

RANDOM REMINISCENCES

from fifty years of ministry

by

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Illustrated by Charles E. Pont



LOIZEAUX BROS., BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT
NEW YORK

1939

First edition, December, 1939 3,000
Reprinted, September, 1945 3,000

L. B. PRINTING CO., INC.
19 West 21st Street
New York 10, N. Y.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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PREFACE

It was at the earnest solicitation of my valued friend, Dr. E. Schuyler English, at that time Managing Editor of the Scripture periodical "REVELATION," that I penned most of the papers that now form this volume. These were published serially in the magazine referred to. A few additional pages have been included which appeared elsewhere, and others are new.

Solomon tells us that as "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend" (Prov. 27: 17). It is in the hope that these stories of God's ways of grace with one of the least of His servants may tend to "sharpen" the spiritual experiences of others, that they are now reprinted in this form.

H. A. IRONSIDE.

The Man Who Cursed on Calvary

IT HAS always been a cause for much gratitude to God on my part that He gave me some very wonderful experiences in connection with the salvation of souls in my very early days as a worker for Christ.

I was only a lad of fifteen when I left my home to become a Salvation Army officer, and at the age of sixteen I was commissioned as Lieutenant. I served in this capacity in the city of San Bernardino, California, where at that time our meetings were attracting large audiences because of the many remarkable cases of conversion that had taken place just shortly before Captain R—— and I were sent to that post, as also after our arrival.

For some two weeks I had noticed a handsome, blond young man who always occupied the same seat about half-way down the hall on the left-hand side from the platform, and he seemed to me to be listening with great earnestness—so much so that I could not

get his face out of my mind, and felt sure that God must be dealing with him. On several occasions I made an effort to speak to him before he reached the front door, but he did not seem to wish to speak with anyone, and the moment the benediction was pronounced he would leave as quickly as he could.

This had been going on for over a fortnight when on one particular evening he came in a little later than usual. The meeting was already in full swing and every seat occupied except two, and they right up at the front of the auditorium. He came diffidently up the aisle, looking to right and left for a place, and finally slipped into one of these vacant chairs. He sat there holding his hat in his hand, looking as though he felt somewhat like a fish out of water, and very uncomfortable, because of being so near to the speakers.

Mentally I said, "Well, young man, I've got you tonight," for I knew that if he did not leave before the benediction he would not get out afterward before I could reach him.

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And so it happened. The moment the meeting was dismissed he turned to go, but the aisle was full, and I stepped over the penitents' form and asked him if he would mind sitting down for a few moments' conversation. He looked as though he did mind, but he was polite enough to say he did not, so I took him at his word rather than at his looks.

A conversation ensued very much as follows, so nearly as I can now remember it.

"I have noticed you here for a number of nights, and wanted to speak to you before. May I ask if you are a Christian?"

As he endeavored to reply I saw that he had difficulty with his speech; in fact, he stuttered very noticeably and he was evidently very nervous. He replied, "No, I certainly am not!"

"Have you any desire to be?"

"Well, that is a difficult question to answer. I can hardly say."

"Just what is your attitude, then, toward Christianity?"

"You want to label me, do you?" he parried. "In that case, it is rather hard to say what my attitude is. If you had asked me a few weeks ago, I would have told you I was an atheist. But tonight if you must label me, you would have to call me an agnostic!"

"Well, you are making progress, anyway. I certainly have much more respect for a man who says 'I don't know,' than for the man who can look out over this wonderful creation and deliberately say that there is no God! May I ask what has led to your change of front?"

He told me that he had been brought up in a very cultured but infidel home, both his parents in England being unbelievers who scornfully rejected the Bible as a revelation from God. He was graduated from Cambridge University, and there and afterward had identified himself with atheistic groups. But recently he had been struck with the great change which had taken place in a man who had professed conversion some time before, and whom he knew well. This man had been a drunkard and a gambler, a well-known

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character in the city. The change in his life had been marvellous, and everyone who came in contact with him realized it.

"There is something there," the young man went on, "for which my philosophy cannot account. I would never have believed that so great a change could have come over anyone so suddenly. I know it is not will power, for that man has tried over and over again to free himself from the liquor habit. But when he became what you call a Christian, he was delivered instantly! It has set me to thinking, and so I have been attending your meetings, and what I have heard and seen has convinced me that there must be some supernatural power at work. So now I call myself an agnostic rather than an atheist."

"Have you read the Bible?" I asked.

"Not until recently. I have read scores of books against the Bible, but I had never taken the trouble to read the Bible itself until these things began to exercise me. I bought a copy of the Scriptures at a second-hand bookstore for twenty-five cents, and I have been

reading it every evening after going home from the meeting, but somehow I cannot seem to make it out."

"Have you read the story of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"You mean the Gospels. Yes, I have, but to be perfectly frank, I have ridiculed the entire story of His miraculous birth, His resurrection, and other things so long that I find it very difficult to take it seriously. The last few evenings I have been reading the book of Isaiah, in the Old Testament. My, how that fellow can sling the language! I have always been a great admirer of oratory, and real eloquence holds me spellbound. But I have never read anything finer than the speeches of that old prophet! I was thinking last night that if I could only be a Christian by believing Isaiah, and did not have to believe the New Testament, I would be prepared to make the change immediately."

Opening my Bible, I said, "I am going to read you a passage from the book of the prophet Isaiah. I will read about an unnamed man, and when I finish I want you to tell me of whom I am reading."

"Oh," he replied, "that would be quite impossible! I am not familiar enough with the Bible to do anything like that."

"I do not think you will have any difficulty! Just let me read it to you."

And so I read the entire fifty-third chapter, which I am reproducing here because some readers may not be any more familiar with it than this young man, and I want you to have its precious words before you:

"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was

bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare His generation? for He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was He stricken. And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall my righteous Ser-

vant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death: and He was numbered with the transgressors: and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

When I had finished reading, I said to the young man, "Now of whom was Isaiah speaking?"

Eagerly he exclaimed, "Let me read it for myself, sir!"

I handed him the Bible, and watched him carefully as he read. Several times I noticed him furtively wipe away a tear. He was quiet for a few moments after his lips ceased to move. Then, handing the Book back to me again, he said, "Well, I must confess it looks like Jesus!"

"Ah, there is no difficulty in recognizing that portrait, is there? Now let me give you a nut for skeptics to crack! That description of the life and death, and intimation of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ

was written about seven hundred years before our Saviour was born in Bethlehem. How do you account for that?"

"Can you prove that statement? How do you know it was written so long ago?"

"Well, of course I am simply accepting the record that Isaiah lived in the eighth century before Christ. But if you reject the testimony of Scripture, I cannot prove it. But there is something else in connection with it that anyone who cares to investigate may prove for himself. That Scripture was translated from the Hebrew into Greek, and deposited in the library of Ptolemy Philadelphus in Alexandria, Egypt, about 230 years before the birth of Christ. It must have existed in the Hebrew for some years before it was translated into Greek, and it was as great a miracle to produce it in Greek over two centuries before the birth of the Lord Jesus as to write it in Hebrew seven centuries before. How did Isaiah know of these things except by divine inspiration?"

He looked fixedly at me for a moment or two, and

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then without a word he rose to his feet and hurried from the hall. I wondered why, and learned afterward that he had not wanted me to see that he was overcome with emotion, and could not restrain his tears.

I went to my room to pray for him. The next evening I looked for him, but he did not appear. Nor on the second evening, nor on the third—but on the fourth night he came in just after the meeting had begun. As he looked in at the door his eyes caught mine. There was something about his face that told me a great change had occurred. He walked boldly up the aisle, took a front seat, participated in the singing, and the moment an opportunity was given for testimony he was on his feet.

For an instant I dreaded his attempting to speak, as I thought that his tendency to stutter might make him confused, if not actually ridiculous. But though he had difficulty with the first word or two, his stammering soon disappeared, and he spoke right on in a firm, clear voice.

I cannot reproduce his exact words, but I shall

never forget the substance of his testimony. He said something like this:

"My dear friends, I want to tell you tonight that after years of infidelity and unbelief, God has revealed Jesus Christ to me as my Saviour through the fifty-third chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah, which I have read over and over and over again in the last few days and nights. I have passed through deep exercise because of my sins. I felt as though I had sinned too greatly for God ever to forgive me, but tonight I am certain that He has forgiven all my sins through the merits of Jesus Christ.

"There is one confession that I feel I must make in this public way. I graduated from Cambridge University in England as a civil engineer, and I was one of the first group sent out to survey the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem, in the land of Palestine. I cannot tell you how strangely I was affected by everything I saw in that land. The very stones of Palestine seemed to rise up against my unbelief, and to declare that the Bible is true. But I told myself that

this was all superstition, and I refused to believe it.

"One day a group of us were taken by a guide outside the Damascus Gate to what was known as 'Gordon's Calvary,' the place which General Gordon thought he identified as the actual scene of the crucifixion. As we stood on the top of that skull-shaped knoll it came to me with much force that there Christianity, which I regarded as a delusion, really began. My anger flamed up, and I burst forth in uncontrollable cursing and blasphemy, so that even my ungodly companions were afraid and ran from the spot. They told me afterward that they thought a bolt from the blue would strike me dead for cursing on that sacred place.

"But oh, my friends, I have lived to learn in the last few nights that the One whom I cursed on Calvary's hill was wounded for *my* transgressions, bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed!"

He could say no more, for his feelings overcame him, and as he sank into his seat our hearts were filled



"There Christianity, which I regarded as a delusion,
really began."

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with rejoicing, and we took up that old, familiar strain:

*"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood avails for me!"*

The young man in question had a splendid bass voice, and it was soon his delight to help us sing the gospel to others. I can see him yet, singing some of the grand old hymns of the Church in those deep, rich tones which carried so much conviction with them. His stay on earth was not very long after that, for within a year he was called to be forever with the Lord who had redeemed him with His precious blood.

I am glad to retell his story, hoping it may be used of God to speak to someone who, like my dear friend of long ago, has been rejecting the testimony of God in spite of all His love and grace to sinners. Let no one think he has sinned too greatly to be saved, for the vilest who comes to Christ is instantly cleansed from every stain.

An Interview with a Franciscan Monk

SOME of my most interesting experiences as I have been engaged in itinerant evangelism and Bible-teaching work throughout the years have been on railroad trains, for there one comes in contact with all sorts and conditions of people, and there are often splendid opportunities for witnessing for Christ.

The incident I am about to relate occurred a number of years ago when with my wife and elder son, who was then but a little boy, I was laboring in one of the north-western provinces in Canada. We had left a town in the southern part of the province early one morning to go by rail in a very roundabout way to a larger city where I was to preach that night. The day was hot, for it was harvest-time, and as there had not been much recent rain, the dust, heat and mosquitoes were rather trying.

When the train stopped at a wayside station, a missionary priest of the Franciscan order boarded it. He was attired in the customary garb worn by members of his fraternity, and thus his calling was readily recognized. I noticed that he walked all through the car looking for a seat, but although a number of people were occupying double seats no one moved over to make room for him. He was evidently a man of meek and kindly disposition, and he did not insist on anyone's giving place to him. Finally I noticed that he was trying to make himself comfortable on the wood-box in the rear of the car. In those days wood-stoves furnished the heat in winter-time.

As there were three of us occupying two double seats facing each other, I suggested that we should re-arrange our luggage a little, and thus make room for another, for it occurred to me that this might be the Lord's opportunity for a conversation with this particular priest which might result in his eternal blessing.

So going back to where he was sitting, I intimated

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that if he were not averse to traveling with a family, we would be very pleased to have him in our section of the car. He accepted most cordially, and the moment he spoke I recognized from his accent that he was accustomed to speaking in French. However, his English was very good.

After we had become settled, we chatted a little concerning things in general, such as the weather, the state of the crops, and so forth, when finally he gave me the very opportunity I wanted by inquiring whether we were residents of the province or tourists traveling through. I replied that our home at that time was in California, and that we were not tourists, but were engaged in special service. He then asked if I were a commercial man, representing some house, to which I replied, "Not exactly, though I do represent a wonderful House, and have splendid goods to display to those who are interested!"

He smiled, and asked, "What then is your calling?—if you do not mind telling me."

"Well," I replied in all seriousness, "the fact is, in

some respects it is very much like your own. I am a catholic priest engaged in missionary work."

He looked up in surprise, glanced at my collar, and then—rather suspiciously, I thought—at my wife and little boy, and said, "I think you are jesting with me. You surely are not a Catholic priest!"

"Yes," I replied, "I am indeed a priest in the holy catholic church. I am thoroughly serious in telling you this."

"But," he said, "you are not wearing a Roman collar!"

"No, I did not say I am a Roman priest, but a priest of the catholic church. Personally, you will pardon me if I say that to my mind 'Roman' and 'Catholic' do not fit very well together. One speaks of a restricted communion; the other of a universal church."

"Ah, I think I understand you! You mean that you are an Anglican clergyman."

"No, not that either, for 'Anglican,' too, would be restricted; but I am as I have told you a priest in the

holy catholic Church, the apostolic Church instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself."

"I do not understand you. I presume that you are a clergyman in some one of the different sects of Protestantism."

"Not at all! I do not call myself a clergyman, but a priest. Perhaps it would make things clearer if I give you some account of how I became a Christian, and how I was made a priest."

"I would indeed be most interested in this, if you care to tell me!"

And so I spent some time telling him of my boyhood, my upbringing in a Christian home, my early concern about my soul, and how when I was a lad of fourteen, realizing that I was even then a lost sinner I went down on my knees one night to plead with God to save me. And as I was praying, it occurred to me that I was asking God to do something which He had wanted to do for me for years. I remembered that my dear mother had said, "The place to begin with God is Romans three or John three," so

I got my Bible and read carefully the third chapter of Romans. While I could apprehend the general drift of the chapter, there were terms and expressions there that were beyond my understanding at that time, so I turned next to the third of John—a chapter which I already knew, almost by heart.

