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GOD'S GUIDING HAND

By Albert Jacobs

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

Published By The Author

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PREFACE

This little book, is written not to tell of what I have been; but to show the love of my Heavenly Father, towards one that was lost.

Although requested by friends I refused to have it published.

Last September while resting the Lord impressed it upon my heart to write, that they who read might see that my God hath done great things for me.

I dedicate these few pages to my wife who has been a help to me in my spiritual life from girlhood.

A. Jacobs
Englewood, Chicago, Ill.,
April, 1905

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INTRODUCTION

Rev. A. Jacobs in the volume that follows gives a history of his life. The writer heard a goodly portion of this biography fall from the narrator's lips at a camp ground in Nebraska.

He was deeply impressed with it then and was glad to hear the speaker afterwards say he intended putting the story of his life in book form.

When we consider the many adverse circumstances in the lad's childhood, the almost hopeless surroundings of his youth, and then under God's grace and blessings his escape from and victory over all, the volume reads like a thrilling romance.

When we observe how much is done for some children and all in vain and then read here how little was done for this boy and how much was arrayed against him and yet his rise into grace and into a useful life, we realize another spell of wonder and indulge in renewed praises to God for such a triumph over the world, the flesh, and the Devil. As we also take note of the way God sent his companion and helpmate of his life to him we feel that it was as truly providential and heaven intended as the bringing of Rebecca to Isaac and the coming of Rachel into the life of Jacob.

We do not doubt in the least that this book will do much good as it is circulated and read. Like its author, we believe it will lead a large number of souls to the Divine One, who has come to save men and to give to any and all who will accept not only a free pardon but a full salvation from all sin.

B. Carradine

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Chapter 1

BIRTH PLACE -- EARLY EVENTS OF LIFE

I was born of English parents in the Village of Gislingham, Suffolk county, England. The first recollection I have of the old home is fresh in my memory today. The old house was standing about fifty yards from the road with its low-thatched or straw roof, the roof being from eighteen inches to two feet thick, and the house was known as the Six Bells or the Village Inn, or better known to the people here as the Village Hotel.

In this country, or any part of England, all the hotels or the public houses sell liquor, which is sold by bar maids, and is usually served in jugs. I am sorry to say I was born in this place, but was not accountable. I am thankful to say that the Lord's eyes, which run to and fro throughout the whole earth, were upon me and I see now the real leadings of God all along the way, protecting me from danger.

My father, while he was the proprietor of this hotel, was also engaged in building and contracting, which placed the responsibility of the children upon mother, who was a frail and sickly woman.

My parents were members of the Church of England or Episcopal Church, and at this time my father was clerk of the village church; he would take his place under the preacher and would read the prayers, also the first and second lesson. Every Sunday my father marched my brothers

and sisters, with myself, two by two, to church, and I well remember how he would open the pew door and let us in, then take his place below the preacher, read the first and second lesson, as I said before, then lead in the responses.

I would like to remind you, dear reader, that it would be a good idea if parents would take their children to church with them to-day, instead of them running on the streets

One thing I could not understand, how it was that father would go to church, read the prayers, hear the preacher, and yet the preacher and his people spending their Sabbath afternoons in drinking, but it has all been explained to me since I have grown up. The church did not preach against drinking but allowed it. I do hope and pray that any one reading this book who is a Christian or even a church member will do all in their power to blot out this awful curse. The church bells would ring out their chimes on a Sabbath and every person felt it their duty to attend the services at the church on Sabbath morning and then in the afternoon gather at the village inn and drink. The law permitted it to be sold on that day, while the small children romped and played on the village green, as my parents would not allow us around the tap room where the liquor was served.

There comes to my mind, while writing, one thing which has been impressed upon my memory, that I feel it a duty I owe to the reader of this little book to make special mention of. My parents; who sold liquor and made a profit thereby, saw danger in having the children around, knowing it was not a fit place for them; while other parents would bring their children, and even put the intoxicating cup to their lips when they were but babes.

Parents, for the sake of the future of your children, do not do it. How can you find fault or correct them when they have grown up if you start them on the path to ruin. Any number of parents are sowing the seed that will reap a harvest of drunkards. Many other things could I say, but a word to the wise is sufficient. At my birthplace I suffered the saddest loss that can come to any boy or girl, namely, my mother's death, which I shall speak of later. To-day my thoughts go back to the old home. I would like to see it, if standing; also the old graveyard, mother's last resting place, the old church, and once more walk across the village green. If memory does not die on earth, and while we are thousands of miles away can travel back, what will it be when we are called from this world into the presence of God, especially if we have neglected the offered mercies of salvation through the gift of His only Begotten Son, who suffered and died that we might be redeemed from a life of sin, in order that we might be fit subjects for His kingdom in glory.

It is now over thirty years since I saw the place of my birth, yet memory says it was but yesterday. Dear reader, let us think of the future, for we all will have to give "an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil." In infancy I was surrounded with strong drink and raised in the midst of it; also, father was a drinking man, but through it all my Heavenly Father has kept me to this day, without knowing the taste of it. To God be all the glory, for His keeping power and watchful care over me.

Oh, that all of the precious children of to-day, who are brought up with such surroundings may be able to say at least what I have been permitted to say when they grow up to manhood and womanhood!

In the beginning of my boyhood days I became a very mischievous boy, full of fun and mirth, and was not satisfied with the quiet things of life, but was always looking for excitement. My first experience of correction away from home was in the old Episcopal church. Father marched my three brothers, two sisters and myself to church, then he opened the pew door and we all filed in. Parents, do you take your children to church?

While the preacher was preaching I saw the old sexton walking down the aisle with a long stick. I commenced to talk, and asked my oldest brother why my father kept so still. The old sexton saw me, and told me to keep quiet. I said, "I won't." Immediately he reached out his stick and gave me a knock on the dead, and also told my father.

I can assure you after reaching home I received another correction, and was sent to my room for the balance of the day, without any dinner; but that did not subdue me, for my next experience was to set fire to father's workshop. The family had been talking about a fire, and I wanted to see one, so I did not know any place better than father's workshop, where there were plenty of shavings. Being possessed with a spirit of meanness I watched where he placed his key, so one day when he was away to the county-seat I got the key, made a pile of shavings, and set fire to the pile.

When the fire began to burn I made for the door, but upon reaching it I found it was fastened so I could not open it. God surely protected me from death, for just at this time my Uncle Charles passed by, heard my cries and saw the flames. At once he came and rescued me, with the assistance of others. They were successful in saving the building, for which I was thankful. At that time father had no insurance, but it is hard to say what would have happened to me when he came home if mother had not hid me for two days from him, for he had a very hasty temper and a heavy hand. Mother made him promise that he would not whip me, but punish me some other way. I had to go to bed for a week without supper, but a mother's love could not let her boy go hungry, and so she would bring me some supper after I had laid down in my cot. I would then laugh to think that father thought I was being punished, but was not. This is a good way to send a child to ruin.

I often thought of the number of people who are hiding things from our Heavenly Father, thinking He cannot see, or do not know what is going on or transpiring, but He knows all things. A little while after the above I was called to witness a scene that left a deep impression upon my mind, which has never been erased.

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Chapter 2 LOSS OF BROTHER AND MOTHER

My brother, Alfred, was out cutting chaff with the cutting box, and cut off the two front fingers of his right hand. The doctor did everything he could to save his life, but failed. The day came when the messenger, death, came for him. I was out playing in the yard when my oldest sister cried out, "Mother wants you, Albert; come quickly." When I went to her she took me up to

Alfred's room, and around the bed stood the whole family. While there I heard Alfred say, "Don't cry mother; please don't; I'll come back for you."

Just then he looked up and said: "Mother, do you see those beautiful gates up yonder?" "Where, Alfred?"

"Why, there?" pointing with his finger heavenward. "See, the beautiful gates are opening."

Father looked at mother, shook his head, and commenced to cry. Alfred said, "Kiss me good-by, mother, they are coming for me," and we all kissed him good-bye.

"Yes, the angels are coming for me, and they will soon be here. Don't cry. I will send them back for you, mother; good-bye," and his spirit took its departure. Will the gates open for you, reader? And are you prepared to meet your God? "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also, and whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." (John 14:2, 3, 4.) I thank God that I was permitted to be present, for from that day I always thought of the gate and wondered if it would open for me.

Three months after the death of Alfred, my mother died from quick consumption, which followed after a severe cold that she contracted in taking care of my brother. Boys, while you have a mother, love and treat her kindly, for there is no one like a mother. O, how I wished I had the privilege that some young men have, of taking mother to church and hearing her pray. Something I do not remember hearing her do, although my sister, Emma, informs me that she always prayed. This of course was a great loss to me, for I was only five years of age at this time, but the things I do remember are so stamped upon my memory that I can never forget. Mothers, teach your children to distinguish right from wrong when young; teach them how to pray and let them hear you pray, that they may know some one is interested in their spiritual welfare.

Some may say I was too young to understand and would not miss mother at that age; but I did. I missed Alfred, but, O, when mother left, how I missed her! She was the one I went to with my little troubles, and how she would wipe away the tears! There is no hand like a mother's; no voice so sweet; only mother's kiss could ease the pain; but when she went I missed all this. Thank God, we can meet our loved ones in the prepared home eternal in the heavens not made with hands.

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Chapter 3 TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO CANADA

Father sold out his business and decided to sail for Canada and try his fortunes in a new country. About a year after mother died father married again. When he took us to our new mother I refused to call her mother, because I knew her as Mrs. B., but yet, reader, I thank God that she thought enough of me to correct me not only with her lips but with the rod. Some may say

step-mothers are hard to get along with, but I don't know that mine was as hard as she might have been, for I must confess I did many things for meanness. From this time on I call this woman mother.

The morning came for us to set sail for Canada and leave the homeland. We all took the old steamer Denmark, of the Dominion line. Father, my new mother, two brothers, two sisters, and myself watched with interest, as the land kept fading from view, but I wanted to return, and cried hard to go back again. It puts me in mind of some Christians who leave the land of rest and peace to get mixed up with the things of the world, but when they want to go back they find it hard to return.

I soon found out on shipboard that I did not like my new mother, because she would not let me have my way. She would bring me away from the side of the ship so I could not see the water and my first outburst against her was, "I won't mind you," but it turned out a case of "You will have to," and from that time my daily whipping commenced. We had a disagreeable and rough voyage, being twenty-two days on the ocean. Some days we never expected to see land. I remember .well hearing my mother say to father, "If ever I reach land I shall never go on water again." We were all a very sickly crowd when we landed in New York at Castle Garden. While passing from the ship to land we were each handed a New Testament. I was proud of my little Bible.

After staying in New York a few days, we hurried to the city of Guelph, Canada, and settled there for a few months. We became acquainted with a good old Methodist brother who informed my father that the Church of England was not much in this part of Canada. So we attended the Methodist church while there. I would like to mention, dear reader, that my father would not allow us boys (my oldest brother was eighteen years old) to black our shoes on Sunday; nor would he allow us to prepare the kindling wood, or send us to the grocery stores, to desecrate the Sabbath in any way. We were taught to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy!

It would be well if the parents of to-day who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus would remember the commandments. I thank the Lord for the teaching I received on that line when a boy, for it helped me many a time through life.

I began my school days in the city of Guelph, and was successful in taking home an honor card every week.

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Chapter 4 MY FIRST BUSINESS EXPERIENCE

My father bought out a business at Stratford, Ontario, and again went into the hotel business, which was called "The Continental Hotel." We lived here a year, but the business was a failure. He sold out and moved to Kingston, and in this place I embarked on my first business career. I received a penny for going on some message for a neighbor. I invested the penny in papers, sold them and got three cents. I was doing very nicely when I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a voice, "You go home immediately." When I turned my head and looked up into his

face, to my astonishment it was father. I could not understand why he did not want me to make money, but when we reached home, he told me, saying', "Albert, I have always kept you away from the bar room, where you would be compelled to hear bad language and swearing and I do not want you to be among those bad boys to learn it now."

Fathers, be careful about your boys; my prayer is that parents will protect their children from evil associates, for what a child learns in early life will follow him for years, even through manhood. While writing I can remember the first hymn I committed to memory when a boy between four and five years of age, a part of which reads as follows:

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His precious blood."

I am thankful to God that my parents were as careful with me as they were and that they impressed upon me this one fact that a good name could be easily lost, but it was hard to regain; that one who "steals a purse steals trash," but to steal a character steals all.

One day I went fishing with a neighbor by the name of Little, in the St. Lawrence River; while fishing I was standing on a high rock, something quickly took my pole; with a sudden jump to catch it I went headlong into twenty feet of water and could not swim a stroke, but my companion jumped in after me and kept me above water until help came, at the risk of his own life. When I was safe ashore, we began to search for my pole; found it; brought it to shore with a fine eel, weighing about four pounds. I have no use for that kind of fish since.

