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SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN HOLINESS JOURNAL -- MAY 1999

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By Holiness Data Ministry

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A MOMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS...

There are a number of things I want to share with you this month. First, this issue brings to a close 58 years of publishing this periodical. Rev. West and I assumed the responsibility of carrying on this ministry in 1945 when the denominational duties on Rev. J. R. Swauger became too heavy for him to carry both ministries. We give the Lord all of the glory for any blessing The Journal has been to you! We plan to continue as long as the Lord provides the wisdom, direction and financial help.

Since there is no Journal in the month of June, the May issue pays special tribute to our mothers and fathers. Those of us who are fortunate enough to have had Godly parents are especially blessed. If yours are still living, let them know, every day, if possible, how much you love and appreciate their Godly example. Today's young people need deeply spiritual parents to guide them in the right paths! God bless our Christian parents! If you are a parent and still have your mate, you too, remind him (or her) every day of how much you appreciate, love and support him (or her).

There are no words to express to you my heart-felt appreciation to you who have helped this ministry in a financial way. It is beyond anything I ever expected! I am thrilled to tell you that again this month, there has been enough finances come in to our office to completely pay for the printing and mailing of this issue! Thanks to all of you who have given -- whether your gift was

large or small -- all together it met the need. Thank God and you who have responded to this need!
This is the only way we can keep going.

I had been scheduled to see the eye surgeon April 2, but because it was "Good Friday" they changed it to April 16, so I cannot tell you when the surgery will be. Thanks to all who have prayed and inquired about it. Many have inquired as to how I am getting along since my husband's passing-thanks for asking. I am finding it quite difficult -- the loneliness is indescribable -- but the Lord is my ever-present Comforter.

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About the front cover -- No, I did not put that photo there. Blame that on my son, Don! I did not choose to put it on for Mother's Day and Father's Day, but he slipped in the house and got it and put it on the cover as a surprise... -- Mrs. A. J. West

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ARTICLES FOR YOUR INSPIRATION

Editorial -- The Day of the Lord -- West (Omitted)

The Blessedness of Possessing Nothing -- Tozer (Omitted)
Is the Eradication of the Carnal Nature Desirable? -- Morrison (Omitted)
(Already on the HDM CD)
Thursday With Jacky -- Burroughs
The Sin Against The Holy Ghost -- Brengle
A. B. Simpson -- Meyer
The Life of D. L. Moody -- Moody
A Father's Sanctified Love -- Swank
Puzzles -- Stailey (Omitted)
A Mother's Altar of Prayer -- Boggs
Lewis B. Bates (Omitted)
(Already on the HDM CD)

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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. If the date on the upper right corner of your mailing label reads 9905 your subscription expires with this issue. There is no Journal in June or August!

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THE GOD WHO SHAKES

During an earthquake a few years ago, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, but they were at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old woman whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old woman, said, "Mother, are you not afraid?" "No," said the good woman, "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world!"

* * * * *

THURSDAY WITH JACKY

Bernice Burroughs

To her children and her church, Susanna Wesley gave unstintingly of herself. Little did she know that many millions would be blessed by her unselfish gifts!

July 23, 1942, marked the second century since the day of Susanna Wesley's death. But even that long procession of years does not cause us to think of her as an elderly woman or even as one who has passed on. She lives on in our memories -- a graceful, busy young mother, looking after the needs of nineteen children.

Susanna Wesley's patience was so outstanding that her name has become a synonym for that virtue. Most of us have often heard how she taught her children to cry softly, and how much time

she spent teaching each one religion and counseling his conduct. But a look into the biographers' records reveals many other details of her remarkable career as a mother.

Certainly Susanna Wesley was methodical. She taught her children to care for their belongings as she taught them to care for their spiritual gifts. In the strict routine of an outsized family, she commissioned the older children to carry out her orders with the younger ones. "Discipline" was the rule of the Epworth rectory long before the word became the title of the slim law book of The Methodist Church.

Tactfulness was another trait of Susanna Wesley. "Her tact and sweetness of spirit," Bishop John F. Hurst tells us in his *History of Methodism*, won her minister-father's consent to her leaving the Nonconformist Church and joining the Established Church. Mrs. Wesley's letters to her children are later proofs of their mother's tactfulness.

Susanna Wesley was graciously polite and taught her children to follow her example. They learned to preface any remark to the humblest servant with the word "pray." And that eighteenth-century equivalent to our "please" was often heard at Epworth.