But as I read it that night the Holy Spirit opened it up to me in a wonderful way. I saw that just as the serpent of brass, lifted up of old, was for the healing of every Israelite who looked upon it, so Christ had been lifted up on the cross that all who look to Him in faith might be saved. As I read verse eighteen, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned," the light broke upon my soul, and I cried, "Lord, I do believe, and I dare to trust Thy Word. I am not condemned!"

The Franciscan had listened most carefully, and at this juncture he broke in, exclaiming, "That is most interesting! I have never heard anything like it in my life. You remind me of Saint Augustine."

I was a bit amused and puzzled, and tried to think

in what way my simple story would put him in mind of the great Doctor of Hippo.

"I do not quite understand," I said, "why you compare me to him!"

"Well," he answered, "do you not remember it was through the Book that the light came to him, without any individual's speaking to him? And so with you—the light came through the Book!"

"Ah," I replied "I do get the connection perfectly. It was indeed through the Word of God itself that I was led into light and peace and the full assurance of salvation!"

"But now," asked the priest, "what did you do next? Augustine, after he became a Christian, went to the priest for further instruction, and finally became a great doctor of the Church."

"Well," I replied, "I sought out a little group of Christians with whom I soon had happy fellowship, and I continued studying my Bible. It was as I studied the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter that I made a very great discovery. I found out that I was not

only a child of God, the possessor of eternal life, but that the moment I was saved I became a priest in the holy catholic church. The Apostle tells us in the second chapter, verse five, 'Ye also, as lively (or living) stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ;' and in verse nine he says, 'But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.'

"From these scriptures I learned that I am a priest, set apart in Christ Jesus as a worshipper, and that it is my blessed privilege to be Christ's representative in this world, seeking to make known the riches of His grace to others."

Smiling, the Franciscan said, "I understand now what you meant in saying that you are a catholic priest. But you are not a member of the true Church which Jesus Christ founded on Saint Peter."

This led to a long though friendly discussion as to

the nature of the true Church, and also as to Peter's relation to it, and from this we went on to talk of new birth, the sacraments—particularly the real nature of the Lord's Supper and the purpose for which it was given—and such themes as purgatory, prayers to saints, the relative place of faith and good works, and other subjects. In a friendly way we discussed the many other topics concerning which Romanists and Protestants differ. The Franciscan confessed frankly that he was at a loss in keeping up his side in such a discussion because of the fact that he was, he regretted to say, not familiar with the Bible. He told me that his studies had largely occupied him with the writings of the Fathers and the decrees of the Church, and that he realized that he had not read the Holy Scriptures as carefully as he should have done. I thought I could detect a yearning for something deeper than he had ever known, as he opened up his heart along certain lines which I do not feel free to commit to paper.

He shared our lunch with us, and was most gracious

and friendly throughout the whole day. As evening drew on, our train pulled into the station of the city where I was to preach that night. A relative of mine, at whose home we were to be entertained, was waiting for us, and was a bit surprised when we two "priests" descended the steps of the car together. My cousin took charge of my wife and little boy, while the "priests" walked on ahead conversing all the way about the great truths that have to do with our salvation.

Finally we reached the corner where our ways must part—he to go to the right to the monastery, and I to the left to my cousin's home. He became more and more interested, and as we were about to separate, he said, "I wish you could come up to the monastery and spend the evening with me! I cannot ask the lady to come, as it is contrary to our rules, but if you could possibly spare the evening I would be so glad to talk with you further, and I would have an opportunity there of showing you just what the Fathers have said. We could consult many books in the library, which I

think might help to make some of my points clear to you."

I assured him that I would enjoy spending such an evening, but a dinner appointment at my cousin's home and a preaching engagement later would make that impossible. I suggested that he come with us, as I knew my relatives would gladly welcome him, and then he could go to the service with us.

To this he demurred, saying that it would not do for him to attend a Protestant conventicle in his ecclesiastical garb, as it might give rise to misunderstandings.

Somewhat mischievously I said, "Well, you and I are of about the same build, and in my bag here I have another suit. If you will come down to dinner with us I will give you an opportunity to dress up like a man, in my clothes, and no one will know the difference!"

He laughed at this, and said, "Ah, but I have taken a solemn vow always to wear this attire."

"In that case," I replied, "I would not for a moment seek to have you break your vow."

He took my hand very earnestly, and said, "I suppose we will have to part. I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed this day with you! It is the first time I have ever talked these things over with a Protestant clergyman who did not get angry with me."

"But I *will* be angry with you," I told him, "if you do not accept the statement which I have made concerning myself. I am not a clergyman, but a priest of the catholic church."

"Ah, yes," he said; "I had forgotten! But let me say again how greatly I have enjoyed the day. I shall often think of you, and I hope you will pray for me—as I for you! I do not suppose we shall ever meet again, but I shall not forget the things that we have talked about."

"We shall indeed meet again, and that on one of two occasions," I told him.

"Ah, you mean either in Heaven or in hell!"

"No, I do not mean that at all. If you go to hell,

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which I trust will never be the case, I certainly will not meet you there, for I have been washed from my sins in the precious blood of Christ and I know that I shall be with Him in Heaven through all eternity."

"What, then, do you mean by 'one of two occasions'?"

"Well, perhaps very soon now, First Thessalonians 4: 15-17 will be fulfilled. I hope I shall meet you then."

"First Thessalonians 4:15-17," he repeated slowly, as though trying to charge his mind with the passage. "I regret to say that I am not familiar enough with the Epistles to know what passage you refer to."

I quoted the words: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not precede them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in

the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Then I added, "We are not told when this tremendous event will take place. If I understand the Scriptures aright it might come at any moment. When this scripture is fulfilled and the Lord descends from Heaven, all who are trusting in Him, and in Him alone as their Saviour, will be caught up to meet Him. The dead will be raised and the living changed. I shall be among that number, although an unworthy sinner in myself, for the precious blood of Christ has cleansed me and made me meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

"You must feel that you are a very good man," he broke in, "to be so sure that you will there!"

"No, it is not that at all. I found out, as I have told you, years ago, that I am anything but good. I learned from the Word of God that my heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. I saw that I was a lost sinner, and I fled to Christ for refuge. And all who trust in Him are justified from

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all things. When this great event to which this scripture refers takes place and all believers are caught up to meet the Lord, I shall look for you, and if your faith and confidence have been—not in the Church, not in the sacraments, not in your merits, your prayers, or your good works—but in the Lord Jesus Christ alone who died to settle the sin question on Calvary, I shall meet you there, and we shall have a wonderful time together rejoicing in the fulness of God's salvation!"

He looked at me inquiringly for a moment, and then in a subdued voice he said, "You spoke of two occasions. What was the other that you had in mind?"

"Well," I replied, "if I do not see you in the air when the Lord Jesus comes, I won't look for you for a thousand years."

"A thousand years! Why do you say a thousand years?"

"Because another scripture says, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such

the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.' The preceding verse says, 'But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished.' And after the expiration of that thousand years, John says, 'And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.'

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"When that stupendous event, the last great assize, takes place, I shall be there with the Lord. But I shall not stand in front of that great white throne to be judged, for all my judgment passed when those two arms were outstretched on Calvary, when, as a poet has said,

*'The wrath of God which was our due
Upon the Lamb was laid,
And by the shedding of His blood
Our debt was fully paid.'*

"He has said, as you have it in your Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures in John 5:24, 'Amen, amen, I say to you, he who hears My Word and believes Him who sent Me has eternal life, and comes not into judgment but is passed out of death into life.' But though I shall not come into judgment for my sins, I shall be with Christ in that day, for we are told that the saints shall judge the world, and shall even judge angels! And if I have not found you among the redeemed at the Lord's return, I shall look over

that vast sea of faces which will come from all the graveyards of earth and from the depths of the sea; and if you have lived and died trusting for your salvation in the Church, in its sacraments, in your prayers, your charity, or your good deeds, I will see you there—a poor lost soul, and I will see the awful look that will come over your face as the blessed Lord shall say to you, ‘Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!’”

“God forbid! God forbid!” he fairly cried aloud. He was trembling in his excitement.

I put my hand upon his shoulder tenderly, “Yes, God forbid, for in order that it might not be, Jesus died! He died for you—He, the sinless One, was made sin for you that you might become the righteousness of God in Him. Tell me, is it Christ or the Church? Is it His blood, or is it your own merits? In which do you trust?”

He was silent a moment or two. Then looking up with tear-dimmed eyes, he exclaimed, “Oh, Christ! He is the Rock! Christ....He is the Rock!! I

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dare not trust in anyone but in Him. I trust my soul to Him alone!"

"Give me your hand, my brother," I exclaimed, "for now you, too, speak like Augustine, for it was he who said, 'Not Peter, but Christ, is the Rock.' And if you are resting in Him, trusting Him alone, however we may differ as to things ecclesiastical we shall meet together in the air when the Lord Jesus comes!"

He stood there a moment, and then impulsively he threw both his arms around me and gave me a good squeeze—the only time I have ever been hugged by a Roman Catholic priest in my life! We bade one another farewell. He went on to the monastery, and I to my appointment. I have never seen him since, though I sent him the next day a copy of Mackay's book, "Grace and Truth"—a book that has brought light and blessing to thousands of souls.

But I dare to believe that I shall see my fellow-traveler of that warm harvest-day in the glory at the coming of our Lord Jesus and our gathering together unto Him.



"He threw both his arms around me and gave me
a good squeeze."

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In closing, may I earnestly ask the reader, who has followed my narrative thus far: In what are you trusting? Is it Christ, and Christ alone? If so, remember the Word—"He that believeth on Him is not condemned!"

Fed by Ravens

SOME of the most interesting and spiritually profitable experiences of my life have been in connection with financial needs and God's marvellous intervention when I seemed to be at the end of all human resources. It is not always wise or profitable to speak of these testings to others lest one be misunderstood, or lest some should take it for granted that all of Christ's servants should act upon the same principles.

Long years ago, however, I, personally, felt that I should rely upon the Lord alone for my temporal support and that of my family, without making our needs known in any way to other people whether saved or not. And as to receiving from the unconverted, it has always seemed clear to me that the Lord's work and the Lord's servants should be sustained by the Lord's own people and not by those who are enemies

of the cross of Christ. Sometimes, when acting on this principle, it pleased God to test me in peculiar ways which were hard to understand at the time, but for which I can now praise Him unfeignedly.

One such case I desire to recall and to share with my readers. It occurred, I think, in the year 1904. My wife and I, with our little son, not yet four years old, had been East on an evangelistic tour, visiting and preaching in a number of different places. Our home was still in Oakland, California. On the way home we were obliged, because of a short purse, to stop in Salt Lake City. At Chicago I had been able to purchase a through ticket for my wife, but for myself was unable to buy beyond Salt Lake. I concluded therefore to go on to that city and remain there till able to go farther. We arrived with a very few dollars and put up at an exceedingly cheap hotel. I asked the Lord to open some door of service and to send us, in some way, the needful wherewithal for our living expenses and my fare home. But ten days went by, and all our money was gone and there was no

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apparent opening for testimony. I preached every night upon the street, visiting and tract-distributing each day, but not a soul could I find who seemed concerned about our message. As our little fund of silver dwindled away, I am ashamed to say that my faith seemed to dwindle too. I became anxious and troubled, and actually peevish with God for withholding what I felt I had a right to expect as His servant. As day after day our prospects grew darker, I became more and more concerned. I sold a set of books one day, the six volumes of C. H. M.'s Notes, to a Baptist minister. This enabled me to pay up our hotel bill for a week.

When the last dime was gone, my faith was at its lowest ebb and my spirit so perturbed that I had lost all sense of communion with God. For several days we had barely eked out an existence on forty cents a day. Tomorrow we would be without food unless God intervened.

Greatly distressed I went for a long walk in the snow (it was winter), and I tried to quiet my mind

and get into the attitude of soul where I could really pray with the expectation of an answer, for my mind was in a turmoil.

I thought of one promise after another, but all seemed inapplicable to my case. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done," was no help, for conscience said, "You are not abiding, so there is no use asking." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith believing," only seemed to mock me, for I felt I had no faith left! Suddenly I remembered the words, "If two of you shall agree . . . it shall be done." I did not know then the real meaning of this verse. I was not aware that to "agree" was to "symphonize," to be in harmony with God and with each other. But I grasped at the promise as a drowning man reaching for a rope.

I turned back to the hotel and found my wife in deep exercise. I said, "Helen, I want you to kneel with me, and we shall agree together to ask God for forty cents tonight so as to provide food for tomorrow and if He does this, I can trust for the future."

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She joined with me and prayed earnestly. I still remember my own wretched attempt at prayer. I said, "O Lord, we claim this promise. We two are agreed to ask for forty cents tonight. If we do not receive it, I shall never believe this verse again." My wife shuddered and implored me not to speak to God like that, but I was so upset I would not heed her admonition. I went out to preach, saying as I left her, "This is the test. If God does not hear us, I simply cannot pray any more."

You will wonder how I could preach when in such a rebellious frame of mind. I wonder at it myself to-day. But I spoke to a crowd of about three hundred people for perhaps forty minutes. As I turned away when the meeting was ended, I thought some Christian might come to me and offer some expression of fellowship, but no one spoke to me. I walked away in bitterness of soul.

I had gone a full block when two men came hurrying after me. One exclaimed, "You forgot something; didn't you?"

"What?" I asked.

"Why, you did not take a collection at your meeting!"