I give God praise for protecting me from drowning and for his watchful eye over me from the beginning.

From Kingston we moved North into the Muskoka district where there was no railroads and opened up another hotel. The trip to this place was an interesting one. We traveled by rail about two hundred miles; took the steamer for about twenty five miles; then the old stage. You, who have traveled the old stage roads for thirty or forty miles, will know how interesting it would be to a boy of my age. The road ran up hill and down, through swamps and streams with some parts of the road solid rock, now and then into a pitch hole. There being no room for me on the seat, I was placed on top of a trunk at the back. Father, a man full of fun was singing, "The Rocky Road to Dublin," when all at once I saw his heels up in the air and very soon he was lying on his face on the ground. It is needless to say he kept his seat after that, for he held on until we reached Huntsville.

We settled down in this village and I was sent to the public school again; progressing with my studies I held my place with the rest in the class. Those were enjoyable days, for I knew not what care was. I am sorry to say I was mischievous which caused my teacher untold trouble, although I escaped punishment with the rod at school I did not escape the rod at home, for I was subject to a whipping almost every day and I must confess I deserved every one of them. While we lived in the hotel we had a large number of the traveling public come in for meals and more than once I would get into the pantry, take some pies and invite my boy friends to the woods to eat them, then when mother wanted them for supper some of them were missing. Did I not deserve punishment? One time I remember I took some pies to the woods to eat with the boys. I heard mother calling me to come home. I answered but did not hurry for I knew I would get a whipping. So I put a thin board down my back and went home. One pie happened to be made of blueberries and the stains were on my mouth.

When she saw me she said, "You have taken my pies." I looked perfectly innocent and was going to say something when she saw the mark of the pie on my mouth, we cannot hide our sins for they will be sure to find us out. Wrong-doing will always leave a stain and that stain will leave its mark, as it did upon me. Of course mother got angry and so would any one who was troubled with the carnal nature if they did not have the blessing of perfect love. I got my just deserts that day. She cracked me over the back with the broom handle and it struck the board and bounced back and hit her. Sister thought I was hurt and she cried, then father interfered. I was a mean little fellow. I did something the next day and expected my usual whipping but instead mother took me into a room and told me to sit down, she never raised a hand to me, but what she did do hurt me worse than all the whipping I ever got. Thank God for that afternoon and for the sensible step she took.

She said to me in a calm, quiet way. "Albert, are you not ashamed of yourself? A big boy like you and you won't do what is right?" and while she talked she looked me straight in the face. Tears began to come. "Albert, I don't want to whip you, and I have given up doing it. Do you want to break my heart, and separate your father and I? I cannot stand this any longer." Tears began to flow down my cheeks such as whipping never brought. They were tears of sorrow, for her words had touched my heart. Again she said, "would you treat your dead mother that way?" and added, "If you have no respect for me, have respect for your father." I promised I would do nothing to cause her to raise a hand to me again and she never had cause to whip me from that day, I was conquered. I thank mother to-day for all the punishment she ever gave me and for the stick-to-itiveness she had.

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Chapter 5 THE PROMISE I MADE TO MY MOTHER

In Huntsville my life was very different" from the earlier part of my life. What I am about to tell I wish I could blot out of my remembrance but I cannot. I must record it, not for my own glory but for the glory of God.

I lived in this place for some time, attended school and was not allowed inside of the bar room but had to keep in my parents' private room. One day father, not able to keep a bartender,

requested that I should be placed behind the bar. It was at the age of eleven when my father came to me and said, "Albert, I want you to tend bar." O, I thought I had become a man at once, and how big I felt to think I was going to be a bartender, but I had not been there a minute when my mother said "Albert, I want you to come with me awhile." She took me into the same room where she gave me the quiet talk before, and shut the door. I did not know what she was going to do with me at first; but we had a nice conversation together. She said, "Albert, your father has put you behind the bar to deal out liquor to the men, but I won't let you tend bar an hour unless you promise me, you will not touch liquor until you are twenty one." To show my smartness as I thought, I said, "How can I tend bar and not touch liquor?" I knew what she meant, for she made it plain enough before she let me out of the room. "I mean Albert, not to drink it; you have been around the hotel enough to see what fools liquor makes of people," naming a certain man who was a graduate of Oxford and Cambridge University of England; a perfect gentleman when not under the influence of liquor but a disgrace to humanity when under its influence. I wanted to tend bar, I promised mother I would not touch liquor until I was twenty one.

Mothers have you ever asked your boys to make such a promise, if you have not, let your boys see that you are interested in them. Point out some man to them who has fallen through the curse or got into trouble by associating with evil companions. I will never forget her last words when I was stepping in behind the bar and stepped on the little platform, they built for me to stand upon. It was this, "Albert if you never take the first drink you will never be a drunkard." Boys remember that as coming from one who was in the business; from one who has seen many fall by the way. Intemperance is a hard giant to fight and humanity cannot defeat him alone but like the large boa he coils and coils until he finally has you in his grasp. How thankful I am that I made that promise to mother for in after years it kept me from yielding when tempted by men old enough to be my father with these taunting remarks, "You are tied to your mother's apron strings." "You will never be a man until you drink." I was called "Baby," "Kid," and all such names.

But boys, mother's promise came up before me time and time again. Without a doubt it was the protecting hand of God to keep me from going down to deeper depths of sin, as men have done who have come out of Christian homes but He had a work for me, and He kept me. Bless His name! Just before this I was taught in the catechism of the English Church and was to be confirmed shortly after I had become a bartender. The Sunday came. Again, how big I felt! What a beautiful service! What sweet words I heard, and what sweet prayers; but sweet as they were, they did not do me any good as I was not born again; for that very Sunday afternoon I received a correction from father, and the Bishop who confirmed me caused me to disobey God, by serving him with two bottles of Bass's Ale which of course father paid for. Oh for a confirmation service that will reach and change the heart and not your relation to the church; that changes your relation from a child of sin to a child of God, or from a child of darkness to a child of light.

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Chapter 6 MEETING THE LITTLE GIRL -- AN ARGUMENT ON RELIGION

About this time another person, a young girl of my own age came into my life by asking me a question. I might say here that she was a Methodist minister's daughter, who had been lately stationed in our town by the Methodist church of Canada.

The first time we met she was milking a cow and after receiving an introduction, the question of milk came up and in our conversation I said I liked fresh milk, with that, she turned and milked a fair splash of milk into my face. It is needless to say she did not finish milking the cow for that English nature of mine came up and there was a foot race, in which she was the first to get behind a closed door. Shortly after, a revival broke out and among the number converted was this young girl. The next morning she met the writer with this question, "Say, why do you not give your heart to Jesus." My reply was, "I have been confirmed and that saves me and will let me into heaven."

That was what I had been taught. With a smile and a stamp of the foot she replied, "Albert, I know I am saved. I am converted and you do not know you are." Oh, what arguments we had on that line, but she got the best of it every time, for she could say "I know and you do not." Of course, I said that is the Methodist way of it but we Episcopalians do not see it that way. I will never forget that day that she looked me in the face and said, "I am going to pray for you." Dear one, how could I, as a boy have any confidence in a gospel preached by people who were forever praying, "Oh God, save our boys from the curse of strong drink" and then when they had a chance to blot it out by their votes, they did not; but who worked as faithfully as my father did to elect the same man, in other words, you could not tell the steward's vote from my father's.

Dear reader, I ask, is it expected that our Heavenly Father will do for us what we can do for ourselves? I say, No: but I am so glad that the dear Lord kept me, and I had too much respect for myself to do what some members of the churches would do, even if my church would allow me to sell liquor; but how they would talk about the writer on that account. Here is just a sample. One lady in the town, a member of this young lady's church, saw us talking one day, about salvation, and this woman being a daughter of old Mother Gossip went straight to the parsonage and there informed the preacher that their daughter Frankie was disgracing the cause of God by talking with that bartender.

But that bartender had principle enough not to get liquor shipped in a soap box and have it labeled soap. This woman's husband was engaged in the general store business and used to have liquor shipped in as groceries, I knew the boxes and being full of mischief I opened a box one day, to show to some people what kind of soap they could get at the general store, run by a Methodist. Thank God they are not all like that.

How careful some people are about other people but we need to look at home, cast the beam out of our own eye and bridle our tongues. Many things could be said on this line that have come under my own observation and perhaps I could have had a heart-felt experience before I did, if it was not for professors of religion who stood in the way of sinners. My advice to all is not to look at false professors of to-day but get your eye on Christ and his true followers, for if there were not a genuine there would not be a counterfeit. If you notice there was one among the twelve disciples who betrayed Christ.

I am so glad to know and say there are many true ones. As soon as I put the bottles and glasses on the counter I commenced to know something about the world and its evils. If the back doors of the hotels could only speak what tales they could tell on some church members but the doors do not speak therefore the Judgment day will, if they do not repent. I often wonder how some people are going to explain their actions with their testimony at that great day. Before going any further I wish to say that father strictly forbid us selling any liquor to anyone who was at all under the influence of liquor. If we did we would hear from him.

No matter how respectful a place is run, the one who has to stand behind a bar is compelled to hear things which would almost make his blood run cold and that by men who are respected in the town or community, in which he lives; in plans that are laid and the plans that are carried out. If the reader is a young man let me ask you not to associate with the young man who touches the intoxicating cup or mingles with worldly associates, for sooner or later they will bring you to their level. You cannot pull through in your own strength. Drunkenness is a sin and a shame. There is no position or talent that can withstand its humiliation. The community where it is sold is brought into reproach for with it goes every known Sin, because intemperance cuts down youth and manhood in its strength.

It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the loving mother, extinguishes natural affections, separates husbands and wives, blights parental hope, and brings down age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; and a many of them paupers. It curses the land with idleness, misery, and crime.

It fills our penitentiaries, and jails, makes necessary our asylums and furnishes victims for our scaffolds. Yes, it brings shame not honor, despair not hope, misery not happiness, nor is that all. It murders the soul. It is the Devil's best friend and an enemy to man and God. Again, it is no recommendation to a man seeking employment to say he drinks, even if he takes a social glass, be he ever so moderate in his drinking. Employers are not seeking such to manage their business. Even saloon keepers are asking for sober men to look after their interests; neither is it becoming to a practicing physician or fitting to a preacher or to one in any other occupation.

A lady came to me not long ago requesting me to talk to her son about strong drink for he had come home sick from drinking. She said, "If his father should find it out, he would nearly kill him." How inconsistent, after setting the boy the example, while indulging in wine sipping at the table, they had given it to the boy when a child, but now it has got the best of their son and their cry is, "what shall we do? Our only son is a drunkard."

We see men and women professing to be Christians, with their sideboards and tables adorned with wine glasses and decanters, indulging in drink; drinking moderately they say; thinking nothing of the weaker brother and sister, but selfishly encouraging them to do as they are doing or as they have done, asking the question to ease their conscience toward God, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Drunkenness cannot compete with morality and morality is not salvation.

The drunkard is a sinner and will have his portion with the unbelievers, God cannot look upon sin be it great or small or even at all. (I Cor. 6:9.) We find in the Bible, "Be not deceived neither fornicators nor idolaters nor adulterers nor effeminate nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God." (Gal 5:21.) Paul still further says, "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." Then if it is a sin for those that drink, it is for those that manufacture it and those that sell it; whether it be in a saloon, livery barn, grocery store or drug store.

God says "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken." (Habakkuk 2:15.) The social glass causeth the weaker to stumble and fall. "It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." (Rom 14: 21).

There is no encouragement given to the moderate drinker of to-day and God knows no difference between the moderate and the immoderate unless he repents and is born again. Would space permit I could give you many examples of precious young people who have been led from the paths of righteous to the paths of sin by ungodly companionship. Stay away from such! Boys and girls who have praying mothers have been enticed into those places with the invitation, "Come and have a lemonade." One thing brings on another and after a while they begin to laugh at him and call him names because he won't drink and so, not to be laughed at he takes a small drink and then they have him, "Now take another or we will tell" and so down he goes to his ruin.

How I wish I could blot out of my remembrance cases of this kind, who are to-day of no good to man or any one else. I pray my Heavenly Father to give me health and strength to warn young men and women to leave sin and let Jesus come into their hearts, for he is able to keep us in the hour of temptation and bring us off more than conqueror. Bless his name forever! The first year I tended bar I was invited to give a recitation at a concert. The title of the recitation is,

The Two Glasses.

