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SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN HOLINESS JOURNAL -- APRIL 1999

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A MOMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS...

I am comforted and very humbled by the fact that many of you have told us that this little "news-chat" is the first thing you read when you receive your Journal. It makes me feel like we are truly "family." It's wonderful to belong to the big "family of God." Isn't it? He is our loving Father who cares very deeply for His children.

Thanks so much for the concern and interest you have shown to me and my family. When my husband and I realized that, unless the Lord healed him, he would not be here much longer, he and I often expressed to each other, our concern as to whether or not the Journal would be able to keep going. We had printed a lot of books, the profit from which, went directly into helping to subsidize the actual cost of this magazine. We did it, not for any financial income to ourselves, but as our "thank-offering" to the Lord. This way we felt clear to tell you, our Journal family, that if you wanted it continued, we would need help from outside of ourselves.

Your response has been overwhelming to me! I am so grateful to the Lord, and to you who have helped us, for the donations have come in to our office to completely pay for this issue, even before it is mailed! A friend that I have never met wrote me that she had received an inheritance, and felt she wanted to share it with me! How unworthy I feel! But praise the Lord for His help in impressing friends to help in this venture. This is our only means of support- gifts from those of you who realize the need of this kind of reading.

May the Lord richly bless you -- whether your gift was large or small -- each one is so gratefully received and together add up to pay for the cost of producing this Journal.

Above all I thank you for your prayers for me -- it has been a real struggle, but God is helping. Praise Him!

--Mrs. A. J. (Prudence) West Please Note! When ordering books, please make the check payable to West Publishing Company.

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ARTICLES FOR YOUR INSPIRATION

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Following Hard After God -- Tozer (Omitted)

Puzzle -- Stailey (Omitted)

Transcending Love -- Kendall
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(The Entire Book Morrison is in the HDM Library)
The Life of D. L. Moody -- Moody
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Y2K and the Christian -- Swank (Omitted)
Red-Hot Religion -- Brengle
Asahel H. Hussey (Omitted)
(Testimony in the HTEC Collection)

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For the sake of economy we are no longer sending out renewal notices It is up to the subscriber to notice when his subscription will expire.

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TRANSCENDING LOVE

W. S. Kendall

Over a century ago gold was discovered in the Sacramento valley in California. The news spread like fire despite the undeveloped means of communication. What followed has perhaps never been fully recorded in history, so voluminous was the move. An author states briefly this much: "A mad rush to the gold fields commenced. In 1853, \$65,000,000 was taken from the mines; in fifty years, more than \$2,000,000,000 was produced. The long, stormy route around Cape Horn, the difficult trek across miasmatic Panama, the awful transcontinental march through deserts and bad lands, did not discourage the gold frantic Easterners, who were willing to risk discomfort, starvation and Indian massacres to arrive at the fabulous gold coast. In one year, 1849, California's 6,000 population increased over 1400 per cent."

In later years, after the Panama Canal made possible a shortened trip from east to west by water, a small family living in Ohio, straitened somewhat by poverty, counseled together and finally agreed that while father would make the trip west to seek the precious ore, mother and the two young daughters would remain at home. This staggering human sacrifice was endured for seven long years until the home was free from debt and improved and in considerable savings was in the bank. They did it for gold; they had a transcending love for gold; and they demonstrated a working principle applicable to both spiritual and material fortunes so aptly expressed in these lines:

"If you want a thing bad enough to go out and fight for it, work day and night for it, give up your time and your peace and your sleep for it; if life seems all empty and useless without it, and all that you scheme and you dream is about it; if gladly you'll sweat for it, fret for it, plan for it; if you'll simply go after the thing that you want, with all of your capacity, strength and sagacity; if neither sickness nor pain of body or brain can turn you away from the thing that you want, you'll get it."

It would seem exaggeration to the worldly mind to speak of a transcending love which turns from the attraction of gold as steel would from a magnet that has lost its power, but David in the 119th Psalm verse 127, speaks of such love: "Therefore I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold."