The Wesley children were asked to address each other with the prefix "brother" or "sister" and they even added that quaint form to the nicknames they loved to use.

Susanna Wesley's stern upbringing did not keep her from seeing the wisdom of recreation for her children. There was plenty of wit and there were many good times in that minister's home.

Reading aloud was a favorite diversion with Milton and Shakespeare prime favorites with the young people Easy it is to understand how the Wesley boys acquired their great gift of language from everyday acquaintance with great poetry and prose. Charles' hymns may be traced to this kind of recreation, and John's sermons and his marked editorial talent must have come from this early enjoyment of literature.

Susanna Wesley well knew how to deal with the specter of poverty which accompanied the literary ventures of her husband. Naturally those hard experiences concerning the coin of the realm were shared by the children. John must have learned early his strictness in the use of money and his refusal to use any gain for his own comforts.

During the poverty-stricken school days of the Wesley brothers, their mother was prompted to write to John:

"Dear Jack: Be not discouraged; do your duty, keep close to your studies, and hope for better days. Perhaps, notwithstanding all, we shall pick up a few crumbs for you before the end of the year. Dear Jacky, I beseech almighty God to bless thee."

As a mother-teacher of religion, Susanna Wesley showed her greatest genius. When the children were still a little uncertain in their steps, they learned first of all their memory work, the Lord's Prayer. That was their first spoken word on arising in the morning and the last upon going to

bed at night. Short prayers, collects, catechism, and Scripture passages were added as inches were added to the children's clothes.

Someone has recorded that Mrs. Wesley taught the littlest ones to ask a blessing by signs even before they could speak She describes her way of teaching religion to the children: "I resolve to begin with my own children I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare, every night, to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hatty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday "

"Thursday with Jacky Saturday with Charles!" What do we Methodists owe to those two days when an impressionable child met with a devout mother?

Intellectual honesty and sincerity were apparent in all Mrs. Wesley's dealings with her neighbors and her children and her God. Her prayer, asking special guidance on John's upbringing "to instill into his mind the principles of true religion and virtue," contains this beautiful line, "Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success." Who can doubt that those attempts were blessed?

We need to remind ourselves that in the early 1700's women were trailing rather than leading. Mrs. Wesley didn't mean to start any controversy when she taught her children in the rectory kitchen on Sunday afternoons. And when the neighbors asked if they might send their children, her success became her embarrassment, for the number increased to two hundred, to hear her read from good books and sermons. All through the careers of her children, Susanna Wesley's influence was felt as much as in the days when she used to give time to each toddler "to discourse..., apart."

Before his ordination as a minister, John Wesley wrote home to ask his parents' opinion. His father suggested more scholastic training, but his mother wrote, "Mr. Wesley differs from me, and would engage you, I believe, in critical learning which, though incidentally of use, is in no wise preferable to the other (practical divinity). I earnestly pray God to avert that great evil from you of engaging in trifling studies to the neglect of such as are absolutely necessary. I dare advise nothing. God Almighty direct you!"

Perhaps no incident is more indicative of the youthful spirit of Susanna Wesley's later years than her frankness in the joy of a new religious experience. Her faith was not wavering; it was progressive.

And when John Wesley was perplexed by the desire of a layman to preach, it was his aging mother who cautioned him about becoming set in his ways: "You cannot suspect me of favoring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are."

Susanna Wesley's leave-taking of life was as beautiful as had been her seventy-three busy years. She asked this simple ritual of her family, when she knew that death was near; "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God!" -- Abbreviated from Religious Digest

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If just one soul had been enriched because you trod this earth,
Or if one doubting heart can trust and realize its worth,
And turn to Christ because you shared your joy to ease his pain,
You'll know, beyond the slightest doubt, you have not lived in vain.

-- A. H. Mortenson

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THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST

Samuel L. Brengle

"Ye shall recede power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

God is love, and the Holy Spirit is ceaselessly striving to make this love known in our hearts, work out God's purposes of love in our lives, and transform our character by love. And so we are solemnly warned against resisting the Spirit, and almost tearfully and always tenderly exhorted to "quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. 5:19), and to "grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. 4:30).

There is one great sin against which Jesus warned the Jews, as a sin never to be forgiven in this world nor in that which is to come. That was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. That there is such a sin, Jesus teaches in Matt. 12:31, 32; Mark 3:28-30; and Luke 12:10. And it may be that this is the sin referred to in Heb. 6:4-6; 10:29.

