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**Selections From  
TWICE-BORN MEN  
By Hy Pickering**

True Conversion Records  
Well-known Men In All Ranks Of Life

Pickering & Inglis  
14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4  
229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, C.2  
29 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh

"A Great Cloud of Witnesses"  
(Hebrews 12:1)

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**INTRODUCTION**

"Thou hast redeemed us to God, by Thy Blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. 5.9), is the ascription of praise of the "multitude which no man can number" in Heaven. How that Redemption has been accomplished throughout the ages of time, in an endless variety of kindreds and peoples, and in vastly different ways, is manifest in this volume.

It calls upon Rulers, Statesmen, Reformers, Scientists, Discoverers, Explorers, Preachers, Philanthropists, Martyrs, and others of all ranks of life to testify that "the Gospel is the Power of God unto Salvation, to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1:16); and also proclaims that "if God did save such sinners as herein depicted, NONE NEED DESPAIR." It is a testimony of numerous men known and esteemed that "Christ is able to save them to the uttermost all that come to God by Him" (Heb. 7:25).

Reality, Nobility, and Grace in Abundance is portrayed in every picture, and proclaimed in every testimony. May "the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich," and with which there is "added no sorrow," be the portion of every reader.

Hy Pickering

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## SCRIPTURES

John 3:1-17 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: 2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. 3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. 4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? 5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. 6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. 7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. 8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. 9 Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be? 10 Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things? 11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. 12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things? 13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven. 14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: 15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. 16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. 17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

John 3:36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

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## INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL EDITION

HDM DOES NOT NECESSARILY ENDORSE THE DOCTRINES OF ALL THOSE WHOSE CONVERSION STORIES ARE FOUND IN THIS FILE. The printed edition of this work contained 100 accounts. However, in order to better harmonize this digital edition with Wesleyan/Arminian truth I have removed 30 of these stories and I have done some lesser deleting and editing of text within some of the stories I have included -- part of such being the removal of the term "Lord" and "Sir" as applied to human beings: "Lord Whoever," and "Sir Whoever." Jesus

admonished: Matthew 23:9-10 And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. 10 Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ." I feel that the British titles of "Lord" and "Sir" given to their so-called "nobles" and "knights" come too close to violating a specific command of Christ, too not give honorary titles to men that should only be given to Christ, and therefore should not be used. Therefore, there will be some places in the text where "Lord So-and-So" was spoken of that now have only the "So-and-So" -- his last name. I have left the term "Lady" in the text as it appeared.

I have renumbered the stories 01--70 into the order in which they appear in this file. Connie Humphrey was given the task of proofing this publication. I have not really read it, but in browsing through the text I have endeavored to removed those conversion stories that smacked too much of "easy believe-ism". I may not have removed as many of these as I should have. It seems to me that the author was really "stretching it" in some cases to classify various ones a "Twice-born" men based on nothing more than their statements of "faith in Christ," or having "accepted Christ." Still, my deletions and editings have not been done in an effort to needlessly reflect on the persons whose stories have been omitted or edited, but in the effort to send forth only that which we can feel comfortable with as not containing anything spiritually injurious to the users of this file. -- DVM

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## 01 -- THE GREATEST OF LATIN FATHERS

Augustine of Hippo, the greatest of the Latin fathers. Born in 353, the son of a heathen father and a Christian mother, his course to early manhood was that of a "self-worshipper."

He left Tagaste, his birthplace, seeking to employ his mind by attempts to find the answer to Pilate's memorable question, "What is truth?" Alas! or rather, well for him, the search, made in his own strength, was fruitless. Wearied and disappointed, he realized his own impotence. Hearing of some who renounced what the world had to offer, he started up and exclaimed, "What ails us? What did you hear? The unlearned take the kingdom by force, while we, with our learning, wallow in flesh and blood." He rushed into the garden, and tried by determined effort to break his chain. But the struggle only showed how firm were the fetters that bound him.

Exhausted and despairing, he burst into tears, crying, "How long, how long? Tomorrow and tomorrow? Why not now? Why is there not this hour an end of my uncleanness?" Surely that strong cry for deliverance was heard in Heaven, for at the same instant the sweet voice of a child was heard from a neighboring house, "Tolle, lege --tolle, lege" (Take, read). The words seemed to Augustine's seeking mind a direct answer to his prayer, and, returning at once to the house, he opened Paul's Epistles, his eye falling immediately upon the 13th verse of the 13th Chapter in the Romans: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh." The shackles were burst, he was "born again" and "free in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." Like Paul, he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, nor did he hesitate to testify to the power of that grace by which he was what he was. The transition step from the ineffectual struggle so vividly depicted in the 7th chapter of the Romans, to the triumphant victory recorded in the 8th, was re-enacted in his own experience. Henceforth the groans of bondage were exchanged for the shouts of triumph. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2. 20), became the secret of his strength

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## 02 -- FATHER OF THE WALDENSES

Peter Waldo, from whom the Waldenses took their name, was born in the 12th century, grew up to manhood in darkness.

One night he was supping with some opulent citizen of Lyons, and taking part, as was usual, in some amusements afterwards. In the midst of the sport, one of the company profanely used the name of the Almighty with an oath, and instantly fell dead on the floor. In a moment the reality of the unseen world burst upon Waldo's soul. The impression was deepened by a very different event. One Lord's Day, as he was walking through the streets of the city, his ear was caught by the tones of a pilgrim minstrel, who was reciting in song the story of the peaceful death of St. Alexis, He listened spellbound, invited the minstrel to his home, and drank in his conversation as the

long-parched soil receives the warm summer showers. From that hour he became a new man, prepared to surrender everything that stood in the way of his new aspirations. Early things lost their significance: henceforth the salvation of souls became his one absorbing desire.

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### 03 -- MONK WHO SHOOK THE WORLD

Martin Luther, the Monk who shook the world, was born in Eisleben, in 1483, the son of a miner. As a monk he was climbing, upon his knees, a stone staircase of many steps, which was said to have been carried through the air from its former to its present place. He had said prayers by hundreds, day and night; he had nearly starved himself to death, but sin would not be starved out, and after having done all he could to reach the seat of the disease, he still felt as loathsome as Naaman, as possessed as Mary Magdalene. There was just this penance left to try. The Pope had decreed an indulgence to any who would climb to the top of Pilate's staircase at Rome on his knees, and the poor monk, as a last effort of despair, would not omit this degrading act, which he fondly hoped would obtain for him the forgiveness and holiness he sought.

Suddenly he starts and pauses in his mean labor. A voice seems to sound through him: "The just shall live by faith" (Rom. 1:17). It shakes his soul, chasing before it the dark thoughts of superstition and falsehood. With a blush of shame he sprang to his feet, conscious of a mighty change of principle wrought in him, that cast him once and for ever on the finished work of Christ.

"The just shall live by faith;" the faith that finds all the merit, acceptance, and strength in another, which man seeks in himself and does not find; the faith that works by love, sees its title to forgiveness in the Blood of the Lamb of God, and obtains "grace to help" against sin and sorrow. Martin Luther happily failed in his efforts to get a false and unholy peace. It was the voice of Mercy which reached him at that moment of his history, and sent him a new man from Rome, to proclaim to the world that great truth of God, that a sinner is pardoned and justified only by believing in Jesus Christ.

In writing upon the Article Of Justification, he makes this declaration:

"I, Martin. Luther, an unworthy preacher of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, thus profess, and thus believe, that this Article, that faith alone, without works, can justify before God, shall never be overthrown, neither by the Emperor, nor by the Turk, nor by the Tartar, nor by the Persian, nor by the Pope, with all his cardinals, bishops, sacrifices, monks, nuns, kings, princes, powers of the world, nor yet by all the devils in Hell. This Article shall stand fast whether they will or no. This is the true Gospel. Jesus Christ redeemed us from our sins, and He only. This most firm and certain truth is the voice of the Scripture, though the world and all the devils rage and roar. If Christ alone take away our sins, we cannot do this with our own works; and as it is impossible to embrace Christ but by faith, it is therefore equally impossible to apprehend Him by works. If, then, faith alone must apprehend Christ, before works can follow, the conclusion is clear, that faith alone apprehends Him, before and without the consideration of works; and this is our justification and deliverance from sin."

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#### 04 -- THE GREATEST SCOTTISH REFORMER

John Knox, the father of the Reformation in Scotland, once a galley slave, gave his own history to an English fellow-prisoner.

"I was born in 1505," replied Knox, "at Haddington, in East Lothian, Scotland. The house, with a fair plot of land, is in a part of the town called Gifford-gate, and had belonged to my ancestors for some generations. My father's ancestors were noble; but alas! their wealth had not come with their name to me. From the Grammar School of the town I went to the University of St. Andrews. There John Major was my teacher, and from him I learned to think for myself, and not to be content to regard myself as the slave of priests and kings. After taking my degree I taught in the University, and in 1530, when I was about 25 years of age, I was ordained a priest after the Popish mode. But the vile lives of the clergy disgusted me with them, as much as their foolish studies mocked my desire to know the truth."

"Aye," said the Englishman, "it is like feeding hungry men with egg shells and chalk eggs. Nothing like the Scriptures to satisfy and comfort the soul."

"So I found," replied Knox. "But it was the fourteenth of John that spake first to my heart. Here, thought I, is what I require, and I seized upon the Divine Word with the joy and appreciation of a starving man. When the heart feels itself lost and aching it delights in the very syllables of Scripture. How the words glowed with a sweet perfume of love, and with what delight did I read them!"

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#### 05 -- LITTLE BILNEY OF CAMBRIDGE

Thomas Bilney, familiarly known as "Little Bilney," as a student at Cambridge longed for peace, and found it not till he got hold of the New Testament translated by Erasmus. Then he said:

"I bought the book, being drawn thereto rather by the Latin than by the Word of God, for at that time I knew not what the Word of God meant. And, on the first reading of it, as I well remember, I chanced upon these words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (I Tim. 1:16). That one sentence, through God's inward working, did so lift up my poor bruised spirit that the very bones within me leaped for joy and gladness. It was as if, after a long, dark night, day had suddenly broke!"

It became a burden on his soul to win Hugh Latimer a popular father at that time. He prayed: "O God, I am but little Bilney, and shall never do any great thing for Thee; but give me the soul of Hugh H. Latimer, and what wonders he shall do in Thy Name." How this was accomplished is told in next record.

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## 06 -- A FAMOUS OXFORD MARTYR

Hugh Latimer, the martyr, who rose from a ploughboy to be Bishop of Worcester, was born near Leicester, and with Ridley, was burned at the stake at Oxford, in 1555.

As mentioned in former record, Bilney watched his opportunity, and after hearing Latimer preach, he was stirred to cry to him as he passed out of the church: "Prithee, father Latimer, may I confess to thee."

Not knowing what was before him, Latimer beckoned Bilney into a quiet room, and there listened to the most wonderful "confession" he had ever heard. Bilney told of his struggles after salvation, his purchase of the Latin Testament, his finding the text, then with tears in his eyes exclaimed: "There it stood, the very word I wanted. It seemed to be written in letters of light: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I Tim. 1:15). O Father Latimer, I went to the priests and they pointed me to broken cisterns that held no water and only mocked my thirst! I bore the load of my sins until my soul was crushed beneath the burden! And then I saw that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;' and now, being justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Latimer had experienced for years the same soul hunger, and to the astonishment of Bilney, he rose and knelt beside him, seeking guidance from his penitent! Bilney draws from his pocket the sacred Volume, it opens at the passage that Bilney had read to himself over and over again: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." The Word illumines the soul of Hugh Latimer, and Bilney sees that the desire of his heart has been granted him. And from that hour Bilney and Latimer lived only that they might unfold to all kinds and conditions of men the unsearchable riches of Christ.

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## 07 -- THE IMMORTAL DREAMER

John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, author of the Immortal Allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," was awakened through a conversation which he heard among three women. Here are his words:

"This morning as I went through Bedford, intent upon my calling, it was my lot that I should pass through one of the streets that are nigh the High Street. There sat three poor women in the sun, and as they talked in the doorway I heard some of their speech. I drew nigh to listen; but alas! 'twas such talk as I never dreamed of ever before! They spoke of a new birth, of how God had worked in their hearts to show them their lost state, of how they were once under the curse of God for their guilt and iniquity; and then they spoke comfortably of the loving-kindness of God in giving His dear Son to die for them, and how they had been led to trust Christ, and found in Him peace and rest for their souls. Me thought that is what I much wants yet how to obtain it I knew not. Then they talked of how God had visited them and refreshed them; and said one (Mary Fenne, by name),

'I mind how now once when I was sore grieved and vexed, for that the Sheriff's man seized my kettle and lace-pillow for a church rate, I walked in darkness by the river bank, and, as I watched the dark waters that swept under the bridge nigh the black prison, I remembered the river that Ezekiel saw, and methought its healing waters came even to my marshy and barren heart. It rose upon me, the sweet mercy and comfort of Jesus, until I felt that it mattered little what men took from me, so that they left me Christ and His Divine grace and mercy. Oh, but I was strong in Him, and I felt His sweet comfort down in my poor heart, and I felt as if I must shout to the clouds and trees of the gladness that burned like fire in my bones. Talk of mirth! there was never such light-heartedness round the Maypole as filled me then."

"'Aye,' said a wrinkled and worn ancient woman they termed Norton, ' 'tis even so. I have known depths of sorrow, but they have been times of deep delight to my soul. When my husband died of the wounds he received in battle, my soul was stayed upon God, and I felt my faith grasp His sweet, strong promise; and look ye, gossips, though I have but a penny per week to call my own, I would not give it up with the love of God to be the great Earl of Bedford himself!

"It seemed to me as if they were in another world far above me; but when they talked about their temptations, methought I knew what they meant, at least in some degree. Yet they declared that they had oftentimes gotten the victory and all through the Word of God. Methought this is indeed news to me.

"I was struck all a-dumb at their wisdom, yet it was sweet to me, like the droppings of the honeycomb. And when I opened my mind to them they made no mock of my distress, nor did they make light of it, but bade me come the next day to talk to their teacher, one Dr. Gifford, and by God's grace I went to him."

Bunyan procured a Bible, but read only the historical books, avoiding with a strange perversity the Epistles of Paul. He set the Commandments before him as his way to Heaven, and for a year lived a reformed life externally. He was looked upon as a prodigy of piety. His neighbors, who had been shocked by his daring wickedness, were much pleased with the change, and Bunyan, ever eager for the sympathy of others, rejoiced greatly in their esteem and commendations; yet was inwardly conscious that they were not fully deserved; "for" he writes, "had I then died, my state had been most fearful."

"Wife," said Bunyan one day in course of conversation at home, "is there such a Scripture as 'I must go to Jesus?'" She replied, "I cannot tell;" therefore he stood musing to see if he could remember it. In the course of a few minutes he recalled what is written in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Ye are come to Mount Zion . . . to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood of sprinkling." Then with joy he told his wife, "Oh, now I know, I know!" He writes, "That night was a good night to me; I have had but few better; I longed for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted unto them what God had showed to me. I could scarcely lie in my bed for joy, and peace, and triumph through Christ. All my former darkness had fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven were set in my view. These words have oft since that time been great refreshment to my spirit. Blessed be God for having had mercy on me!"

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## 08 -- A FAMOUS OLD TIME PREACHER

George Whitefield, the colleague of John Wesley, was born in Bell Inn, Gloucester, in 1714. According to his own account, "the story of the sins and offenses of my younger days would be endless."

At the age of 16 he says: "I began to fast twice in the week for nearly 36 hours together, prayed many times a day, received the sacrament every Lord's Day, fasting myself almost to death all the forty days of Lent, during which I did not go less than three times a day to public worship, besides seven times to private prayers, yet I knew no more that I needed to be born again, born a new creature in Christ Jesus, than if I never was born at all. Mr. Charles Wesley put a book in my hand whereby God showed me that I must be "born again," or be lost for ever."

He went to Pembroke College at the age of 18, when the great change took place.

At Pembroke his soul conflict, the severe austerity of his life, and the fasting with which he was endeavoring to gain salvation, brought him to a very low state of health, but in the time of his sickness he found that glorious truth, "By grace are ye saved" (Eph. 2:6), not by works. He put aside all devotional books, and he says: "I began to read the Holy Scriptures upon my knees. I daily received fresh life, light and power from above. I got more true knowledge from reading the Book of God in one month than I could ever have acquired from all the writings of men. About the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan and many months of inexpressible trials by night and day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold of His dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption to seal me, as I humbly hope, even unto the day of everlasting redemption."

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## 09 -- AN ECCENTRIC ENGLISH VICAR

John Berridge, M.A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, friend of Wesley and Whitefield, wrote a letter which explains itself:

"My desire and intention in this letter is to inform you what the Lord has lately done for my soul. In order to do this, it may be needful to give a little previous information of my manner of life, from my youth up to the present time.

"When I was about the age of 14, God was pleased to show me that I was a sinner, and that I must be "born again" before I could enter into His kingdom. Accordingly I betook myself to reading, praying, and watching, and was enabled thereby to make some progress, as I flattered myself, in religion. In this manner I went on, though not always with the same diligence, till about a year ago. I thought myself on the right way to Heaven, though as yet I was wholly out of the way, and imagined I was traveling toward Zion, though I had never set my face thitherward. Indeed, God would have shown me that I was wrong, by not owning my ministry; but I paid no regard to this for

a long time, imputing my want of success to the naughty hearts of my hearers, and not to my own naughty and unscriptural doctrine.

"You may ask, perhaps, 'What was my doctrine?' Why, it was the doctrine that every man naturally holds whilst he continues in an unregenerate state, that we are to be justified partly by our faith and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years at a curacy which I served from college, and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification very earnestly, yet the people continued unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was, indeed, a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not anything of its power.

"Now some secret misgivings arose in my mind that I was not right myself. (This happened about Christmas, 1755.) These misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. After about ten days, as I was sitting in my house one morning and musing on a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind, and seemed indeed like a voice from Heaven: "Cease from thine own works." Before I heard these words my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and now I clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for nearly thirty years.

"Do you ask what this rock was? It was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. 'Doing, doing, doing.' I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's Name, partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though we are told we are saved through faith, not of works (Eph. 2:8-9). I hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works; though we are told we are accepted in the Beloved (Eph. 1:6). I hoped to make my peace with God partly through my own obedience to the law; though I am told that peace is only to be had by faith (Rom. 5:1). I hoped to make myself a child of God by sanctification; though we are told we are made the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ (Gal. 3:26).

"Thus I stumbled and fell. In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could into the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not being a balance to the Divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a makeweight. And this every one really does, who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest. At last when, in obedience to the Heavenly vision, I 'ceased from my own works' entirely, cast them all aside as 'filthy rags,' and rested alone in 'the finished work' (John 19:31) of the Redeemer, did I learn the true meaning of 'having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Rom. 5:1)."

It is not surprising that this eccentric man should write his own epitaph, and we venture to quote it in full.

Here Lie  
The Earthly Remains Of  
JOHN BERRIDGE,  
Late Vicar Of Everton  
And An Itinerant Servant Of Jesus Christ,

Who Loved His Master And His Work  
And After Running On His Errands Many Years  
Was Called Up To Wait On Him Above

Reader,  
Art thou born again?  
No salvation without a New Birth!  
I was born in sin, February, 1716.  
Remaining ignorant of my fallen state till 1730.  
Living proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1754.  
Was admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1751.  
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1756.  
Fell asleep in Christ, Jan. 22, 1793.