"I never do," I replied.

"Well, how do you live?"

"Why, I just trust the Lord and He meets my need." The words were out before I realized the hypocrisy of which I was guilty at that moment, for I was not trusting at all. I was filled with doubt and fear. But the men were not to be put off.

One exclaimed, "Well, shake hands any way," and as he took my hand I felt several small coins pressed into my palm. The other immediately did the same.

Suddenly I realized that I had not inquired if they were Christians. So I said, "Gentlemen, I thank you, but are you Christians yourselves? I do not accept money from the unsaved."

"That's all right," they exclaimed; "we know all about it. We have been out for two years without purse or scrip ourselves."

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I knew that meant that they were Mormon elders. I started to insist that I must return the money, but they dashed off in the crowd and were lost to sight. I opened my hand and found two dimes and four nickels! As I looked at the forty cents, I felt humbled indeed. God had answered my ill-tempered prayer, but He had sent two ravens—men of an alien faith—to feed His unworthy servant.

I hastened to the hotel, showed my wife the money, and we fell on our knees and thanked Him for His mercy, and I confessed my sins of unbelief and complaining against His providences.

The next day a letter came with sufficient money to meet our needs. In it I read, "Brother T—— and I were praying for you last night. We do not know where you are, but we felt impressed that you needed money. We have put something together and enclose a check for fifteen dollars." How rich we felt, and how we realized that God our Father had not forgotten, but was caring for us even when I was in such a backslidden state of soul.

R A N D O M R E M I N I S C E N C E S

How good to know that He understands all our weaknesses and He remembers that we are dust, and that,

*"God never is before His time,
And never is behind."*

Witnessing in a Desert Tavern

IN THE early years of the present century, my wife and I spent quite a little time in central California in gospel tent work, in holding cottage meetings, and in preaching in country schoolhouses and in any other place that was opened for testimony. In Kern City, now known as East Bakersfield, there were a number of French Roman Catholics who were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. One of these, Mme. V——, was an exceptionally brilliant woman, of very high character, good education, and remarkably keen mind. M. V——, her husband, was a saloon-keeper, and after the wife's conversion she naturally felt very much grieved that her support had to come from this line of business. She often spoke to her husband kindly about it and sought to lead him to Christ, but while he admired her greatly and had much respect for her judgment, it naturally irritated him that she should

not approve of a business in which he had been engaged for many years and from which he had always made a good living and supported his family well. From time to time as I passed through the city, I would call upon the family, and I was always careful to go down to the saloon and have a personal visit with him rather than visit the home when he was not there. When both were present, they treated me with the utmost cordiality, and he never gave the least intimation of impatience with me because of my presentation of the gospel message, or because of the fact that his wife had been turned away from Romanism to accept Christ alone as her Saviour.

As time wore on, however, he became very restive, and finally decided to "pull up stakes," as they say out West, and move to some part of the country where he hoped gospel preachers would never come. He sold his saloon and bought a cross-roads tavern, situated some thirty miles away from Bakersfield, right out in the heart of the desert. To this desolate place he took his wife and installed her as housekeeper and

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put her in charge of the kitchen, where she had the oversight of the preparation of excellent meals, served in true French style, which drew the cattlemen from all of the nearby ranches. Added to this, of course, were the attractions of the saloon and a dance hall, so that his place soon became a rendezvous for hundreds of young men seeking relaxation after their daily toil. On my next visit, when I learned from Mme. V——'s sister of the change, I decided to go out and see them. I knew that I would not be a very welcome guest so far as M. V—— was concerned, and yet I felt sure he would be gentlemanly and courteous, as he always was, and I hoped my visit might be a cheer and a blessing to his wife, who, I understood, was feeling greatly cast down because of the circumstances in which she found herself.

I can see the surprised look on "mine host's" face yet as the stage stopped in front of the wide porch and I stepped off with my bag. However, he came forward smiling and greeted me effusively, then called his wife, exclaiming, "I know she will be greatly

cheered to see you again." Sitting on the porch we had a happy time speaking of the things of the Lord, and at the same time she told me of the heavy burden resting upon her soul because she felt she was in circumstances unbecoming a Christian and yet over which she had practically no control. She was praying day and night that in some way the Lord might give a testimony to the frequenters of the tavern and also to her husband. I suggested at the supper table, where I was a guest of the house, that perhaps an hour might be set apart for a gospel meeting on the porch, or even in the large bar-room that evening, but M. V.—assured me that that would never do. So I continued looking to the Lord for some other opening. About seven-thirty in the evening the cowboys began to come in from many miles around, until finally there must have been nearly a hundred horses tethered or hobbled outside, and that many men in the bar-room. I felt greatly burdened for them and continued to cry to God for an opportunity to witness for Christ among them. I was sitting on the porch when I heard a few

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notes played on a violin and caught a bar or two of an attempt at "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." Then the cowboy who was trying to play exclaimed, "I wish some of you fellows could sing that old song, for if you could, I know I would be able to follow it on this fiddle. I have got an ear for music."

Now all my friends know that if there is one thing I cannot do, it is to sing; at least, in any proper way. But instantly I was on my feet and through the swinging door. Turning to the young man who had the violin in his hand, I said, "I'm not much of a singer, but I think I could at least carry the tune if you want to try to play the accompaniment." "Fine," he said, "go ahead, preacher." And so, almost to my own amazement, and certainly not to the delectation of the ears of my audience, I started to sing the old song, and in a moment or two a dozen or more of the men who knew it took it up and sang until the very rafters were ringing with "In the Sweet By-and-by." We sang all the verses, the fiddler accompanying in a perfectly furious manner, so that it seemed as though he



"The men who knew it took it up and sang until the very
rafters were ringing."

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would break all the strings at any moment. When the song was over there was a great encore from the rest of the cowboys. They all shouted out, "Give us another, preacher; maybe you have got one that some of the rest of us know." I said, "How about 'Rock of Ages'?" Several intimated that they had known that years ago. So I lined it out verse by verse and we sang it through. Then came, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." I knew I did not dare attempt to preach, or M. V—— would feel that I was deliberately abusing his hospitality, since he had forbidden that, but I gave out the verses one after the other, and told a story in connection with the hymn, showing how a poor derelict had found Christ while it was being sung.

By this time the men were entering heartily into the whole thing and kept calling for one song after another. I do not remember the names of them all. At last M. V—— could stand it no longer. He and his bartender had done no business the whole evening and it was now ten o'clock. So he stepped out and ex-

claimed, "Now, boys, I think we have all had enough religion. Let us have a real, good, old-fashioned song, and I will dance while you sing." He struck up "Little Annie Rooney." The men took it up just about as heartily as the hymns, and he made rather a ludicrous figure as he gave a clog dance in the midst of them all. But no sooner was he finished than one of the men shouted out, "There's nothing to that! Let's have some more hymns while we have a chance. We don't get a preacher very often. What about 'How Firm a Foundation'? I remember that from when I was a kid; used to sing it in the choir back home." And so we sang the grand old words to the air of "Portuguese Hymn," and at the close another of the cowboys exclaimed, "I think we all ought to wind up with 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.'" I wish my readers could have heard the way those men lifted old "Coronation" until the rafters rang again. Somebody called for a benediction. I offered prayer, and one by one the men came up to shake my hand and thank me, and then moved out into the

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darkness. Not one drink had been sold from the time the songs of the Lord began until the men left. As I stepped out of the bar-room I found Mme. V—— standing by the door, the tears streaming down her face. "Oh, thank God," she exclaimed, "if my husband never hears another gospel message, he has heard it in those hymns tonight, and the testimony has gone out in his own bar-room to all those men." M. V—— himself was very reserved and non-committal, but he gave no evidence of resentment. As I bade him good-bye the next morning, for he insisted that I should be his guest that night, I sought to give him a faithful word, for which he thanked me. I never saw him again. Shortly afterwards he was stricken with a malady from which he died, but I have always hoped that something might have reached his heart, and that some day I might see him and his dear wife, who has long since gone home to Heaven, in yon Glory Land.

A Bible Conference in a Pullman Car

SOME years ago my family and I spent several months among the Laguna Indians of New Mexico in missionary work. It was a time of great blessing to our own souls and we enjoyed to the full the association with these warm-hearted people of the mesas. Living conditions, however, were not exactly what we had been accustomed to, and because of this, in all probability, I evidently picked up a toxic germ that caused me considerable trouble later. For some weeks afterwards when I was in Minneapolis to give a series of addresses, I found myself in a very peculiar physical condition which made it exceedingly difficult to carry on. Finally, just after a meeting, I tumbled over, and when I came back to consciousness found I had to go to bed at once as I had all the symptoms of a second attack of typhoid fever. Seven years before I had gone through a siege of this disease, and hardly

expected a repetition, nevertheless, such it proved to be. I was a long way from my California home, but for six weeks was most kindly cared for by a dear Christian family until, becoming convalescent, I felt able to start west again. Being still too weak to sit up long, and only strong enough to walk about as I held on to something, I engaged an entire section in the Pullman and had my berth made up day and night. In the day-time the curtains were drawn back and I was able to recline restfully upon the mattress and pillows, feeling much to my amusement something like an oriental despot on a divan.

On the first morning out after partaking of breakfast, I was lying on my improvised couch reading my Bible when a buxom German lady came down the aisle. As she was passing my berth she suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Vat! You haffing vamilly vorship all by yourself? Vait a moment, I go und get mein Beibel and ve read togedder." So off she went and shortly returned with a large German Bible—planting herself on the side of my berth. "Vere you

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reading?" I indicated the passage, and soon we were enjoying real Christian fellowship as we compared the two translations and talked together of the precious things of Christ. She proved to be a very intelligent Christian who loved the Lord sincerely and delighted in His Word. It was not long before a tall, fair Norwegian came down the aisle. Noticing how we were engaged, he exclaimed, "Ah, reading the Bible, eh! Vait a moment. I tank I go and get mine too, and yoin with you," and so away he went and came back with his Norwegian Bible. The berth opposite mine was empty so he sat over there, and we had a three-cornered conversational Bible reading which soon attracted the attention of several other passengers who crowded in to listen to what we were saying.

About this time the Pullman conductor passed through and observed what was going on. I learned afterwards that he went through all the other sleeping-cars and told the people that if they cared to attend a religious service there was one going on in our car. The result was that more people crowded in than

were able to hear all that was being said, but raising my voice as loudly as I could in my weakened condition, I attempted to preach the gospel and, in answer to many questions from my fellow-passengers, to open up important lines of truth for the establishment of believers. As a result of the fever, I found myself mentally very weary, so after talking for an hour or two I was obliged to tell the people that I must have a little sleep before continuing. As I opened my eyes following my nap, I noticed my Norwegian friend was watching closely, and suddenly, to my amusement, he began shouting out, "He's awake! He's awake!" and again the people started to gather about.

Most of the time was devoted to an effort to expound the Epistle to the Hebrews. We rejoiced together as we contemplated the glories of our blessed risen Lord, He who though the eternal Son, the Beloved of the Father, stooped in grace to link Himself with our humanity and by His suffering and death became in resurrection, the Captain of our salvation. I found that many were not very clear as to the Per-

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son of Christ, and it was a joy to see them drinking in the truth set forth so graphically in the first two chapters of this Epistle. As we went on to take up the subject of His High-Priesthood and His intercessory work on our behalf in Heaven, it was evident that we were dealing with things new to many, and when we considered the perfection and finality of His one offering on the cross, there were many questions which we tried to answer from the Word itself. I would not dare to say how many entered into the full assurance of faith because of our study together, but I am certain through the appreciative way they expressed themselves, this was true of several at least of that company. Then some time was devoted to answering questions on various other Bible themes. What struck me, was the real interest that some showed who did not even make profession of Christianity, but evidently thought much about so-called religious subjects. I hope that I shall some day meet in Heaven at least one or more of the passengers who were brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour because

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of the gospel messages they heard on that train on the way to California.

This kind of thing went on morning and afternoon each day until we were nearing Sacramento, California. At this junction city the train was to be divided; part of the cars going on to Oakland and San Francisco, and the others down the valley to Fresno, Turlock, and other points. Many of my newly-made friends were ticketed for the valley route, and so they came one after another to express their appreciation and to thank me for the unfolding of the Word of God to them.

The German lady was particularly voluble in her gratitude. "My!" she exclaimed; "It has been just like a camp-meeting all de vay! Mein soul has been fed and many things I see now I did not see before. But brudder," she asked, "vat denomination do you belong to? You haf not told us yet." I smiled and replied, "I belong to the same denomination that David did." "Vat vas dat?" she inquired, and added, "I did not know that he belonged to any." "Well,"

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I answered, "he says, 'I am a companion of all them that fear Thee and of them that keep Thy precepts' (Ps. 119: 63)." "Ya, ya," she cried, "dat iss a fine denomination to belong to." This gave me an opportunity to unfold in the little time we had left, something of the revelation of the mystery of which the Apostle Paul speaks in the letters to the Ephesians, the Colossians, and in other epistles. It seemed to be new to some that all believers in this dispensation of grace are members of the Body of Christ and, hence, members one of another, whether they be linked up with some local organization or not. I suppose we must have represented perhaps a dozen different groups of Christians looked at denominationally, but we found that the things on which we agreed and which were precious to all our hearts were far greater than the things that separated us because of different theological opinions or diverse conceptions of church government, or the Christian ordinances. I did not ask any of them what organization they belonged to, nor did anyone inquire further as to my own particular

fellowship. As we drew near the station at Sacramento, we bowed our heads together and thanked God that through His infinite grace we had been washed from our sins in the precious blood of Christ, and were now members of that new creation of which He is the risen exalted Head.