Let us visualize for a moment such a love. It originated in heaven and hence is strange to the unregenerate of earth. Jesus, when praying to His Father, from earth, said, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was" (John 17:5). What had happened? Christ, the eternal Son, had viewed from heaven the lost and helpless condition of man in sin; His love was such that to redeem them He left His glory, and the majesty of His eternal throne:

"With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief,"
He saw, and oh, amazing love!
He flew to our relief."

His love to redeem transcended all else; and from this divine source flows down:

"Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down."

The effects of divine love are: A transcending love for Christ who redeemed us:

"Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, His love, His gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart."
A transcending love for His service:
"I saw the gospel herald go
To Afric's sands and Greenland's snow.
To save from Satan's thrall;
Nor home nor life he counted dear,
Through wants and perils had no fear;
He felt that Christ was all."
A transcending love for heaven -- a spiritual gold rush:
"My gold I carry not with me,
For thieves would rob me, don't you see?
But all my treasure's left up there
Where moth can't spoil: 'tis in safe care."

This is God's answer to every need of man in redemption. We strive in vain with anything short of this. As a holiness church, we can never fulfill our mission by a careful application of discipline on cold hearts; this at best could only make formal members or Pharisees. The heart must be moved with a transcending love until with the Psalmist we exclaim, "Therefore I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold."

It may take some tears, groans and sighs to let go the pewter of earth and to die to the carnal will and selfish plans; but listen! There is gold in heaven, and you had better join that throng which have counted all things as dross to win Christ. We can stake our claim now and see it in Glory. Thousands suffered hardship and peril for a little gold in California; will we suffer the cross on earth to gain the glories of heaven?

"It makes me smile to think of it,
That some would pity me a bit,
For Father owns the universe,
And every gold mine's in His purse.

"He holds for me His diamonds, pearls,
And all the wealth of unknown worlds;
So some day soon, look not for me;
I'll be in great society.

"My father's a King and a God.
And this is His way that I've trod;
I've riches unknown, a crown and a throne,
Through Jesus; all glory to God!"

-- The Free Methodist

Paul reminds us that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

"Earthen" they very surely are. Moses by the wisdom supernaturally given revealed that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."

The "treasure," the grace of God, the love of God, the truth of God -- even the spirit of God!

There is a story of how a great artist in the process of painting Christ with the cup of sacramental wine brought a friend to view his work. The man immediately remarked, "What a beautiful cup!" Whereupon the painter dashed the cup with a smear of paint, leaving an unsightly thing. Then he explained to the amazed visitor that there must in his picture be no competition for the face of Christ.

Our work must not be to display the earthen thing. Too much glamour for this may crowd out the face of Christ.

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THE LIFE OF D. L. MOODY
William R. Moody

Young Men's Christian Association Conventions

During his leadership of the Chicago Association from 1865 to 1871 Mr. Moody's influence was felt not only in Chicago, but in the International and State conventions. He was present at the International Conventions in Albany, 1868; Baltimore, 1869, and Indianapolis, 1870.

It was at the Indianapolis convention that Mr. Moody first met Mr. Sankey, who was a delegate from his native town of New Castle, Penn. The reputation of the Chicagoan had already aroused Mr. Sankey's interest, but as both were seated upon the floor of the hall among delegates his curiosity could not be gratified during the first few days. At the close of the convention it was announced that Mr. Moody would lead an early morning prayer-meeting at six o'clock the next day in a neighboring church. This afforded the opportunity Mr. Sankey had looked for, and he came with a friend.

There was some difficulty in starting the singing until Mr. Sankey's friend urged him to begin a hymn. He began to sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," in which all the congregation joined. At the close of the service Mr. Sankey was introduced by his friend, and was immediately recognized by Moody as the leader of the singing.

A few inquiries regarding Mr. Sankey's family ties and occupation followed; then the evangelist announced in his determined fashion, "Well, you'll have to give that up! You are the man I have been looking for, and I want you to come to Chicago and help me in my work."