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## 10 -- A SLAVE TRADER AND POET

John Newton, slave trader, preacher, poet, one of the greatest trophies of grace ever won. His life truly manifested that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." After what he declares himself to have been a life "flagrantly profane," in the course of a voyage he picked up and read Stanhope's "Thomas a Kempis," which impressed him, and caused him to think more seriously than had been his custom. But a terrific tropical storm was what awakened him most of all. A fellow-seaman had been swept overboard, and all hands as well as the vessel were in great danger. After safety being assured, his thoughts were turned in upon his own condition. His past was brought vividly before him, and then he turned to his Testament and found help in these two verses: "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke 11:13); and, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17). He understood the facts of the Gospel, but also that the Holy Spirit alone could enable him to understand these things. Accordingly in his own way he prayed for light and help. Thus by divers ways and experiences souls are led from their state of sin and misery to "Behold the Lamb of God" (John 1:29). From that time John Newton started on the Christian pathway, and has recorded: "The 10th of March is a day much to be remembered by me, and I have never suffered it to pass wholly unnoticed since the year 1748." Surely it was his own experience he described in his hymn of later years:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

"'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved:  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed."

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## 11 -- FOUNDER OF THE METHODISTS

John Wesley, whose name is known world wide, wrote on 1st February, 1738: "It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I the last of all suspected), that I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God. I am not mad, though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness, if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am so are they. Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I, too, have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently, upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give their labor as well as of their substance? I have labored more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life into my hand, wandering into strange lands; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God should please to bring upon me; but does all this (be it more or less, it matters not) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in His sight? Yea, or the constant use of all the means of grace? Or that I am, as touching outward, moral righteousness blameless? Or, to come closer yet, the having a rational conviction of all the truths of Christianity? Does all this give me a claim to the holy, heavenly, Divine character of a Christian? By no means.

This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am fallen short of the glory of God, that my whole heart is altogether corrupt and abominable, and consequently my whole life; seeing it cannot be that an evil tree should bring forth good fruit; that, alienated as I am from the life of God, I am a child of wrath, an heir of Hell; that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from making any atonement for the least of those sins, which are more in number than the hairs of my head; that the best of them need an atonement themselves, or they cannot abide His righteous judgment; that, having the sentence of death in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead I have no hope but that of being justified freely through the Redemption that is in Jesus.

"If it be said that I have faith (for many such things have I heard from many miserable comforters), I answer, so have the devils a sort of faith, but still they are strangers to the covenant of promise; the faith I want is a sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favor of God. I want that faith which enables every one that hath it to cry out, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me -- and the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me'" (Gal. 2:20).

On the 24th of May, nearly four months after the above was written, while sitting listening to one reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, John Wesley trusted in Christ and was saved; his own words are: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, in Christ alone for

salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins -- even mine -- and saved me from the law of sin and death."

A tablet at the entrance to the Postman's Park, in Aldersgate St., London, marks the spot where took place the conversion of this great sinner, who became as great a saint, and the most indefatigable Open-air Evangelist.

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## 12 -- THE EMANCIPATOR OF THE SLAVES

William Wilberforce, of whom it was said that "he touched life in a most unusual number of points," was on a tour on the Continent, along with Isaac Milner, when the New Birth took place.

"He goes too far," said Wilberforce, speaking of a good man. "Not a bit too far," returned Milner; and then a discussion followed. After a while Wilberforce took up a volume which had been given by Mr. Unwin, the friend of Cowper, to one of their traveling companions. It was "Dodderidge's Rise and Progress of Religion." "What sort of a book is this?" asked Wilberforce. "The best book in the world," returned his friend, and after a little they began to read it together. An amount of interest was awakened; and when his reason was convinced, then at length his heart began to feel; and ere long he was compelled to own that Isaac Milner was in the right.

The party remained abroad for many months, though Wilberforce had to return home during the interval for a short time on business. When they went back to England, Milner and he traveled alone together from Nice, and the Greek Testament was during that journey the main subject of their earnest converse. Wilberforce had known its great truths long before, while under his aunt's care; and now back came all those thoughts and feelings which he had so long put from him, until the recollection of his wasted years, talents, and opportunities filled him with bitter sorrow and remorse. "What folly, what madness to live on in a state from which any sudden call out of this world would consign him to endless misery!" he began seriously to think. And then the base ingratitude of his past life humbled him in the very dust. Gradually had he come to feel thus; for his feelings of remorse deepened as time went by, until for months together he fell into a state of the greatest depression, of which many years afterwards he said that "nothing which he had ever read in the accounts of others exceeded what he himself had felt." He had sinned against that Saviour who had died for him; he had sinned, too, against much long-suffering forbearance on the part of the Heavenly Father.

These thoughts weighed him down. After a time, however, the freedom and fullness of the Gospel promises went home to his heart, and gradually produced in him a settled peace of conscience. Then very deliberately did he dedicate himself to the service of the God and Saviour whom he had so long neglected, and resolve to begin an entirely new course of life.

Returning home in November, 1785, a new man, changed in all his aims and aspirations from what he had been, the transformation was manifest to all. It could not be hid.

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### 13 -- A GREAT INDIAN PIONEER

Wm. Carey, the cobbler who became the Mighty Pioneer in India Missions. In reply to a question by Dr. Ryland, Carey said: "I married my master's sister-in-law, Dorothy Placket, two years ago. Yes, it was on the 10th of June, 1781. The same year I joined a little church which was then formed at Hackleton. My fellow apprentice had many times conversed with me upon the subject of religion; and by God's grace I had come to see myself a sinner, and as such had come for pardon to Jesus Christ. I cannot tell of great raptures, or dreadful terrors," continued Carey. "I have never experienced agonies of remorse; but I found myself a sinner, and I was enabled to trust in Jesus for salvation."

"I pay little heed to excited emotions, Carey," answered Ryland. "I don't ask how much you feel, or how little. I say, do you own yourself as a helpless sinner? Do you resolve, by God's help, to abandon sin? Do you accept Jesus as your present, all-sufficient Saviour? Will you resign yourself into His hands?" "To all these questions I can humbly answer, Yes," continued Carey.

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### 14 -- A FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE

Charles Simeon, one of the greatest powers ever known in Cambridge, founder of the "Simeon Trust," gained a scholarship at King's College in 1779, and was there converted to God, as thus detailed in his life:

It was only three days after his entrance on college life, that he was startled by the information that in about three weeks' time he would be expected to attend the Lord's Supper -- most evil compulsion truly, and one that must have wrought much harm to many a youth. "What!" said he, "must I attend? On being informed that I must, the thought rushed into my mind, that Satan himself was as fit to attend as I, and that if I must attend, I must prepare for my attendance there. Without a moment's loss of time I bought the Whole Duty of Man -- the only religious book I had ever heard of, and began to read it with great diligence, at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy; and so earnest was I in these exercises, that within three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. From that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful."

For months he continued in great distress of mind, until, in the week before Easter, as he was reading in Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, he fell upon this expression, "that the Jews knew what they were doing when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering;" and the thought rushed into his mind, "What! may I transfer all my guilt to another? Has God provided an offering for me that I may lay my sins on His head? Then, God willing, I will not bear them on my own soul one minute longer." Accordingly I sought to lay my sins upon the sacred head of Jesus, and on the Wednesday began to have a hope of mercy; on the Thursday that hope increased; on the

Friday and Saturday it became more strong; and on the Sunday morning (Easter Day, April 4, 1779) I awoke early with those words upon my heart and lips:

'Jesus Christ is Risen today: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'

From that hour peace flowed in rich abundance into my soul; and at the Lord's table in our chapel I had the sweetest access to God through my blessed Saviour."

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## 15 -- A GREAT SCOTTISH DIVINE

Thomas Chalmers, whom Rosebery described as "the most illustrious Scotsman since John Knox," was born in Anstruther, in 1780,. drew large crowds in the Tron Church, Glasgow and at St. Andrews, led 470 ministers out of the Scottish Church and founded the Free Church After preaching Law for eight years he was converted.

In his journal, in May, 1811, he writes: "I am much taken with Walker's observation that we are commanded to believe on the Son of God! I am now most thoroughly of opinion that on the system of 'Do this and live!' no peace can ever be attained. It is 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!' (Acts 16:31). When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it!"

Here is his own explanation of the change: "I cannot but record," he says, "the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years among you. For the first eight years of that time I could expatiate only on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny, in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and disturbers of human society. But the interesting fact is, that, during the whole of that period, I never once heard of any reformation being wrought amongst my people. All the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had not the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. It was not until the free offer of forgiveness through the Blood of Christ was urged upon the acceptance of my hearers that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I made the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations."

And he closes a farewell speech to a congregation with these memorable words: "You have taught me," he says, "that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality; and out of your humble cottages I have gathered a lesson which, in all its simplicity, I shall carry into a wider theater."

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## 16 -- A PERSIAN PIONEER

Henry Martyn was a Cornishman, born in 1781. He was of delicate constitution, shy, and unobtrusive, yet did mighty work for God in India and Persia.

In January, 1801, when still under twenty, he became Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. "Seekest thou the great things for thyself? seek them not" (Jer. 45:5), were words which flashed across his memory as he entered the Senate House to compete for this crowning academic distinction. "I had obtained my highest wishes, but," he adds, "was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow."

Feeling depressed and sad at heart at the loss of his father, and having no taste for his usual studies, Martyn took up his Bible one day thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to the solemn time. He writes: "I began with the Acts, as being the most amusing, and whilst I was entertained with the narrative, I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrine of the Apostles." Light gradually broke on his mind and spiritual truth by degrees entered his heart. In Charles Simeon, of Trinity College, he found guide, counselor, and friend, and gradually acquired more and more knowledge in Divine things.

After six and a-half years in Persia, during which his life was "burned out for God," ague laid him low, then fever, but he wrote his last diary entry on Oct. 6, 1812: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God -- in solitude my Company, my Friend, my Comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to Eternity; and when shall appear the new Heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness? There shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth. None of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard any more" (Rev. 21:22-27).

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## 17 -- FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

David Brewster, founder of the British Association, Principal of Edinburgh University, Inventor of the Kaleidoscope, etc., author of many works. The most important period in his life is thus described by his daughter.

She is recording a conversation which her father had with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Macpherson, who says: "I had a long talk with dear papa upon the suffering of Christ, from which we passed on to speaking of the gratitude due to God ... We spoke of the possibility of feeling any love towards God, and agreed that such a sentiment of love as is possible between man and man, was impossible between man and God. 'How can we love Him,' he said, -- 'One whom we have not seen? We admire Him in His works, and trust from the wisdom seen in these that He is wise in all His dealings -- but how can we love Him?'" After this conversation, his daughter-in-law being herself led to understand how alone the love of the unseen Christ can be shed abroad in the heart by the working of the Holy Spirit, felt that she must confess this change in her views and feelings. "He listened most attentively, and when I had finished, took me in his arms, kissed me, and said, in such a child-like manner, 'Go, now, then, and pray that I may know it too.'"

Many striking incidents are recorded which show how real was the work of grace in his soul. On one occasion he was listening to a brief memoir of a man of science, a medical man, of whom it was said that "notwithstanding his high talents and his great literary and scientific

attainments, he received Christ as his Saviour." Brewster interrupted the reader with an exclamation of vehement disapproval. "Notwithstanding his talents! That disgusts me," he said; "a merit for a man to bow his intellect to the Cross! Why, what can the highest intellect on earth do, but bow to God's Word and God's mind thankfully?"

At another time he spoke with deep regret of a conversation he had with one who held what are called broad church views. Tears filled his eyes as he said, "Oh, is it not sad that all are not contented with the beautiful simple plan of God's salvation -- Jesus Christ only, who has done all for us?"

Of the Atonement, he said to a friend, "It is everything to me: it meets my reason, it satisfies my conscience, it fills my heart."

He finished his course in 1868, at the ripe age of 87.

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## 18 -- THE PIONEER OF BURMA

Adoniram Judson, the renowned missionary to India, Burma, etc., has an interesting story.

At the age of sixteen he formed an intimacy with a young man, E\_\_\_\_, a free-thinker, engaged in amusements of a questionable kind, and before deciding on his future course in life left home with the intention of making a tour through some of the northern states of his native land. Before setting out he had told his father of his infidel sentiments, and had been severely condemned by him.

His father's arguments he could repel, but his mother's tears and warnings, appealing to a nature, though proud, still tender and susceptible, made an impression which it was impossible to shake off.

"I am in no danger," he thought to himself. "I am only seeing the world -- the dark side of it, as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious."

Happily for Judson, at this critical period he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state, but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not, of course, be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber -- sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said -- the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would the clear-minded intellectual, witty E\_\_\_\_ (the talented, but deistical young man alluded to before) say to such weakness? But still his thoughts would revert to the sick

man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality, or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future?

"Perhaps he was a 'free-thinker,' educated by Christian parents and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a young man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. As soon as he had risen he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow!' 'Do you know who he was?' 'Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College -- a very fine fellow, his name was E\_\_\_\_\_."

Judson was completely stunned -- it was his atheistic friend! After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind; and the words, 'Dead!' 'Lost!' 'Lost!' were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth, and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of traveling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth.

From that hour his life, outwardly and inwardly, became changed. All his plans for the future were reversed. The dreams of literary distinction were renounced, and the one great question which he put to himself now was, "How shall I so order my future being as best to please God?"

The tale of his hardships, shipwrecks, imprisonments, and persecutions would make angels weep. Yet he murmured not. He translated the whole Bible into Burmese, and was buried at sea in 1850.

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## 19 -- A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST

Martin Boos was a Romanist. In the discharge of his office as a priest he went, in 1789, to visit a woman distinguished by her humility and piety, who was dangerously ill. "I do not doubt," said Boos, endeavoring to prepare her for death, "that you die calmly and happily." "And why?" said the woman. "Because," replied Boos, "your life has been a continued chain of good actions."

The woman smiled and said, "If I were to die relying for my salvation on the works which you mention, I am certain that I should be condemned; but that which makes me calm at this awful moment is that I rely on Jesus Christ my Saviour."

"Those few words," said Boos afterwards, "in the mouth of a dying woman who was looked upon as a saint, opened my eyes for the first time. I understood the meaning of 'Christ for us;' like Abraham, I saw His day. From that time I announced to others the Saviour whom I had learned to know, and there were many who rejoiced with me."

He was used of God as the instrument of a religious awakening, and his labors were blessed in an extraordinary manner. After a long life of much usefulness, when he felt the end

drawing near, he wrote: "Even now I feel that none shall see the Lord without having washed his robes in the Blood of the Lamb."

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## 20 -- A WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST

Michael Faraday, Scientist, Inventor, Philosopher, and Author. Some minds have a strong bent for experiment. They are of the type that will receive nothing without proof, but will be forever probing into unknown things, and always asking "Why?" The world is in deep debt to such minds; it possesses many of its comforts and advantages because of their researches.

Scarcely an invention, a discovery, a marked advance in any of the fields of human knowledge has been made apart from the industrious investigation of such minds. Michael Faraday possessed such a mind. In his own field, that of experimental physics, his was perhaps the acutest and most original mind of our later times. Yet it is not generally known that he made a great discovery in a realm other than that of physics. He found there was one spacious field where experiment was useless, a region where the most capacious intellect must stoop to a very humbling thing -- where, childlike, it must accept what it is told, apart from external proofs, or remain permanently ignorant of all the truth lying within that realm.

Faraday's biographer was so astonished at the great scientist's simplicity in the field of inquiry concerning man's relations with his Maker, that he wondered whether he had erected a kind of partition in his brain, on one side of which he kept his scientific inquiries, and on the other his religious beliefs.

Faraday's own explanation is worthy to be earnestly pondered. He says: "The ways are infinite in which man occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectation of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given." What this testimony is may be known by the fact that Faraday rejoiced in that preaching which "boldly contended for the ancient faith that the bare death of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God."

When he came to die he was asked what his speculations were as to the future, and he replied that he did not rest on speculations, but on certainties, and quoted that grand Scripture: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1:12).

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## 21 -- A QUAIN CORNISH MINER

Billy Bray, the King's Son, was born in the little Cornish village of Twelveheads, near Truro, in 1794. His father was a godly man, but died in early manhood, leaving Billy to the care of

a devout grandfather -- one of the early Methodists who gladly suffered persecution with Wesley during his visits to Cornwall. Under the sheltering roof of this pious man Billy spent the first seventeen years of his life.

Arriving at the age of seventeen, he passes from the sheltering and gracious influences of a godly home to the perilous conditions of a life shorn of all restraint, and among companions wholly given to vice.

To quote his own words: "I became the companion of drunkards, and during that time I was very near Hell. I remember once getting drunk in Tavistock; when going home we met a large horse in the way; it was late at night, and two of us got on the horse's back; we had not gone far before the horse stumbled against a stone, and, turning right over, both of us were nearly killed. At another time I got drunk, and while fighting with a man my hat fell into the fire and was burnt. I stole another to wear home, and narrowly escaped being sent to jail for it."

As if to indulge the more freely in wild rioting, he took lodgings in a public-house. "There," he says, "with other drunkards, I drank all night long. But I had a sore head and a sick stomach, and worse than all, horrors of mind that no tongue can tell. I used to dread to go to sleep for fear of waking up in Hell; and though I made many promises to the Lord to be better, I was soon as bad or worse than ever. After being absent from my native county seven years, I returned a drunkard." Marriage made no difference, and his poor wife had frequently to fetch him from the village drink-shop.

At this time his wife, who was a backslider, spoke to him of the joy she once possessed, and thus intensified his longing for peace. "Why don't you begin again?" he asked, "and then I might start, too!" At three o'clock in the morning he got out of bed and began to pray at his bedside. He says: "The more I prayed the more I felt to pray," and the whole of that forenoon he spent in agonizing prayer.

For long days and nights he continued wrestling in prayer. He tells us that even "while working in the mine I was crying to the Lord for mercy." Returning from the mine one evening he went straight to his bedroom, regardless of the meal that was ready for him, and dropping on his knees, he poured out his soul in earnest, believing prayer. To quote his own words: "I said to the Lord, 'Thou hast said, They that ask shall receive, they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened, and I have faith to believe it.' In an instant the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what He had done for a poor sinner like me; for I could say, 'The Lord hath pardoned all my sins.' I think this was in November, 1823, but what day of the month I do not know. I remember this, that everything looked new to me, the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I spent the greater part of my time in praising the Lord. I could say with Isaiah, 'O Lord, I will praise Thee, for though Thou were angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me;' or like David, 'The Lord hath brought me up out of a horrible pit of mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.'

Thus triumphantly he passed from darkness into light; from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and the thrill of Emancipation filled his soul with joy and

his lips with song! He was now twenty-nine years of age, having spent twelve years in the "far country" seven of them in Devonshire and five in his native village.

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## 22 -- RELIEVER OF LUCKNOW

Henry Havelock, the Reliever of Lucknow, was born at Bishop Wearmouth, in 1795. There is more than one tradition that the family had a connection with Havelock, the Dane, ruling in the Eastern Counties before A .D. 449. Henry became a soldier at the age of twenty. Eight years of military life in England followed, and he threw himself into his work with his usual ardor. But all was not well with his soul. Though he was strictly moral and pure in conduct and principle, and would never join with those who made a mock of Christianity, he yet began to entertain doubts of the Deity of Christ. It seemed as if the hallowed influence of his beloved mother would go for nothing

Then came the first voyage to India, in 1823, on the "General Kyd." On board was Lieutenant Gardner, and to him Henry Havelock confided his wretched condition of soul; told how full his heart was of speculation and doubt; how near he was to the verge of Unitarianism; and yet how on the other hand, he yearned inexpressibly for a safe and solid foundation of peace, whereon his soul might rest. Lieutenant Gardner persuaded him to study prayerfully that Wonderful Book which alone declares the true way of salvation, and as the boat ploughed the waters of the Atlantic, Havelock sought and found the Saviour; He was called out of darkness into God's marvelous light. From that time forth he endeavored to follow and obey the Captain of his Salvation, enduring hardness through all his days, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the Indian Mutiny, in 1826, on the occasion of a surprise attack on an outpost the corps which was ordered to support it was found unfit, having had a recent carouse. "Then call out Havelock's saints," exclaimed Archibald Campbell. "They are always sober, and can be depended upon; and Havelock himself is always ready." The "saints" were under arms in a very short time, and gained a victory over the enemy in more ways than one.