"There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
The other was as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the water glass to his paler brother,
'Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquets of revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest soul on earth;
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
For where I was king, I ruled in might,
From the head of kings I've torn the crown,
From the height of fame I've hurled men down,
I've tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
I've made his future a barren waste,

Far greater than any king am I,
Or any army beneath the sky.
I've made the arm of the driver fail,
I've sent the train from the iron rail,
I've made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
For they said behold, how great you be,
Fame, wealth, strength, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.
Oh, oh, pale brother,' laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds as grand as mine.'
Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast of a king
Dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of hearts once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved,
I've slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky;
I've watered the landscape, and pleased the eye.
I've eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I've made yon parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen, I aid,
I gladden the hearts of man and maid.'
These are the tales they told each other
The glass of wine and his paler brother
As they sat together filled to the brim
On a rich man's table rim to rim."

From this time on, I was invited to take part in many entertainments because they thought it strange that a bartender should recite such a piece. Well reader what is in the heart will come out. I decided not to take part in any other but did, which I will mention later on and tell how the Lord gave me a recitation while behind the bar.

I had some very pleasant days in my youth. Father permitted me to have what I wanted, to make life happy as far as the world was concerned, but, yet there was a something that my heart longed for, which the pleasure of this world could not satisfy. It was hard to get away from the prayers and testimony of that little girl, who said, "I know that Jesus saved me, do you." It kept ringing in my ears, and prayers do reach the heart in one way or the other. Another scene came into my life which again left a lasting impression. It was the death of a baby. A new settler drove into town with a team, wife and baby and came to our place.

As soon as the woman came in the house she asked for mother because her child was sick. When my mother saw the condition of the child she hurried me off for the doctor. He came and said

it was impossible for the child to live. I then heard the heart cry of a mother's love, crying, "how can I give my baby, how can I spare it." This mother's heart was not anchored in the love of God. Her baby was her idol. God has said, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." It was in the room where the child's spirit departed that I promised my mother I would not drink until I was twenty one. This woman murmured against God for a while but one day she heard of the love of Jesus and accepted him as her Saviour. She returned to the place where the baby was buried and told us that all things worked together for good to them that love the Lord, for God had taken her baby from this world of sin and sorrow, and that she was ready to go where her baby was. Her life now was a continual praise unto God.

I saw that God had converted her and there was a wonderful change in her life and if anything can lift trouble from a heart it is the love of Jesus.

In this scene Jesus again spoke to me but I could not understand it; for I was attending church every Sunday, teaching a Sunday-school class, taking communion ever), month and was taught that the only way that I could ever live was to live in sin. I read the following prayer every Sunday with the congregation.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from the ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life. To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

I did not know that men and women could really have the witness of sins forgiven in this present world but yet a part of the prayer if answered, would surprise those that pray it or read it.

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Chapter 7 MY SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS WHILE A BARTENDER

One day on hearing the language and filthy stories and jesting of professed Christians on street corners who were respected as being the best of the town, I became disgusted, and went to my pastor and told him that I did not think I was right in selling liquor. He said, that, if I did not sell it some one else would and people will have it, and, I might as well have the money as any one. What teaching! still the same teaching is existing to-day and being taught. To ease my troubled heart the pastor said, "Bertie, you want to do something for Jesus. Come and teach a Sunday school class. We will make one for you." My class was made up of two small boys about five years of age and what to teach them, I did not know, as we did not have the lesson leaflets that the teachers have to-day. So I told them some nice little stories. One of these stories was about my little brother's death. They cried, and I thought I made a success of teaching. So I continued.

In order to increase my class, I would offer a prize of some nice book every month and part of the Sunday school hour I would read a few chapters in the most interesting part of the book and in that way I increased my class to twenty-one in number. I always had a full class and the superintendent said I was a successful teacher and it was a good way to build up a class. But reader there was not much spiritual food for the soul. Think of it, a bartender and a Sunday school teacher! Oh, what lost opportunities to impress young hearts with the love of Jesus, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, So is a wise reprove upon an obedient ear." (Prov. 25:11, 12). And a word spoken in due season would have been the means of my soul being saved long before it was. How I could have taught my class the way of salvation. Teachers get salvation and teach it so as not to lose the golden opportunity.

We know not how many missionaries and preachers would come out of a band of twenty boys ranging in age from five to twelve. There is to-day a preacher of the gospel out of that bunch of boys. I shall speak of him later on. He gave me a harder blow than any preacher of the gospel to awaken me to see my lost condition. The young girl spoken of previously, who said that she knew she was saved, moved away from our town with her family and the morning she left she said, "Good-bye," adding these words, "Be a good boy, for I shall still pray for you." Language cannot describe how those words touched me. Just as if I was not able to read my own prayers out of my prayer book! But reading is not praying I found that out. About the time the praying Methodist left, I thought I would have a little rest, but the Salvation Army came to town and they brought out their drums, and marched the streets with their "Sun bonnets," as I called them.

Every Sunday they would come in front of our hotel to sing, pray and testify. I laughed many times at them but I can say, Lord give us more such Christians who are willing to leave the cushioned pew and obey the command as given in the Word. "Go ye out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in." I used to think that any one who said Amen, in any other place except in their prayers was crazy and they were very fond of saying, Amen. They would frequently pray for my father and I would laugh and say, "Ha ha! old man! They are after you." But one day they got after me. The old officers were removed and new ones came. The first Sunday they were in the town they came up as usual and took their place in front of our hotel. After singing,

"Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll,
But Jesus will carry me through;
His peace is now filling my soul
Oh, that it were given to you."

They knelt down and one after another prayed. Ensign Scott began to pray. "O, Lord we have no doubt but what the old officers have prayed for the hotel keeper, but we understand he has a precious boy, Lord save him and take him out of this awful business." If you ever saw a whipped boy you should have seen me. I went into the house without a word. But God was striving with me. And he knows how to work and touch the human heart through the words of others.

I could not get away from that prayer and the prayers of others, but I tried to work conviction off by resorting to some of the mean tricks of this world. For instance, one night I gave a young man 50 cents to cut the old drum head in, no one found out who did it.

So it encouraged me to go on again. The next time I gave two boys a quarter of a dollar apiece to smash the army bonnets and they did considerable damage to them. I was afraid that they would have the boys arrested. So the next morning as I went into our garden I called to the officers who lived in a house nearby. They came out and I gave them a bunch of lettuce and radishes then said I, "It's a shame the way those boys treated you last night. How much does a new bonnet cost?" They told me \$2.50 each, I handed them a five dollar bill and told them to say nothing about it; also not to arrest the boys, for I did not want any person to find out I was the fellow at the bottom of it.

I would go to their meetings and hang my head while in prayer just to get them to come and talk to me. Then in reply I would make fun and tell them I was confirmed. I did not do it because I wanted to, but I did it to fight off conviction. But prayer will be answered some way and in some place, for God has said "Ask and ye shall receive." His promises are true. Bless his name. This battle went on in my soul for some time.

Reading my prayers did not satisfy me. Time and time again, I would go to the Methodist church to hear men and women tell the story of Jesus and his love, who, I knew were living good Christian lives. They had a different ring to their testimony to what the false professor had, and the shine upon their faces convinced me that God did save. One night I remember well, I went to church, with two young ladies, who were interested in my soul and one asked for that old hymn, "Bringing In The Sheaves."

While singing, they said to me, you are one of the sheaves. I did not understand but I am glad I came to God before I was called home and now the Lord is helping me to bring in the sheaves. Oh, what a harvest that will be on that great day!

While I was teaching my Sunday school class, I was also engaged in something else that I do not think any church member, let alone a Christian, should be engaged in, and that is racing for money.

In Canada they keep the 1st of July as their National holiday which is devoted to sports. Among the sports, of that day, was foot racing. I enjoyed running those races because I always won the prize, and received money on side bets, but what impressed me the most, is how, we, in a race of the world, will lay off everything or the incumbrances which hinder us from doing' our best. When I entered a race everything I could possible lay off I did. And more than that I used to weight each ankle with a pound of shot for a week or two before the race, in order that I might feel the lighter and then at the beginning of the race I would take off the weights, begin to run, and keep my eye on the goal or prize.

The world to-day is not laying aside the things which hinder them in running the race of salvation, but before they will be successful they will have to obey the command as found in Heb. 12:1, "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." The foot-racing ceased when I was converted although I had a desire to do it. I said it won't do for a Christian, but, bless the Lord he can even take the desire out.

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Chapter 8

One thing which I have noticed while behind the bar is that the young men do not become drunkards all at once, nor do they take more than one drink at first. I have also noticed that if ungodly companions can get the young man started to smoke or chew they generally say "We have got him," for quite frequently the three go together. From the first drink, companions will say, "You took a drink before, why not now." Then the testimony of so many is that the enemy of your soul will say, one drink did no harm, two won't and so on the young man is led captive at the enemy's will until he becomes an habitual drinker. I have seen the finest specimens of young manhood take the first drink that way and go down to ruin in order for the young man to be brave or show bravery. O what knowledge can be destroyed by that curse. In my town a man educated in the best schools of England was so addicted to its use that he had spent two fortunes and his relatives had to send him to Canada to hide his disgrace.

This man could speak four different languages and write them fluently but had lost the respect of everyone on account of drink. He had become such a slave to it that his brother served us a notice not to sell him any more drink. So we refused in order to keep our license. Unlike the United States every person cannot get a license in Canada. One morning he came to me and said he must have a drink. My reply was "No sir." I was busy washing the glasses getting ready for the day's business and having one upon which the foam had hardened I filled it with dirty water in which I had washed others. To have it out of the way while soaking, I had placed it on the counter. When I refused to give him drink he picked up the glass when my back was turned and instantly drank it down saying "O, how good." I was compelled to order him out of the house. Afterwards he was converted in the Salvation Army and lived a sober life as long as I knew him. The night he was converted he was about to commit suicide and the morning after he came up and said "Albert, I don't want any drink but I've come to tell you, that Jesus saves me."

Drink is no respecter of persons but ruins all classes. The boy in my class that I promised to speak about later, was a relative of this man. He was a manly little fellow and took delight in bringing new scholars, and often took home the monthly prize for regular attendance and good behavior. He always called me teacher wherever he met me. One Sunday at the opening of the schools he was not in his accustomed place but came in late and as he entered the class said, "Teacher may I speak to you?" I replied "What is it? I don't want them to hear it." So I walked over to the corner of the building with him. Then the little fellow said, "If you please teacher, don't sell papa any more drink for he came home last night, put mamma and us children out and would not let us go back."

What could I say! The voters made it a lawful business; the government took the license money and I obeyed father in selling it. What a sermon the little fellow preached. It was God speaking to show me what I was doing. Praise God for the sermon without a text.

Shortly afterwards I was invited to take part in a concert at a Methodist church and promised to do. so, providing they would not use my name, having composed the poem which I used behind the bar. It reads as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen: Just look at me now,
And ask yourselves the question how
I came so low as to look so tough,
And say to yourselves there's been whiskey enough
Now boys and girls take my advice,
And before you take a sip think twice;
For at a sip you start, then you commenced to sink,
Down to the ranks of a drunken sot,
Oh, had I the power to touch it not;
But No, I must my throat is burning,
Take a drink to stop its yearning;
O well do I remember the first glass that I took
And when I told my mother, O can I forget that look!
She asked me then to promise that I would never touch
The cursed stuff again which I though was not much.
But that night I got in company and before I got away
A pack of cards they did show up and I commenced to play
The game got most exciting and I commenced to drink
When all at once, I did turn around for thus I had to think
Of my poor mother at my home and my dear sister too
When all at once I did exclaim "O, boys what can I do?"
They told me to get home and not say very much
For if I did they'd have me soon in that policeman's clutch
I asked them if I could stay in the hotel that night
But as my money was all gone, they kicked me out for spite
I fell unto the sidewalk and cursed with all my might
Just then a policeman took me and said to them all right
I fought him like a hero until he knocked me down
And when I came to myself what did I see around
Why all the doors and windows with iron bars were bound
Just then they ordered me before the magistrate
And swore that I the night before was in a drunken state
I told the cause, the drink, the cards, and evil associates
He looked with pity but said without a smile
Five dollars and costs or stay in jail awhile,
I had no money but a dear friend was there,
He was a young man who believed in prayer.
He paid the fine that set me free
And took me home to mother who said my boy I see
You have not kept the promise you made so bold to me.
I then renewed that promise upon my bended knee
And asked the Saviour's blessing throughout eternity
So now I am going to trust him to keep me in the right
And keep me away from whiskey when I go out at night
Young men just take a lesson from one who had a fall
And give your heart to Jesus whenever the Spirit calls.

Another young man who was near thirty years of age made this statement one day, when told by the writer to keep from drink "I am not afraid of God nor man." When told he would have to die and meet God he replied that he was not afraid of death, but on his deathbed he cried out these words, "For God's sake Jacobs don't let them take me," but no man could stay the hand of death and while men held him he passed into eternity saying "My God they have got me, They have got me."