In the years that have gone it has never been my privilege to meet again one of my fellow-passengers on that memorable trip, but I fully expect to see and recognize many of them in that glad day when our Lord Himself will "descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

It may be that some who traveled with me at that time will see these lines; if so, nothing would please me better than to hear from them.

Learning to be Abased

THERE are experiences which all servants of God go through that seem almost too personal and too sacred to reveal to the public, and yet some of these incidents might be used of the Lord to strengthen the faith of others passing through seasons of special trial, and so I have decided to share several such episodes with my readers.

Unless my memory is playing tricks with me, it was in the summer of the year 1900 that my wife and I went to what is now known as East Bakersfield, but was then called Kern City, in California, for a tent campaign. It was a venture of faith, because I knew but one family in that district—very dear friends of mine who had found blessing in meetings at Long Beach some time before and who had urged me to come to their town for tent services, particularly because of an interest that had developed among some

French Roman Catholics through the quiet ministry of an aged man named Mr. Petrequin.

The meetings went on for about two months and were blessed to the salvation of a few souls, which greatly gladdened our hearts. When the time came to take down the tent, with a view of returning to our home in Oakland, we went over to the station to get our tickets. Just before purchasing them, a very distinct impression came to me that I should not go through to Oakland, but should stop at Fresno.

Now I know that it is a very dangerous thing to be guided by impressions, but this one was of such a definite character that I could not throw it off. I told my wife how I felt, and said to her, "You stay here and pray, while I go outside and talk to the Lord about it." I walked up and down the station platform, asking God to make clear to me whether this was His mind. The more I prayed, the less I could shake it off, so I went to the window and bought a ticket for my wife to Oakland, but a ticket to Fresno for myself.

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As we got on the train I said, "If when we reach Fresno I am clear about going on, I will simply step out and purchase another ticket; otherwise I will get off at Fresno."

However, when that station was reached, I simply could not get the consent of my own mind to go on to Oakland, so I handed my wife all the money I had with the exception of a solitary dollar, not telling her, of course, the low state of my finances, and bidding her and our little one good-bye I stepped off the train, not knowing what was before me.

I should perhaps explain that something like a year before I had received a letter from a brother in the Lord in Fresno, telling of blessing received through some literature I had sent him and asking me, if circumstances ever permitted me to come to Fresno, to make my abode at his home and he would be glad to do what he could to find a place for public testimony. I had his address with me, and leaving my bag at the station I took a street-car to the place indicated. What was my disappointment when I got there, to learn

from neighbors that he and his family were away for a summer vacation and would not return for a number of weeks! I felt rather rebuffed, and wondered whether I had not made a great mistake in following my impression.

However, I was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but carry on. So back to the station I went, got my grip, and found a palatial lodging at a cost of twenty-five cents a night! The little money that I had would not carry me very far even in so inexpensive a place, so I was very careful not to spend any more for food than was absolutely necessary.

It was now going on toward evening, and I was on my knees asking God to show me if I had made a mistake, or on the other hand to give me some indication if He had a service for me in this city, when I heard the sound of singing outside. I went out to a street corner and listened a little while to the Salvation Army, but when the collection plate was passed I walked away, the state of my finances not being such as to make me enthusiastic about participating.

A block away another street-meeting was in progress, and I went down and listened to that. It was under the auspices of the Peniel Mission of Los Angeles. There was a good ring to the testimonies, and I decided to go on to the Hall for the later meeting. I waited until a large crowd had gathered inside, and then slipped in quietly and sat down by the door. Two ladies were in charge of the meeting. I had hardly taken my seat when I became conscious of the fact that both of them were looking in my direction and whispering together, evidently about me. It was a little embarrassing, to say the least. The next moment one of the ladies walked down the aisle, and coming directly to where I sat, inquired, "Are you the one who is to preach here tonight?" Surprised, I answered, "I do not know."

She looked at me peculiarly, I thought, and then said, "Well, are you not a preacher of the gospel?" I told her that I was, or tried to be. "And have you not a message for us tonight?" I replied, "I am not sure. Why do you ask?" She answered that the

other lady and herself, who had charge of the Mission, had been praying about the message for the evening, and it had seemed as though a voice distinctly said to both of them, "I will send My own messenger to-night. You will know him when you see him." And she added, "So we were watching everyone who came in the door, and when you entered, we both were sure that you were the person."

This was more surprising than ever, but it fitted in with my own experience, and I told her how I happened to be in the city that night. She immediately said, "You must be the Lord's messenger. Please come right to the platform."

Accepting it as an opening of God, I obeyed, and after some testimonies, I preached the gospel to the assembled throng. They immediately asked if I would not remain with them for at least a two-weeks' campaign, which I agreed to do.

This, I should explain, was on Thursday night. I preached the next two evenings, looking to the Lord daily in prayer that He would supply my temporal

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needs, of which I could not, of course, speak to anyone else. But in His inscrutable wisdom He allowed Saturday night to come, leaving me absolutely penniless. I did not even have the required twenty-five cents to pay for my room, so rather disconsolately I said good-bye to my landlord and took my suitcase into a drug store, asking permission to leave it there until called for. The druggist smiled, and said, "If it does not contain dynamite you are welcome to do so!" I assured him that it was perfectly safe, and left it there.

I will never forget how utterly alone I felt as I stepped out into the street. It was getting quite late in the evening, and I had had only five cents' worth of food all day, and I had no place to go for the night. Yet somehow I felt strangely lifted up as I remembered One who had said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

I had a large supply of gospel tracts with me in a number of different languages, so I walked across the

Santa Fé tracks into what was then the very worst section of the city, and I spent my time until two o'clock in the morning visiting the vile saloons and filthy dance-halls of the district, until I had distributed about three thousand of these little gospel messages. God gave the opportunity for earnest testimony to quite a number of different people—poor derelicts, far away from their homes and sunk in the depths of sin.

But now even the saloons were closing up. My supply of tracts was exhausted, and still I was left without any place to go. So following the street-car track, I walked out to the end of the suburban line, and there found an empty car into which I crept, and tried to sleep on the benches. The night had turned very cold, and I could not be comfortable. I tried to pray, but I regret to confess that I was not in the spirit of prayer. In fact, by this time I was inwardly complaining, not without bitterness, to God. The scripture came to me, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," and my rebellious spirit exclaimed, "Then why does He

not do this? He has promised, and He is not fulfilling His Word."

I became very much perplexed and distressed. But about four o'clock in the morning I decided that I would find more comfort in walking than in the car, so I went back to the city. In the grounds surrounding the court-house was a large weeping-willow tree, the branches of which hung very low on all sides. I crawled in under them, and found myself in a kind of leafy bower where I managed to get about two hours' sleep where no one could see me.

When I awoke, God was speaking to me in regard to certain things in my life concerning which I had allowed myself to become very careless, and I knelt beneath the tree and poured out my heart to Him regarding my lack of faith and my self-will. The more I confessed, the more things came to my mind which required self-judgment, until I no longer wondered why God had not undertaken for me, but I was amazed to think how very good He had been to me in spite of my many failures.

After a while I went over to the fountain in the court-house grounds and washed a bit, and then walked around until it was time for Sunday School service at the Methodist Church, where I had promised to teach a class of young men.

When I went in to the opening exercises I was much surprised to see a man taking quite a part in the service who had been my own Sunday School teacher years before in Los Angeles. I stepped over and introduced myself, and received a warm welcome from him. Upon his inquiry as to how I happened to be there, I explained that I was holding meetings at the Mission, and had been asked to teach a class. He immediately invited me to lunch with him after the morning service, an invitation which I need not say I was delighted to accept.

I taught my class, remained to hear the sermon, and then my friend and I went out for lunch. I did not dare to tell him anything of my actual circumstances, but it was refreshing to enjoy the fellowship, and a good meal quite set me up.

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At the afternoon meeting an interested crowd filled the Mission Hall, and at the close of the service a young osteopathic doctor came up to me to inquire at what hotel I was staying. I told him that I had been staying in a certain quarter of the city, but did not indicate the name of my hostelry. He then asked, "Could you not come and stay with me? I have a nice apartment with a spare room. I am lonely for Christian fellowship, and I would be delighted to have your company."

Well, what could I do but accept? I felt that it was the Lord's wondrous provision. He was eager to come with me to my "hotel" to get my grip, but I assured him that I would attend to that myself. I hurried off to the drug-store where I had left my bag, and having obtained it, I hastened to the doctor's apartment. He noticed that I was rather weary, and suggested that while supper was being prepared—which he himself was to attend to—I should have a little nap. To this I very gladly consented, and I remember so well that about an hour afterward I

dreamed I was passing through a fearful earthquake, but I soon found it was the doctor shaking me to get me up! He was amazed to find that I was such a sound sleeper.

We had our supper together, and went down to the evening meeting. God wrought in power, and quite a number of precious souls came forward and were dealt with personally, all professing to accept the Lord Jesus. Then, without the least intimation on my part of a need of any kind, one and another of the Christian friends crowded around me, slipping money into my hands, until when I went back to my room I counted it out and found I had twenty-seven dollars.

How I thanked God for His mercy! On the morrow I sent my wife a good portion of the money, knowing it would be needed at home, but I prudently retained enough to pay my railroad fare if nothing more was received.

A little later I went out to the post office to look for mail, and found a letter from my step-father. He had a way of folding his letters backwards, and as

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I drew the letter from the envelope I saw a postscript staring me in the face. It read as follows: "God spoke to me through Philippians 4: 19 today. He has promised to supply all our need. Some day He may see that I need a starving! If He does, He will supply that."

Oh, how real it all seemed to me then! I saw that God had been putting me through that test in order to bring me closer to Himself, and to bring me face to face with things that I had been neglecting. And so I pass this little incident on to others, hoping it may have a message for some troubled worker who may be going through a time of similar need and perplexity.

When I Heard Moody, Stebbins, and Sankey.

IT IS impossible for me to express in any adequate manner my indebtedness to many of the Lord's well-known servants for help received in early days, which opened up to me the Word of God and suggested methods of presenting His truth to others. I have always been most grateful to Him, especially since becoming pastor of the Moody Memorial Church of Chicago, that He permitted me to hear His devoted servant, Dwight L. Moody, at two different periods of my life: one when I was a boy, and the other when I was a young preacher just feeling my way along, as it were, and never dreaming that the day would come when it would be my privilege to stand in the pulpit of the great church built in memory of him whom I esteem as the most outstanding evangelist of the nineteenth century.

When Dwight L. Moody and George C. Stebbins

came to Los Angeles for a great campaign in 1888, I was only twelve years old. But already I had been under considerable exercise about spiritual things, and thought myself to be a Christian, although it was not until two years later that I came to a definite saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Moody meetings were held in Hazzard's Pavilion, a large, wooden structure with two galleries, seating perhaps 8,000 people. I shall never forget my first night there; it made an indelible impression on my mind. Arriving after the song service had begun, I found apparently every seat taken, and many people standing up. I made my way to the first gallery, and then to the upper one, looking for an unoccupied place, but found none.

Then I observed that another lad had crawled out on one of the great, wooden girders supporting the roof. These were heavy box-like supports, composed of three 4 x 12 planks spiked together like immense troughs, extending at an angle from the gallery to the center of the roof, and then on down to the opposite side. I

crawled out on one of these and, lying in the trough, was quite secure, and able to get a good view of the great audience, the choir and others on the platform, and could hear perfectly.

The singing thrilled me, but I cannot recall the titles of any of the congregational hymns used that night. Finally, a short, thick-set, bearded man arose, who seemed from my vantage point to have no neck. His head appeared to fit very closely into his shoulders as I looked down upon him from so far above. He began to speak in a crisp, business-like way, with a decided New England twang that, to use the old Scotch lady's words, "did not even hae a holy tone to it."

The text was, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." With telling effect he recounted the story of Belshazzar's folly and doom. I have read the sermon since and was surprised to find how little of it I had forgotten through the years. As he went on, I was deeply moved. I could see that the audience, too, was greatly stirred. I actually



"I was able to get a good view of the great audience, the choir and others on the platform."

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prayed, "Lord, help me some day to preach to crowds like these, and to lead souls to Christ." Although I was not really clear as to my own salvation, God marvelously answered that boyish petition.

So interested was I in what Mr. Moody was saying that I was amazed when he suddenly brought his discourse to an end as he exclaimed, "Mr. Stebbins will now sing one of my favorite hymns." I looked at the clock, and saw that he had been speaking less than thirty-five minutes. He seldom preached longer. His custom was to have several clear, definite points to each discourse, and to drive them home to the hearts and consciences of his hearers by remorseless logic, and clear, telling illustrations, many of which were extremely tender and homely, often moving his hearers to tears. Then he pressed upon them the importance of immediate decision for Christ—the definite acceptance of Him as Saviour and Lord.

He used a great deal of Scripture, and counted on God by His Holy Spirit to enforce the Word and make it the instrument of convicting sinners and bring-

ing them to repentance and to personal faith in the Lord Jesus.

Stebbins sang most feelingly, "At the Feast of Belshazzar," a song then quite new. I had never heard it before.

After the solo, Mr. Moody again rose to his feet and began to plead with men to be reconciled to God. At first there was no move, then he said abruptly, "Will every truly converted person in this building rise to your feet?" Possibly five thousand instantly arose. "Will all who were converted before you were fifteen years of age sit down?" Over half took their seats. "Now all who were saved before you were twenty please be seated." Probably half of those remaining obeyed him.

Then he went on in the same way, "All below thirty—forty—fifty." By that time a mere handful were still standing. "All below sixty." If my memory serves me aright, only three out of that vast throng continued to stand. "Now all saved before you were seventy," and the last were seated. It was a powerful

object lesson, showing the importance of coming to Christ while young.