Havelock died of dysentery on Nov. 22nd, 1857, a week after the Relief of Lucknow.

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## 23 -- A VETERAN AFRICAN WORKER

Robert Moffat of Kuruman, the Pioneer Missionary of South Africa, was born in East Lothian, in 1795.

In very early years serious impressions had been made upon the heart of Robert Moffat. The earnest teachings of his minister, combined with his mother's counsels and prayers, left recollections which could never be effaced. These impressions were now to be deepened, and the good seed that had been sown to be quickened. The Wesleyan Methodists had commenced a good work at High Leigh, and a pious Methodist and his wife induced Moffat to attend some of their

meetings. He became convinced of his state as a sinner, and was very unhappy, but after a severe and protracted struggle, he found pardon, justification, and peace, through faith in Christ Jesus, and henceforth his life was devoted to the service of his Lord. Energetically he threw himself into the society and work of his new friends, but by doing so lost the goodwill of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, who were grieved that one in whom they took so much interest should have become a Methodist, so much were these good people despised by many in those days.

While at High Leigh Robert Moffatt had occasion to visit Warrington, a town about six miles distant. He set off one calm summer evening. All nature seemed at rest, and thoughts of God and a feeling of admiration for His handiworks took possession of the young man's mind. His life was reviewed, and with thoughts full of hope he entered the town. Passing over a bridge, he noticed a placard. It contained the announcement of a missionary meeting, over which the Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, was to preside. He had never seen such an announcement before. He read the placard over and over again, and, as he did so, the stories told by his mother of the Moravian missions in Greenland and Labrador, which had been forgotten for years, came vividly to mind. From that moment his choice was made; earthly prospects vanished: his one thought was, "how to become a missionary?" After 65 years of unwearied service for his Lord, he died at Leigh in 1883, in his 88th year,

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## 24 -- A NOTED GAMBLER

Brownlow North was well known in Scotland as a successful soul-winner fifty years ago. Up till the age of 44 he was a "stranger to the grace of God." Though the son of a Church of England clergyman and the grandson of a bishop, he lived a gay and godless life, and was well known as a leader in sin and folly. When 44 years old he was deeply convicted of sin.

We give the story of his awakening as told by himself to a number of students in 1862: "It pleased God," he said, "in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness which led me to think I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done I threw myself down on my bed. My first thought then was, 'Now, what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few moments I will be in Hell, and what good will all these things do me for which I have sold my soul?' At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of a coward -- cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin."

For months he "wrestled" and "strove" to obtain salvation, not knowing that God was completely and perfectly satisfied on account of sin through the work which Christ accomplished on Calvary's Cross. One night in deep soul trouble he rose from his bed, and opening his Bible, read a portion of the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans. As he read the twentieth and following verses light began to break in on his darkened spirit. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." How, then, could he be justified? If his deeds could not justify him, of what use were his prayers and tears? Then he read the wondrous life-giving words: "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the

prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of (or in) Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe, for there is no difference." The light of the glorious Gospel streamed into his soul. "Striking my Book with my hand," he said, "and springing from my chair, I cried, 'If that Scripture is true I am a saved man. That is what I want; that is what God offers me; that is what I have.' God helping me, it was that I took: the righteousness of God without the law. It is my only hope."

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## 25 -- THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

Anthony Ashley-Cooper, the Seventh Earl, was born in 1801, at 24 Grosvenor Square, London, His early recollections are of the saddest, and his after years seemed to be permeated with that melancholy which overshadowed his childhood. But those sorrows had a great part in urging him to the work with which his name is ever associated -- the care and succor of the oppressed.

The sweetest memory of his early days lingered round Maria Millis, the housekeeper. This incomparable woman had been maid to his mother when his mother was a girl, and had been promoted to the position of housekeeper. She was devoted to the little boy, and being a true and faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, she often took the child on her lap and told him stories from the Bible, especially the story of Him who came to save the lost, to comfort the sorrowing, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" (Matt. 19:14). She taught him a simple prayer which he always used; even in his old age and sickness those simple words would come to his lips. It was to this good woman, he says, he was indebted for that saving knowledge of the Son of God which came to him at the age of seven, and which was such a joy and strength to him through all the difficulties and trials of his long life.

Young Ashley was sent to school soon after he was seven years of age -- a school at the thought of which he always shuddered. "The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty." At home, too, he was unhappy, for in those days parents ruled by fear, not love, and it is evident from his diary when he had reached manhood's estate, that his parents (the mother in particular) were almost cruel. He remembered weary nights of bitter cold, and days of insufficient food.

The crowning trouble at this time was the death of his beloved friend, Maria Millis. He mourned deeply, for she was -- and no wonder -- more to him than anyone else. In her will she left him her handsome gold watch, and he never wore any other. "This watch was given to me by the best friend I have ever had," he would say.

The spirit in which he entered upon his career is given in his journal of April 28th, 1829, his 28th birthday: "Now let me consider my future career. The first principle, God's honor; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unremitting diligence; all petty love of excellence must be put aside, the matter must be studied, the motives refined, and one's best done for the remainder." To this he steadfastly adhered all his life.

His own happiness did not make him callous as regards those less fortunately placed. The memory of his sad and neglected childhood urged him to help forward any work which could alleviate the sufferings of others. He was early known as the Working Man's Friend, but especially was he the friend of the children.

Not only unfortunate adults and children received his attention, but the ill-fed, badly treated costers' donkeys came under his notice. He bought a fine coster's barrow, called himself "K.G. and Coster," and let the barrow out, till the coster could procure one for himself. He so won their esteem that at an annual meeting of costers, his lordship was surprised to see a sleek donkey, which the costers had unitedly purchased, led to the front and presented to him. It would be difficult to say which were most delighted, the K .G. Coster or the Pearly Costers.

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## 26 -- THE FOUNDER OF SALTAIRE

Titus Salt, man of millions, inventor of "Alpaca," founder of Saltaire, commenced life as a factory boy in a Yorkshire town, and by industry, perseverance, and strict attention to business, became one of the wealthiest manufacturers in the county. Upright, honorable, and considerate of the interests of his workers, he built a model town, calling it Saltaire. Eventually he was elected to Parliament, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him by Queen Victoria. After such achievements and attainments, was the baronet satisfied? Indeed he was not. God's Word declares that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, or the ear filled with hearing" (Eccles. 1:8). All that Titus Salt had heard, seen, and possessed did not, and could not, afford him real satisfaction.

On a never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, Titus listened to a preacher of the Gospel, who showed that soul rest and satisfaction are alone to be found in Christ, In the course of his sermon the minister said that he had "sat in his garden and watched the caterpillars climbing the painted sticks; he had seen them reach the top, and look this way and that in search of some juicy twig on which to feed, only to be disappointed, and to return slowly and wearily to the ground again. There are many painted sticks in this world," continued the preacher; "there are the painted sticks of pleasure, wealth, power, and fame. All these are calling to men and saying, 'Climb me, and you will achieve the desire of thy heart. Climb me and you will fulfill the purpose of your existence. Climb me and taste of the fruits of success. Climb me and so find satisfaction.'"

On the following day the baronet visited the preacher, and said to him, "Sir, I was in your congregation last night, and I heard what you had to say about the painted sticks; and I want to tell you that I have been climbing them, and today I am a weary man. Tell me, is there rest for a weary millionaire?" The herald of the Cross had the joy of pointing the sin-burdened soul to Him Who says: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). And he, who was tired and worn-out in the long struggle to obtain what this world promises but does not bestow, laid his heavy burden at the foot of the Cross of Christ, accepted Him as his own personal Saviour, and was enabled truthfully and joyfully to exclaim:

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

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## 27 -- A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

Thomas Sidney Cooper, the famous painter, was born in 1803, and died in 1902. After a long career as an artist, he was brought to the Lord in 1889.

To the editor of a magazine, who requested the opinion of a number of prominent men on the Bible, he wrote the following simple yet beautiful confession of what the Bible had done for him:

"DEAR SIR, -- You ask me what I think of the Bible. It brought me to see I was lost in sin, and had no power to save myself. It showed me how I must get God's forgiveness for all my iniquity.

"It told me the door of mercy was open, and salvation was to be freely had.

"It showed me the wonderful sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and through His precious blood all my sins are washed away. "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Corinthians 5:21).

"I am thankful to say I read the Bible daily, at 9, at 1, and at 10 p.m., and would recommend your readers to do the same. Yours faithfully. -- Thos. Sidney Cooper."

The following was written by his wife, relative to an illness he had some little time before he went home:

"On one occasion the doctor said, 'Everyone is asking how you are, Mr. Cooper.' He replied, 'It is very kind, but I am less anxious they should hear about my health, than that they should hear that God has redeemed me, by the Blood of His beloved Son, for "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven" for me. I want everyone to know that I am going to enjoy that inheritance with Christ.'

"One day he was speaking of the certainty of salvation, and said, ' If anyone asks me how I know that I am saved, I should say I know it better than if I had heard an angel out of Heaven say so, for I might make a mistake about that, but I cannot make a mistake about the Word of God. The Lord Jesus said, "All that the Father giveth Me, shall come to Me (and I have come to Him), and him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." The Father has made my soul a present to His Son, and I know that He will not take me away from Him.'

"A friend said to him, 'We must prepare for death.' He replied, 'The Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ has done that for me.'"

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## 28 -- AN IRISH LANDLORD

John Parnell born in 1805, went to Bagdad as a missionary in 1831.

When attending college at Edinburgh, he spent many of his evenings at balls and parties, but his heart was still unsatisfied. Again and again he tried to be "good," but he learned that his resolutions were not strong enough to hold him, and he found himself slipping back again and again into his old ways. After repeated failures to come up to the standard of living he had made, he thought that if he had the precepts of Christ constantly before his eyes, he would be more likely to keep them. With this object in view, he cut out all the precepts and counsels he could find in the New Testament, and put them on a board placed on the mantelpiece. But he soon learned the difference between knowing the Lord's will and doing it.

Still "doing his best" to merit God's favor, and almost despairing of accomplishing it, a friend said to him one day "If you want to find the knowledge of God. study the Epistle to the Romans; it is there the plan of salvation is made known." This seemed to revive his hope, and he at once, with the object of fully understanding the Apostle's reasoning, began to copy out the Epistle. He had got as far as the eighth verse of the eighth chapter: "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." The thought was suggested to his mind, "What is the use then of all my efforts? If a sinner cannot please God, how can I do anything to gain acceptance with Him?" Then in a moment the truth came before him: "No, I cannot please God, but Jesus Christ can. He is the way. He is the perfect One, and this is what is meant by those words at the end of every prayer, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" "Yes," said he, "God receives sinners for His sakes and He will receive me." There and then he saw that it was what Christ had done that had satisfied the claims of Jehovah, and through believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse and shame, he was saved.

He could not keep the good news to himself. He testified to friends and relatives of the value of the precious Blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin. On being asked by one if he had not to "give up" much to become a Christian, his reply was characteristic: "Give up! No. I gave up nothing. I got all." For sixty years he was an earnest and faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, and ceased from his earthly labors on departing to be with Christ, October 23, 1883.

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## 29 -- A BARNSTAPLE PATRIARCH

Robt. Cleaver Chapman, the Barnstaple Patriarch, who died in his 100th year, wrote:

"All that is demanded of a child of Adam, that he may pass out of death into life, is that he should take his due place in the presence of God, acknowledge his sin, and accept the Saviour Jesus. The bar to the salvation of any sinner is in himself, not in God. Let the poor sinner account his own righteousness as dung and rags, he will receive Christ; God will not, He cannot, shut him out from His heart. I am everywhere zealous to say that there is no need for a sinner crying to God for mercy, but there is need that the sinner should confess himself not entitled to a morsel of bread

nor a cup of cold water; and the moment he owns his unworthiness, he cannot reject what God gives. Eternal life is the property of every one who chooses to have it."

Mr. Chapman, in reply to a friend some years ago, wrote: "My day of birth natural is 4th January, 1803. I have known Christ by the Word and Spirit of our God more than threescore years and ten, all happy, all blessed. I am giving thanks continually, and in my constant review of all my life I see more and more cause for thanksgiving to God and praising His Holy Names together with deeper reason for self-abasement."

Mr. Chapman's "Choice Sayings" have had an extensive sale. He died in Barnstaple on June 12, 1902.

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### 30 -- THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND

George Muller, founder of the Orphan Homes, Bristol, wherein 16,000 orphans have been received, who received ú500 ,000 in answer to prayer and faith alone, was a Prussian by birth. When a student at the University of Halle, he was careless and unconcerned about spiritual matters. Although he was studying with the object of becoming a clergyman of the Established Church, he knew nothing whatever of the saving power of the Gospel. His conversion came about as follows:

Through attending meetings in a private house in Halle, conducted by a devoted Christian, he became deeply interested and impressed with what he saw and heard. The simple believers that he came in contact with at these services had something which he did not possess. He longed for rest and peace to his troubled spirit, but was ignorant how it was to be obtained. He knew of no one who professed to be saved through faith in Christ's Blood. Things must have been at a low ebb spiritually. "I had no Bible and had not read it for years," he said: "I went to church but seldom; but from custom took the Lord's Supper twice a year. I had never heard the Gospel preached up to the beginning of November, 1825" -- the month of his conversion. "I had never met with a person who told me that he meant by the help of God to live according to the Scriptures. In short, I had not the least idea that there were any persons really different from myself except in degree."

Mr. Muller returned to the house several times, and not long afterwards saw that Christ by His sacrificial death on Calvary had borne sin's penalty, and died that he might be eternally saved. Through believing on the Lord Jesus he became a new creature. The Word of God became His joy and delight, old companions were given up, and although ridiculed and laughed at by his fellow-students, he boldly witnessed for Christ.

George Muller established 5 large Orphan Homes on Ashley Downs, Bristol; circulated millions of Scriptures and books, visited many countries, and entered into rest in 1896, in his 93rd year, leaving £160 in his will.

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## 31 -- THE WELL-KNOWN EVANGELIST

D. L. Moody, the famous Evangelist, when eighteen years of age, was a boot salesman in his uncle's store in Boston, His Sunday School teacher was a Mr. Kimball, and he had set his heart on winning the young man for Christ. After praying about the matter, he arranged to visit him at the boot store. "I was determined," to use his own words, "to speak to him about Christ and about his soul, and started down to Holton's boot store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I ought to go in just then during business hours. I thought my call might embarrass the boy, and that when I went away the other clerks would ask who I was, and taunt him with my efforts in trying to make him a good boy. In the meantime I had passed the store, and, discovering this, I determined to make a dash for it, and have it over at once. I found him in the back part of the building wrapping up shoes. I went up to him at once, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I made what I felt afterwards was a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him, and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and there in the back of that store in Boston, D. L. Moody gave himself and his life to Christ."

Forty years afterwards, when preaching in Boston, Mr. Moody himself thus described the effect of his conversion upon his life: "I can almost throw a stone from Tremont Temple to the spot where I found God forty years ago. I wish I could do something to lead some of you young men to that same God. He has been a million times better to me than I have been to Him. I remember the morning on which I came out of my room after I had first trusted Christ. I thought the sun shone a good deal brighter than it ever had before. I thought that it was just smiling upon me, and as I walked out upon Boston Common and heard the birds singing in the trees, I thought they were all singing a song to me. Do you know? I fell in love with the birds. I had never cared for them before. It seemed to me that I was in love with all creation. I had not a bitter feeling against any man, and I was ready to take all men to my heart. If a man has not the love of God shed abroad in his heart he has not yet been regenerated."

Mr. Moody's experience was the same as that of the poet who sung:

"Heaven above is softer blue,  
Earth around is sweeter green;  
Something lives in every hue  
Christless eyes have never seen.

"Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,  
Flowers with brighter beauties shine,  
Since I know, as now I know,  
I am His, and He is mine."

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## 32 -- AN EDINBURGH MEDICAL PEER

James Y. Simpson, M. D., of Edinburgh, discoverer of chloroform as an anesthetic, one of the ablest physicians who ever lived, thus wrote:

"When I was a boy at school, I saw a sight I never can forget -- a man tied to a cart and dragged before the people's eyes, through the streets of my native town, his back torn, and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For MANY offenses? No, for one offense. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No, he who committed the offense bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction.

"When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I never can forget -- a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face was already as pale as death -- thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope, and say, 'Put it around my neck, I die instead?' No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For MANY offenses? No; for one offense. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that offense."

I saw another sight -- it matters not when -- myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin, deserving naught but Hell. For ONE sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked and saw Jesus, my Substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the Cross for me. I looked, and wept, and was forgiven. And it seemed to me, to be my duty to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also "look and live."

And how simple it all becomes when God opens the eye. A friend who lately came from Paris, told me of an English groom there, a very careless old man, who had during a severe illness been made to feel that he was a sinner. He dared not die as he was. The clergyman whom he sent for got tired of visiting him, having told him all he then knew himself of the way of salvation. But one Sunday afternoon the groom's daughter waited in the vestry after Church, saying, "You MUST come once more, sir; I cannot see my father again without you." "I can tell him nothing new," said the preacher; "but I may take the sermon I have been preaching, and read it to him." The dying man lay as before in anguish, thinking of his sins, and whither they must carry him. "My friend, I have come to read to you the sermon I have just preached. First, I shall tell you the text, 'HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS.' Now I shall read." "Hold!" said the dying man: "I HAVE IT! Read no more; HE WAS WOUNDED FOR MY TRANSGRESSIONS." Soon after he died rejoicing in Christ.

When I heard this story, I remembered Archimedes running through the streets of Syracuse straight from the bath where he had found out, in bathing, the secret of testing whether the king's crown had or had not been alloyed by the goldsmith in making it. And as he ran he cried, "Eureka! Eureka!! I have found it! I have found it !!"

Poor philosopher, you have only found out a new principle in science! Happy groom, you have found in Jesus Christ a Saviour for your precious soul! The clergyman himself who visited the dying groom, was thus awakened and found Christ.

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### 33 -- AFRICA'S GREATEST FRIEND

David Livingstone was born within the humble home of "poor and pious parents" at Blantyre, near Glasgow, on the 19th March, 1813. At the age of ten he was put to work in the factory as a piecer, that his earnings might aid his mother.

It was in his twentieth year that the great spiritual change took place which determined the course of David Livingstone's future life. Before this time he had earnest thoughts about Eternity. "Great pains," he says, "had been taken by my parents to instill the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of a free salvation by the atonement of our Savior; but it was only about this time that I began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case." He says that about his twentieth year he began to reflect on his state as a sinner, and became anxious to realize the state of mind that flows from the reception of the truth into the heart. He was hindered, however, from embracing the free offer of mercy in the Gospel, by a sense of unworthiness to receive so great a blessing till a supernatural change should be effected in him by the Holy Spirit. Conceiving it to be his duty to wait for this, he continued expecting a ground of hope within, rejecting meanwhile the only true hope of the sinner, the finished work of Christ, till at length his convictions were effaced and his feelings blunted. Still his heart was not at rest. Later on God revealed to him his error, and he renounced all hope in himself; and as a bankrupt, beggared sinner he trusted in the power and willingness of Christ to save. To use again his own words: "I saw the duty and inestimable privilege immediately to accept salvation by Christ. Humbly believing that through sovereign mercy and grace I have been enabled so to do, and having felt in some measure its effects on my still depraved and deceitful hearts it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by henceforth devoting my life to His service.