Mr. Sankey was somewhat surprised at this sudden suggestion, and assured Mr. Moody that he could not leave his business, but accepted an invitation to lunch with him that day and learn something of the nature of the work proposed. Nothing definite resulted from this conference, although Mr. Sankey promised to give the matter his prayerful consideration.

Later in the day a card was handed him asking him to meet Mr. Moody that evening at a certain street corner to assist in an open-air service. To this Mr. Sankey responded by writing on the back of the card, "I'll be there." In company with a few friends Mr. Sankey met Mr. Moody at the appointed place, and thus describes the informal service that followed:

"Without stopping, Mr. Moody walked into a store on the corner and asked permission to use a large empty box which he saw outside the door. This he rolled to the side of the street, and taking his stand upon it, asked me to sing the hymn, 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?'

"After one or two hymns Mr. Moody began his address. Many workingmen were just then on their way home from the mills, and in a short time a large crowd had gathered. The address that evening was one of the most powerful I had ever heard. The crowd stood spellbound at the burning words, and many a tear was brushed away from the eyes of the men as they looked up into the speaker's honest face. After talking about fifteen or twenty minutes he closed with a short prayer and announced that he was going to hold another meeting at the Academy of Music, inviting the crowd to follow him there. We sang the well-known hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?' as we marched down the street.

"It took but a few minutes to pack the lower floor of the Academy, Mr. Moody seeing to it that the laboring men were all seated before he ascended the platform to speak.

"The address was as impressive as the one delivered on the street corner, and it was not until the delegates began to arrive for the evening session of the convention that the meeting was brought to a close. Mr. Moody cut short his sermon, and after a word of prayer dismissed the audience, telling them that they could now go home and get something to eat."

Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed by these two meetings, and, after the convention, went back to New Castle and told his family of his invitation to Chicago. Some months later he yielded to Mr. Moody's invitation to come for at least a week, and then to decide the question. He arrived in the city early one morning, reaching Mr. Moody's home just as the family were gathering for morning prayers. He was at once asked to sit down at the organ and lead them in a hymn, which he did.

They spent their first day together visiting the sick who were members of Mr. Moody's congregation. Mr. Sankey sang and Mr. Moody read words of comfort from the Word of God and offered prayer for the healing of both body and soul. The following Sunday a large meeting was held in Farwell Hall. At the close of the service a number of persons arose for prayer, and at the close of the "inquiry meeting" Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, "You are going home tomorrow, but you see I was right in asking you to come and help me in this work, and I hope you will make up your mind to come as soon as possible."

This wish was granted, for Mr. Sankey soon resigned his business, went to Chicago, and joined Mr. Moody in his work in the Illinois Street Church and also in that of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In 1879, at the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Baltimore, Mr. Moody was enthusiastically elected president. At this time he answered several important questions in his characteristic way. One of these was with reference to the work of the general secretary, to which he replied:

"A man cannot be an evangelist and general secretary without spoiling his work in both positions. The secretary, in order to succeed, must take up the work for young men and decide to do this one thing. On this account I gave up the secretaryship to become an evangelist. You cannot do both."

When asked if it were advisable to appoint unconverted men on committees, and if so under what circumstances, he said, "Well, if you want to carry a corpse, put them on. A man that is dead has to be carded. I think one man with Christ in his soul is worth a thousand of those without Christ."

When any one went to him while he was secretary in Chicago, and bored him with some hobby to be worked out in the Association, he would say -- if it was good in itself -- "Yes, that is a good thing to do. I will appoint you chairman of a special committee to work that out. You fill up the committee with several others, and go to work."

His attitude on "social problems" was determined by experience with men. He had little sympathy with efforts toward amelioration which stopped at giving food. At the same time he had no patience with those who tried to stir up strife between the classes. When asked what he would do for the unemployed or what advice he would give them, he said:

"First of all, to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, believing His promise, which I never knew to fail, that all things will be added to them. Second, to pray to God for work. Third, to be patient as possible during these times of hardship. Fourth, to look earnestly for work. Fifth, to take any honest employment that offers itself. Sixth, to study economy. I think one of the greatest needs of our country is that the laboring men should own their own homes."