I thank God we can get to a place spiritually where we can say with one of old, "Oh, death where is thy sting oh grave where is thy victory." And many are ready to say, "Welcome life, welcome death," because death would be a quick transfer from earth to a heaven of rest. I could tell of many more instances but I do not wish to dwell too much on the sad things of life.

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Chapter 9

I would like to tell the reader of this little book about the good things of God.

While tending bar it was part of my lot to help take care of father who took sick with inflammatory rheumatism and hour after hour I was required to rub his limbs. He tried almost every remedy that he knew money could buy. So he frequently took trips to different parts of this country for his health and the business would be left for mother and I to look after. When I was about nineteen years of age, mother and father started for the mineral springs and just before leaving she said to me, "Albert, take care of the business. Be a good boy and I will bring you a present when I come back. What would you like me to bring?" I could have asked for a gold watch or something else more valuable but I said "Mother bring me a Bible." Again prayer was heard and answered. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, he plants his footsteps on the sea, he rides upon the storm." I would quite frequently read the Bible to get some story for my Sunday school class and time and time again I have been compelled to lay the Bible aside to wait on customers. I thought nothing more about my Bible or the present I expected to get until the day they returned. Father was no better.

Shortly after they came into the house, mother opened her trunk, then came to me behind the bar and said, "Albert, here is your Bible, I had your name stamped on it." Of course I took it and placed it on the counter and began to read, when four customers came in. I remember their order: One brandy, one Holland gin and two glasses of beer. As soon as I waited on them, I opened my Bible and commenced to read the third chapter of St. John. I read and heard it read time and time again, about being born again, but I had been taught that when I was confirmed it was the same as being born again, but being taught and having the knowledge that I was born again are two different things.

The reading had no impression upon me until I read sixteenth verse, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." When I read the word to "perish," something pierced my heart and went

through me from head to foot. If someone had shot me at that moment, it could not have hurt me any more. I knew what it meant to perish or be lost for I knew of some people who had been lost.

I picked my Bible up and ran down the Street with my bartender's apron on to my pastor, the Episcopal preacher to ask him what it meant and instead of pointing my finger to the word perish, I pointed to "whosoever" and he said that means you Bertie. O that made it harder and I started back; but, like Saul of Tarsus, I heard a voice, yet saw no one, saying to me. If you believe it, you cannot sell liquor any more." I replied "Lord I will believe" and I have never sold liquor since. To God be all the glory! When I entered the house I told father I could not sell liquor any more. He said "What has come over you. Have you gone crazy?"

"Yes father, if you may call it so for I read in the fourteenth of John, 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also,' and I am willing to be crazy in the eyes of the world but I am going to serve Jesus, and I am willing to be a hostler in the stable." I took off my white shirt and white apron and put on the overalls and then started to the barn. Father said he would give me two days to hold out.

I paid off the hostler and let him go, closed the doors and dropped on my knees, and here I offered my first prayer. I had been reading prayers before, out of the prayer book for years and yet did not know the true meaning of prayer until that morning when I knelt down in one of the stalls and sent my petition up to the throne of grace. This was the first prayer my poor heart had ever uttered. It was short, but how much it meant. It was "Lord save father and take him out of the business" and that prayer was answered. In a few months after this prayer was offered father told me, if I did not come back and look after the business, he would have to sell out. I said "Glory to God, that is my prayer," and he did sell out the business, but he was not yet saved. We then moved to the city of Toronto, and father took down sick. It was my privilege to nurse and take care of him, and be at his bedside, when he passed from earth, into the other world. His last words were, "My God, My Father while I stray far from my home on life's rough way; Thy will be done." This was part of his favorite hymn in the English Church Hymn Book.

I am thankful to tell you dear reader my first prayer was answered, father went out of the business and died a happy man in the Lord. As I told you before, for years and years he was a church warden of the English Church and lived up to its teachings. He also kept the law and would not do anything contrary to the law. The nation made the liquor traffic, which he was engaged in, a lawful business. Preachers and church people voted alongside his vote, for the same man, that granted the license. He was told by his pastor it was all right as long as he lived up to the law and paid his license. If he did not sell liquor some one else would. So he was allowed by his church to sell liquor. How churches can see a commission in the word of God to do such things I cannot see unless it is that class which Jesus speaks of in Luke 6:39: "Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?" My father had a kind heart and would share his last loaf of bread or the last dollar with any person that would be in need. He would relieve the suffering when called upon and to-day you can hear his name spoken well of, by the people of the town, for his charity and kindness among the poor. He also revered the House of God and did all that laid in his power for the church, but his works did not save him.

A large number of people of to-day are depending upon their loyalty to the church, church membership, and their works to get them into heaven, who do not know anything about being born again or the birth of the Spirit, and they ask the same question that Nicodemus asked Jesus, "How can a man be born when he is old." Jesus answered, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3:3). "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. 5:20). You may be upright, moral, sincere respectable and religious and be lost. Your salvation or damnation depends on your believing or not believing on Christ. "He that believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John 2:18). Reader, at this very moment, if unsaved, you are "condemned already," not because you are a greater sinner than others, but because you have not believed on the Lord Jesus. If you truly believed on Him as your own present and personal Saviour you would be a new creature, God would be your Father, Christ your Saviour, and heaven your home. Your experience would be in these words: "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." (2 Cor. 5:17). If you have not become a new creature, you are still an unbeliever with the wrath of God abiding on you. "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." (John 3:36). "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." (John 5:1).

Again, you may think that you are safe for eternity and yet be on the broad road that terminates in the abyss of despair, have you taken time to get alone with God, and ascertain where you are spiritually in his sight. If not, do so at once. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 14:12). A young girl when asked by a brother in a meeting this question: "Are you saved?" answered, "I am a church member." "But dear friend," says the young man, "Has the blood of Christ been applied to your heart? does the Spirit of Christ bear witness with your spirit, that you are born again? In Rom. 8:14, 16 it says, 'For as many as are led by the spirit of God they are the sons of God. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.'" She got very angry and said, "You insult me, sir! Why bother me? I tell you, sir, I am a church member, a Sunday School teacher, I go to prayer meeting and class meeting, I belong to the Epworth league and attend the church service at every opportunity, and I beg you never to speak to me again, sir." "Well, Sister," said the young man, "I am sorry, but if you have not been born again, you will in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven, and if the blood has not been applied to your soul, you are on the wrong way, your works will not save you, but you are on the way that leads unto everlasting death and utter despair, and eventually will you land in a place Where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

He left her with these words--to think, in six months after this young man was holding a meeting several miles away from this place. While he was walking up the street one day, a young lady came towards him, with a smiling face, as if she was a Christian. She stopped him and said, "Do you remember me?" The young man answered, "You have the advantage of me." She replied, "Do you not remember the lady you talked to about her soul, and informed her, she was on the wrong way; that her works would not save her. It started me to thinking about the two ways. I thought perhaps after all, I was on the wrong way. I fell on my knees, cried out to God to have mercy on me. God heard and answered my prayer; gave me the witness of the Spirit that I was his

accepted child, that my name was written in heaven. I know now, I am on the right road. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin."

After I was converted I remained some time in the Episcopal Church. I remember well the first Methodist prayer meeting I attended after I knew my sins were forgiven. I had a desire to pray during the season of prayer, but did not consider I had a right to, because it was not my church. So I asked the lady sitting beside me if I might pray. "Yes," was her reply. I prayed and the Lord blessed my soul. They then had a few testimonies. I could hardly keep from speaking a word. So I asked the lady if I might testify. She gave me this reply: "They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." I testified.

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Chapter 10 PRAYER

Shortly after this I returned to Toronto, where we were living, and took my accustomed place in the robed choir of our church. Immediately after our services were over, I would throw off my cassock and surplice, hurry to the Wesley Methodist Church, in order to get into the class-room to hear the testimonies of regenerated and sanctified men and women.

It was encouraging to me to hear them praising God for victories won, while others told of their trials and temptations. We had no class-meetings in our church; in fact they are not acquainted with such meetings, but I longed to tell what Jesus had done for me. Bless His name forever. The Lord says in Isaiah, "Ye are my witnesses." To hear what the Lord was doing for others satisfied my longing heart and brought comfort and consolation to my soul. It is true, we had our prayers to read in the prayer book. They were good, but many persons read them without knowing the meaning of the words. I do not believe that reading out of a book is prayer, but I do believe that prayer is the sincere desire of the heart made known unto God, and is not merely asking of God, but asking with the expectation of receiving from Him. It is our privilege to receive as well as to ask. Many go down on their faces before God and plead long, seemingly in earnest for something from Him, but go away disappointed because they do not receive. The fault is with themselves, not with God, for they ask amiss, not believing their prayers will be answered; something like the old lady who asked for the mountain to be removed from her front door, and then retired. But when she awoke in the morning she looked out the door and said: "There it is, just as I expected." It is written, "Ask and it shall be given you;" again, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." But you must ask, believing and expectantly, then He will hear prayer and do for you, "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think," for he is able. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I thank God I have found the secret.

Testimonies can be rejected; their influence rendered ineffective, and Christian reputation slandered, but no power can hinder prayer. Hannah prays and Samuel is born. Elijah prays, and the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice. He. prayed that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months; he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit. The church prayed and the Lord sent His angel, delivered Peter out of prison, out of Herod's hands, and from all the expectations of the

Jew's. Daniel prayed, dreams were revealed, and the mouths of lions were stopped. Solomon prays and receives wisdom to govern Israel. Joshua prays and discovers Achan's sin, in taking Babylonish garment and the golden wedge. Paul and Silas prayed at midnight, and sang songs of praises unto God, suddenly the earth quaked, prisoners were loosed, the doors were opened, and the jailer with all his house was converted. Prayer saved the dying thief on the Cross. Prayer brought about the day of Pentecost, and Christ taught His disciples how to pray. Oh, it is prayer that moves God. It is in the closet, hidden away with God that plans are revealed, God's purposes made known, and the soul refreshed. It opens God's word and illuminates its sacred pages by the power of the Holy Ghost.

"Trials and temptations will come, difficulties will surround our pathway, but prayer will make all these things further our progress in the Christian life. Bless the Lord.

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Chapter 11 DISPUTES ON SANCTIFICATION

It was in the Methodist church that my attention was first attracted to the second blessing or entire sanctification. I remember when a man by the name of French stood up and thanked God that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin, that the Lord had kept him from all sin for the past week. I said, "Oh, my, we all sin." I made the mistake that thousands of others are doing today. I did not wait for him to explain or even ask him to do so, but went home, took my Bible down and commenced to search for the different passages of Scripture that referred to sin. I was exceedingly glad when I found (I John 1:8): "If we, say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," and (I John 1:10) "If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us."

Of course I thought this was right, for up to this time I was familiar with that prayer in the prayer book where it says, "Forgive us for the things which we have this day left undone, that we ought to have done, and the things which we have done that we ought not to have done."

I returned the next Sunday and fired what I thought was a shell into the class, by repeating the above Scripture, which I had found, but I felt mean when an aged brother answered me in this manner: "My young brother do not pick the Bible to pieces but take it as it is, and repeat the ninth verse of the same chapter. 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,' " and added, "Brother, if you are cleansed from all sin, how much have you left." I was ashamed to answer, but I did not give up.

So I continued searching my Bible for Scripture verses which I understood would give us permission to sin; but. O, how blind I was after reading where the angel said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins," not in their sins.

Again I found (I Kings 8"46)" "For there is "no man that sinneth not." I felt sure the old brother could not get around that verse, but he sweetly and calmly took me to one side. After a little conversation with him I answered, "Why, brother, you won't be convinced." Again his

personal testimony defeated me when he said, "The blood cleanseth me just now." This was in the year 1892. Some time afterward I began to search my Bible again and, O, what rocks I ran against. In reading (Romans 8:1) I found, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." I knew sin brought condemnation, and gave in when I read (I John 3:8, 9): "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of 'God was manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Again, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot Sin, because he is born of God." I was defeated by my own Bible.

So I remained away instead of continuing and learning that by an entire consecration I could have the inherited or inbred sin destroyed, for that was the thing that puzzled me. I had an English temper to contend with, although I could keep it down or suppress it the most of the time, still it would get the best of me at times, and gave me untold trouble.

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Chapter 12 MARRIAGE

After accepting the Lord as my personal Savior, I took a course in the business college in Toronto. After completing my course of study, I began to look around for some employment, and decided to try clerking in a clothing store. I was making good progress at the business when I was taken sick with typhoid fever and lay sick for about twenty days, hovering between life and death, but with careful nursing and good medical aid I was again restored to health.