On the 8th December, 1840, he took ship for South Africa, and landed at Algoa Bay, proceeded inland to Kuruman, then the most northerly mission station in South Africa. It was not long ere he pushed on into the interior, and wrote: "I had more than ordinary pleasure in telling these Bakaas of the precious Blood that cleanseth from all sin. I bless God that He has conferred on one so worthless the distinguished privilege and honor of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions."

For over thirty years this marvelous man labored unweariedly and heroically for the good of the teeming millions of his beloved Africa. Towards the close of his noble life he became greatly reduced by severe illnesses, but still he labored on. At four in the morning (1st May, 1873), by the candle still burning, they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away on the farthest of all his journeys in the act of prayer, commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa -- his own dear Africa -- with all her woes, and sins, and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost. As Dr. Moffat, the veteran pioneer, said: "Thus Livingstone died, possessing the blessed hope, or rather, the assurance, that living or dying he was the Lord's."

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### 34 -- A FAMOUS TEMPERANCE ORATOR

John B. Gough, known world-wide as an orator and temperance reformer, thus writes concerning his early days and the brightest day:

"Oh, that mother of mine! She was one of Christ's nobility, and she possessed a patent signed and sealed with His redeeming Blood! She was poor in purse, but rich in piety; a brave, godly woman! She died a pauper and was buried without a shroud and without a prayer; but she left her children a legacy that has made them wealthier than peers and princes! I remember one night, towards the close of her life, sitting with her in the garret, and we had no candle.

"She said to me, "John, I am growing blind; I don't feel it much; but you are young, and it is hard for you to have a poor, blind mother. But never mind, John; there is no night in Heaven and no need of any candle there; the Lamb is the light thereof!"

"All at once it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed had spanned the dark chasm of those seven dreadful years, struck the heart, and opened it. The passages of Scripture that she had taught me, and that had been buried in my memory, came to me as if they were being whispered in my ear by the loving lips of my mother herself. 'He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him' (Heb. 7:25). It is the very thing I need! I want to be saved -- I cannot save myself -- He is able to save to the uttermost! -- Then He is the Saviour for me!"

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### 35 -- ONCE A GODLESS GERMAN INFIDEL

Dr. F. W. Baedeker, who traversed thousands of miles visiting prisons in Russia, was a German by birth, but as a young man he came over to England, where he earned his living as a teacher of modern languages and science. At this time he was, to use his own expression, "a Godless German infidel." He was not a strong man, and having lost one lung, he was advised to take a voyage to Australia, but could not settle there, for he felt alone and friendless, and it was not long before he returned to England, but without his strength established as he had hoped. He settled down in Weston-super-Mare, and married a widow lady residing at that place. Their lives were thoroughly worldly, and given up to the passing pleasures of the scene around them. But God's purpose of mercy towards Dr. Baedeker were now to be accomplished.

In the year 1866, Radstock, who was much used of God in the preaching of the Gospel, came to Weston-super-Mare to hold special services. His name drew large numbers, especially of the upper classes, to hear him; and many of these were brought to the knowledge of themselves as sinners in God's sight, and of their need of a Saviour, and were led to the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone can save. A friend invited Dr. Baedeker to go and hear the noble preacher who was making such a stir in the place, and after some pressure the doctor at last yielded. He therefore went, but came away unconvinced.

The Spirit of God, however, was at work in his soul, and somehow he could not keep away from the meetings. At the close of one of the services, Dr. Baedeker was making his way to the door, having no desire to be tackled about his spiritual state. But before he could get down the aisle, Radstock touched him upon the shoulder with the words: "My man, God has a message for you tonight." He was prevailed upon to go into an inner room, and very soon the two men were down on their knees. And the Spirit of God who had been bringing conviction of sin to bear upon his soul, now let the light of the glorious Gospel shine into his heart, and the "Godless German infidel" became a humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

For forty years Dr. Baedeker found his delight in telling out the glad tidings of salvation, not only in Britain, but also on the continent of Europe, and chiefly in Russia. He traveled through Siberia, the Caucasus district, and the borders of the Caspian Sea, as well as Central and Southern Europe, carrying the good news of God's love to needy perishing sinners, telling them of a full and free salvation through the finished work of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

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### 36 -- A STURDY SCOTTISH PIONEER

Donald Ross, pioneer evangelist, was born in the Scottish Highlands. At the age of fifteen he was brought to a knowledge of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel. Here is the story of what he described as "a plain statement of an old-fashioned conversion," written by himself:

"I was saved in Inchdown, Roskeen, Ross-shire, about four or five weeks over my fifteenth year. I was awakened through the illness of a Mr. Duncan, and received Christ as my own personal Saviour in the Young Plantation, Knocknavez, through that verse, John 18:8, "If ye seek Me, let these go their way," about 5.30 p.m. on a Thursday in March; saw, and understood, and believed in Christ as my own Substitute for the first time in my life, and at once, that very afternoon, began to preach Christ to others as the only Saviour. From the moment I was saved my thoughts always were: 'Cannot I do something here and now for the honor of Him who redeemed me, and for the poor, perishing world around me.'"

Mr. Ross was "instant in season, out of season," in warning the unsaved of coming wrath and judgment, and pointing them to Christ, the sinner's refuge. In 1876 he went to America, where, with the exception of two or three visits to his native land, he continued to labor till called home on 13th February, 1903.

Near the end he said, "I will be 80 in February, and if I had other 80 before me I'd spend them in Gospel work."

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### 37 -- THE BISHOP OF THE BLACKDOWNS

George Brealey preached the Gospel for many years in the Blackdown Hills in the west of England, and was much used in the conversion of souls. When he was a young man he was careless and heedless regarding eternal matters. On a certain Sunday he thrashed two young men who taunted him with being a "Methodist," and afterwards took them into a tavern to give them a drink! George's mother found the three playing cards. With a breaking heart Mrs. Brealey exclaimed, "Oh, my dear son, it pains me more than I can tell to find you here. I never expected to find you in such a place as this," and immediately fell on her knees and pleaded with God for George's conversion. George could not stand this, and turning to the others, he said, "Good-bye, mates, I shall never enter this place as I have done." "What!" was their response, "you going to turn Methody! He's afraid of his mother!" This was a severe cut to the high-spirited youth, who immediately replied, "No, I'm not afraid of my mother; you know that I love her, but I am afraid of God and my sins. WILL EITHER OF YOU GO TO HELL FOR ME?" "No! we don't want to go to Hell for ourselves, much less for you." "Then don't laugh at me for turning round and wishing to escape," was his response. Not long afterwards George Brealey accepted of Christ as his Saviour through believing the Gospel of God's grace.

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### 38 -- THE HERO OF THE CRIMEA

Captain Hedley Vicars was born in Mauritius, in 1826. His father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, the family estate being at Levally, in Queen's County, Ireland. When the boy was twelve years old his father's dying hand was laid upon his head, with the earnest wish "that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His Name."

Early in life he joined the depot of the 97th Regiment in the Isle of Wight, and from first to last devoted himself to his duties.

In 1844 he went to Corfu with his regiment, and so entered into excesses in sin that he afterwards wrote:

"You will be spared sore remorse in after years by remembering your Creator in the days of your youth (Eccles. 12:1). I would give worlds if I had them to undo what I have done." He was afterwards stationed at or visited Jamaica, Nova Scotia, and other parts of Canada. Sometimes he was convicted of sin for a time; then again he would neglect his Bible and his God.

When stationed in Halifax in the month of November 1851, he was awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room, and idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words of the 1st Epistle of John, chapter 1, verse 7, caught his eye: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Closing the Book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man shall live who has been washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ."

That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart if these wondrous words were really meant for him. In the morning he arose calm in the assurance that they were "true for him," and "a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance" (I Tim. 1:15). "The past," he assured himself, "is blotted

out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with His own Blood."

On the morning succeeding that memorable night he bought a large Bible, placed it open on the table of his sitting-room, determined that for the future "an open Bible" should be his colors. Some called him names, others shrugged their shoulders, one remarked, "Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." But he never faltered, and much grace was given him to confess Christ before others.

Busy years of service and happy months at home with his mother and sisters quickly flew past. The 97th was ordered out to the Crimea in 1854. He endeared himself by his unceasing care of the sick and suffering during that eventful winter before Sevastopol, the horrors of which are historic. The night of the 22nd of March was dark and dreary, the wind swept in wild gusts across the Crimea. Soon after ten o'clock firing commenced in the direction of the Victoria Redoubt. In the murky darkness a Russian force of 15,000 men crept out of Sevastopol, surprised the French, and passed on to the British lines. Vicars was the first to discover the enemy so near. He ordered his men to lie down until the Russians came within twenty paces, then leaping on the parapet, he cried, "THIS WAY 97TH," and led his company of 200 against an advancing force of 2000. The next moment the strong arm fell helpless, and he dropped among his foes. His men fought their way through the ranks of the retreating Russians to defend the leader they loved, and bore him back to safety. As they laid his body down at his tent door his spirit winged its flight to the Land of unending peace. A good soldier of Jesus Christ, he had "fought a good fight, and finished his course; henceforth the crown" (2 Tim. 4:7, 8).

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### 39 -- THE FIGHTING COAL-MINER

Richard Weaver, the fighting coal-miner, who the forerunner of Moody in English Revivals, was born in 1827, and had his share of hardships in what people called "the good old days." He went to work in the pits shortly after he was seven years of age. His mother, who was a Christian woman, would walk out with him at half-past four in the morning, accompanying him along the lane that led to the pit, encouraging him as he went. As he grew in years, amid surroundings at his work that were not helpful, he took fast hold of all that was evil, mixing with others who cursed and swore and told lies, learning to do like them. His first glass of whisky was drunk when thirteen years of age. One step led to another, and drinking and boxing became his delights, gaining for himself the name of "Undaunted Dick." His mother was a praying woman, and never gave him up.

Eventually he left his mother's house, being tired of her prayers and her spiritual conversation. An older brother of his, who was married and a Christian man, was insulted one day with a man at his work spitting in his face. When Richard heard of it he asked what his brother did. Learning that his brother forgave the man, Richard said, "Well, he may, but I won't." He went to a public-house the man frequented, challenged him to fight, and completely knocked him out.

Afterwards he went to live with his brothers and one night when lying awake in bed he heard his brother come in from a meeting. His wife asked what the text was. He replied, "What then shall I do?" Richard thought to himself, "What a funny text!" But the Spirit of God applied it to him and made him think: "What shall I do when God rises in judgment against me?" In the morning he was so troubled in his conscience that he could not go to his work, and he did not rise out of bed all day. When his brother came home from his work he thought Richard was ill, and offered to go for a doctor. But he didn't want a doctor, he wanted forgiveness of sin.

Next morning he went off to get drink to drown conviction. After some drink he had a sparring match with a noted pugilist. But conviction held a grip of him, and at two o'clock next morning he went into a field he was engaged to fight a boxing match in, and there on his knees, in an old sand-hole, in agony he waited on the Lord. Deliverance came, for he thought he heard his mother say, though she was a hundred miles away: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). There and then joy and peace came to his heart. When he told his sister-in-law she wouldn't believe it, and his brother said when he came home and heard the news, "I hope it's true."

Years afterwards, when Richard was out as a preacher, he was preaching one night in a chapel when a man rose and asked to be allowed to speak. Permission being given, the man said: "The last time I saw Richard he broke my jaw, now he has broken my heart." He was the means of leading numerous souls to the Saviour.

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#### 40 -- A GREAT LONDON MERCHANT

George Williams, of the famous firm of Hitchcock, Williams, & Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, founder of the Y.M.C.A., was saved when serving his apprenticeship in a drapery establishment at Bridgwater, Somerset. His testimony in after years was as follows: "I entered Bridgwater a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow," and, we would add, left it an earnest whole-hearted Christian. In writing to a friend of these early days, he said: "There were two other apprentices whom I soon found were different from myself. I was much given to swearing, and I saw increasingly that they were going to Heaven, but that I was on the downward road to Hell. I now began to pray, but even on my knees oaths would come to my lips." The consistent Christian lives of fellow-apprentices greatly influenced him.

At the age of 16 he was saved through a Gospel sermon preached by the minister of the Congregational Church. Little information can be obtained as to the text of the discourse delivered, but it was the means in the hand of God in leading him to know Christ as his Saviour. Many years afterwards when visiting Bridgwater at the opening of the new Young Men's Christian Association building he said: "It is not easy to forget one's first love. I first learned in Bridgwater to love my dear Lord and Saviour for what He had done for me; I saw in this town two roads, the downward and the upward road; I began to reason, and said to myself, 'What if I continue along this downward road, where shall I get to? where is the end of it? what will become of me?' Thank God I had kept in the clean path; nevertheless I was on the downward road; I saw that this road would certainly lead me to spend my eternity with the devil and his angels, and I said, 'Cannot I escape?'

Is there no escape?' They told me in this very town of Bridgwater how to escape -- confess your sins, accept Christ, trust in Him, yield your heart to the Saviour. God helped me to yield myself wholly to Him. I cannot describe to you the joy and peace which flowed into my soul when I saw that the Lord Jesus had DIED FOR MY SINS, AND THAT THEY WERE ALL FORGIVEN."

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#### 41 -- THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN"

Richard Cope Morgan, Founder and Editor of 'The Christian', was a native of Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire, and sustained, during a long period of years, a position of peculiar influence as a promoter of Christian work in London and beyond.

His earliest impressions of the spiritual life came through the words and example of a godly mother, who was called to her rest when the son was in his teens. Friends in the home-circle supported the call to Christ, and in due time, following upon instructions in the Gospel, at the age of 22, young Morgan realized the truth of the apostolic words: "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God" (Rom. 8:16, 17).

Writing fifty years later, he said: "Had this been mere human reasoning, it would have passed away; but 'it is the Spirit that beareth witness, and the Spirit is truth.'" This experience was realized while Mr. Morgan had his home in the city of Bath.

An expert in printing, and the practical management of a printing office, Mr. Morgan came to the Metropolis in 1855, where he encountered difficulties and fought battles, but never for a moment did he doubt his acceptance in the Beloved. In 1859 he started the weekly paper, The Revival, which became The Christian in 1870; and he retained his editorial responsibilities in large measure until his death, at the age of 81.

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#### 42 -- A DEVOTED SCOTTISH EVANGELIST

Duncan Mathieson, the devoted and gifted Scots Evangelist, whilst sowing his wild oats, was urged by his minister to join the Church, along with two other companions. His reply was: "I am not converted, and you know it. G\_\_\_\_\_ is not converted, nor is D\_\_\_\_\_. We are on the brinks and you would push us over. You would have us go to the Lord's table in our sins, and then on Sabbath evening you would pray for the unworthy communicants."

One Lord's-day evening whilst listening to an awakening discourse, his conscience lashed him with its scorpion sting, and rising, he left the building saying, "I cannot bear this, If I am to come here I must be converted." The arrow of conviction pierced him to the quick on one occasion as he sat under the faithful and searching preaching of Dr. A. A. Bonar. Dr. Bonar preached from Exodus 34:6, 7: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."

For a time he tried to work for salvation. He had not yet learned that salvation could not be obtained as the reward of merit; that eternal life was a "gift" and could not be bought. Chapters upon chapters of the Bible were daily read, prayer upon prayer was presented, and vow upon vow was made. He had a stair of seventy steps to climb to his lodgings, and he prayed at every step. On reading the Scriptures, he perceived that sinners were saved by grace through faith. He read all the books he could lay his hands on that spoke of faith. He imagined that faith was something meritorious, and "Faith, faith, how can I obtain it?" was his cry. He did not then see that faith is the reception of testimony, human or Divine; that it is but the empty hand that accepts the gift; the eye of the soul that looks away from self to Christ bearing the judgment due to sin. He went to various persons asking what he had to do to obtain forgiveness. Some told him to hope and others advised him to pray. He became perplexed and bewildered by the conflicting opinions. In a state of deep soul anxiety, he returned to his native town, Huntly. Many pitied the young man who had, as they said, gone mad. After wading and wading through the "slough of despond," and finding he could do nothing to save himself, he was led to look from his faith to Him who was its object, and he obtained joy and peace in believing.

"I was standing," said he, "on the 10th December, 1846, at the end of my father's house, and meditating on that precious word which has brought peace to countless weary ones, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3:16). I saw that God loved me, for I was one of the world. I saw the proof of His love in the giving of His Son Jesus. I saw that 'whosoever' meant anybody and everybody, and therefore me, even me. I saw the result of believing -- that I would not perish, but have everlasting life. I was enabled to take God at His word. My burden fell from my back, and I was saved."

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#### 43 -- THE SCOTTISH ORPHAN'S FRIEND

William Quarrier was born in a humble home in the East End of Greenock, in 1829. He had a thorough grounding in "the school of adversity." His father died abroad when he was still a child, and the family moved to a small house in the High Street of Glasgow, where the mother had a hard fight to find sufficient means to provide food and clothing for her three children. The little lad knew what it was to be frequently hungry and cold, and felt all the trials and limitations of extreme poverty. It was in those long ago days when he was still a child that the vision came to him that was in later years to find its wonderful fulfillment in the Orphan Homes of Scotland and their sister Institutions.

He was still in his middle 'teens when the grace of God arrested him, showing him his need of the Saviour Christ, and bringing him into the experience of His great salvation. From that day he gave himself up with no reserve to serve his new Master in every possible way. After making many and various efforts to help the "children of the streets," of whom there were very many, it became evident that something on a large scale and of a permanent nature must be attempted. Led on by "infallible signs" he purchased land at Bridge of Weir, 40 acres, 86 acres, 220 acres -- some 346 acres in all; on which, as the money came in in answer to the prayer of faith, he proceeded to

build the Orphan Homes of Scotland, and at a later date the Consumptive Sanatoria, and the Colony of Mercy for Epileptics. When 74 he was suddenly stricken down and lies in the little graveyard behind the Church "till He come."

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#### 44 -- THE DUNDEE CHRISTIAN HERO

Robert Annan, the Christian Hero of Dundee, led a very wild life, giving way to drink, and finding himself more than once in prison. Sent to America, he only sank deeper into sin, and for a time literally was a helper to "feed swine." Then he enlisted in the 100th Regiment and returned to Aldershot. The regiment being ordered to Gibraltar, he deserted, and joining the ship "Edgar," finally returning to his father's house a sadder and a wiser man.

As yet Robert Annan knew only his own righteousness and strength. He had abandoned the tavern, the theater, and his old companions. He became proud of his newly begun moralities, and began to reckon himself "as good as there was any use for." When the doctrine of the new birth was discussed, he poured contempt upon the very idea of being born again, and went the length of saying that the narrative of our Lord's life was got up by designing men.

A few days after this discussion he went, in the strength of his new reformation, to a public-house, to fetch away from the scene of temptation a friend of his own. His friend signified his willingness to go, if Robert would consent to drink a single glass. He did so, but immediately the desire to drink another, and remain with the company, took possession of him. The rest I need not tell; a drunken carousal followed. Next morning he looked around upon the total wreck of his resolutions, his reforms, and his hopes. The dog had returned to his vomits. He was filled with confusion and alarm. "What!" he said to himself, "has it come to this again? Am I past all redemption? Surely I have sold myself to the devil! What shall I do?"

Chagrin at the failure of his good intentions and solemn vows confounded his pride and stung him to the quick. The gall and wormwood of remorse embittered his soul, and a melancholy feeling of hopelessness began to possess him.

That night he was so far humbled as to go to a revival meeting -- one of a series of meetings then being held in the Kinnaird Hall, In those days (1860-61) the Spirit of God was working very gloriously in the town of Dundee, and throughout the land. Duncan Mathieson, who had been signally owned of the great Master in the conversion of many souls, was preaching. During the meeting, Robert felt as if he were a target for every shooter; the arrows of conviction stuck fast in his conscience, eternal realities burst upon his view, and the powerful strivings of the Holy Spirit baffled his endeavors to maintain a sullen reserve.