Since many of God's dear children have fallen into dreadful distress through fear that they had committed this sin, it may be helpful for us to study carefully as to what constitutes it.

Jesus was casting out devils, and Mark tells us that "the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth He out devils." To this Jesus replied with gracious kindness and searching logic: "How can Satan cast out Satan? And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. And Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end. No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house."

In this quiet reply we see that Jesus does not rail against them, nor flatly deny their base assertion that He does His miracles by the power of the devil, but shows how logically false must be their statement. And then, with grave authority and, I think, with solemn tenderness in His voice and in His eyes, He adds, "Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation"; or, as the Revised

Version has it, "is guilty of an eternal sin"; and then Mark adds, "Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit" (Mark 3:22-30).

Jesus came into the world to reveal God's truth and love to men, and to save them; and men are saved by believing in Him. But how could the men of His day, who saw Him working at the carpenter's bench, and living the life of an ordinary man of humble toil and daily temptation and trial, believe His stupendous claim to be the only-begotten Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and the final Judge of all men? Any willful and proud impostor could make such a claim. But men could not and ought not to believe such an assertion unless the claim were supported by ungainsayable evidence. This evidence Jesus began to give, not only in the holy life which He lived and the pure gospel He preached, but in the miracles He wrought, the blind eyes He opened, the sick He healed, the hungry thousands He fed, the seas He stilled, the dead He raised to life again, and the devils He cast out of bound and harassed souls.

The Scribes and Pharisees witnessed these miracles, and were compelled to admit these signs and wonders. Nicodemus, one of their number, said to Jesus, "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him" (John 3:2). Would they now admit His claim to be the Son of God, their promised and long-looked-for Messiah? They were thoughtful men and very religious, but not spiritual. The gospel He preached was Spirit and life; it appealed to their conscience and revealed their sin, and to acknowledge Him was to admit that they themselves were wrong. It meant submission to His authority, the surrender of their wills, and a change of front in their whole inner and outer life. This meant moral and spiritual revolution in each man's heart and life; and to this they would not submit. And so to avoid such plain inconsistency, they must discredit His miracles; and since they could not deny them, they declared that He wrought them by the power of the devil.

Jesus worked these signs and wonders by the power of the Holy Spirit, that He might win their confidence, and that they might reasonably believe and be saved. But they refused to believe, and in their malignant obstinacy heaped scorn upon Him, accusing Him of being in league with the devil; and how could they be saved? This was the sin against the Holy Spirit against which Jesus warned them. It was not so much one act of sin, as a deep-seated, stubborn rebellion against God that led them to choose darkness rather than light, and so to blaspheme against the Spirit of truth and light. It was sin full and ripe and ready for the harvest.

Someone has said that "this sin cannot be forgiven, not because God is unwilling to forgive, but because one who thus sins against the Holy Spirit has put himself where no power can soften his heart or change his nature. A man may misuse his eyes and yet see; but whosoever puts them out can never see again. One may misdirect his compass, and turn it aside from the North Pole by a magnet or piece of iron, and it may recover and point right again; but whosoever destroys the compass itself has lost his guide at sea.

Many of God's dear children, honest souls, have been persuaded that they have committed this awful sin. Indeed, I once thought that I myself had done so, and for twenty-eight days I felt that, like Jonah, I was "in the belly of hell." But God, in love and tender mercy, drew me out of the horrible pit of doubt and fear, and showed me that this is a sin committed only by those who in

spite of all evidence, harden their hearts in unbelief, and to shield themselves in their sins deny and blaspheme the Lord.

Dr. Daniel Steele tells of a Jew who was asked, "Is it that you cannot, or that you will not believe?" The Jew passionately replied, "We will not, we will not believe."

This was willful refusal and rejection of light, and in that direction lies hardness of heart beyond recovery, fullness of sin, and final impenitence, which are unpardonable.

Doubtless many through resistance to the Holy Spirit come to this awful state of heart; but those troubled, anxious souls who think they have committed this sin are not usually among the number.

An Army officer in Canada was in the midst of a glorious revival, when one night a gentleman arose and, with deep emotion, urged the young people present to yield themselves to God, accept Jesus as their Saviour and receive the Holy Spirit. He told them that he had once been a Christian, but that he had not walked in the light and, consequently, had sinned against the Holy Spirit, and could never more be pardoned. Then, with all earnest tenderness, he exhorted them to be warned by his sad state, and not to harden their hearts against the gracious influences, and entreated them to yield to the Saviour. Suddenly the scales of doubt dropped from his eyes, and he saw that he had not in his inmost heart rejected Jesus; that he had not committed the unpardonable sin-For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind; And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

And in an instant his heart was filled with light and love and peace, and sweet assurance that Christ Jesus was his Saviour, even his.