A friend of mine visited me after I recovered and suggested that I enter the real estate business with him; we went into partnership. Two ladies came to the office one day looking for a house to rent. In conversation, the town of Huntsville was mentioned. The younger lady told me she was acquainted with a Methodist minister's daughter by the name of Miss Frances Fox, now living in Campbell's Cross who used to live in that town and wondered if I was the Mr. Jacobs she spoke of. I became interested at once, for that was the name of the girl who so nobly said, "I am saved and I know it," before I was converted. Having some real estate business to attend to within a mile or so of that place where she then lived, I drove there the next day, remained over Sunday and went to the Methodist church. To my surprise I met that young girl, now a young lady, actively engaged in the Lord's work, still able to give the same testimony, "I know I am saved." I was pleased to testify to her in return, that the blood of Jesus Christ was applied to my heart and I had the witness I was God's redeemed child; not only did I know that I was confirmed but also knew that I was converted.

This young lady having a desire to do greater work for the Master than what she could do at her home church, and seeing a wider field open and an opportunity to do service for Him, entered the Hamilton general hospital as nurse, where she remained two years, lacking one month. While home on a vacation, her father was suddenly taken sick and other reasons caused her to remain at home with her parents, who were at this time living in King City, Ontario. We again met, and I afterwards became a regular caller, until the 19th of March, 1891, when we were married in the Methodist church of that place.

My place of business being in Toronto, we started housekeeping in that city, near the Episcopal church of which I was a member, and I took my accustomed place in the robed choir, but finding that my wife could not enjoy herself here as well as she could in the Methodist church, she having been a member all her life, I joined that church with her where I used to attend the class-meeting, and afterwards attended it, not as a visitor, but as one of them. We lived here for two years and then moved to Chicago Heights, having entered into partnership with two friends in a very promising manufacturing enterprise.

While living here the Methodist preacher invited me to take charge of the night services one Sunday evening. Being very anxious to have my talk just so, I invited the preacher, Bro. B, to take supper with us the night before, and read the paper to him that I had prepared. After making a few corrections, the paper was pronounced by the preacher to be good.

You should have seen me as I took my place behind the desk. Having a good pair of eyes, I stood back from the desk a little, straightened up, showed my old self, and carefully opened my Bible. After the required singing, I began and succeeded very nicely for a time. All at once I felt that my eyes were growing dim. I stepped closer and closer to the desk. Suddenly I looked up and saw the lamp was going out. I said to myself, "I'll brave it out, with the help of the Lord." When I got through the preacher declared it was better than I had written down. I thought of the light going out, when God called me to preach the Gospel, and from that day to this I have never taken a note into the pulpit to use in preaching. I have learned that the Lord will direct by His Spirit in all things.

Our business proved a failure. Through a misunderstanding and placing too much confidence in my partner, lost all but four dollars and our house furniture. We leaned heavily on Jesus, remembering the promise given in the Word of God that He would not leave us nor forsake us.

On getting up from our knees, one morning, a man stepped up to our door and wanted to know if he could buy a turntable, one-horse wagon, and also added, "I have no time to search for one myself; will you please hunt one for me, and I will pay you about twenty-five dollars for one." I had not gone very far when another man met me, asking me if I wanted to buy a good wagon. "Yes, sir," I replied. After examining his wagon I found it was the same kind my first man was in search of. One hour after I found my first man, showed him the wagon; after examining and considering a little while, he said, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it and you can buy the wagon as cheap as you please." I bought the wagon for twelve dollars, making a profit of thirteen dollars. I felt that God helped me in this and I gave Him thanks, remembering, "God will supply all our needs according to His riches in glory," if we will trust Him.

We then decided to move to Chicago. A brother very kindly loaned us his team and wagon to move with, but while we were on the road our wagon broke down and unfortunately we were caught in a storm. Everything was soaked through, so that we were powerless to take the whole load to its destination, causing us to make the second trip. It looked as if everything was against us, but at last we reached Chicago and we praised God for a religion that we could keep through a storm. We paid our rent for a month and had only two dollars left. Then we called on God for

more help, as I had no employment, and it was almost impossible to get any during the World's Fair. We were no sooner settled than a knock came at the door. Upon answering, a young man stood at the door, and inquired if we could tell him where he could get rooms for six persons, or if we could keep them over night. Not forgetting the prayer that we had offered up in the morning for help, Mrs. Jacobs heard our conversation and invited him to step in. Soon we decided to take them for a week, so we continued entertaining World's Fair visitors, it being the last month of the Fair. By this we received a nice start again, and from this time we were prosperous.

Every Sunday afternoon during this time found me at the Y. M. C. A. or Young Men's Christian Association rooms at the 4 o'clock meeting for men only. I enjoyed giving my testimony for the Lord and taking part in the open air work. The Rev. O. E. Murray, who was then a Methodist preacher, was invited one Sunday afternoon to give us a talk. Before talking, he sang a hymn entitled, "My Mother's Bible," which I reprint by his permission:

"Blessed Book my mother gave me,
Gave to me with all her love,
Ere that she was called to leave me,
For the better world above
Yes, it makes me think of mother,
And of all my mother gave;
Just to point me to the Savior,
He who came to seek and save.

Chorus.

"I will love it, I will love it,
I will press it to my heart;
I will follow all its teachings
Till from earth I shall depart.

"This was mother's gift when dying,
For she dropped it in my hand,
As her spirit was departing,
To the blessed glory land.
Holy Book, by mother given,
Book of Life, and light and joy,
Chosen from our Father's treasures,
For my mother's wandering boy.

All in vain the scoffing skeptic,
Laughs my mother's faith to scorn;
Never shall the truth she planted,
From my trusting heart be torn.
For I know a mother's blessing,
Rests upon this Book divine;
And upon my shadowed pathway,

Its bright rays will ever shine."

After the meeting I walked about two blocks with him, and thanked him for singing that song; told him how it carried me back to the time when mother gave me a Bible behind the bar in a hotel. He answered, "You love the Bible and all its teachings? Yes," said I. "Then you believe in Holiness, do you?" I replied, "I don't know about that."

When I reached home and told Mrs. Jacobs about this preacher and the beautiful song he sang, she also was anxious to hear him. It reminded me of the time that God, for Christ's sake, forgave me of my sins, and again reminded me of the time I had in the Wesleyan Methodist church, debating on holiness and the search I had in my Bible on that subject.

We went to the First Methodist church, Englewood, for the evening service and behold! there was Rev. O. E. Murray sitting on the platform. He took for his text, "The sower went forth to sow." In a few months the Rock River Conference of the M, E. Church was held and this preacher was appointed to the Simpson M. E Church of Englewood, about ten blocks from our house. We were pleased when we heard it; attending there a few months we united with this church by letter, which we had received from the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Toronto, Canada. We enjoyed the class-meetings, love feasts, Epworth League, and took part in them all; became active members in this church. They had two classes, one was composed of old people; the other of young people; but somehow, I longed to be in the old people's class room.

I watched their faces carefully as they gave their testimony and I knew that some of them had something or an experience I did not have. They told of a second work but I made sure I got all at conversion. I knew though that war was going on within my heart; time and time again, I would weep in giving my testimony as I thought of the pit from which the Lord had saved me. But wife and I had a hungering in our souls for something, we knew not what.

The Devil was not slack in his work in trying to switch us off the right road and from finding that which would satisfy. He used a neighbor who was acquainted with my father in Canada, a good man at heart but who had drifted off into spiritualism. They informed us that father would return from the spirit world and would advise me what was best to do. They invited us to their meetings and to their seances. Having confidence in them as good people we went with them to some of their meetings. The seance was held in the dark, not a ray of light was allowed in the room. This brought to my remembrance (John 3:20.) "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reprov'd." They said no spirits came because we were doubting. Thank God we were doubters for we might have drifted off if we had not have counseled with the Lord. Here is the mistake so many people make, in not going to the right source for protection. In the Word of God we find that the Spirit (or the Comforter) will guide us into all truth and will guide us with his counsel (Psa. 32:8.) "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." "The Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water whose waters fail not." Thank God for the Bible for it has been a lamp unto our feet and a guide to our pathway. He showed us Spiritualism was not of him and enabled us to lead and point some of his people, who had gone astray back again to Christ.

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Chapter 13

MY SANCTIFICATION

One Sunday morning Rev. O. E. Murray preached from the text, "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." (Jeremiah 18:6.) While preaching from this text, I made sure that he was preaching straight at me, especially when he referred to some of the bubbles in the clay. He said the Potter of our eternal welfare needed to pound the bubbles out of us and make us "vessels unto honor sanctified and meet for the Master's use."

Among the things he mentioned was a worldly ambition, temper, selfishness, pride and so forth. I knew two of the things spoken of troubled me. However he made it very plain that a man troubled with these things was not at his best for God.

I waited patiently until the service was over, then I shook his hands and said to him with rather a harsh voice and stiffness, "Say, Brother Murray what did you preach that sermon at me for." As sweetly as any person could answer, he said, "Why, did it hit you?" I replied, "You know it did." "Well," said he, "then get out of the way, so the next time I preach, it won't hit you." Well I felt hurt and told my wife I would not go back to that church any more, but the next night found me back. I expected of course he would pat me on the back and say "I meant it for Brother So and So, not for you," instead of making it easier for me, he made it worse. A deep conviction seized me from that day and I felt my need for more from the Lord or as John Wesley called it, "The Second Blessing, properly so-called."

My business at this time was collecting for a Chicago business house and all the spare time I had, was spent in studying law, expecting to be admitted to the bar, as an attorney. My whole ambition, after losing all I had in the manufacturing business, was to be a great criminal lawyer. I was determined to be something in this world if it laid in my power. I aimed to have my name in the head lines of the daily papers, as the one who made a remarkable plea that had given some criminal his liberty, and also knowing that if I was a success, my income would be large.

Night after night until I o'clock in the morning would find me studying and for practice I would make an address to the jury, which was composed of my wife, who not only composed the jury but also acted as judge, as to the effectiveness of my plea. When I heard the sermon on the bubbles in the clay, I felt somewhat small.

I attempted in several ways to work off this conviction but as I continued going to church and listening to the sermons on holiness, my conviction grew deeper and deeper. I was not able to eat, nor sleep for almost a week. I do not know that I was ever so tempted as I was the day before the Lord sanctified my soul.

While I was collecting I had to pass a number of saloons in Chicago, the adversary of my soul would tempt me to go in and drink in order to drown the trouble or to drive away the burden but I always gained the victory by asking God for help, as I would step to the saloon door. It

seemed as if I would never reach home that night. The burden was so heavy and the temptations so strong but I remembered the Lord promised a way of escape and would not let me be tempted above what I was able to bear. I thought of Peter walking on the sea, and how he cried out, "Lord save me," when he saw the waves growing boisterous and they almost swamped him. Thank God I cried out, "Lord help me!" and he did. Bless his dear name! When I reached home that night I found that wife had prepared an Englishman's dinner for me. It was a nice sirloin steak, fried onions, mashed potatoes and a Yorkshire pudding. When I refused to eat, wife let a tear drop on her cheek. I at once asked her, what was the matter. She said, "I have gone to all this trouble and now you will not eat." I found she was in the same condition as I was, under conviction. I attempted to eat but it seemed everything I put in my mouth choked me. There was a walnut in my throat.

Dear reader I was after the spiritual not the physical. I knew that night special meetings were being held in Brother Murray's church so I suggested that we go to church. We started and found the doors closed for we were half an hour too early.

We sat on the door step for a while, then walked up and down the street until time for the meeting. My soul was so hungry I could hardly wait. When the service commenced I was disappointed to learn that Brother Murray had gone away for that night, and a man had charge in whom I had no confidence as a child of God. The crowd kept coming in and among the number was a sister by the name of Felmlee. Before this my wife had drawn my attention to her as being a woman of much works, and who thought the church would fail if she were not there. She had not a very sweet look at times, but this night wife said, "Just look at Sister Felmlee. Something has happened to her sure. Where she once had a long face she now has smiles." It was all explained when she testified to the people that she had received a clean heart, and God had sanctified her soul. She told how the Lord had directed her to leave her washing in the boiler on the stove, that afternoon, and go to the All day Holiness meeting, which was held not far from there that Friday. I could see she had this blessing for it shone on her face and of course it made me more hungry.