"We used to have men coming in all the time," he would say, "asking for work, when I was secretary in Chicago. They would tell me of their sufferings, and how they had no work and wanted help. At last I got a number of cords of firewood and put it in a vacant lot, and got some saws and sawbucks, but kept them out of sight. A man would come and ask for help.

" 'Why don't you work?' I would ask.

" 'I can't get any work.'

" 'Would you do anything if you could get any?'

" 'Oh, yes, anything.'

" 'Would you really work in the street?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Would you saw wood?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'All right.' And then we would bring out a saw and sawbuck and send them out, but we would have a boy watch to see that they did not steal the saw. Sometimes the fellow would say, 'I will go home and tell my wife I have got some work'; and that would be the last we would see of him. During the whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed."

He formed friendships in the Association work which continued through life and were of great assistance to him in his evangelistic as well as his educational work. Gen. J. J. Estey, of Brattleboro, became acquainted with Mr. Moody in September, 1867, at the Young Men's Christian Association convention held in Burlington, Vermont.

"I shall never forget his coming into the church where the convention was held," says General Estey. "His entrance was an inspiration to every one present, and from that time until the close of the meeting the enthusiasm which prevailed was something remarkable. About six weeks

later I visited Chicago, and called upon him. I had simply met him at the convention referred to, but he immediately knew me and called me by name. This I learned afterward was one of the peculiar gifts with which he was endowed, that of putting names and faces together, and rarely making a mistake.

"The following fall I had the pleasure of entertaining him at my home during the Young Men's Christian Association convention, which was held in Brattleboro. We had a number of guests, and when he came he brought one of his brothers with him. I shall never forget one thing which occurred at that time. As we came out of the dining-room after breakfast he whispered to me to ask every one to pray at family devotions, which I afterward learned was his way of getting his brother to offer his first public prayer. The brother repeated the Lord's Prayer as his part of the service.

"The summer following his return from his first nip to Europe he was in Northfield holding meetings, and we used to go down with a carload of people to assist, and not only received a great blessing ourselves, but were able to help in the inquiry-room.

"When the schools were started he invited me to become one of the trustees, which position I have held ever since. Before the Mount Hermon School was begun, he took me over the ground in his buggy, and invited me to become a trustee of that school, which position I very gladly accepted; and during its early days, while he was abroad, I visited the school nearly every week, to straighten out such difficulties as might occur from time to time among the boys. There were then simply the two farm-houses, with twelve boys, a teacher, a matron, and one servant in each house.

"Our relations have been very intimate ever since those days, and I consider it one of the greatest honors of my life to have been in any way associated with him, and to have known him so intimately. I can truthfully assert that he was the most sincere man I ever knew. He was extremely cautious, and has often said to me that I might be able to do such and such things, but that it would not answer at all for him, in his position, to do them. Of all the men I ever knew I think he was the most careful about keeping himself from every appearance of evil." -- (To be continued) -- From The Life of D. L. Moody

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A. B. Simpson exhorts us, "If we fail a hundred times, let us not accommodate God's ideal to our realization, but like the brave ensign who stood in front of his company waving the banner, and when the soldiers called him back, only waved it higher and cried, 'Let me not bring the standard back to the regiment, but bring the regiment to the standard.' "

Be it known that one of the great reasons for the weakness of what we know as Christian life is the attempt to get this religion down to where men live rather than make our lives over according to the New Testament.

With Paul let us cry, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Forward, forward, leave the past behind thee,
Reaching forth unto the things before;
All the land of promise lies before thee,
God has greater blessings yet in store."

* * * * *

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN
B. W. Miller

WON BY A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

In divine providence there have been many men used of God to win multiplied thousands of souls in their public ministry. Doubtless the greatest evangelistic preacher of the ages was George Whitefield. Charles G. Finney held the world's greatest single revival, at Rochester where one hundred thousand were converted in six months. D. L. Moody swept nations as a public evangelist and hundreds sing around the Great White Throne today because of his ministry. Among the recent evangelists stands such men as R. A. Torrey, who belted the world with a revival, and J. Wilbur Chapman, famed Presbyterian revivalist. These were men owned of God in a mighty public ministry. Theirs was the gift of an evangelist.