At the close of the meeting he felt disposed to join the company of weeping inquirers, but shame prevented him. As he stood upon the doorsteps a young man exhorted him to decide, and then bade him good-night, saying, "We shall meet at the Judgment-Seat." "The Judgment-Seat," repeated the trembling sinner to himself. "Yes, yes, it is true I must go there." Every old truth seemed now to flash new light into his soul.

Just as he was going to enter the inquiry-meeting, the hall door was closed in his face, and he reeled down the steps, exclaiming, "Great God, am I shut out of salvation for ever?" Away he went to the house of a friend, who assured him that he might find an entrance into the hall by another door. In breathless haste he returned to seek the door, but in vain.

At the midnight hour he entered the room of John MacPherson and stood before him, his eyes wild and red with excitement, and his countenance black and terrible. His whole body, a frame of iron, shook and quivered. Knowing something of the man, I feared he was about to lay hands upon me and take vengeance for some words of reproof. Very different was the case. Robert had now no blows but for himself, and with words of keen and cutting self-condemnation, he asked the question of questions: "What must I do to be saved?" I pointed him to the Lamb of God, but in vain; Robert went away as he came, smiting on his breast and calling for mercy.

In his wretchedness he resolved to retire to the top of the Law, a hill which rises almost from the banks of the Tay, and overlooks Dundee, and spend the night in solitude and prayer. But although a child could find its way to the summit, and he had been familiar with the hill and its environs from infancy, Robert failed to reach the sought-for solitude. "I could see no hill," he afterwards said to me; "the mountain of my sin rose before my eyes, and the wrath of God like a mist blinded me." A voice then seemed to say, "Go to Camperdown woods, where you used to desecrate the Lord's day, and end your existence." As he pondered this suggestion he said to himself, "If I do so, what next?" He shuddered at the thought, and turned his back on Camperdown woods. Then the voice said, "Go to Reres Hill, where you used to break the Sabbath, and pray to God on the spot where you sinned, and He will forgive you."

Robert did not go to Reres Hill to do penance; but returning home, he went to a hay-loft, where, during the night and all next day, for the space of thirteen hours, he lay on his face before God, and with agonizing cries, pleaded for mercy. Strange, indeed, was the scene enacted in that hay-loft. Too familiar had that sinner been with deeds of violence and of blood; but the hay-loft struggle was more terrible than any he had ever passed through. Surely the angels were looking down upon that once hardened blasphemer, and exclaiming, "Behold, he prayeth!" Light and darkness were in conflict; grace and sin were striving for the mastery; Christ and the devil contended for that soul, whilst Heaven and Hell seemed to hold their breath in expectation of the issue.

Alarmed at his absence, his parents and sister sought him next day, and discovering him by hearing his groanings in the hay-loft, induced him to enter the house; but he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. For three days the conflict went on, his darkness the while deepening, his anguish growing more keen, and his burden more intolerable, as he lay bemoaning himself and crying with a piteous voice for help.

I went to see him, and found him in a darkened room, alone, and upon his knees, panting and pleading for mercy like one who had not five minutes to live. Like many an awakened sinner, he was evidently seeking peace with God by trying to pray himself into a better state of heart, instead of looking out to Jesus as "the Lord our Righteousness." "Robert," said I to him, "you are looking for a sign from Heaven. You think if you heard a voice assuring you of salvation, or felt

some strange thing within you, you would then believe and rest on Jesus. God gives you His Word; why will you not rest on that? The Gospel of Christ 'is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Believe, and it will be the power of God unto salvation to you. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Jesus says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Robert confessed he had been seeking a sign from Heaven; and had, in fact, but a little before we entered, listened in the hope of hearing a voice say, "Robert, your sins are all forgiven." Robert was near the Kingdom, but he did not at that hour enter in. At the end of three days he was enabled to lay hold upon the word of Jesus, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). There he cast anchor; and although in after years he encountered many a storm, no blast was ever able to drive him from his moorings. He was safe on the Rock.

Down went the proud flag of rebellion, with its mottoes, SIN, SELF-WILL, SELF-TRUST, INDEPENDENCE OF GOD; and up went the banner of Jesus and Salvation, and on the banner was written "Love." Old things had now passed away, and all things were become new.

For years he witnessed a noble confession. Then on his way to work at the Docks, he observed a youth in the water, plunged in, reached the spot where the boy was struggling, but the current proved too strong. The boy was saved, but Robert Annan, who might have saved himself by letting go the boy, was drowned. Waving his hand as if bidding farewell, he went down -- no, not down, but up to be "for ever with the Lord."

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#### 45 -- THE WELL-KNOWN PREACHER

C. H. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, in 1834; converted Jan., 1850, at the age of 15, at Colchester; gave his first Gospel address at Faversham when he was 16, and for thirty years declared almost weekly, to audiences numbering five or six thousand, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God; millions of his sermons have been scattered in all parts of the world. He quietly passed from Mentone to Heaven, Sunday, January 31, 1892, at 11.5.

Would you like to know how such a man got saved? Here is his own description of it: "I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snowstorm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist Chapel. In that chapel there might be a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning: snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

"There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: 'My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says, "Look." Now that does not take a deal of effort. It

ain't lifting your foot or your finger; it is just "look." Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, "Look unto Me." 'Ay,' said he, in broad Essex, 'many on ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves.' Then the good man followed up his text in this way: 'Look unto Me: I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the Cross. Look: I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. O, look to Me! Look to Me!' When he had got about that length, and managed to spin out ten minutes, he was at the length of his tether.

"Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I daresay, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, 'Young man, you look very miserable.' Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: 'And you will always be miserable -- miserable in life and miserable in death -- if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved.'

"Then he shouted, as only a Primitive Methodist can, 'Young man, look to Jesus Christ.' There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the Precious Blood of Christ."

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#### 46 -- OSCAR II -- THE KING OF SWEDEN

Oscar II, King of Sweden. On 8th December, 1907, there passed into the presence of the King of kings in the person of Oscar II, King of Sweden, a monarch who was remarkable, in that he was a converted king, and a grandson of a French shoemaker.

Mr. Josiah Nix relates that some years ago, at Bergen, the King was on the point of leaving for Stockholm when a party of Polytechnic visitors cheered lustily. Thereupon the King said to Mr. Nix, their conductor: "Do you like my country?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply; "we love it, and your people." Mr. Nix then thanked King Oscar for his message to the Y.M.C.A. in London on their celebration, and also for the Queen's greetings.

"Are you a disciple?" King Oscar asked. "Yes, your Majesty, the least of all the disciples," was the answer, upon which the King said quietly: "Then please do not refer to me as 'your Majesty.' We are one in Christ Jesus."

Touching details are given of the solemn moment when the King of Terrors (though not in this case the terror of kings) entered the royal chamber. When, at two o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, His Majesty became conscious for a moment, he recognized his family and said in a clear voice: "God bless you all." The Queen said: "Yes, the Lord shall carry you through; His mercy is so great." To this the King replied: "Yes, His mercy is great." The Queen then bent down over her husband's bed and whispered in his ear the words of the First Epistle of John, chapter 1,

verse 7: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The King said in a distinct voice: "THANKS BE TO JESUS. These words were King Oscar's last. At four o'clock he was "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1:23).

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#### 47 -- A CHINESE OPIUM SMOKER

Pastor Hsi was born probably in the autumn of 1836. Till he was seven years old the little Hsi lived the usual free life of the son of a Chinese scholar, and was encouraged in every way to be overbearing and self-willed. Then he was sent to school, a school where a shrine of Confucius occupied the place of honor. Here the boy begins the studies which, it is hoped, will make him a "Princely Man."

But, favorable though circumstances are, they do not satisfy the heart of this boy. At the early age of eight years, as he wandered through the incense-filled Temple and gazed at the hideous idols and vivid representations of punishments and terrors beyond the grave, he would ask himself, what was the use of living. "Men find no good, and in the end -- ?" he said to himself.

When told that he could win fame, and wealth and become a great Mandarin, the thought would come: "What good is there in that? Sooner or later one must die." And with his years this fear of death and the hereafter increased. Dark and dreary years they were. He married at 16, but lost her whilst quite a young man, and though he was in great repute, and looked up to by all who knew him, holding an honorable position in his village, the death of his wife brought back all his dread of the terrors of the hereafter. He set to work to study the various "faiths" around, if haply he might find rest to his soul, but so great was his distress that he became quite ill. Then came the opium fiend. "Just a little, enough to make him forget -- he could always leave it off," his friends said. Could he? He knew full well the awful power of the drug, for he had seen its victims -- scholarly men, like himself, some of them -- sitting in the dirt and dust of the highway, and begging for a bit of opium, without which they could not live, and having it must die. He succumbed to temptation at last, and became a confirmed smoker, hating the depths to which he sank, but sinking deeper still.

Then came David Hill with the message of salvation -- the good news of sins forgiven and eternal life. Later on, he went to David Hill's house to help him with "essays" (the net David Hill used to catch this scholarly gentleman), and had, perforce, to study the New Testament; the Book answered all his doubts, set all his fears at rest. "Joy unspeakable and full of glory" (I Peter 1:8) was his indeed. The darkness of past years was lost in the glory of God which he saw in the face of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus Christ was everything to him from that time. The chains which opium had flung around him were snapped by the Holy Spirit's power.

Hsi spent himself in his Master's service until his Home-call came, after some months' of illness, on Feb. 19th, 1896, at the age of about 60.

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#### 48 -- A FAMED ENGLISH EVANGELIST

Henry Moorhouse, the English Evangelist, "the man who moved the man (D. L. Moody) who moved the world," whilst "sowing his wild oats," had many escapes from death. Once he tried to poison himself, and again and again was on the verge of everlasting woe.

But God's eye was on him, and a career of usefulness was marked out for the profligate youth, soon to be changed in an unexpected way. Passing the Alhambra Circus in Manchester, where Richard Weaver was preaching, hearing a noise within, and thinking a fight was going on, Henry buttoned his coat and rushed in, ready for the fray. As he entered he was arrested by one word -- "JESUS." The glorious name shot from the preacher's lips went home as a bullet and as balm to the heart of the wanderer. His early childhood, reckless career, and awful danger rose vividly before his vision, the "Glorious Gospel" (II Cor. 4:4) message went home to his heart, and he who had entered to fight remained to praise and pray. Thus suddenly and soundly converted to God, he entered heartily into the service of his new Master. His first services were chiefly in the open air, at local and national gatherings, and in special places of concourse. From morning till evening his joy was to spend his time distributing tracts, speaking personally with individuals wherever he got an opportunity, or crying aloud in the street or market-place, urging multitudes to "flee from the wrath to come."

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#### 49 -- A MAN WHO WAS CLUBBED AND EATEN

James Chalmers was born at Ardrishaig, in 1841. At the age of 14 he had adopted a rather reckless mode of life, and had left Sunday School, but he could not flee his thoughts.

At 15 he heard Mr. Meikle read a letter from a missionary in Fiji, relating stories of cannibalism, and the power of the Gospel; and when Mr. Meikle said: "I wonder if there is a boy here who will some day become a missionary and take the Gospel to cannibals?" -- James Chalmers resolved that he would.

But, before he could preach salvation to others, James must himself be saved. He was 18 years of age before this came to pass. It is a simple story. Two evangelists, at the request of Mr. Meikle, were conducting services in a joiner's loft, and a Mr. MacNicoll persuaded young Chalmers to go, lending him a Bible at the same time. The meeting had commenced. Old Hundredth was pealing out -- "All people that on earth do dwell" -- and as the boy entered, the sounds thrilled him. The text was Rev. 22:17: "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely." James wanted to come -- he wanted the Water of Life, but it was not till the following Sunday in the Free Church that he was solemnly convicted. Heaven could never be for him, he felt. On Monday, Mr. Meikle had the joy of leading him to the Savior -- showing him that "the Blood of Jesus, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin" (I John 1:7).

On Jan. 28th, 1900, his wife wrote that they had a New Year gathering of 1700. It was the last this brave woman saw, the last "Tamate" saw, too. Along with a young colleague he started for Goaribari Island, in the "Niue," and both put off for the shore in the whaleboat on April 7th, 1901. The captain of the "Niue" never saw them again, and it was not until an expeditionary force had landed and caught a prisoner at Dopima, that any news could be had. The story the prisoner told was that "Tamate" and his companion had been felled with stone clubs, beheaded, and both their bodies eaten. The natives who had accompanied the missionaries were treated in the same manner.

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## 50 -- A HARLEY STREET SPECIALIST

A. T. Schofield, (not the Calvinist C. I. Scofield) for long known as a famous Harley St. Specialist, author of "Nerves in Disorder," and numerous medical works, was converted when a boy of fifteen, at Rhyl, North Wales. His story, as told by himself, is as follows: "As a new schoolboy I went upstairs to get ready for dinner, and found my bedroom. There were two beds, and the boy who was to occupy one was busy dressing. Hearing me enter, he turned round, and having asked me if I was the new boy, said, with no further preamble, 'Are you a Christian?' I answered without hesitation, 'No, I am not.' The boy stared at me. 'But would you not like to be one?' he asked timidly. 'It's no use liking,' I said scornfully, 'I know well I never shall be a Christian.'

"As I had a slight cold, I went to bed early, while they were all at the meeting. When my young mentor returned I shammed sleep, for I wanted no more of his talk, so, saying his prayers first, he soon turned in, and off he went to sleep. 'That's all very well, my fine fellow,' I said, glancing at him, 'you can go to sleep, and I cannot, for you're all right and I'm all wrong.' So I lay and tossed, thinking it a strange thing that God should look down, as truly I believed He did, into that little room, and see two boys on two beds, one all right, and the other all wrong. I tossed about with uneasy snatches of sleep, until nearly two a.m., asking myself why I could not quietly rest like that boy? Suddenly there came to my consciousness, rather than my mind, the words, 'Because you don't take it.' And then came my 'Heavenly vision,' which, after all, was rather prosaic. 'Take what?' I said; and as I lay I saw in my mind that I was very sick of a mortal disease, and that by the bedside was a table and upon it a bottle of medicine, which I was perfectly sure would cure me. And there was I asking, 'Why am I not cured? Why am I not cured?' And the answer was, 'Because you won't take it.' 'My word,' I said, 'if that is all, I'll soon be well, for take it I will and now.'

"And then I saw that my sickness meant my state, and that this alone was the cause of my sleeplessness. The remedy was clearly belief -- true, personal belief in Christ my Saviour. 'Well, if that's all,' I said, 'I won't wait another moment.' But how was I to do it? Of course I had known the Gospel story since I could speak, but it had never seemed to me the least good. I could not take it as I could medicine, then I saw that taking it meant believing. But the Spirit of God was hovering over that young boy, for I thought I cannot do better than settle it now. So I knelt up in my bed, and solemnly and from my heart, said aloud, 'O God, I take Thy Son Jesus Christ to be my Saviour this night,' and feeling I could do no more, I dropped asleep.

"Next morning I went downstairs to breakfast, the boys having left, and I was alone with the master. 'We were praying for you last night,' said the master; 'I am sorry you are not a Christian.' What was I to do? I was in a terrible dilemma, when, in a moment, the Holy Spirit flashed into my mind the words, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved' (Rom. 10:9). I had clearly done the second and it only remained for me to do the first. So without one particle of feeling, I said, 'But I am one.' 'You a Christian?' the master said incredulously. 'But you told us you were not.' 'No more I was last night,' I said. 'But when did you become one?' he said, completely puzzled. 'About two o'clock this morning,' I replied. 'But who spoke to you?' he asked. 'No one,' I said, and then, after a pause, 'unless it was God.' 'But what happened?' So I told him all, and then demanded if that made me a Christian. 'It does,' he said, and immediately I was filled and flooded with a wave of joy perfectly indescribable."

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## 51 -- A FAMOUS CONTINENTAL RABBI

Rabbi Lichtenstein, when a teacher in the Jewish Communal School Tapio Szele, Hungary, became the possessor of a copy of the New Testament, and showed it to his Rabbi, who had diligently studied the Old Testament, but had never seen the New Testament Scriptures. As the Rabbi glanced at the title page of the Book, and saw the words "Jesus Christ" upon it, he became enraged, and rebuked the teacher for possessing such a book, and would not return it to him. The Rabbi put it away in a corner of his library.

The book was not opened for thirty long years, till a grave charge having been made against the Jews of killing a Christian girl to use her blood at the Passover, a number of innocent persons were apprehended and unrighteously condemned. By order of the Austrian Emperor a second trial was held, and the accusation was found to be utterly false.

Professor Delitzsch, of Leipsig, wrote a pamphlet appealing to European nations to cease persecuting the Jews, showing how such conduct was opposed to the teaching of Christ and the spirit of the New Testament. A paper with copious extracts from Dr. Delitzsch's pamphlet fell into the hands of Rabbi Lichtenstein. He was deeply impressed by what he read, and became imbued by the conviction that he ought to study the principles of Christianity. Happening to come across the New Testament that had been stowed away for thirty years, he began to read it.

"I had thought," he wrote, "the New Testament to be impure, a source of pride, of overweening selfishness, of hatred, and of the worst kind of violence; but as I opened it I felt myself peculiarly and wonderfully taken possession of. A sudden glory, a light, flashed through my soul. I looked for thorns and gathered roses; I discovered pearls instead of pebbles; instead of hatred, love; instead vengeance, forgiveness; instead of bondage, freedom; instead of pride, humility; instead of enmity, reconciliation; instead of death, life, salvation, resurrection -- Heavenly treasure."

As he studied the Scriptures he was led to see that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God. By faith he learned that He was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his

iniquities; that the chastisement with the view to his peace was upon Him, and by His stripes he was healed (Isa. 53:5, 6). He looked and lived, he believed and was saved. The joy of salvation filled his heart, and the peace of God took possession of his soul.

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## 52 -- FOUNDER OF CHINA INLAND MISSION

J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, was saved when a lad, through reading a Gospel tract which he found in his father's library. He had been frequently troubled about his soul, and had again and again "tried" to become a Christian, but had failed so often that he concluded there was no use in him "trying."

His conversion occurred in this way. On the afternoon of a holiday, whilst looking over some booklets and tracts in his father's library, he came across one which appeared more attractive than the others. He glanced at it, and then sat down to read the story, resolving to omit the application. When he took up the tract, as he himself testified, he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be "prosy."

At the time when he was perusing the little Gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, seventy miles distant, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. Whilst on a visit to some friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on bended knees, resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had saved him.

Hour after hour she continued in fervent, importunate, believing prayer. Suddenly she felt she could no longer pray for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petitions and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time the lad had come to an expression in the tract, which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often employed by preachers of the Gospel, and is full of deep meaning and significance -- "The finished work of Christ."

"Why did the author say 'the finished work' instead of the propitiatory work?" was the question that came before him. "What was finished?" he asked himself; "a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid," he mentally replied. "Then," thought he, "if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?" In a moment God's wondrous salvation was apprehended. He perceived that on account of what the Lord Jesus had done and suffered, Divine justice was satisfied, and by believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse due to sin, he was saved and had eternal life.

On his mother's return, he hastened to tell her the story of his conversion, and having done so, he was more than surprised when he heard her narrative.

His labors for China, in founding and guiding the C.I.M., with 1,000 missionaries in the field, are so well known that they need not be rehearsed, and all based on the "New Birth."