All I could say or do, while this man was reading and expounding the Scripture in his way was, "O, Lord stop him and give me a chance to pray." At last he gave the invitation. I made a rush for the altar. While I knelt there, how my heart did go out to God asking him for more but the Spirit dealt with me and brought to my remembrance the weights that should be laid aside and the inbred sin which had so easily upset me, which I had inherited from my forefathers. Paul commanded us to present our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is our reasonable service," which I could not do at the time of my conversion because I was dead in trespasses and sins and in rebellion against God, but having been born again or made a new creature in Christ Jesus by a new and living way, I now could obey the command and present my body a living sacrifice by consecration, providing I, was willing to die out to the things of the world, "for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and pride of life is not of the Father." The Scripture further tells us not to be "conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewing of our minds" and put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created us in righteousness and true holiness, in order that we may prove what is the acceptable and perfect will of God. Paul says, "This is the will of God even your sanctification." I heard some one say give up home but I had done that in my conversion. I had other things to give up and my Heavenly Father through the agency of the Holy Spirit led me to give up until all was on the altar, as I thought. But I did not get

relief. I cried out, "What else Lord?" he answered "What about self?" I must say it was hard to put Jacobs on the altar but it was Holiness or Hell for me.

After a hard struggle I cried out again, "Lord take self to be what you want me to be; to go where you want me to go; or to lay as clay in the hands of the potter." As I cried "Take self," the heavens opened; a joy unspeakable and full of glory came into my soul and surged through me from head to foot; it seemed as if a ton weight let go of my feet and I bounced up into the air with a jump, shouted with victory in my soul. This promise came to my mind and was fulfilled in my case, "Being ye all the tithes and offerings into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of host, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

He gave me a good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, hallelujah! It seemed the whole church was filled with the glory of God. When I read that the disciples were noisy at the day of Pentecost, I said no wonder.

That night I was lost to my surroundings and did not know my wife was kneeling by my side seeking this blessed experience until I jumped up from the altar with victory in my soul when I was too full of the joy of the Lord to help her. I ran down one aisle and up the other. When I passed wife she caught me by the coat saying, "Albert, take me home, I feel so empty. My reply was, "O, no. I am full and must get some poor sinner saved." Praise the Lord, she too, got the victory and the blood cleansed her from all sin. Dear reader, this was the first time I ever shouted in church as I always thought a man or woman was crazy who said Amen, out of place but Amen or anything else was all right with me that night.

I had to give vent and testify to the fact that I was sanctified wholly and received the Holy Ghost. I felt like taking every one in my arms and carrying them to the throne of grace. My heart went out to the unsaved and I loved them as I never loved them before. It seemed to me that every person would be delighted to know I had this wonderful experience and they would want it too, but I found it was not so. The very persons who ought to have helped me along with gladness withdrew themselves from me and I became one of the despised little ones. I was pleading with sinners until twelve o'clock that night, when the last-sinner in the church fell down before the Lord and cried out for mercy. I know not how I reached home but I know wife was on one side of me and Mrs. O. E. Murray, "the pastor's wife," on the other, guiding me as I shouted and jumped all the way home. Mrs. Jacobs made the statement that something had happened to me for she had never seen me act that way before. Surely something had happened for my Heavenly Father had accepted this body which I presented a living sacrifice as commanded by Paul. Obedience brought joy in the Holy Ghost, "Bless His name forever!"

While I am writing, joy is flowing like a river, Jesus said I speak this unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full. Christians do not know the real joy of salvation in its fullness until all is laid on the altar with hands off and obey the leading of the Spirit. O, glory! the joy bells are now ringing in my soul. Praise the Lord for present and full salvation! Everything the Lord has given me is on the altar and His word declares that the altar sanctifies the gift. I enjoy the whole will of God; his will is my will. I am ready to go or stay; do or be; just what he would have me be; with an upward gaze in my soul, hallelujah. "I've no thirsting for life's

pleasures, nor adorning rich and gay for I have found a richer treasure, one that fadeth not away." I have a deep determination to go through to the end with Jesus at any cost. The blessed Holy Spirit is abiding in my soul and I am comfortable in his kingdom and inspired in the faith. I praise God for present, perfect, complete, overcoming, unspeakable, unquestionable, victory in my soul.

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Chapter 14 CALLED TO PREACH

At the time the Lord entirely sanctified my soul, I was reading law under one of the Chicago lawyers as I mentioned before and expected a license to practice law in the court of Illinois in about six weeks. As I traveled on the street to my place of business I always carried my Law Book with me to read.

One morning when I opened the book, instead of reading law all I could read on its pages was, "Albert, study your Bible." It seemed I was blind to everything but these words. I closed the book and when I reached home at night told wife about it. She replied, "O, Albert you are so happy that you just think it. Because you are sanctified you do not have to preach." After talking the matter over with a few preachers without satisfaction, wife showed me how I could go on with my law, make money, send missionaries to the foreign fields, help to pay preachers and so forth, instead of going myself.

It sounded reasonable so I consented to read on at my law and study the Bible, whenever I could get a chance. In a few days I heard Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, editor of the Christian Witness, preach from the 55th chapter of Isaiah. He being filled with the Holy Spirit, I thought I would ask him about the question of preaching that so perplexed me. He said he would not tell any man to preach, but that God would make it plain to me without a doubt if he wanted me to. The' next morning while reading on the car as usual I read across its pages, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I felt satisfied within myself God had called me. When I returned home I told wife and after supper, while reading the law again, all at once the book became very heavy and a deep sleep was stealing over me. As I said to wife, "I cannot hold this book," it fell to the floor. She had just stepped into one of the rooms and in a short while came out and said, "Albert, I do not want you to be a preacher unless you are called of God and you know it for a certainty. There are so many men who go into the ministry without certain knowledge that they are called of God and leave it without success."

Just then a young girl of about fifteen summers came in and we all decided to have prayer. We prayed the Lord to show me plainly what he wanted me to do, we received no assurance just then but went to Simpson M. E. Church.

It was Thanksgiving night, the church was full. Among the number were several preachers. The one that preached was a Free Methodist. After I got through seating the people, I took a chair in front of the altar. The meeting was opened to testimony and the people were enjoying themselves, telling what the Lord had done for them. After listening a while, I joined in and began to tell them how the Lord had sanctified my soul I was pointing to the very spot at the altar when a

great joy came into my soul causing me to shout and jump. I then sat down on the chair where I had been sitting previously. A deep sleep came over me so that I did not hear the sermon.

Sister C_____ was sitting in front near me and they tell me she touched me on the knee saying, "Mr. Jacobs, are you sick." I made no answer. Another lady spoke to me but no answer came. Wife came to me after the sermon was over saying, "Albert, what is the matter!" I began immediately to clap my knee shouting "Glory! Glory! Glory!" While shouting I stretched out, my chair went from under me and I lay on the floor for a few minutes like a dead man. It caused a commotion. The preachers all but the Free Methodist left the church with most of the people. The lawyer with whom I was studying law said, "O, he is excited." Some of the church members asked wife if I had fainted and needed a doctor; while another was wanting to throw cold water on me and rub my hands and arms. A young man came rushing up from the back of the church saying, "Is he drunk." "Yes," said the Free Methodist preacher, "he is drunk with the new wine that came upon the disciples at the day of Pentecost."

In spite of all, they began to rub my hands. Wife told them to stand back. This was in answer to prayer and that I was in God's hands. They all went to prayer for me. I got a view of Heaven and saw Jesus standing. I was so carried away with the brightness of his face that I watched Him with amazement. The human tongue cannot express the beauties of that scene. How sweet and sympathetic Christ looked with his arm outstretched and his finger pointing in the direction of a mass of humanity struggling to get one above the other. The agonizing cries were touching to hear. It seemed they all wanted to be on top and as fast as one would get up, the others would pull him down and so on it continued. I could not understand until I heard them singing "I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord." I said "Yes Lord I will go." Then the Holy Spirit made it plain that my Heavenly Father wanted me to preach the gospel or preach Christ to the people.

I sprang to my feet and told the congregation what the Lord wanted me to do. It was satisfactory to my wife who said Amen to the whole will of God for she knew then the Lord had called me. I had no experience in preaching and had never led but one meeting outside of the Epworth League and prayer meetings. So I asked the Lord what I should do. He made it plain to me in the passage recorded in (Luke 14:23) "Go out into the highway and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be filled." After consulting with our pastor, who gave me an Exhorter's license, the following Sunday I asked for volunteers to go out on the street corner for an open air meeting. The church members responded to my invitation and the first meeting found about thirty young people in number. God honored our work by letting us see two bright conversions in the League, the result of our open air meeting.

Not being satisfied with only the mid-week prayer meeting, I opened my house for prayer meetings through the week. They were well attended and God honored us by saving souls. Then we organized cottage prayer meetings at different homes, five nights in the week. Then I joined the Wesley Praying Band of Chicago. This was a band of twelve sanctified business men, under the leadership of J. W. Ryerson. Some say that business men cannot get sanctified and keep it among business men of today; but those men did and were filled with the Holy Ghost. We would divide up and go to the different churches to hold all day Sunday services.

At other times, the twelve would hold a meeting together. God wonderfully blest and owned the testimony that each business man would give concerning the keeping power of God through the week. God can regenerate and entirely sanctify business men and keep them sweet in the midst of wicked men. Souls would be saved at nearly every service.

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Chapter 15 TESTINGS

After coming into this experience of perfect love, the hardest test that I received was while I was a member of The Wesley Praying Band. We were out at one of the suburban churches for a Sunday service. I was called on by the leader to say a few words and in my talk in the morning service, I made this statement that I was abiding in Christ and Christ in me. Among the number in the congregation was an aged brother who had been in the Master's cause for years, as a minister of the Gospel and a teacher in one of our largest theological schools but who is now in the optical business. He invited me home to dinner. On our way home he said, "My young brother you made a big statement this morning in saying that you were abiding in Christ and Christ in you. Now I know that we can abide in Jesus but I want you to explain how Jesus can abide in you."

When we reached the home, his beautiful home, he gave me a chair on the verandah. He took his mother into the house and came out where I was. Seating himself on a chair beside me, he asked me for scripture and my authority for saying that Jesus was abiding in me. In silent prayer I asked the Lord to help me, and gave him the following verses: "I am the vine, ye are the branches, he that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me (or severed from me) ye can do nothing." (John 14:17.) "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you." "For ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said. I will dwell in them and walk in them and I will be their God and they shall be my people." (2 Cor. 6:16.) "I am in my father and ye in me, and I in you." (John 14:20.) "Even the spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you."

He said "My brother I will agree, that the branches are in the tree but cannot agree that the tree is in the branch," pointing to a beautiful tree full of branches, "It's impossible for that tree to be in those branches."

I said "Brother let me prove it. Get me an axe so that I can cut that limb off." "O no," he replied, "I don't want the tree spoiled."

Of course I told him the tree would live. He immediately answered that the branches would die. My next question was why? He said because it would be separated from the tree and the sap could not reach it.

I inquired "What is the sap?" He replied "The life."

"Well," said I, "that is how we have Jesus "abiding in us. We have his spirit which is his life and if we have the life which is Christ then we have Him." It was my privilege to see that brother, a man of sixty years or more, call on God that afternoon for the Holy Ghost to sanctify him wholly that he might have Christ abiding in him.

I was with this band about two years. During this time wife and I were invited to hold an Epworth League meeting in West Chicago, a small town, a short distance from the city of Chicago. Before going we were in a Bible class, held by Brother Newell of the Moody Institute and sent up a request for prayer that a revival might break out in that town, while we were there. God answered prayer. The first night of the meeting, four souls were converted and some of them were the mischievous boys of the town. The next night being prayer meeting they insisted that we stay. Several more souls were converted so we decided to stay for a few days as I was not working that week. Souls were converted at every service and believers were sanctified. One of the Elders, the pastor's father, heard of the meeting and came over to see if the work was genuine and the doctrine preached was all right. He left saying the work was for time and eternity and God was in it.

Presiding Elder of the district at that time came over on Saturday night, stayed over Sunday and preached at night. He took for his text Phil. 2:12, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." In his discourse he told the people he would perhaps surprise them by telling them justification was obtained by faith and not by works but sanctification was received by working out your own salvation in slum work with fear and trembling. That is: they were to do slum work in order to be sanctified. After the sermon the meeting was thrown open for testimonies. The people were so filled with joy in the Holy Ghost that they could hardly keep silent as long as they did. They jumped up like pop corn to testify. Those that the Lord had sanctified said they knew they were converted, but that the Lord had sanctified them wholly without working in the slums; that they had consecrated their bodies a living sacrifice, and were now fit or prepared to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

He did not like to have the people get excited and in order to calm the meeting he sent another man saying the work was too hard for one man to do alone.

I conducted the afternoon services and the Lord continued saving souls. At night the brother took a text but made me the subject. He tried very hard to break down the good work, but the Lord was the Captain and God kept overflowing my heart with joy and sweetness. O glory hallelujah! From this place we went to the city of Elgin and helped in a Baptist mission about a week and were blest of God. Then we returned to Chicago. I felt God was calling wife and I to work together in the cause. I might add right here, all the time I was preaching at night. I was holding a business position in the city through the day, which I had held for five years.