Practically all of them were trophies of personal workers. In the long ago a young lady was teacher of a Sunday school class in an ordinary out-of-the-way church. Many times, so we read, she was discouraged with her opportunities, thinking that her life was being wasted. For she could not see through the future years and realize that little J. Wilbur would be a famous evangelist.

However she remained faithful to her task and Sunday she taught the boys about Jesus and when a chance came she always urged them to give themselves wholly to Christ. One Sunday morning the minister conducted a service especially for the Sunday school scholars, and after preaching about conversion, he invited all who wanted to be saved to come forward. The young lady teacher reached up and touching Wilbur upon the sleeve, said, "Wilbur, arise." Wilbur stood up signifying that he wanted to be a Christian. The minister asked all who would to come forward immediately. The teacher again touched the lad on the sleeve and said, "Wilbur, go."

Wilbur went forward and gave his heart to Christ. The incident seemed to be closed. The teacher thought she had merely done a Christian duty. Back of the pressure on the sleeve of the lad was a life consecrated to the task of winning her boys to Jesus. A godly life, a little pressure, and again a personal worker had achieved.

God fired Chapman with a holy ideal of winning the masses at the Cross of Calvary. He devoted his entire attention to this one service, and thousands consecrated themselves to the work of salvation through his efforts. He stood as the representative of a personal worker, an insignificant Sunday school teacher, that could not reach the thousands, but won her one for Jesus.

Such personal workers have been God's great torch bearers, that have lighted the holy flame for another, who rushed through the nations scattering the divine light. This has been God's plan through the centuries. Some have been required to stand in the shadows that another might fill the limelight. Some have been desert flowers, as the poet says, that another might grace the noble occasions. Some have been Stephens that Paul might be won. Some have been unknown Moravian missionaries, quietly singing on board an Atlantic steamer, that a Wesley might realize what true religion was. Some have been simple hearted German matrons like Frau Cotta, content to feed begging students that a Luther might receive the inspiration of a holy life.

Your task, then friend, is to stand in the shadows that another greater light may rise. Win one for Jesus before the week is out. There is glory in the personal touch. Consecrate your life to an evangelism of the roadside, the sick bed, a Jacob's well, that you may win another. -- From How They Were Won

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EVEN THE WINDS OBEY HIM

Jeremiah 10:13b: "... and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasure"

Mark 4:41 b "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the seas obey him?"

Many years ago, as a little girl of 7 or 8, God answered prayer in a remarkable way.

I don't remember for sure how an early spring grass fire started on the back of our property, but it was coming toward our out-buildings and our house -- the wind was blowing the fire along at a fast pace.

In my young heart, this was the threatening of disaster and I was greatly afraid. Back in those days water was hand pumped and there was no community fire department.

The fire was raging from the west, devouring dry grass and stubble, headed directly toward the hen house, other outbuildings and also our house.

Prayer! It was the only hope! A few neighbors came over with brooms and wet burlap bags to help, but there seemed to be nothing to stop the raging flames.

In my little girl heart -- how I prayed! How did God answer? He changed the wind/Just as the line of fire came within a few feet of the hen house, the west wind changed and blew the fire back on itself and out!

The neighbors didn't have to flail it. God did it! Even the winds obey when Jesus speaks. -- by W. Elaine Thompson, a Journal reader

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THE FATHER'S FACE

The night was dark and stormy,
The angry wind rose high;
A little lad was roused from sleep;
His father heard him cry.
The fury of the tempest
Had lashed the wires about,
And everywhere deep darkness reigned,
For all the lights were out.

The father took his flashlight
To find his laddie's room
And, with its tiny gleam of cheer,
To help dispel the gloom.
A loving impulse moved him
As he was coming near,
To turn the light on his own face
And calm his laddie's fear.

These days are dark and stormy,
Yet we need never fear
If we are sheltered 'neath the blood;
Our Father's face is near.
Sin's tempest is increasing,
But when we kneel to pray
The Sun of Righteousness ascends
And turns our night to day.