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## 53 -- FOUNDER OF BARNARDO'S HOMES

R. T. J. Barnardo, the Orphans' Friend, whose "Homes" have received more than 11,000 orphans. His conversion story is thus related in his biography: "As an infant, young Barnardo was baptized in St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, where his father was an office-holder and his mother a member. He attended Sunday School, too, in this church, and at fifteen was confirmed by the Archbishop of Dublin. But there is no evidence that these ministrations left any abiding mark. Certain it is that the example of his godly mother, with her Quaker traditions, he always revered; but equally certain is it that the rite of Confirmation was entered into without regard to its significance. He accepted it in a formal manner, impelled by external influence, not conviction; for, at this time, he was more interested in Agnosticism than Christianity. Indeed, for a year before confirmation, he had been airing his skeptical views, and for nearly two years following, his chief idols were Voltaire, Rousseau, and Paine. And whatever inspiration these writers provided for "Radical" reformers on the Continent, they developed in young Barnardo only a cynical priggishness which made him skeptical of all regenerative power. But this was soon to change.

At this time Ireland was in the grip of a revival which caused thousands of twice-born men to enlist for service in the Kingdom of God. This awakening began far North in 1859, and the following year reached Belfast, where its influence was profound. Then, proceeding South, a tidal wave of spiritual power passed over Dublin, The Metropolitan Hall, previously a circus building, was the center of operations; but auxiliary meetings were held in other quarters. As enthusiasm spread, several members of the Barnardo family, including two of Tom's elder brothers, one of whom became a medical doctor and the other a civil servant in India, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. But although these brothers told Tom of their newly found joy, and pleaded with him to consecrate his life to Christ's service, he still scoffed. Finally, however, he agreed to attend the revival meetings and judge for himself.

Here he witnessed striking demonstrations of spiritual power. But his masters had taught him subtle arguments wherewith to explain away religious experience. Was not all this emotional hysteria? The revival results were psychological phenomena, and destined to no permanence. Watch and see the newly proclaimed "saints" revert to all their former sins. But though this stripling scoffed, he was set thinking; and, awkward thought, his explanations did not quite explain things to himself. Therefore, much as he disliked the ordeal, he decided to go with his brothers to some of the smaller meetings in private houses. Attending one of these gatherings, in the home of William Fry (father of Sir Win. Fry), he was besought to surrender his life to Christ. But apparently in vain. The cynical attitude was still uppermost.

A letter, written years afterwards, to Mr. Fry explains the youth's conduct. Referring to this meeting, Barnardo confessed: "I did not half like to go, but nevertheless I went; and in that meeting Rocheford Hunt spoke to me, and so did you. I behaved very badly. I was just as cheeky as a young fellow could be, and I thought you looked at me as if you would say, 'If I had that young fellow

alone for five minutes I would take down his conceit. I'd give him a good hiding." But somehow your words were very kind, and not at all in harmony with what I thought your looks meant; that was the beginning."

Barnardo's recollection is significant; this gathering in William Fry's home was the beginning. From that day a sense of doubt invaded his mind; he felt compelled to test the efficacy of his Agnostic creed. Was his superior attitude a sham? Were those at whom he smiled right, and he wrong? Regularly now he attended the meetings, and gradually he learned that there was more reality in the revival than he had permitted himself to believe. Finally, some weeks after the experience in the Frys' home, he heard a trenchant address by John Hambleton, the one-time tragedian. Conviction of error pierced his soul. He knew now that he was wrong; he knew also that peace and power could never be his until he found God. But before the dawn of another day light broke. One of Barnardo's brothers, referring to Hambleton's address, says: "That was the turning-point." Then, relating how Tom, long after midnight, entered the bedroom of two of his brothers "in great distress of soul," he continues, "Many tears did he shed . . . for he was in great agony of heart; so the three brothers knelt together and cried to God . . . and He graciously heard, and light and joy and peace there and then . . . filled his heart. We all rose from our knees rejoicing and thanking God."

Such was the manner in which Thomas John Barnardo, on May 26th, 1862, five weeks before his seventeenth birthday, had revealed to him the Light of God. That date marked for Barnardo a rebirth. From then on he, as much as Wesley, Wilberforce, or Shaftesbury, was a Christian to the bone.

According to the latest report of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," more than 13,000 destitute children have been received, and though the founder is gone the work goes on.

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## 54 -- A MARTYRED BISHOP

James Hannington, B.A.. Bishop and Martyr, born in Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, in 1847, made a few tours abroad, entered Oxford, was ordained in 1874, yet in these early days of his ministry Hannington was conscientious and absolutely sincere in all that he did; but not even yet could it be said of him that he knew what it was to live in the knowledge that Jesus Christ was his personal Saviour. His time, his talents, his money he gave freely and ungrudgingly in the service of the people amongst whom he ministered; but he could not tell them from his own experience of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit of God in the human heart. He was conscious of something lacking in his ministry, and at times he became unhappy and depressed, because he felt that he had not the power he ought to have had in his work for God. But light and knowledge came to him -- vouchsafed through the reading of a single chapter in a little book that his friend Mr. Dawson had sent to him.

The story of what may be called James Hannington's conversion is one of the most remarkable of its kind that has ever been recorded. Thirteen months before the light came to him, when he was preparing for ordination, he had written to his friend, bewailing his unworthiness;

and in his reply Mr. Dawson had related the story of his own spiritual experience, and urged him to give himself up in full and complete surrender to God. For more than a year that letter remained unanswered; and then, in his distress at his failure to realize the full meaning of personal salvation, he wrote again to his friend, begging him to come and help him. Mr. Dawson was at the time unable to leave his own work and journey into Devonshire; but he wrote a letter that he hoped would be helpful, and with it he enclosed a little book -- "Grace and Truth," by Dr. Mackay, of Hull. This book Hannington commenced to read; but he got no further than the preface, where he found what he too hastily concluded to be an error in scholarship on the part of the author. This was enough for him. He straightway threw the book aside.

For long the book remained neglected and forgotten; and then, when he was preparing for a journey, at the end of which he expected to meet his friend, he suddenly remembered it, and it occurred to him that he would probably be asked whether he had read it. Rather from a desire to be able to give an affirmative answer to that question than from any particular wish to know what the book contained, he put it into his portmanteau, and at the first opportunity he read the first chapter.

He found it so little to his taste that he made up his mind that not even for his friend's sake would he read any more of it; and his feeling of disapproval was so vigorous that he flung the offending volume across the room. Ultimately he put it back in his portmanteau, where it remained until his next visit to Hurstpierpoint. There he came across it again; and resolving for his friend's sake to make one more effort to overcome his prejudice, he started for the third time to read it. He read straight on for three chapters, and came at length to one entitled, "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" and by means of this his eyes were opened. "I was in bed at the time reading," he says; "I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine."

His transition from the darkness of doubt and uncertainty to the marvelous light and peace of the Gospel was a fact for which he seemed never able sufficiently to express his thankfulness and gratitude.

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## 55 -- THE MOODY OF JAPAN

Paul Kanamori, called "The Moody of Japan," I one of the most influential scholars, teachers, and preachers in modern Japan, was reared in a native school which was attended by some hundred or more scholars. He told how one of the scholars became possessed of a Bible, which he read without any aid of commentary. He was fascinated, and, like a boy, could not keep it to himself. Others became readers, until quite one hundred boys were Bible-readers and formed themselves into a kind of fellowship.

As time went on, these boys, without any teacher or instructor or help of any kind, were gradually but surely converted to the Lord Jesus Christ. The joy of the religion of Jesus filled their

souls, and they made it known. They went into the open market place, as did those in the Acts of the Apostles, and bore their testimony to the truths they had embraced,

This was over fifty years ago, with the result that they were persecuted with such severity that they were greatly tried. Eventually, one by one they could not withstand the enemy, and only some forty remained loyal and true. This company went out one night to a place known as the Flowery Mount, and there they consecrated themselves fully to the service of Jesus Christ, as their Divine Saviour, and dedicated their powers to Him. They drew up a statement of their faith and pledged themselves, at all costs, to be loyal to their belief. These boys varied in age from thirteen to eighteen years of age.

Kanamori was one of these boys, and an elder one. As the leader of the company, he was watched, and eventually was cast into prison. He was searched on entering the jail; but he had taken the precaution to conceal the Gospels according to Matthew and John in the lining of his waistcoat. These he fed upon during his exile. Then, fearing lest he should be detected and deprived of these precious portions, which were the bread of life to his spiritual nature, he set to work and committed them to memory. Then, said he, "They might take the Word of God from me altogether, but they could never take that which I had in my memory."

The time came when he was released, and he acquired once more a copy of the Bible and a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." He soon afterwards joined a Christian College and became the pastor of a Church.

It was during his connection with this college that he had a sad backset, for he came under the spell of the New Theology and Higher Criticism. He was charmed and enthralled with the German books upon the new interpretation of the Bible. He devoured the productions of the latest and cleverest writers, and became a full-blown Modernist. He was a great linguist and scholar, never ceasing in his studies and attainments. The time came when he was so advanced in his theories that his conscience began to trouble him. How could he be one thing in the study and another man in the pulpit?

He consulted his many friends, but all persuaded him to go on with his pulpit work; but he said very emphatically, "I could not be two-faced, I must give up my Church. I could not be receiving their money and neglecting to preach the Gospel. I had become an unbeliever." Eventually he resigned his charge. He became an out-and-out Modernist. The Bible was full of mistakes. The myths and errors were many, and the Book was uninspired. It was on a par with books of Mohammed, Buddha, and others. Everything he read was destructive and he was no better than an agnostic.

"Now I must look for a new sphere of labor, and so I went through my country lecturing upon socialism and economics and abandoned the Gospel and the Cross. Christ was not Divine, He died as a good man with a fine character, He was only the son of Joseph and Mary. The virgin birth was all a myth. When He died there was an end to Him. His resurrection was all imagination. The disciples were deluded."

It is hard to believe that after such a previous history and career that he lived and worked in this dark experience for no less than twenty-four years. Now no one could imagine his being idle. He told how he had translated the German writers into his own language and how those volumes were simply devoured by the young aspiring scholars of the times. His writings were read by all the intellectuals until he became well known throughout Japan as the scholar and teacher for the schools. He was indeed a wanderer from God and a prodigal, "eating of the husks that the swine did eat."

At the end of this long period an event happened which brought him to think and consider his ways. Though he had forgotten his Heavenly Father, He had not forgotten him. His dear wife, the mother of his nine children, was called Home. It was a very sad and terrible loss. He was smitten in a very vital place. His children could not be comforted. They cried day and night. There was no comfort in his theories and myths. His beliefs were hollow and meaningless. Where could he go, to whom could he look for help and relief? His children kept coming to him for help, but he could give them none. They talked of their mother being in Heaven, and yet needed so much on earth and in their home. They sought comfort in her photographs. They had them placed in the different rooms of the house. They had one in the kitchen. They kept talking to them. Mother seemed very near in spirit. Then the youngest child cross-questioned him: "You go away and come back again. Mother has gone away. Why does she not come back again?" Then he told this little one, only four years of age, "God needs mother and she is kept busy and is very happy." "But father, cannot you go and take mother's place and let her come here? We all so need her and want her." Then he said the first one the child asked for, when it comes from school is "mother," not "father," but there was no mother, In his own thoughts he was thrown back to the resurrection. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord. "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die." He saw his only hope was in the living, risen, Divine Saviour.

He went through a long period of struggle and deep repentance, when one day the light broke in. His Heavenly Father received the prodigal. "As He put the robe on me, the ring of heirship on my finger and shoes on my feet, I began to realize He had received me. The old joy and experience came back, and I felt compelled to make it known. I became as a child, in the pure simplicity of childlike confidence and faith." He accepted the Saviour once more to deliver him from his errors and unbelief. "He healed my backslidings, He loved me freely" (Jer. 3:22).

The speaker mourned, on account of the years of more than waste that had marked his career, and the great numbers that had gone wrong through his teaching, erroneous teaching. There was nothing that could blot that out. Still he rejoiced in that God had spared him ten years to preach the Cross of Christ. "Wherever I go I preach but one theme, Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He rejoiced that during the past ten years he had seen over seven thousand five hundred people in his own country turn to God, and many turned from their disbelief and error back to the old paths and to the saving power of the Cross.

In his closing remarks, he testified to his firm and unreserved faith in the inspired Word of God. He held up the Bible, saying, "he believed in it from cover to cover."

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## 56 -- AN INNISKILLING DRAGOON

Capt. W. H. Dawson, one of the best known Christians in the South of England, was born in London, in 1850, entered Harrow in 1864, passed 19th out of 130 for a direct commission, and at the age of 19, entered the Inniskilling Dragoons as a Cornet, in 1870. In 1873, whilst at Newbridge Barracks the "great change took place." His conversion is told so simply in his own words that we quote it.

"One evening occupied with Orderly-room work and preparing a Military Lecture till late I did not dine at Mess, but had some light food in my quarters. I thought a little lighter reading than the Military Works I was studying would be a change with my meals, so I sent for the Regimental Library Catalogue. No book attracted my attention till the very end, and there I saw 'Vicars, Hedley, Memorials of, by Miss Marsh.' I had heard of the book but knew nothing about it. I thought, 'Well, it must be this book, there is nothing else.'

"I found that Hedley Vicars was Adjutant of his regiment and a keen soldier, so I hoped that I might learn something from him, but I had no idea there was anything in the book that was 'religious,' or I should not have sent for it! I had respect for those who were earnest godly persons, but kept out of their way, and thought that such things were all very well for old people, but not for those still young!

"My life was just a careless, happy life, no thoughts beyond the present and my profession. A lover of horses, cricket, etc., and the pleasures of life in a Cavalry Regiment, with the busy work of Adjutant. I began the book and read right through. As Adjutant, and loving my work, the book appealed to me at once, but I was much surprised that Hedley Vicars found some wonderful blessing which completely changed his life, gave him true happiness, and enabled him to look forward to Heaven with an assurance which, to me, seemed startling and extraordinary. There seemed to me such a true ring about the details that I was convinced it was a reality and I was greatly interested.

"My thought was, here is something quite new to me, something wonderful; let me look into it; it seems to be supernatural, I must be very ignorant. What Hedley Vicars found which gave him such complete satisfaction and altered his whole life, might be also for me!

To become a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, to have a different object in life and a glorious eternity before me, these were things I had never thought about. Some passages I read over several times, especially the verse which helped Hedley Vicars, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (I John 1:7). This was like Hebrew to me, nothing whatever in it. I must have read that verse a hundred times. My thought again was, if Hedley Vicars was a sinner, and needed forgiveness of sins, then I must also be a sinner before God, and I need forgiveness of my sins here and now. If he received that forgiveness at once, perhaps I may! If he accepted eternal life as a gift, and a present possession, why should not I? I asked God to show me the meaning of that verse, to change my life, to give me eternal life and make me a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. I prayed other words on my knees; my heart was stirred and I longed to know what Hedley Vicars had learned. I fell asleep after wondering what it all meant, a good deal

astonished and much perplexed. I remember thinking perhaps it will all have passed away by the morning; it seemed complete darkness."

In the morning he realized that he had taken the place of a guilty sinner, accepted the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour, and as he expressed it: "Some great change, through the sovereign grace of God, had taken place in me. God had heard my prayer; I went forth that day a changed man; it was a new life, though I could not understand, or account for it, or explain it -- I do know that my Bible was a new book to me that morning, and verses stood out with a new meaning. I had been blind; now I began to see. I seemed to have some new power within me; it was an inward revolution, and gave a joy which I had never known before. I had found a Friend in Heaven to whom I could look up, and a new object in life.

"At once I told my brother officers, and there was considerable excitement! Some said it was a 'sort of fit,' others said it was just a 'dream,' and would not last. They soon saw there was a great change in my life; they were quite puzzled and there was much discussion.

"I saw there must be a separation from the former things, so the playing cards were burned, billiard cues given away, wine and smoking given up.

"I could only say, it was marvelous to me that my tastes were completely changed, and I no longer wanted those things. I had got that which was so much better, and there was no room for the former things. My desire was that God would guide and control my life, and I wanted to serve Him and help others into the same blessing. I know it is not always so, and to some it is a real difficulty as to the line of separation from certain things. I can only humbly testify that as a young officer of twenty-three, in the full enjoyment of all the usual pleasures, the love of them was taken away, and I had infinitely greater delight in spiritual things, in the things of God than in all other things before, and the happiness in the changed life contrasted with the happiness before, was just as different as gold from copper."

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## 57 -- THE LONDON BOY'S FRIEND

James W. C. Fegan, the Boys' Friend, was born in a Christian home, and his godly training had much to do with the shaping of his future career. He was educated at the City of London School, one of his fellow-scholars being Oxford, On leaving school he entered a commercial office in the city, but did not care for city life. His intention was to finish with the smoke and din of London as early as possible, and retire to the country, where he could go in for outdoor life and healthful sports which he loved, and in some of which he excelled, but God had a nobler future in store for James Fegan.

One night, when a lad of seventeen, he sat before the fire in his bedroom wondering about his future prospects and the time when he would be able to bid farewell to the office and the salesroom, and ride and fish to his heart's content for the remainder of his days. But the Spirit of God carried his thoughts further than he expected that night, to the time when he would be old and would neither have the desire nor the ability to enjoy such things. And then he remembered that

after life there was death, and after time Eternity. What preparation was he making for the great eternity whither he was journeying? His sin came before him and the impossibility of meeting a holy God as he was. He determined he could not go to bed that night until the matter was settled. Turning to a Bible left by his mother in a chest of drawers in his room, he learned of the love of God in sending His Son to the Cross of Calvary to die for sinners such as he, how that God had signified His complete satisfaction with the death of His Son by raising Him from the dead, and that all who believe on Him receive everlasting life. That night, on bended knee, He accepted Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour, and received the witness within himself that He was born of God (I John 5:1).

Immediately after conversion he commenced to work for his new found Saviour, and found his life work in the rescue of poor lads, hundreds of whom found in him a true friend. He died in 1926, aged 73.

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## 58 -- A PRIVY COUNCILOR

Robert Matheson, late Registrar-General for Ireland, thus relates the story of his passing "from death to life" (John 5:24).

In 1873, our family, visiting Scotland, went to Lanark for the purpose of seeing the Falls of Clyde. Not having time to go the distance from the town, we decided to visit Lanark Old Abbey. Soon we reached the Abbey, which stood in the center of a large burial ground. There was a main walk leading to the ruins and a circular walk on each side. My dear wife and my father took their places on the circular walk, and proceeded, one to paint and the other to sketch the Abbey, while my brother and I set out to search for the graves of the martyrs. I soon got tired of the search, and determined to rejoin my wife. The shortest way to reach her was to cut across the grass, but I had not taken into account the difficulties of picking my way through the rank grass, full of small grave stones. I nearly tripped over one of these, and finally was thrown to the ground by another of them which was partly concealed by the grass. Instantly I felt a strong desire to see what it was which caused my fall. Most of the tombstones were very small slabs with the name cut on the rim of the stone. Only one or two letters of the Christian name on this slab were visible, the remainder of the inscription being covered by the grass. I lifted up the grass, and what was my astonishment and horror to find my own name (Mathison) and Christian name (Robert) cut on the rim -- Robert Mathison.

I was not at all inclined to be superstitious, but thinking over the strange coincidence which had brought me there, I could not fail to see that it was a direct message from God to me. I felt the letters of the inscription with my hand, so as to make sure that it was real. Had I heard a voice or seen a vision I would have readily ascribed it to a disordered state of the brain, resulting from overwork, but here was a tangible reality, about which there could be no question.

It presented itself to me thus: "Here lie the remains of a man who once bore my name. He has gone into Eternity; you will be there soon, and then what about your soul." I felt I was unprepared to meet God. Reliance on my religious observances and my own righteousness

vanished, and I saw myself as a lost sinner in the presence of a Holy God, before whom I would have shortly to stand and give an account. I thought there was no hope for me, and that I was in the same category as the man in the parable to whom God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee" (Luke 12:20).