While working for this firm, I was put to a test as to the keeping power of God in a trying hour. Mrs. Jacobs had been sick for some time and had just returned from a trip to Canada when the manager requested me to report for work the following Sunday. I at once replied, "Mr. G____, I cannot work on the Sabbath, I am a child of God." He being a man who insisted on his orders being carried out, replied, "Yes you will or you'll not work here."

Nothing more was said until I was leaving the office when Mr. Gm called to me saying, "Jacobs, report in the morning, if you are not here we can't use you at all." When I reached home I told Mrs. Jacobs the orders, saying, "What shall I do?" She told me that after the rent was paid we would have two dollars left, adding let us ask advice from Brother J. -- who was a blessed man of God.

While dressing to attend a meeting, Mrs. Jacobs returned with the information that the brother said I could do it for one Sunday but if he was me he would not do it all the time. The thought came to me if it was wrong for all the time it must be wrong for one Sunday but I soon decided the matter after prayer, by taking the Word of God for it which is, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it Holy."

Sunday came, I filled my engagement to preach and on Monday morning I went to my place of business but found a note for me saying, "Not wanted. Your place is filled." I said "Glory," and started out to find a new job. Everything I found included Sunday work, our money was fast going, and Mrs. Jacobs sick.

One morning I told her we were on the last quarter of a dollar. She suggested that we live on six buns a day for we had promised the Lord we would not go in debt. I could not agree to the suggestion at first, knowing wife to be sick. Then she replied, "Remember the loaves and fishes." That day I went to where they were elevating the railroads and asked the foreman if he wanted any more shovelers. "Yes," was the reply, "but no tenderfoot like you, you don't know how to shovel." And that was the run of it, having lived on six buns for five days but there was victory in my soul. I was returning with the buns that I had bought with the last nickel when the postman handed me a letter which read, "If you are not working, Mr. G-- wishes to see you." It was from the firm that discharged me. Having handled lots of money for them I thought perhaps they had found a mistake in my account, so I started to walk down to the city, a distance of eight miles. When I reached the office Mr. G. ___ said, "Jacobs are you working?"

I said "No sir;" he handed me some accounts and ordered me to settle them some way or other for him, handing me fifty cents for carfare. When my day's work was finished I reported again and was informed that I might return in the morning and also to keep the balance of the fifty cents as it had been charged up as expenses.

The next day was pay day and I was surprised to find in my envelope an increase on my former wages. I spoke of it to the cashier who said that the manager had ordered an increase of two dollars per week saying that a man of that principle was worth that much to them.

So through obedience to the Lord he made the same devil that discharged me hire me over again paying me eight dollars a month more and gave me four hours a day more to study the Bible.

Let us be true and trust God no matter what the conflicts may be. We could have borrowed money from friends but we were trusting Him who supplied all our needs, through Christ Jesus, according to his riches in glory and who hath loved us and given His life for us.

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Chapter 16

MISSION WORK AND FIRST TENT WORK

While holding my position after being called to preach, I could hear the Lord calling me to spread out into broader fields and we asked him to open up a way. One evening a brother by the name of Ahall, a blacksmith by trade came to our home and told us that the Lord had impressed upon his heart, to open a Gospel Mission and that he would give his means or support towards paying and keeping the financial interests up, and wife and I were to be in charge.

We had the assurance that some work would open soon but did not expect it that way. We went to work immediately, rented a store, bought an organ and about two hundred chairs, painted the chairs, got things fixed up in general ready for the meeting, and set the date for the opening. We went to prayer to see who should lead the opening service and agreed on asking Dr. Carradine, who was holding services in the Holiness Tabernacle on Western avenue. We felt we would be highly honored to have him preach for us, if he should consent to come. The first time I asked him to help us, he did not give us a definite answer but said he would if the Lord directed. Our faith failed not and we invited him the second time and he kindly accepted.

It was a large mission and the people came from all the surrounding churches to attend the opening service. The building was filled with people. God wonderfully talked through Dr. Carradine, and the building seemed to be filled with the glory of God. Shouts were going up from the saints continually, while others were weeping on account of their sins. Sinners were converted, believers sanctified and God's children built up in the most holy faith. We held meetings in this mission for sometime and God honored us in the saving of souls. In the meantime I visited Brother Carradine in his home, Oak Park, Chicago, for the purpose of asking him some questions concerning my spiritual welfare.

While I was in the house, two ladies came in whom I was acquainted with. After a short conversation the Dr. said to the them, "You will hear of this young man traveling over the country preaching this glorious Gospel of full salvation." When I started for home he handed me a book, (Footprints of Jesus) and said, "You will require someone to recommend you. You may refer to me." I am sure I appreciated this and thanked God for his kindness in answering prayer feeling he was directed by the Holy Ghost to help me.

In a year we closed our mission to attend the first camp meeting held at West Pullman. During the meeting a young Hollander by the name of Dick Stenstra was gloriously converted with other young Hollanders living near Roseland. Their parents, members of the Dutch Reformed Church, were very much opposed to them and the church authorities were persecuting them. Brother and Sister Stenstra became very anxious about the young converts and invited us to hold a meeting in their house "holding over an hundred people," in hopes that they might be established in the faith. Having decided to close our mission permanently, I accepted the invitation and announced a meeting for every Friday. As soon as it became known that the meeting was going to be held there the persecution broke out in the homes by children being whipped by their parents, husbands thrashing their wives until some had marks upon their bodies. The parents forgetting that they themselves escaped to America on account of religious persecution and cruelty. But God

honored the Word and night after night Brother Dick's home would not hold the people. A wife was taken from the meeting and whipped because she insisted that the Lord had saved her. On the following day she showed Mrs. Jacobs the marks on her body where she was kicked and whipped and said, "I know how the three Hebrews felt as they were placed in the fiery furnace for the form of the fourth was with them like unto the Son of God. The whipping did not hurt me for Jesus was with me."

The meeting became so interesting that the young people wanted us to hold two meetings a week and while these meetings continued God wonderfully revealed himself. After the persecution broke out there were strange manifestations. Men and women fell under the power of God and laid for hours unconscious. A woman, while visiting Sister Stenstra, made a mock of those that had fallen unconscious, and passed the remark that she would like to go to hell and back. Then she would tell them all about it. The words had hardly left her lips when she fell to the floor and laid for hours, pleading for a drop of water to quench her parched lips, and saying, "O that my tears would flow and wet my lips."

Eye witnesses informed me that you could hear her pant in two rooms from where she was, like a little dog in the hottest day of summer; when she arose from the floor she learned it was not safe to trifle with the work of the Lord, for 'God is not mocked' and sometimes will take us at our word. So we ought to be careful what we say. This same woman, because I spoke of Sabbath desecration and happened to touch her case, became very angry and informed others that she was coming to meeting to slap my mouth, and brought a witness to show that she could do it. The next Tuesday night being stormy there were not many out to the meeting. After singing a few songs we then engaged in prayer. While praying I could hear some person saying hypocrite, but paid no attention. Not feeling very well and being tired that night I left the meeting in charge of Mrs. Jacobs and stepped into another room to take some rest. In a few minutes this woman got up, followed by the other, and was about to step into the room where I was to pour out her satirical ravings and reproachful accusations upon me, when I heard a fall. I stepped to the door and opened it, and there was this woman stretched out on the floor, saying with a harsh voice, "You old devil, you told me all day long to come and slap Jacobs' mouth and you would stand by me, and I told others that you would. Now God won't let me do it."

This woman lay for three hours, talking in this manner, and reasoning the question of her eternal salvation with the Lord. Space will not permit me to tell how she reasoned, but when she did rise to her feet it was to acknowledge God as her Savior and all opposition was gone.

After this I was called by some of them "The old conviction man." The Methodist Episcopal church of Pullman having Rev. Albertus Perry for pastor at that time, opened its doors for this band of brave young people. We held a meeting once a week, and God continued to pour out His spirit upon us. Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, editor of the Christian Witness, preached for us one night, and during the altar call a young woman fell into a trance-like condition, in which she was pleading with parents, who were opposing and threatening to whip her. She argued for holiness in a wonderful manner, and declared that she would be true to Jesus no matter how much she was beaten, and Jesus was in her heart and they could not whip it out. God will work, and none can hinder. Spring coming on, the church wanted all the nights; so the young people decided on giving what money they could to help me in getting a tent, and the first tent meeting was held in Brother

Dick's front yard for two weeks. Satan continued to rage and caused all the opposition possible to impede the progress of the meeting, but we had the victory with the Joy-bells ringing in our souls. We sang, "We will roll the old chariot along, and if the devil is in the road we will roll it over him."

People were converted in spite of all obstacles and resisting forces. At the close of the Roseland meeting we moved our tent to 107th Street, at the north end of Pullman, having received permission from the Pullman Company to pitch our tent in the center of a vacant lot of about twenty acres. In the neighborhood the majority of the people were living every day alike, forgetting the Sabbath of our Lord. They thought a show had come to town and we could not convince the children until after the first night of meeting that it was not a circus or a show. Consequently we had our hands full in keeping them in subjection. While putting up the tent we announced the opening meeting by distributing cards, and still they would not believe. The first night of the meeting the tent was filled with children and the parents remained on the outside. One woman inquired of Mrs. Jacobs if she could get in without a ticket being under the impression that the cards given out were tickets of admission. After receiving the knowledge that they were Gospel cards and seeing all children in the tent that night, she came to the conclusion she perhaps had better stay on the outside. A few nights of sermons, however, convinced them that Jesus was passing that way and a pure life was demanded of them. The Holy Spirit settled old fashioned conviction on the people.

Some men were heard to say, "What is this that has come over me." Others could not do much work in their place of business. A young boy, who heard a song in the children's meeting, began to sing it while working:

"My sins rose as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the fountain,
He wrote my name down for a palace and crown
O, bless His dear name, I am free."

Conviction seized him. He started to pray, but did not get deliverance until he cried out for mercy at the altar. The tent was soon jammed to its utmost capacity, and people stood from two to six feet deep all around it. Many of them had never heard of a Gospel that would save the people from sin. God helped me to preach the truth straight. Old debts were paid. Whiskey jugs were broken and emptied out into the street; blind pig keepers were converted and quit their business; reconciliations were made between husbands and wives; men and women addicted to the use of whiskey and tobacco were saved from their sins and appetites.

During the meeting one night a young woman fell under the power of God, and laid for about two hours. Among the number looking on was an old man who had never witnessed such a sight before and insisted that we carry her out to the open air or send for a doctor. I refused to do both, and ordered the officer who was there to keep the people back. Shortly after doing so we heard the gong of the patrol wagon of the city police and were surprised to hear them drive up to the tent, and then to hear the officer say, "Who sent for the wagon." I did not and at once demanded to know who had sent for it. The officer commenced to inquire, when the old man stepped up and

said, "A delegation of citizens, sir, sent for the wagon, so they can take care of the preacher, for that girl is going to die."

I said, "Officer," appealing to the one who had been there all evening, "who is the delegation?" The old man said, "I am one." The officer asked for the others. The old man called, "Come on boys, don't let me stand alone." Another then stepped up and replied, "I'll stand by you."

I at once said, "Officer take these men with you. Charge them with disturbing a meeting of public worship." "Step in, gentlemen," said the officer. The wagon rolled away with the prisoners, and the preacher went back to prayer, but did not appear against them in court, hoping this would teach them a lesson in the future. It reminded me of Mordecai, who built a gallows for a good man and fell in the trap himself.

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Chapter 17

COMMENCEMENT OF TRAVELING AS EVANGELIST

Up to this time I was working through the day for my daily bread, and holding the meeting at night. Although the Lord honored my services, with souls converted and sanctified, yet everything seemed to go wrong with me at my place of business. One day, while driving, I said, "Lord make known to me Thy will concerning me." The Lord said, "Drop all and launch out." I said, "Yes, I'll go out, Lord." But I must tell here why I did not go long before. Although I thanked the Lord for the five years' experience in home work, I thought the pay of a preacher or an evangelist was small and I needed two suits of clothes, time and time again when I would see my two suits in view, Mrs. Jacobs would go to some meeting where a collection would be taken up for some needful cause, and being obedient for she always carried the pocket book.

One time, I remember on a Saturday night, I had the money saved up again, and was going out to get it, but company came to the house, which made it too late to go. So I stepped out to get some groceries for Sunday and I met our pastor, who informed me that he was going to take up an offering for the winter's coal on Sabbath morning. "How much are you going to give us?" he said. I promised him three dollars. Sabbath morning found us at church. The cause of coal was presented and the first one to reply was Mrs. Jacobs by saying, "I'll give five dollars."