In a meeting, I have known three people who thought they had committed this sin, and were bowed with grief and fear, to come to the Penitent-form and find deliverance.

The poet Cowper was plunged into unutterable gloom by the conviction that he had committed this awful sin; but God tenderly brought him into the light and sweet comforts of the Holy Spirit again, and doubtless it was in the sense of such lovingkindness that he wrote:

There is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

John Bunyan was also afflicted with horrible fears that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and in his little book entitled, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (a book which I would earnestly recommend to all soul-winners), he tells how he was delivered from his doubts and fears and was filled once more with the joy of the Lord. There are portions of his *Pilgrim's Progress* which are to be interpreted in the light of this grievous experience.

Those who think they have committed this sin may generally be assured that they have not.

1. Their hearts are usually very tender, while this sin must harden the heart past all feeling.

2. They are full of sorrow and shame for having neglected God's grace and trifled with the Saviour's dying words, but such sorrow could not exist in a heart so fully given over to sin that pardon was impossible.

3. God says, "Whosoever will may come;" and if they find it in their hearts to come, they will not be cast out, but freely pardoned and received with lovingkindness through the merits of Jesus' Blood. God's promise will not fail; His faithfulness is established in the heavens. Bless His holy name! Those who have committed this sin are full of evil, and do not care to come; they will not and, therefore, are never pardoned. Their sin is eternal. -- From When the Holy Ghost is Come

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A. B. SIMPSON
Won by a Book

B. W. Miller

The line of insignificant folks who as personal workers won great leaders is long indeed. A child won Charles Crittenton. George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., and John Wanamaker, merchant prince, were won by fellow clerks. A group of friends were used by the Lord to reach the heart of Finney, as was a friend used to bring Mueller to Christ. Insignificant preachers won Bud Robinson, De Witt Talmage, Phineas Bresee, John Wesley and Jacob Albright to the cause of salvation. Sunday school teachers reached Mott, Robert Morrison, Frances Havergal and J. Wilbur Chapman. Kagawa, Japanese evangelist, and Adam Clarke, Bible exegete, were brought to the cross through the instrumentality of school teachers. Booker T. Washington, John and Charles Wesley, Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, were introduced to Jesus by their mothers.

So on do the illustrations of the glory of personal work pile up. These common folks sowed a deed which crystallized in some character, destined to move the world.

A similar story can be told of the salvation of A. B. Simpson, founder of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Simpson was a wreck from over-study. His spirit was in dejection, and his mind seemed to lose its grip upon itself. On this verge of death, he called upon the Lord to spare him just long enough to be saved. One day an old minister lent him a musty volume entitled "Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification."

He read these words, "The first good work you will ever perform is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Until you do this all your prayers, tears and good resolutions are vain The moment you do this you pass into eternal life."

This was enough for the dying man. Light burst in upon him. Marshall, whoever he was, and from whatever rank in life he came, as aided by an old minister reached thus the heart of

Simpson. Marshall is forgotten but the missionary work of Simpson is today scattered around the world, with more than six hundred missionaries telling the simple story of "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Through college this simple faith followed him. Out into the ministry he went. God called him to the field of intercession, and then he became the missionary organizer. His writings went around the world, and today, though dead, he still speaks through the missionaries whom he has sent to the foreign lands.

When his spirit returned to its Maker in 1919, all the world knew that his had been a battle well fought.

I see an old man. What is that in his hand? A quill. He is writing, simple words they are. He might have published the volume himself. It was musty, possibly never read through by one single individual. I supposed the world called Marshall, the author, a failure as measured by its standards. A failure, did I say? Not so when the measuring rods of God are applied to his work. He used what was in his hand -- a quill -- and God multiplied the work of a few words to reach the world.

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*Editor's Note: The book from which we obtained this article is very old -- no date in it. The missionaries worldwide represented by the Christian Missionary and Alliance Church in 1999 numbers approximately 1200.

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What is that in your hand, friend? The teacher of Adam Clarke had a rule, but he spoke softly to the dullard and God stirred him. Frau Cotta had only a few cold biscuits, but she gave them to the begging student, Martin, and won Martin Luther to the cause of Protestantism. Averill had only a few simple talks and a group of illustrations but he used them, and God won Dr. J. B. Chapman to the cause of salvation. They might have been the horny hands of a blacksmith holding the Bible and reading from Isaiah that cold night, but those hands and that stuttering voice pointed the young Charles Spurgeon to Jesus.

