0547, "Miracles In The Slums" by Seth Cook Rees

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**18 -- WHY THE CHURCH WAS DEAD**

I was in a city a few years ago, where a famous preacher outlined his Sunday night sermons for six weeks in advance, and placed the subjects on the church bulletin board at the door, so the passers-by might see what they had to enjoy in the future. Here were the subjects as they appeared:

**The Great Benefits to Be Derived from the Carnegie Library.**  
**Will the Future Woman Marry?**  
**Hoofs and Horns.**  
**Five Cents Worth of Beef Liver.**  
**Love, Courtship and Marriage.**  
**One Feather from the Tail of the Dog that Flew at the Tramp.**

At the end of the year I found that the above church was so dead that the famous preacher preached the funeral from the subject, "We Were so Well-born Once that We Don't Need to Be Born Again." And then the preacher went to his next appointment. It took a faithful pastor two years to resurrect that church and to keep

it from going to the scrap pile. -- hdm0150, "Religion, Philosophy, And Fun" by Bud Robinson"

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**19 -- THE SHAWS HAD CONVINCED MR. UROBBIE**

Several years ago, when Dr. Powers and I were in Japan, Dr. Eckel took us to Hokkaido, the most northern of the Japanese islands. It is located across from Russian territory. On our visit we got acquainted with Major and Mrs. Shaw, who lived in Sapporo. Both the Major and his wife were Nazarenes and very devout people. They had real salvation and lived it.

Some days later we went to Asahigawa, one of the largest cities of the island, to look at some property that had been offered to Dr. Eckel for a school. A Mr. Urobbie, from the office of the Minister of Finance, accompanied us to visit Mayor Maeno and see what could be worked out regarding the property. The mayor was very cordial, and after visiting for some time, Dr. Eckel approached him about giving us the property, as he had agreed to do. The mayor then explained that things had changed since the offer was made. He said we would now have to pay a great deal of money for the property. One of the high schools in the city had burned, and the buildings once offered us were being used by their school. Mayor Maeno further explained that, even if the gift could be arranged, title would have to come from the office of the Minister of Finance. Mr. Urobbie was there to represent the Japanese government. In order to be courteous, we looked at the property and then boarded the train for our return trip.

Mr. Urobbie rode with me on the train and told me the following story: He had served as one of Japan's foreign ambassadors, but after the American Army occupied his country, he was called home and assigned to the office of the Minister of Finance in Sapporo. He recalled that on his trip home he was bitter because the American armies were occupying his homeland. However, while he traveled, he kept hearing that the reason America was so great, and had been able to conquer, was that there were so many Christians among their people. So he decided that when he reached Japan he would pick out a couple of those Christians who took their religion seriously and watch them critically for one year.

Soon after returning to Sapporo, Mr. Urobbie met Major Shaw, who was in charge of the American Army of Occupation. It did not take long to discover that the major was a Christian, one who was doing everything he possibly could to represent Christ. So Mr. Urobbie chose his first American Christian to observe for one year. A little later he met Mrs. Shaw, saw that she too was a sincere believer in Christ, and so watched the two of them. At the end of the year he said he not only wanted to become a Christian himself; he wanted all Japan to turn to Christ. "I have

worshipped Buddha all my life," he said, "but my religion is an empty one. If I ever become a Christian, I want to be one like Major Shaw."

When I returned to Sapporo, I had the privilege of telling the Major about our conversation. His immediate response was that one day soon he would drop into Mr. Urobbie's office, have an old-fashioned prayer meeting with him, and help him seek until he found the Lord as his Saviour. -- hdm0251, "Investments Here And Hereafter" by John Stockton

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### **At The Coming In Of The Year... 20 -- HOW HE WAS DELIVERED FROM DEBT**

A Methodist minister, in the State of Vermont, had retired from the pastorate, on account of the loss of his voice, and had resumed his trade of blacksmithing in a little shop which he built ten miles from his last charge. He borrowed money to build his shop and purchase his tools; but little work came in; his family expenses were large; and at the end of the year he found himself in great financial embarrassment. He was a prisoner. He had done his best to keep free; but he was a prisoner. He was in a worse prison than old Herod's at Jerusalem. He was in the dungeon of debt -- debts before him, debts behind him, debts on the right hand, debts on the left hand, debts beneath him, debts above him, debts at the first door, debts at the middle door, debts at the outside door. He tried every way to escape. He could do nothing but pray. This he did with all his heart for many days.

One night he was sleeping, or trying to sleep, between two debts, bound with two debts, while fourteen other debts before the door kept the prison. The next day certain obligations must be met, or something worse than death -- the loss of his reputation as a Christian minister -- would be the result. He thought if he could only borrow a certain sum of money for a few months he could meet his obligations for the time, and pay back the borrowed money when it should come due. So he humbly and trustingly asked God to send him a certain amount, which he named. He prayed in faith, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, "a light shined in the prison;" the Lord had sent his angel. The word angel means a messenger. The Lord had sent a messenger. A wealthy Christian man from the minister's last charge was at the door. As soon as he came in, he said, "Do you want any money?" "Yes," answered the minister, "I do." "How much?" "Three hundred dollars." "I knew you did. God told me so last night in a dream, twice repeated. Here is the money. My wife told me I would better come and find out before I took it out of the bank and lost my interest, for I might be mistaken; but I was so sure I brought it along. Take it; here it is."

The man of God was almost beside himself with wonder and joy. When he was come to himself, he said, "Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his

angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of the Herod of debt." Brother, if you are in prison anywhere, the Lord, in answer to prayer, will send his angel and bring you out. -- hdm2276, "Wells Of Salvation And Other Sermons" by Charles Wesley Winchester

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**At The Coming In Of The Year...**

**21 -- HOW THE CHURCH HAD ITS BILLS PAID AND A SURPLUS**

The day the church treasurer resigned the church asked the local grain elevator manager to take the position. He agreed under two conditions. That no treasurer's report would be given for the first year. That no questions be asked about finances during that year. The people were surprised but finally agreed since most of them did business with him and he was a trusted man. At the end of the year he gave his report:

The church indebtedness of \$228,000 has been paid. The minister's salary had been increased by 8%. The Cooperative Program gifts has been paid 200%. There were no outstanding bills. There was a cash balance of \$11,252!

Immediately the shocked congregation asked, "How did you do it? Where did the money come from?" He quietly answered: "Most of you bring your grain to my elevator. Throughout the year I simply withheld ten percent on your behalf and gave it to the church in your name. You didn't even miss it!" "Do you see what we could do for the Lord if we were all willing to give at least the tithe to God, who really owns it?" So the new treasurer had made his point. -- James Carter, in hdm1871, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (G-Topics)

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**THE END**