Moody pressed this home, then invited anxious souls to the inquiry-room. Many went in.

Another night I managed to get there early, with my mother and several of her friends. We sat only a few seats from the front, and so had a good view of Mr. Moody and the rest. I remember thinking, "He isn't very handsome." But when he preached on "Sowing and Reaping," his face lighted up, and he really seemed beautiful in his sincerity and kindly earnestness. Mr. Stebbins and his wife sang, "The Model Church." It was the first time I had heard it. I thought it did not have enough gospel in it. You see, I was already quite a sermon-taster and meeting-appraiser. Again many went to the inquiry-room at Moody's invitation.

On the way home a gentleman in our party remarked, "He seems just a very ordinary man. I have heard many better preachers." "Yes," my mother answered, "but he wins souls!" I have often recalled

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this since. It was not remarkable eloquence or superior preaching ability that accounted for Moody's success. It was a life dominated by the Spirit of God, coupled with a certain native shrewdness that enabled him to understand the needs and hearts of men as few others have done.

I did not hear him again until some ten years later, when I was a young evangelist myself, and Moody came back to California for a few meetings in the larger centers. I heard him both in Oakland and in Los Angeles. In each place he preached almost the identical sermon at his big night meetings. He spoke on, "Ye must be born again." Like Wesley, Whitefield, and others, he believed a worth-while message could be given repeatedly with good results.

I like to remember that up to the last Moody was emphasizing the need of a second birth, that he never turned aside to a so-called liberal theology that fails to take into account man's lost condition and the necessity of regeneration if he would ever be saved. His son, Will Moody, was with him during this California

tour, and I heard him in Los Angeles in the Peniel Hall. He was a good man, but of an altogether different type from his father. He dwelt more on the practical side of the Christian life.

At an afternoon meeting D. L. Moody talked to Christian workers on soul-winning and the need of revival. I remember he spoke a great deal on the devastating effect of carping criticism, and urged, "Pray for people; do not waste time talking about them." He warned church-members against criticizing their pastors, even though the latter were not clear: criticism accomplished nothing; praying for them would be constructive. "My trouble," he said, "is not so much with the ministers as with lazy Christians in the pews."

I never saw him again. The next year he answered the Home-call after his collapse on the platform in Kansas City. But I have always been thankful that I had these several opportunities of hearing the man God used in such a mighty way, to the salvation of many thousands of souls.

Ira D. Sankey I heard twice only. He was not with Mr. Moody at the meetings I have referred to, but he visited Oakland and San Francisco in 1897, and I heard him in both cities. I shall never forget how he moved a great audience gathered to hear Henry Varley, as he sang, for the first time on the Pacific Coast, "Saved by grace." Other hymns that he brought out with him, that were new in those days, were, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes," and, "Let the blessed sunshine in."

And, of course, he sang, "There were Ninety and Nine," as only he could sing it. I have never heard anyone else who seemed to put into it what he did, and who made it so appealing and impressive. In each meeting he sang by special request, "My Ain Coun-tree," and told how he found it and how he came to use it. Since I myself am of Scotch extraction, I think I enjoyed this most of all. One trouble with many modern gospel soloists is, there is too little gospel and too much solo. The tendency is to perform instead of endeavoring to give a spiritual message. If

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either preacher or singer is more concerned about drawing attention to himself than exalting Christ and reaching the consciences of his hearers, he fails utterly in his service.

An Agnostic's Challenge

FOR nearly a year after I left the Salvation Army and launched out in evangelistic work in fellowship with the Christians commonly known as "Brethren," I lived in the San Francisco Bay region. One Lord's Day afternoon as I was walking up Market Street, I saw a large group gathered at the corner of Market and Grant Avenue. When I heard the sound of music and singing, I realized in a moment that it was a meeting of my old Salvationist friends, and went over to enjoy it. They had a splendid brass band. There were perhaps sixty soldiers in all, who had formed a large circle round which some three or four hundred people were gathered. I pushed my way through to the front of the crowd, and was almost immediately recognized by the little lassie captain who came over and asked me if I would not like to give a testimony. Of course I was pleased to do this, so when opportunity presented itself, at her suggestion I stepped into the ring and tried to give a

gospel message based on my own personal experience of Christ's saving grace.

While I was speaking, I noticed that a well-dressed man of medium build and intelligent countenance who was standing on the curb took a card from his pocket and wrote something on it. Just as I was concluding my talk, he stepped forward, politely lifted his hat, and handed me the card. On one side I read his name. I realized at once who he was, for I had seen his name in the public press and on placards as one who had been giving addresses for some months all up and down the West Coast from Vancouver to San Diego. He was an official representative of what was then called the I. W. W. Movement—that is, the “Industrial Workers of the World,” though opponents of its socialistic principles generally interpreted the mystic letters as standing for “I Won’t Work.” He held meetings among laboring men, seeking to incite them to class hatred and to organize with a view to overthrowing the capitalistic system.



— AFTER A DRAWING BY F. SANDS BRUNNER! —

I read the card aloud, and replied somewhat as follows:
"I am very much interested in this challenge."

Turning the card over, I read on the opposite side, as nearly as I can now remember, the following challenge: "Sir, I challenge you to debate with me the question 'Agnosticism *versus* Christianity' in the Academy of Science Hall next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. I will pay all expenses—."

I read the card aloud, and replied somewhat as follows: "I am very much interested in this challenge. Frankly, I am already announced for another meeting next Lord's Day afternoon at three o'clock, but I think it will be possible for me to get through with that in time to reach the Academy of Science by four, or if necessary I could arrange to have another speaker substitute for me at the meeting already advertised. Therefore I will be glad to agree to this debate on the following conditions: namely, that in order to prove that Mr. — has something worth fighting for and worth debating about, he will promise to bring with him to the Hall next Sunday two people, whose qualifications I will give in a moment, as proof that agnosti-

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cism is of real value in changing human lives and building true character. First, he must promise to bring with him one man who was for years what we commonly call a 'down-and-outer.' I am not particular as to the exact nature of the sins that had wrecked his life and made him an outcast from society—whether a drunkard, or a criminal of some kind, or a victim of any sensual appetite—but a man who for years was under the power of evil habits from which he could not deliver himself, but who on some occasion entered one of Mr. ——'s meetings and heard his glorification of agnosticism and his denunciations of the Bible and Christianity, and whose heart and mind as he listened to such an address were so deeply stirred that he went away from that meeting saying, 'Henceforth, I too am an agnostic!' and as a result of imbibing that particular philosophy he found that a new power had come into his life. The sins he once loved, now he hated, and righteousness and goodness were henceforth the ideals of his life. He is now an

entirely new man, a credit to himself and an asset to society—all because he is an agnostic.

“Secondly, I would like Mr. —— to promise to bring with him one woman—and I think he may have more difficulty in finding the woman than the man—who was once a poor, wrecked, characterless outcast, the slave of evil passions, and the victim of man’s corrupt living.” As I spoke I was within perhaps a stone’s throw of San Francisco’s infamous Barbary Coast, where so many young lives have been shipwrecked; and so I added, “Perhaps one who had lived for years in some evil resort on Pacific Street, or in some other nearby hell-hole, utterly lost, ruined and wretched because of her life of sin. But this woman also entered a hall where Mr. —— was loudly proclaiming his agnosticism and ridiculing the message of the Holy Scriptures. As she listened, hope was born in her heart, and she said, ‘This is just what I need to deliver me from the slavery of sin!’ She followed the teaching until she became an intelligent

agnostic or infidel. As a result, her whole being revolted against the degradation of the life she had been living. She fled from the den of iniquity where she had been held captive so long; and today, rehabilitated, she has won her way back to an honored position in society and is living a clean, virtuous, happy life—all because she is an agnostic.

“Now, Mr. —,” I exclaimed, “if you will promise to bring these two people with you as examples of what agnosticism will do, I will promise to meet you at the Hall at the hour appointed next Sunday, and I will bring with me at the very least one hundred men and women who for years lived in just such sinful degradation as I have tried to depict, but who have been gloriously saved through believing the message of the gospel which you ridicule. I will have these men and women with me on the platform as witnesses to the miraculous saving power of Jesus Christ, and as present-day proof of the truth of the Bible.”

Turning to the little Salvation Army captain, I said, "Captain, have you any who could go with me to such a meeting?" She exclaimed with enthusiasm, "We can give you forty at least, just from this one corps, and we will give you a brass band to lead the procession!"

"Fine!" I answered. "Now, Mr. —, I will have no difficulty in picking up sixty others from various Missions, Gospel Halls, and evangelical churches of the city, and if you promise faithfully to bring two such exhibits as I have described, I will come marching in at the head of such a procession, with the band playing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and I will be ready for the debate."

I think Mr. — had quite a sense of humor, for he smiled rather sardonically, waved his hand in a deprecating kind of way as much as to say, "Nothing doing!" and edging through the crowd he left the scene, while that great crowd clapped the Salvation Army and the street-preacher to the echo, for they

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well knew that in all the annals of unbelief no one ever heard of a philosophy of negation, such as agnosticism, making bad men and women good, and they also knew that this is what Christianity has been doing all down through the centuries.

Our gospel proves itself by what it accomplishes, as redeemed people from every walk of life, delivered from every type of sin, prove the regenerating and keeping power of the Christ of whom the Bible speaks.

The Nuns Meet a Saint

As our Santa Fé train was pulling out of the station at Kansas City, I was interested in noticing that eight Roman Catholic nuns, evidently Dominican sisters, judging from their costumes, had berths in the same Pullman car in which I was located. Sub-consciously I thought, "I may have an opportunity to become acquainted with them as we journey toward the West, and perhaps find out whether they know the Lord, and if not, to give them a gospel message."

But as they began to talk among themselves, I was disappointed to notice that they were speaking German, and as I knew but few words in that language, I concluded that it would be hopeless to try to talk with them.

However, the next morning after most of us had breakfasted, a young man in the farther end of the sleeper took out a violin and began to play feelingly some plaintive airs, while the passengers listened with

enjoyment. Suddenly he struck up a German melody which was familiar to me because I had heard it used a great deal on the Hopi Indian mission field in northern Arizona. A group of German Mennonite missionaries had opened up the work in Oraibi, Moencopi, and other stations, and they had translated a number of hymns into the Hopi tongue. Among them was one set to this particular air, and I had often been greatly stirred as I listened to the Hopi Christians singing it fervently in their gatherings for worship and testimony.

In a moment or two, seven of the nuns—all of them quite young—began to sing in German to the accompaniment of the violin, while the other passengers listened with delight to their beautiful, clear voices.

My own face must have expressed the pleasure that I felt, for as I looked across the aisle to the seat where the older nun was sitting, her face lit up in answer to my own, and she leaned forward and said in excellent English, "These dear children! They enjoy this so

much. You see, we are German nuns on our way to California. Our convent at home was destroyed during the war, and we are going out to an altogether new country. I am the Mother Superior, and so I think of all these young sisters as my children. They have been so homesick! Everything is so different here from what we have been accustomed to in Germany, and that melody has stirred them because it is one we often sing in the old land. These sisters were part of the convent church choir, and so this hymn is very familiar to them." She seemed to wait for my response.

I replied eagerly, glad to have an opportunity to become acquainted, and hopeful now that I might be of some little service to the Lord in their case, "I too am familiar with that air, although I do not know the German words, nor do I know any English words that are ordinarily sung to it. But I have been out among the Hopi Indian villages in northern Arizona, and there are a number of groups of native Christians who

sing a hymn in their own language set to this tune, so I too am greatly pleased to hear it today."

She inquired wistfully, "Do you mean that there are some of these dark people, the American Indians, with whom you are acquainted, who really know and love our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Her question thrilled me. She spoke as one who knew Him herself. I told her that there were indeed many such among the different tribes, and she expressed her great delight to hear it. Then she said, as the music ceased, "Would you mind telling us all something about them? I will call the sisters together, and if you tell me in English I will interpret it into German, for I know that they would be greatly interested."

I gladly agreed to do this, and soon we were sitting as close together as possible while I told what I could of the scenes I had witnessed in Hopi-land, and also among the Navajos, the Lagunas, the Walapais, and other tribes. I gave them a number of instances of

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remarkable conversions, which seemed to stir them greatly. I felt that it was God's own opportunity for me to set forth the gospel of His grace without any contention or fault-finding with views that they might hold which differed from my own.

Finally, the Mother Superior exclaimed, "We are so glad to know of these things! Are you, then, a missionary yourself?"

I informed them that I was one who gave all his time to the preaching of the gospel, and that for a number of years I had visited the different Indian tribes to help in the mission work during certain months.

"I do hope," she said, "that you are a good Catholic!"

"I can assure you," I replied, "that I am a member of the holy catholic church, purchased with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, though I cannot claim any goodness of my own."

This led to many questions as to what I meant by

the catholic church, and as to how unrighteous sinners obtained righteousness by faith, whereby they were made fit for the presence of God. Remembering the words of the Apostle Paul, "I am made all things to all men if by any means I might save some," I quoted frequently from various Roman Catholic sources, such as the fine testimony of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who exclaimed as he was dying, "Holy, holy Jesus, Thy wounds are my merits!"

At that the Mother Superior declared, "You surprise me! You seem to know all the saints. I did not have any idea that one who was not a Roman Catholic would be so familiar with the writings and the lives of the saints."

"Oh, but you see," I answered, "I try to familiarize myself with them all, for all the saints belong to me, and I belong to all the saints. More than that—through the infinite grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—I am a saint myself!"

"A saint!" she cried with amazement, and then

turning to the other sisters, she said something in German which I was reasonably certain meant, "Children, he says that *he himself is a saint!*"

They turned to me at once with new interest, for I suppose they thought that they had never seen a real live saint before. All the saints that they knew of were dead, but here was a man in their very presence who claimed to be a saint in his fleshly body.