-- Alice Louise Cary, in Moody Monthly

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RED-HOT RELIGION

Samuel L. Brengle

One of the problems of science is to produce a physical light that is cold. The problem which religion has solved, and must solve, is to produce a spiritual light that is hot, which is nothing other than the old-time religion.

Jesus said of His forerunner, John the Baptist, "He was a burning and a shining light" (John 5:35).

He shone until Jerusalem and all Judea and all the regions around about Jordan were startled and awakened by the light, and went out to see and to hear; and he burned into their hard, cold hearts until multitudes confessed their sins, and King Herod himself and his adulterous wife

were so scorched by the heat of the burning herald of righteousness that Herod shut him up in prison, and at the request of his dancing step-daughter, urged on by his wicked wife, had John's head cut off to escape the burning, as though the loss of his head could quench the fire that shone and burned in John's heart and life.

Solomon said: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine" (Eccles. 8:1); and the Psalmist said, "They looked unto Him, and were lightened ('were radiant,' margin): and their faces were not ashamed" (Ps. 64:5).

And we read that when Moses came down from the mount, where he had met with God, "The children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance" (2 Cor. 3:7; Ex. 34:29-35). And again we read of Stephen, "And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel" (Acts 6:15).

Some time ago a Chicago multi-millionaire spoke at a Salvation Army meeting, and among other things said that the one thing which always most impressed him as he looked upon a company of Salvationists was the light in their faces. (May that light never go out!) This light is produced by that heavenly wisdom that comes from the knowledge of God through faith in Jesus, and by the peace of a good conscience and love to all men.

But those who most mightily move men to righteousness are not only shining but also burning lights.

John burned his way into the dulled consciences of the men of his day, and stirred all Palestine.

Stephen burned into the guilty souls of priests and rulers until their wrath knew no bounds, and they cast him out and sent him to Heaven in a shower of stones.

The apostles burned their way into idolatrous cities and into a pagan civilization reeking with unmentionable lusts and unspeakable cruelties (Rom. 1:22-32) until the world was transformed.

The Founder and the Mother of the Salvation Army shone and burned their way through immeasurable obstacles of vice and ignorance, of indifference, ridicule and contempt, of organized and stubborn opposition. And multitudes of lesser men and women have won their way and triumphed by the same burning.

I know an Adjutant (rank below major) who burns his way to victory in every corps he commands. He is an ordinary-looking man, with but slender gifts, but he has the fire. He burns.

What is this fire? It is love. It is faith. It is hope. It is passion, purpose, determination. It is utter devotion. It is a divine discontent with formality, ceremonialism, luke-warmness, indifference, sham and noise, parade and spiritual death. It is singleness of eye and a consecration unto death. It is God the Holy Ghost burning in and through a humble, holy, faithful man. It is the

spirit that inspired young Queen Esther when she resolved that if it cost her her life she would go into the king and plead for her people, saying, "If I perish, I perish" (Esther 4:16).

It is the spirit that inspired Jonathan and his armor-bearer to go up single-handed against the mocking Philistine and rout his army; that inspired David to run out to meet the insolent giant and put to flight the proud foe; that emboldened Daniel to face the lions' den, and his three friends; the sevenfold heated furnace, rather than be false to God and conscience and the old-time religion of their fathers; that led Peter and his friends to defy the threatening rulers, and go to prison and glory in whippings and sufferings for Jesus' sake. It was the spirit that led Paul and Silas boldly to preach Christ to heathen mobs and Jewish bigots, to rejoice in stonings and stripes, and sing Psalms in a noisome midnight dungeon until the jailer himself was converted; to work until saints were found in the household of that half-demon Caesar, Nero -- he who murdered his own mother, stamped his wife and unborn child to death, fired Rome and fiddled while the city burned, then charged the Christians with the burning, had them covered with pitch and set afire, lighting the parks and streets with flaming saints, possibly the saints of his own household!