A few nights after my return to Ireland, I was sitting alone in our dining-room by the fire, thinking over the wonderful thing which had happened to me, and in deep anxiety about my soul. The Bible was lying on the chimney-piece. I opened it listlessly at I John 5:1, when the words of verse I seemed to light up in a way I never experienced before. It was the Holy Spirit illuminating the page. I read the verse again and again, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." I said to myself: This verse says that if I really believe on the Lord Jesus as the Christ, I am born of God. I will believe on Him now, and trust Him with my whole heart as my Saviour. Then the Devil made a last effort to keep me in his grasp, and whispered to me: "It is all very fine for you here in your own parlor to say you will trust Christ, but what about to-morrow, when your friends and companions will declare you have gone mad and turn you into ridicule." I recognized the force of this, but, reading on, I came to verse 4, which says, "Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." I saw at once that this supplied the answer to the suggestion of the Evil One. I resolved to trust Christ then and there, for time and eternity, and boldly to take my stand for Him in this world.

Many years have elapsed since that memorable night, which altered the whole course of my life. I have passed through many trials and many difficulties in my earthly journey; but God has been faithful to His promise, and has given me the victory, and soon I shall be in the Savior's presence to see the King in His beauty, and to praise and adore Him for all His wonderful love to me.

He passed to his reward on January 27, 1926.

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## 59 -- THE FATHER OF REVIVALISTS

Charles G. Finney, Apostle of Revival. The spiritual experiences which render Finney's name an outstanding one in Revival annals began soon after he entered the office of Mr. Benjamin Wright, at Adams, N.Y., in 1818, when, as he assures us in his "Memoirs:" "I was almost as ignorant of religion as a heathen. I had been brought up mostly in the woods. I had very little regard to the Sabbath, and had no definite knowledge of religious truths."

In the course of his legal studies, however, he found that sundry authors made frequent reference to the Mosaic Law and therefore, for professional reasons alone, he purchased a Bible. He also came into contact with a number of professing Christians, but they were dead and worldly, and he pointed out to them, in frigid terms, that their prayers were never answered: "You have prayed enough since I have attended these meetings to have prayed the devil out of the town, if there were any virtue in your prayers. But here you are, praying and complaining still." On further reading the Bible, however, it struck Finney that the reason why their prayers were not answered was simply because they did not comply with the revealed conditions upon which God had

promised to answer prayer. The thought, at any rate, relieved his doubts; yet he was brought face to face with the question, whether he would yield his whole being to Christ or pursue a career of worldly emulation and personal aggrandizement.

While hesitating thus between ambition and Christianity, he seemed to hear a voice speak from heaven to his soul, and he resolved to seek the Lord, if haply he might find Him. Going out into the woods to pray, he found a sanctuary between some fallen trees; but he realized that he was more anxious lest some passer-by should notice him than he was to have his sins forgiven and become a child of the Kingdom. Then, while he was broken and abased before God, the Spirit impressed upon his mind the words from Jeremiah 29:13: "Then shall ye find Me, when ye shall seek for Me with all your heart." Thus he sought, and thus he found, On the same evenings as he went to his room, as he said: "It seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterwards, that it was wholly a mental state. It seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down and poured out my soul to Him."

The news of his conversion was received with incredulity, so bitter had he been against the church-members. "If religion is true," scoffers had said, "why don't you convert Finney? If you can do that, we will believe in religion." Even the minister, with whom he had often spoken, refused to credit the story. But in the evening, there was a general movement towards the Presbyterian Church, The place was thronged with an expectant congregation; and Finney, without waiting for a formal opening, related, with simplicity and directness, his experience of the Lord's dealing with him That meeting was the beginning of a Revival which changed the character of the district.

Finney immediately commenced the long and arduous and faithful labors which have associated his name so closely with the stirring word, "Revival." He went at first into new settlements, and preached in school-houses, barns, and groves. Religion was at a low ebb, and the people thought much of the works of Tom Paine. Universalism was strong, and ridicule was poured upon Evangelical preaching. Now came Finney with his close reasoning, plain speaking, and simple faiths his spirit of prayer and eager anticipation of vast results. Wherever he went, extraordinary scenes were witnesses. He continued his labors till 1875.

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## 60 -- THE PRESIDENT OF AMERICA

Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States, was born in 1809. A well-known writer says: "The world-wide interest in President Lincoln, from the time he left his home in Springfield, Illinois, to take the presidential chair at Washington in 1861, and the universal and real sorrow for his untimely death on 15th April, 1865, were very remarkable. Even to this present day there exists amongst the different nationalities of the earth a great interest in this wise and benevolent ruler. President Lincoln had endeared himself to the hearts of millions by his human sympathy, great wisdom, and kindly acts alike toward friend and foe in the most critical and difficult periods of the history of the United States, and after his death this was more fully realized and appreciated by all."

When Lincoln left Springfield, in 1861, on his way to Washington to take the Presidency of the United States, to which he was elected, he made the following farewell address: "My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. Here I have lived for a quarter of a century, here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. A duty devolves upon me which is greater perhaps than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." These simple words, addressed to his friends and neighbors, plainly show a reliance upon God, and indicate a work of God in his soul at that time.

A friend during an interview with Mr. Lincoln, long after he had been inaugurated President, asked him if he loved Jesus. The President buried his face in his handkerchief, and wept and sobbed. He then said amid his tears, "When I left home to take the chair of the State I was not then a Christian. When my son died -- the severest trial of my life --I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead who had fallen in the defense of their country, I then and there committed myself to Christ. I do love Jesus. The spectacle of that crucified One which is before my eyes is more than sublime -- it is Divine."

"A gentleman having an appointment to meet President Lincoln at five o'clock in the morning went a quarter of an hour before the time appointed. While waiting for the appointed time he heard in the next room a voice as if in grave conversation, and asked an attendant standing by, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir," replied the attendant. "Is anybody with him?" the gentleman inquired. "No; he is reading the Bible." "Is that his habit so early in the morning?" "Yes, sir; he spends every morning from four o'clock to five in reading the Scriptures and praying."

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## 61 -- A CENTRAL AFRICAN PIONEER

Fredrick Stanley Arnot was born in Glasgow, on Sept. 12th, 1858, but the family soon removed to Hamilton. When six years old he heard an address by Dr. David Livingstone, the great African Explorer, who so stirred him that from thenceforward Africa drew him like a magnet. Friendship with the Livingstones, who also lived in Hamilton, deepened his interest. Boylike, he determined that he must go out to help his hero, a resolution which colored all his studies and thoughts, and set his feet in a direction from which they never diverged.

Arnot's parents were Christians; he himself was converted when 10 years old. It came about in this way. One day he and a companion, Jimmie, were appropriating and eating plums from a neighbor's garden, and Jimmie's older brother, from a window, called them thieves. Fred Arnot felt as though a pistol had gone off at his very head. "Thief! Thief!" rang in his ears all the time. Next day he had to pass Hamilton prison, and did so in a state of terror, fearing he might be taken off to prison. To his horror he saw a policeman leading a little boy to the very place, and in his other hand the policeman held a pair of new boots which the bare-footed little boy had stolen. Fred felt that he was much more wicked than that little needy boy. He rushed off home and hid himself

till bedtime. He said: "I dreaded to pass another night; I could not tell anyone what a wicked boy I was. I knew I ought to tell God about it, but I trembled to do so at my usual evening prayers so I waited until all were in bed and the house quiet, then up I got. Now, I thought, I will ask God to forgive me, but words would not come, and, at last, I burst into a flood of tears. I felt I was too wicked even for God to forgive; yet a glimmer of light and hope came to me with this thought: 'That is why Jesus died on the Cross for me, because I am so wicked.' Among many texts of Scripture that my parents had taught me was John 3:16. I repeated it to myself on my knees about two o'clock one morning, and that 'whosoever' took me in. I awoke next day with a light heart, the burden was gone.

He went out to Africa in 1881, spent 33 years on behalf of the natives of that country, traversed 30,000 miles of its trodden and untrodden paths, and died at Johannesburg on 11th May, 1914, at the age of 55.

As F. S. Arnot did, so do you. Put your name in John 3:16: "For God so loved . . . . . that He gave His only begotten Son for . . . . . that, if . . . . . believeth in Him, . . . . . should not perish, but have Everlasting Life." Do IT NOW.

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## 62 -- AUTHOR OF "THINKING BLACK"

Dan Crawford, Central African Missionary and pioneer, who spent many years in the "long grass," thus wrote the story of his new birth:

I am thinking of a quiet Sunday night in the month of May. The scene is the village of Gourock on the Clyde, and a humble little meeting-place with white-washed walls well covered over with Gospel texts. The meeting that night was a small one, and I was there for the first time. I was afraid some of my companions might see me going into the meeting-room and raise a laugh at me. I remember so well taking a winding route round by the back of the hall, then climbing over a wall, and at last reaching the little meeting-place. I was indeed anxious to be saved. For one long fortnight God had been convincing me of sin, and oh! my misery was intense. My sore distress was at the thought of meeting God. During that fortnight I had got a glimpse of what I was, and the Sunday night which closed the fortnight found me at my very worst. A working man that night told the simple story of a Savior's loves but the close of his address found me, as at the beginning, still dreading the wrath of God. I seemed riveted to my seat and could not rise when the meeting dismissed. I waited on until some one came to point me Christwards. For a long time we talked, but I seemed chained with doubts. Never did I realize before how thoroughly I was Satan's captive. Great volumes of doubt rushed into my soul.

"We had stood thus for nearly an hour, when one dear man of Gods taking a lead pencil from his pocket, stooped down and drew on the floor a thick black line between the door and where I stood. Rising, he deliberately said: 'Dan, you won't step over that line until you have trusted Christ.' Everything seemed so terribly real to me that moment. Heaven and Hell: Christ and the world: I must make a choice. It pressed upon me that I was making God a liar, and that if I crossed that line a Christ-rejecter, perhaps God might call me to judgment that hour. We stood

there before God, I in the balance between life and death, they pressing me to accept Christ. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, by grace I crossed the line. 'The light of the glorious Gospel shone in, and that hour I began to live. O happy hour! Jesus was mine, and I was His. O the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' which flows to me from the knowledge that Christ is mine, mine to save, and mine to satisfy, mine even now, and mine for ever."

There were no half-measures with Dan Crawford. He immediately confessed Christ as his Savior and served Him as Lord and Master. At once he became a missionary at home, and later on followed in the footsteps of those noble men of God, David Livingstone and F. S. Arnot, and finally he settled down at Luanza, on Lake Mweru, in Central Africa. From then he had but one object in life -- to win the African to Christ, and as a result of his life of 37 years' service, it is quite a common sight to see some thousands of Ethiopia's sons, saved by the grace of God, sitting for hours on end, listening to the ministry of the Word of God.

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### 63 -- A ROYAL NAVAL OFFICER

Philip Wolfe Murray, Commander, R. N., thus details his conversion:

"I was born at Cringletie House, Peeblesshire, brought up in a very good way, and received most excellent teaching from my father and my mother. I was always led to believe that the Bible was the Word of God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was my Saviour. And not only so, but I was a religious child. I had a religious mind, and I can look back upon moments in my childhood when God definitely spoke to me. But I never really gave my heart to God. I never really as a child received Christ as my Saviour. I was just content with those religious feelings and convictions, and never thought it was necessary, or even beneficial, for me to definitely yield my heart to God. And because of that I fell away.

"I was sent to a boarding school at the age of 11½, and from that moment to the time I gave my heart to God at the age of 29, so far as I know, I never bent the knee in prayer, I never read my Bible, and my condition was that described in the Psalms: 'God is not in all his thoughts.' I lived for self and for self alone. What a condition! I was afar off from God, alienated from the love that is in God by wicked works. In spite of all my good teaching, in spite of all that I heard, I was overcome of evil and became the slave and the bondservant of sin. And I enjoyed it. It is no good telling young people that there is no pleasure in sin, because there is pleasure -- the Scriptures tell us so. The pleasures do not last long, however, and very soon some sin becomes such a 'gall of bitterness,' such a 'bond of iniquity,' that it makes the slave who cannot escape from it miserable.

"I began to read the Bible every day. I never allowed a day to pass without reading the Word of God. I was very busy at the time preparing for a stiff examination, but I never allowed my studies to interfere with my reading of God's Word. And not only that, but I began to leave off things that I knew I ought not to do. I have said that I was very fond of the theater, but I said, 'If I am going to be a servant of God, I must not go to the theater.' But I often longed to go. I gave up dancing for the same reason, although I often longed to dance. I gave up a lot of things -- not because I did not like them, but because I thought that I would purchase the favor of God by so

doing. I thought if I was religious, said my prayers regularly, read my Bible regularly, and did not go to these things that I knew brought me into temptation, that at the end of my life, partly for my own sake and partly for Christ's sake, God would take me to Heaven.

"For seven years I was like that, and it was a sore bondage, because religion without Christ can be nothing else. At the end of the day I would say to myself, 'Have I done enough to please God today?' and ever was obliged to answer, 'I don't know.' So I never had a settled peace, because I did not know whether God had accepted my works.

"About this time I went up to Aberdeenshire -- I was in command of the 'Jackal.' I had a cousin who lived about twenty miles from Aberdeen -- Mrs. Davidson, of Inchmarlo, whom I had not seen for seven years. Accordingly I went out to Inchmarlo on a Friday night, and my cousins asked me to go with them to the prayer meeting. I went to the prayer meeting, but it might have been Greek to me; I did not like it at all. I did not like the hymns; did not understand the prayers; and I was the only unconverted person in the room. After we went home, my cousin took the Bible and began to read in the Epistle to the Ephesians. He spoke of things that belonged to the believer now, and which I had thought were only to be had after death. For instance: 'Forgiveness of sins,' 'an inheritance in Heaven,' both could be mine now. Here it was in the Word of God. I went up to my room and opened my Bible. I was intensely interested. I began to read the second chapter. I read: 'And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins: Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.' And I said, 'that is what I have been; a man of the world, a child of wrath, a child of disobedience.'

"I read on: 'But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

"I said, 'Who is us?' Something my cousin had said downstairs was recalled to my mind, and I looked back to see to whom the letter was written, and I read: 'To the saints which are at Ephesus -- to the faithful in Christ Jesus.'

"I said to myself, 'I know this, that I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all my soul. I know that I have been an unbeliever, but I am certain that now I am a believer.' I read those words: 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourself; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast' (Eph. 2:8).

"What a burden rolled off my soul! And what a relief! Now think! I had been nearly eleven years -- three under the conviction of eternity, and eight seeking to please God by prayers, by self-denial and good works, and never knowing whether I had succeeded. And when I saw that God had saved me, and that I need not do any more to be saved -- I danced round the room! I have been dancing ever since, I know; not with my heels, but in my heart, praising God because He is my Father, because Heaven is my Home, the Lord Jesus Christ my Saviour! What a blessed experience! And it just came by giving God credit for speaking the truth.

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## 64 -- AN EGYPTIAN SHEIKH

Heikh Abd-El-Maseeh told this story in the City of Glasgow, in the presence of the Editor of this volume:

"I was born at Fej, in Morocco, in the year of the Flight 1293 (1875), a Moslem by religion, my father being a distinguished Sheikh, learned in the teaching of Islam. I attended the College in the Mosque of Al Karwin; sat at the feet of the distinguished teacher, the Said Mohammed Ibn Jafer; went on a pilgrimage to Mecca in 1902, and was returning when, reaching Suez, I noticed as I passed along one of the streets a place open, with this sign written above it, 'Food for the souls of men,' and on the door a printed paper. I went up to read it, and found written these words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. 11:28). I was astonished at the saying, and said to my friend, 'Who can the owner of this place be, who thinks so much of himself that he can say this? No one can use words like these but God, the Blessed?' I said, 'I must enter the place and ask about it.' My companion tried to dissuade me, but I said I would not go from thence until I found out the truth about this Man who said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' So we went in. I asked them, 'What do you sell here?' They replied, 'We have Holy Books for anyone to read, and also to buy if they wish.' I said, 'What are the Holy Books?' For I thought they meant the Koran, or the Moslem Commentaries. They replied, 'They are the Old and New Testaments -- the Taurat and Zabour and Engeel.' I asked to be allowed to read them, and they gave me a book, and we read and talked until sunset. My companion was very angry at our conversation, and got up, saying to me, 'Come away, and let us pray the sunset prayers.' And although we were in the midst of our conversation, I was obliged to go.

"I could not touch my supper that night, and, saying nothing to anyone about what was in my heart, I slipped off alone to that place, and meeting one of the men, asked him to finish the conversation we had been interrupted in. The subject was about Christ being the Son of God, and the meaning of the Cross of Calvary, and till late that night we talked, arranging, ere we parted to meet early on the morrow. All that night I remained in a state of tumult, and next morning found me at the door of the place at 6 a. m., although we had not arranged to meet until 8 o'clock.

"My conscience has found rest from what has always troubled me in it, and I know that there is to man one Saviour and Intercessor, and one only, Who has redeemed me by His precious Blood, the Lord Jesus to Him be the glory for ever and ever!

"Oh, how great was His love, bearing all the toil and agony, and dying on the Cross that He might save me, the poor miserable sinner, and that I might inherit His Heavenly Kingdom! How unworthy I am of it all! For I confess that I was sinking in the sea of disobedience and self-will, a great burden of sin resting upon me, and I had nothing good to recommend me to God; but He Himself prepared the way in His mercy, and said, 'Come unto Me, weary and heavy laden one, and I will give you rest.' I rejoiced in that great promise, and my heart was glad, and I fled for refuge to

the Strong Tower. I believe His Word to all like me who had gone astray, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out'" (John 6:38).

In all the ages of time and in all the climes of earth, no one ever yet came, in honesty of heart, to the Lord Jesus Christ, as a weary and heavy laden sinner, but found, as this Egyptian found, and as millions of all sorts and conditions of men and women have found, that HE welcomed and saved them, and fully satisfied their longing souls. You put it to the test and you will find it true. "COME UNTO ME, . . . and I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

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## 65 -- AN ATHEIST AND FABIAN

Musgrave Reid, whose conversion is related in his booklet *From Atheism to Christ*, had been baptized and confirmed in the Anglican Church. Through the advent of a Ritualistic Clergyman to the Church he attended he became unsettled in his religious beliefs, and ultimately became a disciple of Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistical lecturer. Afterwards he became secretary of the "Manchester Fabian Society," secretary of the first "Socialist Association" in Lancashire, and General Secretary of the "Independent Labor Party." For twenty years he continued in the maze of unbelief.

The crisis of his life came about thus. His employers, Messrs. D. Ryland & Sons, Manchester, sent him on a business trip to the United States of America. He traveled 16,000 miles, and visited sixty-two cities and towns of the Republic, from Maine to California.

How he was led to renounce his infidelity is told as follows: "I was in the railway car, slowly climbing the wonderful Rocky Mountains. We had reached an altitude of 15,000 feet. We had left Colorado 90 degrees in the shade, and here we were passing through snow-capped pinnacles, where eagles were sweeping past us as the train slowly labored up the heights. The panorama to a city man, brought up amidst the bricks and mortar of Manchester, was overwhelming. Here I beheld a wonderful cataclysm of nature. The 'Royal Gorge,' some three miles deep, lay on one side of the rails over which we were passing and we were now on the edge of a precipice, and again mounting up to another peak, until we reached the highest point. At this altitude the train climbed so slowly that all the passengers left the car, and I was alone. I sat in a reverie, gazing at the spectacle, whilst I began instinctively feeling about, so to speak, in my mind for an explanation of these wonders. The first definite thought was, Surely all this is not the result of fortuitous circumstances, blind chance, matter and force, or as we glibly say, 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' Something else than the atomic theory must account for all these wonders. Could 'evolution' explain it all? Evolution can give a plausible case for us while we are studying nature in our chamber amongst our books, but the immediate contact with nature herself in all her rugged beauty speaks to us of the existence of a higher power than ourselves.