I noticed that some of them looked amused. Probably they thought that I was a bit "touched in the head," or else that I was self-deceived; but it gave me an opportunity to open my Bible and turn from passage to passage in order to show them that a saint is one who has been separated unto God through the infinite value of the precious atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that everyone who truly believes in Him, all who have trusted Him as Saviour, are called "saints."

The very opportunity I longed for had come to me in a remarkable way, and all through that day, and

until we separated at Albuquerque, New Mexico—where I had to leave the train—they plied me with questions which it was a joy to answer, and it seemed to me that their hearts were most receptive to the truth of God. I could not discern the least evidence of prejudice as they listened to one whom perhaps they should have considered a heretic.

As I bade them good-bye, I was thankful to remember that God has promised that His Word shall not return unto Him void; and I dare to hope that I shall meet them some day in the presence of God and of the Lamb to rejoice together in the grace that makes saints out of poor lost sinners.

“In the Name of Jesus Christ!”

NOTHING can be more distressing to the heart of one who truly loves the Lord Jesus Christ and remembers that He came into this world a Jew according to the flesh, and that therefore salvation is of the Jews, than to contemplate the terrible sufferings that His own people have been called upon to endure throughout what we euphemistically call the Christian centuries. Alas, alas, that their Christianity has often been only in name, and most un-Christian things have been done by so-called Christian nations and even by what are known as Christian people, as they have heaped ignominy and persecution upon the chosen race now scattered because of its sins, and wandering among the Gentiles until that day when the Jews shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and as one in bitterness for his first-born.

Surely every real believer in the Lord Jesus Christ ought to have a heart of love for the Jewish people. This does not mean that he should overlook their failures and their sins, but it does mean that he ought to be free from all prejudice and to look upon them as he does upon Gentile sinners, as poor lost men and women for whom Christ died and to whom he is sent with the message of grace.

There are two extremes to which one may readily go in considering the Jews. Some sentimentalists can see nothing evil in them because of the fact that they occupy so prominent a place in the prophetic Scriptures. They rhapsodize over the Jew, and forgetting his faults they magnify all his virtues, and so fail to take into account his lost condition and his need of a Saviour. Others can see nothing good in the Jew. They emphasize his rejection of Christ, his antagonism to the Christian Church throughout the years, his persecution of fellow-Jews who turn from the synagogue to the Saviour, and his shrewd business proclivities which sometimes cause him to ignore certain

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questions of ethical procedure, thus bringing upon him the opprobrium of his Gentile competitors.

One hardly need say that both of these extremes are wrong. The Scriptures tell us that "there is no difference" between the Jew and the Greek, "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" and again, that "there is no difference . . . for the same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon Him." The Jew, like his Gentile brother, is a lost, guilty sinner for whose redemption Christ shed His precious blood, and when regenerated by divine grace, he becomes a member of the Body of Christ, in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, but all are one in Him.

Undoubtedly our testimony as Christians would be of far more value to the Jew if we would keep this in mind, and always be on the look-out for opportunities to manifest the grace of Christ toward those who do not recognize Him as their promised Messiah. Let me relate one incident which may help to emphasize this.

Some years ago while ministering in one of the

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Gospel Halls in the city of Detroit, I was entertained in the hospitable home of a beloved Christian family who lived in the outskirts of the city. On one particular day I left the house to go downtown. I had just gone a short distance when an unexpected rain began to fall. I was not carrying an umbrella, for the only one I owned was broken, and I had hoped that I would not need it. For a moment I debated whether to go on to the car-line or to return to the house, when providentially I saw an aged Jew coming around the corner with a bundle of umbrella-fixings under his arm. I asked him whether he would go with me to the house and fix my umbrella, which he agreed to do. Hurrying back, I brought it to him, and he sat on the porch as he repaired it.

As I looked at his seamed face, fringed with its long gray beard, I felt that the deep lines expressed poignant suffering, and I yearned to be used of God to make known to him that One who had said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

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When the job was finished, I asked him how much I owed him. "Thirty-five cents," he replied. Thinking that it would give me the opportunity I wanted, I said to him, "Here is the thirty-five cents, but I fancy you have to do a good many jobs like this daily to make any kind of a living. I would like to add a little more as a gift in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and I handed him an extra half-dollar.

I shall never forget how he trembled, and how excited he became, as the money dropped into his hand. I thought at first that he would allow it to slip through his fingers, but he was too good a Jew for that! As he took it, he exclaimed in undisguised amazement, "In the Name of Jesus Christ! Mein Gott, mein Gott!—In the Name of Jesus Christ they burned mein house over mein head in Russia. In the Name of Jesus Christ they robbed me of all that I had. In the Name of Jesus Christ they drove mein wife and mein children out in the cold and the schnow, and left them there. And I come to America, and I have been here four years, and now for the first time someone speaks to

me of Jesus Christ. And in the Name of Jesus Christ he...gifs me more money than I ask!"

I tried to tell him that those who had treated him so badly knew nothing of Jesus Christ; that Christ was Himself a Jew, and that He loved His own people; that He had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me;" and that it was for love of Jesus Christ that my own heart yearned over him, and I longed to be of some help and blessing to him.

He listened, astounded, as I tried to tell him the story of the suffering Saviour, and of the salvation which He had purchased with His precious blood. How much the poor old man was able to understand, I do not know. My time was limited, and much to my regret I had to allow him to go his way in order that I might make my appointment. As I watched him go down the street I noticed that he held the money in his open palm, and that he was looking down upon it while his lips moved. Although he was out of hearing, I felt sure that he was still exclaiming



"And in the Name of Jesus Christ he....gifts me
more money than I ask!"

in amazement, "*In the Name of Jesus Christ* he gifts me more money than I ask!"

And I prayed—oh, so earnestly!—that God would make that simple little act a testimony to the heart of this poor man, and would lead him to inquire further in order that he too might know in full the riches of grace exemplified in that dear and wonderful Name.

The Gospel in an Indian Catholic Church

THE summer of 1912 was spent ministering the Word in New Mexico. After some time in Albuquerque, where we were the guests of one of the most devoted Christian business men I have ever known, William E. Mauger, called by many of the people of that city, "The Angel of Albuquerque," because of his care for the sick and the needy and his earnestness in making known the gospel of the grace of God, my family and I went out at his suggestion and by the invitation of a group of Indian Christians, to the village of Casa Blanca. This was one of the Pueblos inhabited by the Laguna tribe.

Of all the "Children of the Sun" the Lagunas are perhaps the most highly civilized, and in many respects the gentlest and kindest of the aboriginal inhabitants of the South-west. Before the pure gospel came to them, their religion consisted of a mixture of Romanism and Paganism. They would attend the

services at the three-hundred-year-old Roman Catholic church in Laguna on a Sunday morning, but would carry on their regular pagan ceremonies on other occasions. Many years ago, however, evangelical work had been begun by missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, and throughout the years since there has been a group of real Christians, many of whom have manifested in a marked degree the Spirit of Christ and have been free from the superstition of their forefathers.

At the time of which I write, there had been no resident missionary in the field for some months, and many more months were to elapse ere one was settled among them. So, having met some of the Christian leaders in Albuquerque, I accepted their invitation to take my family there and labor among them for the summer. We had some very interesting experiences preaching the gospel in their seven villages, and learned to love these dear simple people very much. They, on their part, could not have been kinder to us, nor more appreciative of the message that we brought.

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While I was ministering among them, some of the Roman Catholic Indians of Laguna came to the Christians and asked, if I were really a servant of God, why I preached in school-houses and private homes rather than in the church in their village. They were told that I was not a Roman Catholic, and so took it for granted I would not be welcomed there. The Indians inquired, "Who would not welcome him?" "Well," the others said, "the priest would not permit him to preach in a Catholic church." The Indians answered, "The church does not belong to the priest, and besides he only visits us occasionally. The Indians built the church long ago, and we would like to hear the missionary."

I was asked if I would be willing to preach if an invitation were extended, and, of course, I agreed to do it. It was arranged the next Sunday that I should go down with quite a group of the Christians from Casa Blanca to Laguna and attend the church. We sat through a service conducted by an old Indian sacristan, and my heart was pained as I realized how

hollow, formal, and unscriptural it all was. But when this was all over, the heads of the people were called to the front and interrogated in the Laguna language by the sacristan.

As interpreted to me afterwards, he said something like this: "I am told that there is a man of God laboring in our villages whose object is to make clear to the people the way of life and salvation. I am told that he is not trying to destroy the church, but to explain the Holy Scriptures. I am told that many of our people think he should be heard here in the church. What is your judgment?" All agreed that he was correct. He then asked if they would call me to the front. They did so, and he addressed me quite volubly in his own language, of which, of course, I could not understand a word. But my own interpreter, Ulysses Paisano, who was a leader among the Christians, turned to me and said: "The old man says that because the people want to hear you, and because it is reported that you are a man of God seeking to help the people and show them the way of life and sal-



I preached from the text, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8: 9).

vation, and not to tear down the churches or quarrel with others, he says to you: 'As sacristan of this church, I give you authority to read the Holy Scriptures, to pray to God, and preach the gospel to these people, and to stand in the place where the priest's feet stand.' " I thanked him and immediately went up into the pulpit.

I preached from the text, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8: 9). I do not know when I have preached with a greater sense of the presence and power of the Spirit of God. My own heart was deeply moved as I looked upon some three hundred dark faces with their shining black eyes, as the people sat, many of them, upon the dirt floor listening eagerly to the Word of God.

When I returned to Casa Blanca that evening, I wrote out the address I had given while it was still fresh in my mind. It has been published as a tract entitled, "For Your Sakes," and many thousands of

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copies have been sold throughout the years since. Many people perhaps have wondered to see at the heading of it, "A Sermon Preached in the Roman Catholic Church of Laguna, New Mexico." Simple as it is, I am inserting it here, hoping others may be helped through reading it, after the lapse of so many years.

"In the first place, I want to call your attention to a remarkable statement by St. Paul in this text of Holy Scripture, concerning our Lord Jesus Christ. He tells us "He was rich!" Do you know when that was? Can you answer the question, "When was He rich?"

He was not rich at His birth. We are told that the blessed Virgin Mary and her good husband St. Joseph came to an inn that night, but there was no room in the inn. Now, we know well enough that though a place like that might be pretty well crowded, still, if one has lots of money, he can be reasonably sure of getting some sort of accommodation. But St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary were poor. They could not afford to pay

well for a room, and so that night they spent in the stable, and there the Lord Jesus was born. They took the holy Babe and wrapped Him in swaddling bands and put Him in the manger. That was His cradle. He was poor as the poorest at His very birth. Yet St. Paul says, "He was rich!" When?

Was it as He grew older? When He was a young Child, Herod, a wicked king, sought to kill Him, and a holy angel from heaven warned Joseph in a dream to flee with Him into Egypt; and in obedience to the warning he took the young Child and His mother and fled as he was told. They were poor, homeless wanderers, fleeing from the wicked king.

And when at last the time came to return to Palestine, they went to, and dwelt in, Nazareth, one of the meanest and worst cities in all the land. There the Lord Jesus grew up, and there He was known as "The Carpenter." How close He has come to you hard-working men! His hands used the hammer and the saw; and yet He made the worlds! How He has dignified labor! But do rich men work like this? No;

but He was poor. Rich people did not live in Nazareth. If they got rich, they would move away.

At last the time came when Jesus was baptized by John, and began to go about preaching and teaching the people, and by His mighty works showing that He was the Son of God. Did He become rich then?

No; for He said, "The foxes have holes; the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Who could be poorer than that? You have homes of some kind; and you enjoy certain comforts of life. He had no home. Often He slept on the mountains and pillowed His holy head on the ground. He was a homeless stranger down here.

Yet St. Paul says, "He was rich!" When was He rich? Never while on earth. But before that; before He was born as a little Babe in the stable—before He stooped to this poor world—oh, then He was rich! All heaven was His. He was the delight of God the Father's heart. All the holy angels loved to wait on Him, and to obey His least desire. Riches such as only belong to God were His; but He left them all for us!

Think of such amazing love. A heaven full of angels could not satisfy Him. He must come down to earth and live and suffer and die to bring back a host of poor sinners, cleansed by His precious blood, to share His heaven with Him. Then, when He has them all about Him in that glorious place, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

Yes, He was rich!—none so rich as He! But "for your sakes He became poor." I have spoken of the poverty in which He was born, and of the poverty of His life. But, after all, that is not the worst poverty. To have friends who will comfort and help me, will cheer me even if I am poor; to have them care for me when I am sick, and show love and sympathy when I am dying—ah, no man is really poor who has friends like that!

But listen. The time came when He must die. Did He have friends then to help and cheer? No. "All the disciples forsook Him and fled." He was nailed to that bitter cross, and crowned with thorns; and in His anguish "He looked for some to take pity, but

there was none; and for comforters but He found none." Ah, now He is poor; poorer than I hope any of you will ever be. He has not one friend to stand by Him now. He has indeed become poor at last.

But is this the deepest poverty? No! For even though men forsake you in trouble, in the hour of death, still if you are a pious man you may be comforted of God. He will never forsake you. He will ever be with you. To have the presence of the Most High is not to be poor; it is to be rich!

Did Jesus have this sustaining joy? Listen to the cry of anguish that bursts from His sorrow-stricken heart: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Ah, now He is indeed in deep poverty! God has turned away His face from His beloved Son, and left Him alone to suffer and to die!