The pastor said, "Albert has already promised three, that makes eight dollars."

She replied, "All right," and handed me her pocketbook, saying, "Go and pay it." Part of my suit that time was burnt up in coal in Simpson M. E. Church.

After settling up business I told Mrs. Jacobs two suits or none I was going out for the Lord. So in a few days I was on my journey to Independence, Iowa, where Dr. Carradine was holding a meeting, and took a back seat in the tabernacle when I arrived. After preaching, the Doctor gave the altar call, and said, "Brother, come and take charge of this altar service." I did not understand that he meant me, being a stranger in that place to all but him, and so did not move. Again he said, "Brother from Chicago, come and take this altar service." While going up I said to myself, "Surely

God is opening the way." Every day after I took charge of the altar service when my health would permit. In my testimony I said I was willing to go anywhere for the Lord, so during an afternoon service the Doctor sent me for some change; while away he spoke of me as one whom the Lord had his hand upon and that they could trust me. I noticed a difference in the people upon my return. That is, they took me in as one of them.

One brother who had been in the evangelistic work for years said, "My brother, Dr. Carradine gave you a good recommend, for which I am thankful." The first chance I had I fell to my knees and thanked my Heavenly Father for the way He was helping me. A brother came to me at the close of the meeting and wanted to know if I would go to a church where they had no preaching for nine months, telling me that he could promise me nothing, not even my railroad fare, but that he would board wife and myself while there. The date was set, and I had only the price of the fare in my pocket, but I could trust God.

We started from Chicago October 3d to open the meeting on the 4th with my patched suit of clothes, but I had no patches on my soul. As we climbed the hill from Bro. R____'s to the church, my prayer was, "Lord, help us." We reached the church, but what a sight! About eight window panes out, the steps falling down, and only four persons out to the first service. I said to Mrs. Jacobs, "Let us claim the promise, 'Where two are agreed as touching any one thing it shall be done.' Again, 'Where two or three are gathered in My name there am I in the midst of them.'" There was not much encouragement for a young evangelist, but we waited upon the Lord in prayer. The next night a company of young men were walking to a dance held in Elkport, Iowa, and seeing lights in the church they came in to rest.

The Lord gave me a message for them; two fell at the altar and were converted. The news spread all over the community and the church was soon filled with people. Thanks to our God who giveth us the victory. We remained here two weeks and over fifty souls were saved and sanctified. Hallelujah! When we said good-bye to them they placed in my hands ninety-seven dollars. So I got my second suit of clothes. Glory to God! From this time the Lord opened up the work and kept us so busy that we did not return home for six months.

The conflict of later years has not been without its trials and testings. Some may think that because a man is in the evangelistic work that he has no temptations. In the five years of our actual travel we have seen the rotten eggs, steel knuckles, revolvers, tent ropes cut, and we have been peeled with slanderous tongues, but with it all we have never had a barren meeting. God has blessed our labors in the salvation of many souls, and many have got into the "Highway cast up" for the redeemed, better known as the blessed experience of Holiness, according to His promise, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The joy that we receive in working for the Master, who is able to redeem men from sin, pays us to suffer the reproach of this world, for the day is coming when we shall behold his glory. For we shall receive our crown and occupy a mansion which he has prepared for us in that "City whose builder and maker is God."

As I read of Jesus and His testings, false accusations and His life taken, I am compelled to exclaim that I know nothing of persecution; also in reading the History of the early Christian church, for daily they gave up their lives for the cause of Christ.

The five years' experience of home bumps prepared me for traveling, and I would not have it otherwise if I could help it, and count it a privilege to be a messenger for Jesus.

My prayer today is, "Lord, spare me that I may be able to lead many to righteousness with the Holy spirit!"

Every year the work became more precious and the year of 1904 has been the best year of my Christian experience.

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Chapter 18 TALK ON LOVE

Love has a wonderful power in it; much stronger than the combined forces or all the electric power houses of our land, While the power houses need wire to convey their usefulness, Love does not, but can find its way into the home of kings and queens as well as the hovels in our city. Yes, it can do more to keep peace than the united armies and navies of the world, for it is everywhere.

We find it in the sun while throwing its beaming rays upon the mother earth. We find it among the birds and animals also in protecting their young. We find it in our homes as the mother picks up the child and nestles it to her breast. We see the child reaching out for mother when in danger. No army nor navy can draw such manifestations of God's love but it is that which our Heavenly Father has planted within every human heart. God's love is manifested to the human race in the gift of His Only Begotten Son, "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." Jesus has said, "And if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

"He died that we might be forgiven
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven
Saved by his precious blood."

(John 15:13.) "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This verse shows us the greatest love of man. But Jesus laid down his life for us while we were yet sinners, which is divine love; for sinners are living in rebellion against God and this is that which is shed abroad in our hearts by faith in the Holy Ghost.

Paul speaks of this love in the (13th chapter of I Cor.) by saying, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love I am

nothing." All these are going to fail some day but love will exist throughout the countless ages of eternity.

Professor Drummond says in his address that love is the greatest thing in the world; love is not to be compared with the gifts spoken of, nor money, for the wealth of this world cannot buy the love of God which is a free gift coming from the Father of lights. God is love, John says when we have love we have God. But yet there is a difference between love and perfect love. We can have perfect love towards God and man and God has made provisions for it by opening for us a fountain for sin and uncleanness. He says (1 John 4:17) "Herein is our love made perfect that we may have boldness in the day of Judgment because as he is, so are we in this world." By this verse we find that we can be as Jesus was in this world for our Heavenly Father wants us to let our light shine before men that they may behold him in us, and in order for us to do this, we must manifest that love as Jesus did while on earth; in order that we may have boldness at the day of Judgment and if our love is perfect towards him, we will do the whole will of God. Jesus was once placed where he would gladly have had it otherwise but his cry was "Father if thou be willing remove this cup from me nevertheless not my will but thine be done" (Luke 22:42.)

This he suffered that you and I might be made perfect in love. What a cry from the lips of the only begotten Son of God! But perfect love means perfect submission and obedience, and if we are obedient we will have no condemnation upon our souls which will enable us to enjoy the fruits of perfect love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, gentleness, goodness, and we will have faith in God. There is but one way in which we can prove the wonderful drawing power of love and that is to be filled with it, and if filled with love we will be filled with the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity and the three being one we have all.

We cannot have perfect love without it shining through us. Love suffereth long and is kind and will draw the attention of the unsaved; it "envieth not" the prosperity or happiness of another but makes us all one, as prayed by Jesus in the 23d verse of the 17th of John "I in them and thou in me that they may be made perfect in one and that the world may know that thou has sent me and has loved them as thou has loved me." "Love vaunteth not itself" makes no display of one's attainments or what one has done but will ever hold up the Blessed Christ as the giver of all good things. Love "is riot puffed up" like a soap bubble that when it comes into close contact with other things, vanishes away but remains. Love "doth not behave its self unseemly" or unbecoming; "seeketh not her own" but like the Son of God is willing to deny self for the sake of others, is "not easily provoked;" "thinketh no. evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things and endureth all things. Love never faileth." It did not fail with Stephen when the stones were falling thick and fast around him, but kept him in that trying hour and manifested itself by his kneeling down and praying "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Why was it, or how could he do it? "He was filled with the Holy Ghost"

Peter lacked perfect love before he received his Pentecost for he had fear of the Judgment and denied his Christ. How many are doing that today; but after the day of Pentecost he became bold for his Lord and felt unworthy to be crucified as our Lord but requested to be crucified head downwards. We need our hearts made perfect in love for Jesus has said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God" and the command given in the Word is "Be He therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Jesus knew that the disciples were not perfected in love and they were not of the world even as he was not of the world. So he prayed, Father "Sanctify them through thy truth. Thy word is truth." He did not want them taken out of the world but kept in this world that they might be witnesses for him to the uttermost parts of the earth, and commanded them that should tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high to keep them from the evil of this world which they could not do without the promise of the Father coming upon them.

How they did manifest the life of perfect love in the world after their Pentecost, for they were all one and left us the example showing us how to live a holy life. Paul too manifested this love when the jail flew open at the midnight hour by crying out, "Do thyself no harm." The man who had mistreated him was about to take his own life but Paul's heart being full of love, he preached Jesus unto them, manifesting his love to his enemies. Let us draw upon the store house of God that we too may manifest the blessed experience of perfect love, while in this world. For Christ brings all his true disciples into an inward living union with himself and the Father, and thus makes us all one with each other, that the world may believe. The manifestations in believers of the union of perfect love or holiness first with the Lord and the Son and then with one another is to the world the most convincing proof of the truth of Christ's mission of love.

"Speak the second time, Be clean!
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love."

--Charles Wesley

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Chapter 19 THE FIRST PSALM

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

The theme of this Psalm is the permanent prosperity and happiness of the righteous and the certain destruction of the wicked and is a guide for any one entering upon the duties of life.

The most critical period of human life is when we set out into the world. Frequently the first step is decisive. The young adventurer, set free from the authority of parents, becomes his own master and follows his own inclination. It is then that he begins to form his character and what is formed in early life, generally lasts. Our first steps ought therefore to be taken with the greatest care for not only our present but our Eternal happiness depends thereon.

It was to direct us that the Psalmist wrote the first Psalm and in it he gives us the result of sin and the rewards of righteousness. He recommends to us to keep away from the ungodly and to

keep out of the seat of the scornful and not to stand in the way of sinners. Frequently the company of the wicked is a certain introduction to a life of wickedness.

Mankind is more often led astray by the company of ungodly associates than by their own depraved inclinations. There is a cause which has often been known to make men associate with the profane and that is an opinion that ungodliness, especially some kinds of it, is manly and becoming. This opinion, although it has gained ground where it might not have been expected, is without foundation in nature or in fact. History tells us that the men who are respected today and honored by their country and people were men of God and trusted in his guidance. If we want the blessing of the Lord upon us, we must not in any way hinder the sinner from coming to God, which we can do in a number of ways.

A large number today are standing in the way of sinners by making out that the Christian life is hard. Having no enjoyment but always wearing a long face as if bemoaning their fate.

The Christ life is one of joy and sunshine, and a true Christian will scatter rays of light all along the way.

To be blessed we must not be found among the scornful. The infidel and skeptic are laughing the Word to scorn. So is the man or woman who today is fighting the fact that man can be cleansed from all sin as promised in the Word.

Blessed then is the man who hath not brought himself into this sinful and miserable state, but who hath held fast his innocence and integrity in the midst of a degenerate world.

Verse 2. "His delight is in the law of the Lord." He makes religion and virtue the grand or principal business of his life in learning and doing His will, and His business becomes his delight.

He does not take it up by fits and starts but makes it his employment day and night. He looks around with a pious pleasure on the landscape which the hand of the Almighty has made for his delight and he adores that benevolent power who makes all nature beautiful to his eye and music to his ear.

With a cheerful and a grateful heart he contemplates the wonders of creation. He recalls instances of preserving goodness and he traces the annals of redeeming love.

His religion does not consist in contemplation alone. He goeth about doing good in instructing the ignorant in the way that leads to Heaven; cheering the distressed and aiding the fevered brow. At night he retires to rest with that inward sense and heart felt joy that is only found in a life of holiness.

Verse 3 -- "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

A tree planted by the rivers of water is a beautiful object to all who behold it but to the Jews who lived in a hot country and were scorched with the heat of the sun, it was not only an

object of beauty but of usefulness and so is man when he is planted in the garden of his God and watered with the dews of Heaven. His leaf is ever green and he brings forth fruit of righteousness.

He is eyes to the blind, he is feet to the lame, and will always have the good wishes of such on his side and although, he should sometimes be disappointed, the consciousness of his good intentions will keep his mind at ease, and his faith in his Heavenly Father will fill him with a contentment and peace of mind that is a stranger to the breast of the ungodly man even when he obtains his wishes.

Verse 4 -- "The ungodly are not so but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

He lives and acts at random, having no rule for his life but the guiding of his passions. One appetite says to him go and he goeth, another says come and he obeys. and in so doing he is driven about like the chaff before the wind and his life is a continued scene of folly.

Verses 5-6 -- "Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the Judgment nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous for the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

The misery which the wicked endure here is but the beginning of their sorrow. The God whose grace they abused, whose mercy they rejected and whose power they despised is now their Judge. The wicked have no cause for complaint of the sentence passed upon them. They have been the instruments of their own ruin. They have put themselves out of the reach of Divine mercy and have become "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction." Therefore they cannot stand in the Judgment for their own acts will condemn them and they will be driven out from the presence of the Lord into outer darkness.

So fly from sin in all its forms. Do not meditate on it but keep your mind stayed on Jesus who has a mansion prepared for you in glory.

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THE END