"Insensibly I found my mind was undergoing a change, an irresistible feeling of wonder came, and reverence crept into my thoughts. I had ever been an honest seeker after truth, and the thought suddenly flashed into my mind, 'Might I, after all, have been mistaken?' I fell on my knees, and cried, 'Oh, God, if Thou dost exist, reveal Thyself.' I asked for light, and it came like a flood.

The whole car seemed full of light. It was the veil torn off my mind by the Spirit of God. I felt I was in the presence of God, and I capitulated without a struggle. I who had so long resisted His gracious pleadings, who had rebelled against His authority so many years, was at last brought into submission. I arose from my knees filled with joy, saying, 'God is.' There had come to me the light which 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world' (John 1:9). There could be no 'association of ideas,' as some would say, to account for this, for as I fell on my knees I had in my hand one of Ingersoll's books which I had been reading. The sudden change simply meant that the Spirit of God had come into my life in spite of my resistance, without my seeking, and without the help of man or books, and I knew that I beheld the glory of God and all His wondrous works. Oh, what a revelation, what a revolution of ideas, what joy and peace to know the unfathomable love of God! Was I dreaming, or ill with the fever? Nay, neither, for I never felt better in health than at that moment. It was my first realization of the personal presence of God."

On reaching home he told his friends that he now believed in the existence of God. He so spoke of his discovery that his old infidel friends left him severely alone. But it is one thing to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, and it is another and a very different thing to know Him as He is revealed at the Cross of Calvary. Mr. Reid became awakened to an apprehension of his guilt and danger. His past life of sin and unbelief, of ingratitude and rebellion against God, made him tremble. The arch-enemy of souls suggested that he had been guilty of the "Unpardonable sin," and the thought so laid hold of him that he could not sleep. He bought a Bible, and night after night, when his wife was in bed, pored over the sacred page, longing to know if there was Salvation for such a sinner as he. He commenced at the first chapter of Genesis, and read the whole of the Old Testament without obtaining peace or comfort. Beginning at the New Testament, he read till he reached the marvelous words of John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In that glorious Scripture he learned that God loved the "world," therefore He loved him; that He so loved it as to give the Lord Jesus, His only begotten Son, to die for his crimson sins that he might not perish but have everlasting life. The word "WHOSOEVER" included him, and by believing on the Saviour he had the assurance of Salvation, and could truthfully say:

"I do believe it, I will believe it,  
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb;  
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,  
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

Mr. Reid made known to others wherever he went what God had done for him. Yielding himself unreservedly to Christ, he devoted himself to making known God's way of peace.

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66 -- SINFUL SEA ROVER

Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," "Log of a Sea Waif," etc., after telling of his humble origin, running away to sea, many daring and godless adventures at sea, thus relates his second birth, in his remarkable book, "With Christ at Sea." Arriving in Port Natal, N

.Z., he relates how: "My shipmate and myself were strolling along the pier townwards with that leisurely swagger peculiar to sailors, and had reached the open space in front of a warehouse, when a burst of melody floated overhead on the evening air brought me up all standing. It was so sweet, so unearthly, that all sorts of queer sensations chased one another over my body, and when my companion said, 'Come along,' I waved him off with an impatient gesture. I could not bear to be interrupted in my exquisite enjoyment of those celestial sounds. They ceased, and my chum said quietly, 'I know what it is; it's a meetin'. I ben to 'em before. Let's go in.' 'Not me,' I answered. 'I don't go shoving my nose where it isn't wanted. Maybe it's a few friends having a few hymns for their own pleasure on a Sunday night.'

"While I stood anxiously waiting for the music to begin again, my companion murmured, 'Hold on a bit. I'll go and see if we can get in,' and hurried towards the building. In a few minutes he returned triumphantly, saying, 'I told ye so; they begged me to call you in, saying that we was hearty welcome; it was got up for the likes of us.' 'All right, go ahead,' I replied, more gratified than I could express, but I was somewhat surprised still, to find such an affair under way in a sail loft, an immense bare room with naked rafters overhead and brick walls just whitewashed. The seats were rough wooden forms, with the exception of a few chairs on the platform, where was also a small table. Gathered close to the platform was a little company of well-dressed men and women intent upon the words of a thick-set, dark-visaged man, who was addressing them volubly, with a book in his hand. Suddenly I heard him say, 'Now then, one, two,' and with a sweep of his arm he launched them into another burst of song, quite unaccompanied, but wonderfully sweet.

"I sat spellbound. What with my unfamiliar surroundings, the delightful sounds, and my wonder at what would come next, the time flew past so rapidly that although we were almost the first arrivals and the preliminary singing lasted an hour we did not appear to have been there more than five minutes before there was an expectant hush. Three gentlemen, including the dark little choir leader, mounted the platform, and the latter, stepping forward, said, 'friends, we will commence our meeting tonight by singing with all our hearts that beautiful prayer, 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' number \_\_\_ in the books you have. And will you all remember that it is a prayer? Although written in rhyme and sung to music, it is as much a prayer as "Our Father," and I hope that all who sing it will not for one moment allow the fact to be forgotten. So will you certainly be blessed in your singing.'

"I listened eagerly, reverently, but when the large audience which had now gathered rose to their feet, and at the signal from the leader the choir burst into the opening bars of 'Hollingside,' I was reduced to blind dumbness. The pent-up feelings of years broke loose, scalding tears ran down, and something stuck in my throat like a ball. I knew that tune so well, and I had not heard it sung since those happy days in the Old Lock Chapel, which seemed to belong to another life. But by a strong effort I recovered my composure, and then, how I did sing! I just abandoned myself to an ecstasy of pure joy. The singing ceased and we sat down. Then a gentleman on the platform prayed. He offered up a prayer that, allowing for the different diction, sent my mind flying back to poor black Jem of the 'Arabella.' For it was a prayer, not a formula.

"Then more singing, I could not get enough of that -- followed by another novelty to me, a solo from the choirleader, 'The Ninety and Nine.' Oh, what pathos, what a depth of yearning love for the souls of men he did impart to that simple little poem with its bald tune! I could have melted

in tears, but with tightly-shut lips and hardly breathing, I managed to maintain control of myself. Then one of the two other gentlemen spoke, quite nicely, I thought, but not sufficiently clear and direct to hold my attention. At its close the energetic leader of the choir, who had charmed me so much by his reading, advanced to the verge of the platform and began to speak. I was all attention now, for the Gospel was being unfolded in all its simplicity and directness. I felt as if there was only one person there for whom those words were meant -- me. I listened with all my soul, every syllable coming with such force to my heart and understanding as I have never since heard. There were no tricks of oratory, no declamation, no attempt to frighten; indeed, it was a tender appeal from a heart overflowing with loving desire to help a fellow wayfarer out of darkness into the Lightened Way of Life.

"I do not know how long the address lasted. I only knew that something was being offered to me that I felt I must have. I felt like one who after long wandering in a gloomy labyrinth, so long that he had grown to accept the gloom and the maze as the settled conditions of his life, from which there was no hope of escape, had suddenly seen open before him a door leading into sunlit meadows with a delightful prospect stretching beyond into infinity. Any words, however, can only feebly express the intense longing of my being, for an experience of this personal, loving acquaintance with the sympathetic Man Christ Jesus, so earnestly set forth by the speaker.

"Presently all was quiet, and I sat with my face buried in my hands just waiting for -- I knew not what. My mind was a confused whirl of thoughts, out of which nothing definite emerged but that deep sense of heart hunger. While I thus sat in painful expectation of the performance of some miracle a hand was gently laid upon my shoulder. Looking up, I saw a man whom I had not noticed before. He sat down by my side and began to ask me questions, such as, 'Did I want to be saved? What was my difficulty? Why did I not come to the Lord now?' and so on, questions which I felt utterly incapable of answering. I did not know what I wanted -- I did not know anything, except that I was trembling with eager anticipation of a possible blessed setting free from a life I hated, and being placed in intimate relationship with this intensely lovable personal Friend of whom I had been hearing.

"While in this sad frame, oblivious of all that was passing around me -- another hand touched me. Now, it may seem difficult to believe, but I declare that the touch of that hand gave me a thrill of hope. Why, I do not profess to explain, but the fact I know and record gratefully. Looking up, I saw the face of the dark little man, Mr. W. E. Falconer, of the Seaman's Bethel, who had so moved me by his earnest commendation to his hearers of the brother-love of the sorrowful Man. Meeting my dim, stupid gaze with a look full of sympathy, he held out his hand, and when I took it he did not let it go, but drew himself down by it, as it were to a seat by my side.

"My dear boy," he said, 'I am not going to ask you what your difficulties are. I have no right to do so, but I am going to tell you that He who has removed mine is ready to remove yours. Ready, yes, and eager to take that despairing look from your eyes, to show you the delights of His unchangeable love. Listen, "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on Me shall never die. Believest thou this?" (John 11:25, 26). As he looked inquiringly I replied, 'Yes, I believe; I dare not say I do not believe. I have always believed -- even when through hearing my shipmates denying His existence, I have been tempted to agree with them.' 'Then you have entered upon everlasting life,' he said triumphantly. I sorrowfully

shook my head saying, 'Oh, no. I can't, I dare not say that; it wouldn't be true! I haven't the slightest feeling of the kind, and it would be a lie to say that I have.'

"'Oh, I see!' he answered. 'Very well, then, let me put a case. Supposing that you were worrying dreadfully about a debt which you could not pay. You know me as a very wealthy man, who is not only fond of doing kind deeds, but whose trustworthiness is beyond suspicion. It comes to my knowledge that you are in trouble, and I tell you that I have paid your debt. You say that you believe me because you feel that I deserve to be believed; you profess entire faith in me, but you still go on worrying about that debt. Instead of going about with a light heart rejoicing in your freedom, you are bowed down with care. Would that not prove that you did not really believe what I said, but that you were waiting for some other proof of my truth to produce the feeling of safety you longed for?'

"'Yes, it would,' I replied. 'Well, then, listen to me, or, rather, listen to the Lord Jesus: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24). Do you believe this?' 'Yes,' I whispered. 'Then you have passed from death unto life, you are in the timeless state of eternal life, are you not?' 'No,' I answered doggedly. 'Ah, I see how it is, friend. You are waiting for the witness of your feelings to the truth of Him who is the Truth. You dare not take Him at His word unless your feelings, which are subject to a thousand changes a day, corroborate it. Do believe Him in spite of your feelings, and act accordingly.'

"Every word spoken by the earnest little man went right to my heart and when he ceased there was an appeal in his eyes that was even more eloquent than his words. But beyond the words and the look was the interpretation of them to me by some mysterious agency beyond all my comprehension. For in a moment the hidden mystery was made clear to me, and I said quietly, 'I see, sir; it is the credibility of God against the witness of my feelings. Then I believe God.' 'Let us thank God,' answered the little man, and together we knelt down by the bench.

"I love that description of conversion as the 'new birth.' No other definition touches the truth of the process at all. So helpless, so utterly knowledgeable, possessing nothing but the consciousness of Life just begun is the new-born Christian."

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## 67 -- A LONDON RESTAURATEUR

John Pearce, of the Restaurants, at one time in London known as "Pearce & Plenty," also as "J. P. Restaurants," who began life in poverty, and left ú51,000. After beginning with a "Gutter Hotel," he passed through many vicissitudes, the greatest event being thus recorded.

In his early years he worked in a provision merchant's shop. The owner of that business was in the habit of having morning prayers, and this experience caused young Pearce to think. Then he began to attend Wesley's Chapel in the City Road. One day there was a bill exhibited in his employer's shop window, which stated: "A Converted Thief, a Converted Costermonger, and a Converted Infidel will speak."

This was something new. William Carter, the preacher-sweep, was bringing these friends with him, and so Pearce went to see and hear. Then he discovered that Carter had a Mission for the unwashed of Southwark in a hall that seated a thousand people. Pearce walked three miles the next Sunday. It was there he found what he had been seeking, and his life was changed. "It was a wonderful thing," was his own verdict, never to be gainsaid.

His own words in later life will be of interest in revealing something of his Christian life. "As a young man I felt the danger of the unsaved man sitting next me. Nowadays you're not responsible for your neighbor. He'd resent your speaking to him about Eternity. We're all too jolly respectable. I'm not blaming others. I've altered myself. It's the spirit of the times. We used to have to fight for our religion. It needed some pluck. Now no one persecutes you; no one bothers to criticize you; no one cares. We used to talk of the fear of God, and conviction of sin. A man had to choose between Heaven and Hell. Those first preachers I knew were not intellectual preachers, but they knew their Bibles.

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#### 68 -- AN AMERICAN CIVIL WAR VETERAN

Major Whittle, of the United States Army, and for long a well-known preacher, thus details how the great change took place:

"When the Civil War broke out, I left my home in New England and came to Virginia as lieutenant of a company in a Massachusetts regiment. My dear mother was a devout Christian, and parted from me with many a tear, and followed me with many a prayer. She had placed a New Testament in a pocket of the haversack that she arranged for me.

"We had many engagements, and I saw many sad sights, and in one of the battles I was knocked out, and that night my arm was amputated above the elbow. As I grew better, having a desire for something to read, I felt in my haversack, which I had been allowed to keep, and found the little Testament my mother had placed there.

"I read right through the book -- Matthew, Mark, Luke, to Revelation. Every part was interesting to me; and I found to my surprise that I could understand it in a way that I never had before. When I had finished Revelation, I began at Matthew, and read it through again. And so for days I continued reading, and with continued interest; and still with no thought of becoming a Christian, I saw clearly from what I read the way of salvation through Christ.

"While in this state of mind, yet still with no purpose or plan to repent and accept the Savior, I was awakened one midnight by the nurse, who said: 'There is a boy in the other end of the ward, one of your men, who is dying. He has been begging me for the past hour to pray for him, or to get someone to pray for him, and I can't stand it I am a wicked man, and can't pray, and I have come to get you.'

"'Why,' said I, 'I can't pray. I never prayed in my life. I am just as wicked as you are.' 'Can't pray!' said the nurse; 'why, I thought sure from seeing you read the Testament that you were a praying man. And you are the only man in the ward that I have not heard curse. What shall I do? There is no one else for me to go to. I can't go back there alone. Won't you get up and come and see him at any rate?'

"Moved by his appeal, I arose from my cot, and went with him to the far corner of the room. A fair-haired boy of seventeen or eighteen lay there dying. There was a look of intense agony upon his face, as he fastened his eyes upon me and said:

"'Oh, pray for me! Pray for me! I am dying. I was a good boy at home in Maine. My mother and father are members of the Church, and I went to Sunday School and tried to be a good boy. But since I became a soldier I have learned to be wicked. I drank, and swore, and gambled, and went with bad men. And now I am dying, and I am not fit to die! Oh, ask God to forgive me! Pray for me. Ask Christ to save me!'

"As I stood there and heard these pleadings, God said to my soul by His Spirit, just as plainly as if He had spoken in audible tones, 'You know the way of salvation. Get right down on your knees and accept Christ, and pray for this boy.'

"I dropped upon my knees and held the boy's hand in mine, as in a few broken words I confessed my sins, and asked God for Christ's sake to forgive me. I believed right! there that He did forgive me, and that I was Christ's child. I then prayed earnestly for the boy. He became quiet, and pressed my hand as I pleaded the promises. When I arose from my knees he was dead. A look of peace was upon his face, and I can but believe that God, who used him to bring me to my Saviour, used me to get his attention fixed upon Christ and to lead him to trust in His precious blood. I hope to meet him in Heaven.

"Many years have passed since that night in the Richmond Hospital, and I am still trusting and confessing the Lord Jesus Christ, and purpose by God's grace to continue doing so until He calls me Home."

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## 69 -- A CHASIDIM RABBI

Marcus Bergmann translated the Scriptures into Yiddish, which is understood by most European Jews. Mr. Bergmann's conversion, as told by himself, is exceedingly interesting. Born in Germany, his father belonged to the strictest sect of Jews, the Chasidim, and died when Marcus was but a year old. Six years after his father's decease, his mother and he went to reside with an uncle, the lad being brought up strictly. At the age of twenty, Mr. Bergmann arrived in England, and established a small synagogue in the city of London, where he officiated for a time. Owing to an attack of illness, he went to the German hospital to be treated. One day he found a Hebrew Bible in the ward, and commenced to study it. Whilst reading the ninth chapter of the book of Daniel, his eye caught the prophecy contained in verse twenty-six: "And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself."

He had never noticed that expression, as the Rabbis discouraged the reading of the Messianic prophecies, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah not being read in the synagogues. Mr. Bergmann threw down the Book saying to himself, "Oh, this is one of the mission Bibles." But do what he might, he could not get rid of the words, "Messiah shall be cut off, but not for Himself." Why, then, would He be "cut off?" Why should He die if not for Himself? And the thought was suggested by the Holy Spirit: "Might not Jesus of Nazareth be the Messiah?" He did his utmost to get rid of the words, "Messiah shall be cut off, but not for Himself," but they would not be buried. One morning he took up the Bible, and as he read part of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, his eye fell on the words, "For He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of My people was He stricken" (v. 8). The soul saving truth of the Gospel was laid hold of, and for the first time he understood that the Lord Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah; that "He was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities, that the chastisement of (or with the view to) his peace was upon Him, and with His stripes he was healed" (Isa. 53:5).

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## 70 -- A CONVERTED LONDON BREWER

Fredrick N. Charrington was the son of a brewer father being a partner of the huge brewing concern of Charrington, Head & Co., Mile End, London. After leaving college Mr. Charrington was sent to learn the brewing business. On a continental tour he became acquainted at Cannes with William Rainsford. One night, during the course of conversation, Mr. Rainsford acknowledged that he was a Christian, and asked his friend if he were saved. Mr. Charrington was startled by the suddenness of the thrust, and tried hard to parry it. But it was of no use, for Mr. Rainsford pressed the question home, and had this consolation that Mr. Charrington promised to read carefully the third chapter of the Gospel of John. Before retiring to rest, without any special concern or anxiety of soul, Mr. Charrington commenced to peruse the life-giving words of John 3:16. On reaching the last verse of the chapter: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," he saw that Christ had finished the work for him on Calvary, and by believing the good news he was the happy possessor of everlasting life.

One evening he was going from business to the hay-loft where the school for poor children, in which he helped, was held, and Mr. Chamington will tell what happened: "As I approached one public-house a poor woman with two or three children dragging at her skirts, went up to the swing doors, and calling out to her husband inside, she said, 'O Tom, do give me some money; the children are crying for bread.' At that the man came through the doorway. He made no reply in words. He looked at her for a moment, and then knocked her down into the gutter. Just then I looked up and saw my own name 'Charrington' in huge gilt letters on the top of the public-house, and it suddenly flashed into my mind that this was only one case of dreadful misery and brutality in one of the hundreds of public-houses that our firm possessed. It was a crushing realization, the most concrete object lesson that a man could possibly have. What a frightful responsibility for evil rested upon us! And then and there, without any hesitation, I said to myself in reference to the sodden brute who had knocked his wife into the gutter, 'Well, you have knocked your poor wife down, and with the same blow you have knocked me out of the brewery business.' I knew I could

never bear the awful responsibility of so much guilt upon my soul, and I determined I would never enter the brewery again."

Mr. Charrington told his father he would have nothing whatever to do with the business. The father's anger and disappointment were intense, but his son was unmoved. Mr. Charrington gave up one million and a quarter of money, equal to about  $\text{ú}1,000$  a week, or  $\text{ú}2,000$  a year, for conscience' sake. His father on his death-bed sent for him, and said: "Fred, you have chosen the better part which will never be taken away," and then whispered in his ear, "I am afraid I have left you very badly off, but it is too late now," and shortly afterwards died.

Mr. Charrington left his luxurious house and took a small house in the district where he labored, gathering around him a band of earnest soul-winners. Through the aid of a number of the Lord's stewards the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, holding five thousand persons, was erected. It has been open every night of the week since, and thousands of souls have been rescued from the slavery and penalty of sin.

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THE END