Do you ask, "Why was so holy an One forsaken by God like this?" The answer is in the text: "For *your* sakes." If you have to meet God in your sins, with all your guilt upon your soul, He must turn His face away from you, and leave you in the darkness

forever! He cannot look upon sin. And so when Christ Jesus was dying for us, bearing our sins, God turned His face away from Him that He might look in love and grace on us!

But now listen well! Though Christ became so poor "that ye through His poverty might become rich," some will never get those heavenly riches. They are for all; forgiveness of all sins, the Spirit of God to dwell in your breast, a place in heaven to share Christ's joy and be in the glory with Him. All these riches He has purchased for you; but you cannot have them unless you come to Him and trust Him as your Saviour. You cannot have them if you cling to your sins. If you want to go on in sin, you will miss the heavenly riches. To obtain them you must turn to God in repentance, trusting the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour.

There will be lost souls in hell-fire who will wail forever: "Jesus became poor that I might be rich; Jesus died that I might be saved; and I knew all about it: but I loved my sins more than Christ! I loved my

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follies and my wicked ways and I turned away from His loving voice; so now I am lost and there is no hope. I have come to the end and beyond this life there is no more mercy. I can never share the true riches now. I must be poor, *poor*, POOR, forever!"

Oh, I trust none here today will have to take up that awful cry. But if you would not, do not trifle. Come at once to Jesus Christ, confessing your sins *direct to Him*, fleeing from every evil way; and He will cleanse you from them all, and give you a share in the true riches.

I close by directing your earnest attention to some solemn words spoken by St. Paul in a sermon he preached on one occasion in a Jewish synagogue. They are found in Acts 13: 38-41. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man" (that is, Christ Jesus—who became so poor that you might be rich) "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (that is, by your own

good works). But now notice what he adds, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers" (oh, I trust there are none who will despise such grace here today!) "and wonder and perish:" (that is, if you refuse to be saved through Christ alone, you must die in your sins) "for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." I am a poor, weak man, but today I have declared it unto you in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and now I must leave it with you, praying that each one will share these eternal riches which Christ became so poor to give us a part in. May He grant it for His Name's sake!"

The full result of that meeting will never be known here on earth, but that which came to my knowledge gave me great satisfaction in after-days. One outstanding conversion was that of the leader of the responses at the Roman Catholic services. He was an

Indian of brilliant mind, and had a fairly good English education, having been brought up in a Government school. For a long time he had been dissatisfied with the mixed religion of his people and the lack of certainty as to the way whereby he might obtain the knowledge of forgiveness of sins. He sought me out after that meeting, and we had several long interviews over an open Bible. The result was that he was brought into a full, clear knowledge of salvation, withdrew from the Roman Catholic communion, and at once began to preach the Word in power among his people. For several years he had an outstanding testimony among them and was used of God to lead others into the light, and then was taken Home to be with Christ.

Oftentimes, when I hear Christians of narrow sectarian views finding fault with their brethren because they go into various places to preach the gospel, where perhaps the full truth is not heard, I think of that Lord's Day when it was my privilege to preach in the Roman Catholic church of Laguna, and I can only

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wish that every Catholic church throughout the land were open to evangelical preachers, and that forgetting all sectarian narrowness and realizing only their responsibility to the Lord, they would carry the gospel into every place where the door is opened for a clear, scriptural message.

How a Hopi Got the Mark

FOR more than twoscore years, the South-west Indian Missionary Bible Conference has been held annually for ten days each summer at lovely Camp Eldon, near Flagstaff, Arizona. It was my regular privilege for a full decade, to be one of the ministering staff at these meetings. Some of the happiest experiences of my life have been enjoyed in fellowship with the devoted missionaries who labor so unselfishly in the hot and arid regions of Arizona, New Mexico, and South-eastern California, for the salvation of the desert Indians of the Walapai, Mohave, Navajo, Hopi, Pima and other tribes. Many a brand has been plucked from the burning as a result of their testimony. Of these, numbers are now with Christ while others are witnessing for Him among their tribespeople. As I reflect on the events of those days, now long gone by, one sturdy Hopi witness for the Saviour stands out vividly on memory's pages.

"Little Rattlesnake" was his Indian name. The

whites called him "Frank Jenkins." He lived in the village of Moencopi, beyond the Painted Desert in northern Arizona. When he was a boy, he had gone to the Government school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and received a very good education, but he returned to his home, scorning the religion of the whites because of their wicked ways. He thought the old Hopi rattlesnake worship was better, and so he took part in the heathen ceremonies just as the ignorant pagans about him.

But one night he had a vivid dream. He thought he was in his little stone house, looking down on the village, for he lived on a hill. As he looked he saw that a strange excitement prevailed among the Indians below. Some unseen Being was going through the village putting a mark—a red mark—on some of the people, and passing others by. He put the mark on Mr. Frey, the missionary, and on Mrs. Frey, his good, kind wife. The Indians who had left the old wicked life behind and taken the "Jesus way," all got the mark, but the rest were left as they were.

I asked him once, "What kind of mark was it, Frank?"

He replied, "A mark like a Navajo puts on his sheep." Each sheep-owner has his own way of marking the animals belonging to him, using a red ochre paint for the purpose.

Frank pondered over the strange sight, as he dreamed on, and he felt that there was something very important connected with "the mark," and he hoped that it would be placed upon him and on his wife, who had once professed to be a Christian, but had been turned aside through his influence. The strange Visitant, however, did not come near the house, and soon it was evident He had gone.

Suddenly there was a great noise above—a "big shout," he told me—and in a moment all the people who had the mark were caught up in the air and gathered around a wonderful Person who was brighter than the sun. Then all became dark below, and Little Rattlesnake could hear the wailing of the people who were left, and his heart was filled with fear. He was

so frightened that he awoke. But when he went to sleep, he dreamed it all again. Once more he awoke. "It is God telling me the Christians are right. I, too, want the mark," he said. Again he slept, and a third time he had the same dream. In the morning he was greatly troubled. He told his wife about it, and she agreed with him that it was the voice of the Christians' God.

We need not think it strange that this should be so, for we are distinctly told in the book of Job, by Elihu, speaking on God's behalf, that "God speaketh once, yea twice . . . 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, that He may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man" (Job 33: 14-17). Frank Jenkins was an Indian who knew little of the revelation given in the Bible, and yet enough to form a basis for the dream that was used to arouse his conscience and create within him a desire to know the Lord.

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For days he was in distress. He knew that the Conference was about to be held at Camp Eldon. He came, and as he entered the preaching pavilion, I was speaking to a company of Indians and whites on the Passover and the blood-mark on the doorposts and lintels in Egypt.

"And when I see the blood, I will pass over you!" was Jehovah's word.

"Ah," said Little Rattlesnake to himself, in great agitation, "that is it! That is the red mark I saw in my dream."

And that night he came to the Saviour, confessing his sins, and was "marked" with the sign of redemption, the precious blood of Christ.

I can see him yet as one of the missionaries, Mr. John Butler, led him to the front where five others were bowed before God in prayer, seeking the way of life. I spoke with him personally, but for perhaps fifteen minutes I did not get one word from him. Then, as I had quoted several scriptures, speaking of the precious blood of Christ by which we are redeemed to God, and

which cleanses from all sin, he exclaimed as he rose to his feet, "I see it! I see it! I've got the mark!" I did not know of his dream, so was bewildered until he explained.

It was a wonderful conversion, and soon all the other Hopis knew a great change had come over Frank. He was out-and-out in witnessing to those with whom he had formerly consorted, and his upright life proved how real was his profession. His wife now turned wholly to the Lord, and together they taught their children of Christ. Little Rattlesnake, the pagan, was changed into "Frank, the Christian preacher," for he began publishing everywhere the goodness of the Lord, and sought now to show his people the folly and emptiness of that idolatrous system which, before, he had himself espoused.

He was gifted in an unusual way, and became a remarkable evangelist. In order to help him to a better understanding of the Word of God, it was arranged to send him to the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, where he drank deeply of the precious

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things of Christ. In due time he returned to the reservation to give all his time to gospel work.

For three years he stood steadfast, and was the missionary's greatest helper. Then, on a preaching visit at Oraibi (another Hopi village), he was stricken with influenza and died rejoicing in Christ, but bitterly mourned by the little Christian company. He had fought the good fight and finished his course with joy. The blood-mark upon his soul was his passport into glory.

When too weak to stand, he sat outside an adobe house, propped up against the wall, proclaiming the gospel to all who would listen. Many of the Hopis were afflicted with the same virulent disease, and quite a number died in the epidemic. But of these, there were several who received the message in faith and gave testimony before they passed away that they, too, had trusted the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour.

And you—have *you* the mark? The blood of Christ shed on Calvary in order that sinners might be saved is as efficacious now as ever. With this "mark"

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upon your soul, the destroyer cannot reach you. It is the sign that tells of sin atoned for, of propitiation completed, of justice satisfied, and of redemption accomplished.

The Conversion of a Japanese

FOR two years in my early ministry I was associated in various places with a Japanese evangelist, Mr. Riuza Kasamatsu, who had been converted in California and afterwards gave himself to ministering the Word among his own people, many of whom were settled in that state.

At one time we spent some weeks in Sacramento, where I was preaching to the occidentals, and he to his oriental brethren after the flesh.

At this time he introduced me to a Japanese fruit contractor, Mr. Yataro Yamaguchi. This man had been brought up in one of the many Buddhist sects in Fukaoka Ken, and at one time had about decided to give up all temporal employment and retire to a Buddhist monastery in order to obtain the salvation of his soul. His father was averse to this, and insisted that as the eldest son it was his responsibility to get into some lucrative business where he could help in the sup-

port of a rather large family. So, putting aside the question of his religious longings, he concluded he had best emigrate to America.

Upon reaching Stockton in California he inquired of a friend as to which was the best religion to profess in the United States, so as to make the most friends and accumulate the most wealth. His friend told him the Methodists were probably the most popular. "Take me then," he commanded, "to a Methodist priest, and tell him I wish to join his church."

His friend, who spoke English, hunted up a Methodist minister and explained that Yamaguchi desired to be a Christian. It was difficult to make anything very clear, as the "convert" spoke no English and the parson no Japanese; but on the assurance of the other party that all was thoroughly understood, the young man was solemnly sprinkled in the name of the Trinity and received into the church.

He cultivated the acquaintance of Christian people, and through them found many opportunities to turn an honest dollar.

Later he returned to Sacramento, where he became a contractor, using large numbers of his fellow-countrymen to pick, dry and pack fruit—a business that brought in good financial returns.

Hearing Mr. Kasamatsu preach, he became greatly concerned about spiritual matters and the two had many long interviews, as a result of which Mr. Yamaguchi became convinced of the truth of Christianity, but he felt that he could not commit himself to Christ and bear testimony to his changed convictions, as it might interfere seriously with his money-making, which had now become an obsession. He did not see how he dared take issue with his countrymen, and he realized, too, that the Christian ethical standard was so high he was afraid he could never live up to it.

In vain Mr. Kasamatsu pressed the claims of God and His Christ. At times it seemed the contractor was about to yield, then he drew back and resisted the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. I had many conversations with him myself, but both Mr. Kasamatsu and I came at last to the conclusion that the sin of covet-

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ousness stood between Yamaguchi and his soul's salvation and we feared he might never be saved.

After three months we left Sacramento and went elsewhere to labor.

It was about a year later that I returned, this time with a Mr. William M. Horsey, an evangelist from the East. We secured a hall and had nightly meetings for some weeks. On Saturday evenings we went out upon the street and preached the gospel to large crowds at the corner of 4th and K streets in the business district, which was also near the part of the city where the Japanese congregated.

One Saturday night I was pleased to see Mr. Yamaguchi in the crowd, and I noticed that he seemed to be listening intently. At the close he came right over to me, shook me warmly by the hand, inquired kindly after Mr. Kasamatsu, and then asked as to our indoor meetings. He surprised me by eagerly inquiring if we had "a meeting where you eat the bread, drink the wine, show how Jesus Christ die for sinners?"

I knew he meant the Communion and told him we

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observed the Lord's Supper each Sunday at eleven in the morning.

"May I come?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied, "we do not shut anyone out, though only those who know and love the Lord participate at His table."

The next morning he appeared at that service. There were less than twenty of us, so he was quite conspicuous as he sat throughout with the most intent look imaginable upon his face, watching us carefully and following all the hymns, prayers and Scriptures read.

Just after the elements had been replaced upon the table he rose to his feet exclaiming, "I like to pray!"

I felt sorry I had not explained that strangers such as he were not expected to take part and I greatly feared a disturbance which would be in the nature of an anti-climax to what had been thus far a very precious remembrance of the Lord.

But I need not have feared. He prayed much as

follows: "O God, I all broke up. One whole year I fight you. I fight hard against your Holy Spirit. O God, I cannot fight any more. I see your people eat the bread, drink the wine, tell how Jesus die for sinner like me. O God, I give up. I take Him now for my Saviour. Forgive all my sins. Save me now for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Needless to say, it did not spoil our meeting. As he concluded there was not a dry eye in the little assembly. Fervently we thanked God for manifesting His grace to this one of another race and a pagan religion.

As we crowded about him to express our joy in his decision for Christ, he turned to me and said, "I read in Bible about bury with Jesus when we trust Him. Before I sprinkled with water, but not mean anything to me. Now I like bury under water, show that old life all gone and new life begun."

I told him we would endeavor to make arrangements for his baptism by the following Lord's day. He looked up surprised and said, "Mr. Kasamatsu tell

me Jesus Christ coming back again. So?"

"Yes," I answered, "He is to return again?"

"Mr. Kasamatsu tell me He coming soon. So?"

"Yes, He says, 'Surely, I come quickly.'"

"He not come before next Sunday?"

"I cannot say that."

"Maybe He be back before next Sunday?"