It is the spirit that inspired John Knox to cry out to God, "Give me Scotland or I die"; that led Luther, in the face of almost certain death, to say to his friends, "I will go to Worms, though there be as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

This burning is the spirit that led the young men soldiers of a corps to come to the officers many a night and ask for the key of the hall that they might spend half the night in prayer, until their corps became the banner corps of a dozen States. It is the spirit that inspired an officer in a desperately hard corps in a city full of indifference and opposition to have an all-night of prayer every week with two or three kindred souls who shared with him the burden, until God moved the whole city, and the Mayor became his friend and protector, and the city officials and pastors attended his Sunday afternoon meetings in the City Hall, and the people gave him money for a new hall and instruments for a big band, while the platform was filled with soldiers who had caught the flame from their officer.

Do you ask, How can we get the fire? I answer, Not by feasting, but by fasting; not by playing, but by praying; not by sleeping and slothfulness, but by watching and by diligently seeking God and the souls that wander from Him; not by skimming The War Cry once a week and reading newspapers and devouring the comic sections and sporting news, but by searching the Scriptures.

The men of fire have got acquainted with God. They have waited for Him obediently in the way of His commandments. They have not only repented of sin and turned toward Him, but they have longed and watched for Him more eagerly than shipwrecked sailors watch for the morning. They have hungered and thirsted for Him, and they have found Him. And when they have found Him they have burst into flame. Holy fire kindles in every soul that lives with Him.

In a town I was recently visiting a schoolboy's cap was thrown up, and lodged on an electric wire. A friendly boy climbed up the pole and, reaching for the cap, was smitten dead by the electric fire. So fire of holiness and love flashes through one who touches God, slaying the old life, leaving a new man in place of the old -- a man with new desires, new passions and tempers, new hopes and affections, new ambitions and visions. But while the man is new the religion is old

-- old as Pentecost and Calvary; old as thundering, smoking, flaming Sinai, and the burning bush that Moses saw; old as Abraham and Enoch and Abel.

The men of fire are men of faith. They believe God, and they burn because they believe. They believe God is, "and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11:6), therefore they seek Him diligently day by day, and He rewards them by sweet assurances and intimations of His love and favor. They seek His face that they may behold His beauty and catch its reflection (Ps. 27:4; 90:17); they seek His will that they may do it (Matt. 7:21); they listen for His voice that they may open the door of their hearts to Him and entertain Him as their Guest (Rev. 3:20); and hearing, they follow where He leads (John 10:3-5, 16); and they seek His commandments, His promises and precepts, that they may live by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God (Matt. 4:4).

The men of fire have seasons of solitude for secret prayer. They get alone with God as Jesus did in His all-nights of prayer, as John did in the wilderness, as Moses did on Sinai, as Elijah did on Horeb, and there in deep meditation and fellowship with Him they see how small and transient is the world with its prizes and its pomp. They count it but refuse for Christ, that they may know Him. Men of fire are men of prayer. They pray in secret, and they seek out kindred spirits to pray with them.

The men of fire love God. They love His people, His house, His service. They love righteousness and holiness, and they hate sin and every evil way. They turn away their ears from that which they should not hear. They stand on guard at the gateway of eye and ear and every sense, lest sin get into their hearts through unguarded ways.

The men of fire are self-sacrificing and self-denying. They do not entangle themselves with the affairs of this life any more than does the good soldier who goes forth to war. They do not mix with the men of the world except to do them good and, if possible, win them to Christ. They guard the fire in their hearts as their sole protection upon earth and their passport to Heaven.

Oh, my comrades, let us be burning and shining lights, and then great shall be our reward, and great shall be our peace and joy, and good success shall surely accompany all our labors, and the Saviour's words, "Well done," shall greet us as we are welcomed through the gates of pearl to Heaven, our eternal Home. -- From Resurrection Life and Power

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A READER WROTE...

God is certainly good to us and cares for us constantly. I pray that He will continue to help you each day as you work. The fields are white unto harvest and the workers are few. I feel that you are one of those special workers that God has appointed. Each issue of the Journal is such a blessing to me. Thank you for carrying out the vision that God gave you. -- North Carolina

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THE END