"Yes, He might come at any time."

"Then I no like to wait till next Sunday. I like do today what He want me to do. I fight too long already. Now I like obey at once."

"Forgive me!" I exclaimed. "We will arrange your baptism for today. Can we meet, brethren, at the Sacramento River at 2:30 this afternoon?" All agreed to this. "Then if you meet us there we will see that you are baptized at once."

At about two o'clock Mr. Horsey and I were on our way to the river when we saw a procession of some forty Japanese merchants, all in their best clothes, who with Mr. Yamaguchi, and another known as "the Mayor of Japan town" at their head, were marching

two by two in regular order to the trysting-place at the riverside.

When all were gathered there I gave an address on the meaning of the ordinance, which Mr. Yamaguchi interpreted to his Japanese friends; then he gave his own personal testimony, and Mr. Horsey led him into the river, where he solemnly immersed him in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

During the years since he has demonstrated the reality of his Christian profession. I have met him frequently and always been refreshed in spirit by his fervor and evident love for Christ. Mr. Kasamatsu has long since gone to heaven, but I cherish his memory as that of a beloved fellow-laborer with whom it was a joy to have fellowship in service for our adorable Lord.

From Infidelity to Faith

FOR a number of years following the close of the World War it was my privilege to preach in the famous old Tent Evangel in New York City for a limited period every summer. This was a testimony carried on under the direction of Dr. George W. McPherson, backed by a committee of Christian business-men, designed to give the people of Manhattan a nightly gospel service during the hot months, when many of the churches either closed altogether or discontinued the evening meetings. It was a cheering sight to see 1500 to 2000, or even more, gathered night after night under the canvas top, listening to the gospel of the grace of God as proclaimed by well-known evangelists and outstanding pastors from all parts of the American and other continents. Of these I was one of the least.

It was through the good offices of a group of Christian brethren, who were deeply interested in the evan-

gelization of the great metropolis, that I was first invited to come over from California for a month's meetings, after which I was asked to go year after year.

One could tell of many who were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ in those days. But of these one man stands out as a clear-cut testimony to the power of the Word of God to speak to heart and conscience and reveal the glories of Christ as the Son of God, through whose merits salvation is offered to sinful men.

I had just come down from the platform at the close of the meeting one evening, when a man came forward and in a rather nervous, jerky manner exclaimed, "I'd give a lot to believe what you have preached tonight. I know you folks get a lot of comfort and peace out of it, that I know nothing of. But I cannot take it in. I am an agnostic. But I will say this—If you could prove to me that Jesus Christ is the Son of God I would trust Him as my Saviour and give my life to Him. I admire the character of Jesus

immensely, but I cannot accept His Deity. What proof have you that He is more than man?—that He is the divine Son of God?” “Are you in dead earnest about this?” I inquired. “Do you promise faithfully to follow Him if convinced He is the Son of God?”

“Yes. I am not afraid to make that promise. But how can you prove any such thing?”

“I cannot prove it,” I replied. “It is the work of the Holy Spirit of God to do that. He came to reveal the things of Christ to the honest heart. But if I show you how you may find out for yourself if Jesus is the Son of God, will you yield yourself to Him and follow Him?”

“Yes, I will, if you show me how I may know it for certain.”

Opening my Bible at John 20: 30, 31, I read, “And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book. But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name.”

I pointed out the tremendous challenge of these verses. The author declares that this Gospel of John was written expressly to show that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Therefore, if anyone is perplexed as to this, let him read this Gospel, with open mind, desiring to know the truth, and he may know for himself whether its claims for Jesus are true.

"Now," I said, "will you do this? Take this Gospel of John I am giving you. Get down before God and lift your heart to Him. Tell Him you want to know the truth about Jesus Christ and the way of life. Ask Him to reveal to you, as you read this book, if Jesus Christ is really His Son. Tell Him you are a sinner and that you desire to be saved. Tell Him you will take Christ as your Saviour if He shows you He is the Son of God."

He exclaimed, "There is no use doing that. I do not believe in prayer. I never prayed in my life. I am not even sure there is a God, and I have no way of knowing that the Bible is authentic."

I pointed out that he was begging the question. I

challenged him with being "yellow." He had asked for proof. I told him how he might obtain it and he refused to follow instructions. He was not an honest seeker or he would at least give my plan a trial.

He exclaimed, "I guess you are right after all. I ought to be willing to test it since I have asked you to show me how I may know whether this thing is true or not. I'll give it a trial."

And so he went away, and I did not know that I would ever see him on earth again. But as I went to my room I lifted my heart to God, beseeching Him to lead this needy soul to the saving knowledge of His beloved Son.

I think it was three years later that I was conducting evangelistic meetings in the same big tent. As I stepped down to greet friends from the audience, a bright-faced man came forward with a big seven by nine Bible under his arm, and exclaimed, "Do you remember me?" I was at a loss for a moment, then replied, "I seem to recall your face, but cannot remember your name."

"I am the man who told you I would be a Christian if I could believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and you set me to reading the Gospel of John."

Even this did not bring all back to my mind, for I have asked many other unbelievers to do the same thing. But when he reminded me that I had told him he was "yellow" if he would not face the issue fairly and give God a chance through His own Word to settle the question, it all came back to my mind.

"I do recollect our conversation. Did you make the test? And, if so, what happened?"

Then he told me that he had begun the careful reading of the Gospel, asking God if He really existed and if Jesus Christ was His Son, to make it clear. Night after night he read in the little book—not lengthy portions, but a few verses, pondering each expression carefully. I think he told me he had not finished the sixth chapter before the truth of the Deity of Christ and His divine Sonship burst upon his soul with crystal clearness.

"I fell on my knees and cried, 'Lord, I know Thou

art the Son of God, and I take Thee as my Saviour.' ” And the joy of the Lord filled his soul as he rested on the revelation given by inspiration, a revelation that he could no longer refuse to acknowledge as the very Word of the living God.

I found that he had become an active Christian, was identified with a group of believers in church-fellowship, and was teaching several men's Bible classes, meeting in fire department houses in various parts of the city. His radiant face told the story of a heart that had found a satisfying portion in Christ and a constant joy in seeking to make Him known to others.

The Holy Scriptures are God-breathed. They are living and energetic, and can be depended upon to do their own work if men are but willing to search them with honest hearts, ready to act on the truth when the Holy Spirit reveals it.

One of the 144,000!

IT IS good for a preacher to have at least some sense of humor. This, though decried by some as of the flesh, is really a divinely-given faculty, and is found even in the Bible. Job had it in large measure, as witness his ironic, "Verily ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!" Micah was something of a punster. Note his, "The houses of Achzib ('a lie') shall be a deceitful thing (*achzab*) unto the kings of Israel" (Ch. 1: 14, *R. V.*). Paul, too, could be keenly ironical at times, as when he grimly declared to the Corinthians, "Ye have reigned as kings without us!" (1 Cor. 4: 8). And surely it was a home-thrust to the ungodly, hypocritical Pharisees when our blessed Lord exclaimed, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

As I look back over nearly fifty years of service in the gospel, I can recall much that was sad, much that was cheerful, and much that was decidedly

humorous. Of the last, one such incident may bear repeating here.

Shortly after having established the Western Book & Tract Co., in Oakland, Calif., for the dissemination of Christian literature, I was sitting one morning at my desk, which commanded a view of the entire store, when I observed a most singular-looking individual enter the door and walk up the center aisle toward the office. He was a tall, lean figure, with long, iron-gray hair worn "Buffalo-Bill" style, a grizzled beard that almost reached his waist, and a fanatical eye that would challenge attention anywhere. I scented a heretic of some kind, and the closer he came, the stronger the scent, for he evidently belonged to the "great unwashed!"

Coming briskly up the few steps that separated the shop from the office, he stood over me a moment or two while I went on writing, for I felt an instinctive aversion to him, which I had difficulty in overcoming.

Suddenly he broke the silence by declaring, "I perceive, sir, that you are evidently a truth-seeker!" "Not

at all," I answered, "I am not a truth-seeker, for I have already found Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life."

"Do you mean, then, that you have nothing more to learn, that you know all truth?"

"No," I replied, "but I know Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, so I am no longer searching for truth, but seeking to get better acquainted with the truth as revealed in Jesus."

"Well, I, sir, am always seeking for truth and am ready to learn from anyone who can teach me."

"Yes; well, I believe I was reading of you the other day."

"Of me? Pray, where did you read of me?"

"In my Bible, in 2 Tim. 3:7, it speaks of those who are 'ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' "

"That has no reference to me, sir."

"Well, I thought you said you were always seeking, so I presumed you had never yet attained to the knowledge of the truth."

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He looked at me rather severely, then said, "I don't think you have any idea who I am, sir."

"I do not," I said. "I do not recall having met you or heard of you before."

"Well," he declared, very impressively, "I am one of the 144,000!"

It was hard to keep from showing my amusement, but I inquired as politely as I could, "Of which tribe, please?"

"Tribe? What do you mean?"

"Why, my Bible tells me the 144,000 will consist of 12,000 out of each of the tribes of Israel. To which of these do you belong?"

"The Lord knows, sir; I do not."

"Then you can't blame me if I do not accept your own unsupported statement that you belong to that mystic company."

He paused a moment as if in deep thought, and then exclaimed, "Do you know that the first resurrection has taken place already?"

"No," I answered; "I do not."

"But it has, sir. I am now in my resurrection body and am no more subject to death." He was almost vehement as he said this, and I wondered if I was dealing with a madman; but I ventured to inquire as blandly as I could, "Is that it, that you have with you?"

"It is, sir. This body is now immortal and glorified!"

"I am very much disappointed if that is so."

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"Because I thought the resurrection body would be very beautiful. I never dreamed it would look like that."

The change in the "resurrected" man was startling. His eyes flashed, he swung his arms in indignation, and began to call down fearful maledictions on my head. For a "glorified" man his language was amazingly earthly and carnal. Then he exclaimed, "I shake off the dust of my shoes as a witness against you." And he stamped down the stairs and out through the aisle of the shop, cursing and tapping his feet on the floor as a testimony against my unbelief.

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I felt sorry for the poor old creature, but I knew it would have been useless to try to help him. He was obsessed with the notion that he was a divinely-appointed messenger whose proffered instruction I had refused.

I learned afterwards that he belonged to a group who called themselves "Christian Israelites," and held to the teaching of a weird set of very unscriptural books called "Sermons from the Flying Roll," which were supposed to be extracts from the "Flying Roll" of Zech. 5:1-4. This Roll was said by them to have been discovered in a cave in the Lebanon Mountains by an Englishman who was given the power to translate it, and who signed himself James J. Jezreel.

His followers all wore their hair Nazarite fashion and hoped to attain to immortality in the flesh. They held many strange and unbiblical teachings, but never made much headway, as few could be found to accept their peculiar system of interpretation of the mysteries of the Bible.

I afterwards met various adherents of this sect, but

never found one who would consent to a careful and thoughtful analysis of his views in the light of the Holy Scriptures.

They preached against the marriage relation and were quite ignorant of the simplest principles of the gospel. When people came under their influence it seemed as though a strong delusion had laid hold of them and it was useless trying to help them.

How important it is that one cleave to the clear, definite teaching of the Word of God and thus avoid entanglement with sects of perdition, from which there may never be deliverance! And how thankful they should be to whom the Spirit of God has revealed Christ as the One who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. He who has found his all in the Lord Jesus will never be turned aside to vain and carnal speculations so long as he walks humbly with God and is dependent on the guidance of the Holy Spirit as he reads the Word of God, which alone guides into all truth.

A Hebrew's Search for the Blood of Atonement

IN the spring of 1898 I was holding some gospel meetings in San Francisco, and several times addressed the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." On one occasion, having concluded my discourse, the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrews who desired to ask questions or state difficulties, or also for any who had been brought to Christ to relate their conversions.

The experience of one old Jew interested me greatly, and as nearly as I can I give his remarks in his own words, though not attempting to preserve the inimitable Hebrew-English dialect.

He said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here, I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the 'motsah'

(unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything but that which Jehovah requires first of all. He did not say, 'When I see the leaven put away, or when I see you eat the motsah, or the lamb, or go to the synagogue;' but His word was, 'When I see the *blood* I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have *blood*, BLOOD, BLOOD!"

As he reiterated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

"Blood!" It is an awful word, that, for one who reveres the ancient oracle, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the Book, the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may, he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause, the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was

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taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue and learned Hebrew from the rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older and studied the Law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual in which I was brought up.

"Again and again I read Exodus 12 and Leviticus 16, 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears. 'It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul!' I knew I had broken the law. I *needed atonement*. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there *was no blood!*

"In my distress, at last, I opened my heart to a learned and venerable rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the

hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy 12 and Leviticus 17, was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was *why* there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now, we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instruction, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers.

"I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all!

"This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other rabbis. I had but one great question—*Where can I find the blood of atonement?*

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"I was over thirty years of age when I left Palestine and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins.

"One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of that city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood is no remission;' but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third of Isaiah: this was the Sufferer of Psalm 22. Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood of atonement at last! I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied

God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile."

Reader, have you yet found the blood of atonement? "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29). Are you trusting in God's smitten Lamb?—the sacrifice of God?

The above incident has often been reprinted as a gospel tract. Some years after it was first published, I was the speaker at a Hebrew Christian Conference in San Francisco, when the elderly Jew whose testimony it gives, came up to me and exclaimed, "Ah, my brother, I am so glad to see you. You wrote my story and gave it to the world. I have heard of many Jews saved through reading it. I can only speak to a few, but that printed story is going to many, many thousands." We rejoiced together. Sometime later I heard he had entered in through the gates into the city of God, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, his Saviour and Messiah.