Consecrate then your all to the Master -- hands to point to Jesus, a pen to write of His glories, a voice to sing His praises. Be content to win your one -- he may be a golden-voiced Sankey, or a missionary organizer Simpson. -- From How They Were Won

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CHINA HUNGERS FOR BIBLES

Mission Network News reports that even though the Amity Foundation is printing up to three million Bibles a year in China, many more are needed. Terry Madison of Open Doors, in Santa Ana, CA, noted: "We have regularly taken by various means more than one million Bibles to

China annually to meet the incredible needs of a church which continues to expand by some 2.5 million converts every year."

In 1999, Open Doors projects delivery of two million Bibles. Because of this, couriers are in great demand. -- From Pulpit Helps, Jan. 1999

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THE LIFE OF D. L. MOODY

William R. Moody

FIRST VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN

His appreciation of other speakers was one of Mr. Moody's marked characteristics. He was always hunting for some new and well-taught Bible teacher or some successful gospel preacher to address his Illinois Street Church or the Farwell Hall meetings. No minister of any note passed through Chicago without Mr. Moody's learning of his presence in town, and if his orthodoxy was assured, he was certain to receive a pressing invitation to address one or both of the gatherings at the church or Association. This happy faculty of enlisting others brought him into close personal touch with most of the leading Christian workers, clerical or lay, who visited Chicago, including many from abroad.

From these latter friends Mr. Moody heard much of English methods of work, and he felt that a greater knowledge of them would be very helpful. In his abrupt and impulsive way he announced one Sunday, in 1867, to his mission school, that he was going to start for England that week. Mrs. Moody was at that time a sufferer from asthma, and their physician had suggested that a sea voyage, with an entire change of air and scene, was desirable.

There were two men in England whom Mr. Moody had a great desire to hear and meet-- Charles H. Spurgeon and George Muller, and with the twofold purpose of affording a beneficial trip for Mrs. Moody and making the acquaintance of these leaders in Christian work, he went abroad.

At that time he was unknown in England except to a few who had visited America. Among these were Fountain J. Hartley, secretary of the London Sunday-school Union, who invited Mr. Moody to speak at an anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall. It was customary for a speaker on such an occasion to be connected with a resolution, as its mover or seconder, in order to give him a fight to the floor. Mr. Moody was therefore assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who in this instance was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury.

"Towards the close of the meeting," says Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull in relating this incident, of which he was a witness, "the chairman yielded his chair to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution could be offered. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their 'American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago,' who would now 'move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl' who had presided on this occasion. With refreshing frankness and an utter disregard for

conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The chairman has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the "Reverend" Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sabbath-school worker. And then I'm not your "American cousin"! By the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested with you in our Father's work for His children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to "the noble Earl" for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him, any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was an even thing all round.'

"That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such talk could not be gauged by any standard. Its novelty was delightful, and Mr. Moody carded his English hearers from that time on."

He soon found his way to the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street, and left a permanent impression on English religious life by establishing a noon prayer-meeting. The first meeting was held on May 13th, when nearly a hundred men were present, and the numbers continued to increase until there was a dally attendance of from two to three hundred. Mr. Moody's first text was: "To every man his work." His experiences of gospel work in Chicago were told with a freshness and vigor that captivated all who heard him. The unique and original way in which he pursued his efforts among the rough and lawless children of Chicago was described with thrilling interest. The following letter to his mother is an indication of the impression Mr. Moody received at this time:

"I have at last got started here. I send you an account of the dally union prayer-meeting. It is a great success. They are starting them in different parts of the city, and I am in hopes great good will come from it. They are also starting them in different parts of the Kingdom.

"The great orphan schools of George Muller are at Bristol. He has 1,150 children in his house, but never asks a man for a cent to support them. He calls on God, and God sends money to him. It is wonderful to see what God can do with a man of prayer."

When Mr. Moody was in Bristol, on May 10, 1867, he gave an address to a Sunday-school Bible class, closing with the request that the young men who desired prayer should rise. Fifteen members of the class rose immediately, among them John Kenneth Mackenzie, then a lad of sixteen, who later became a medical missionary in China, and was the means of founding and conducting the first government medical school in that empire in connection with the London Missionary Society.

While Mr. Mackenzie dated his earnest desire for a spiritual life from that occasion, he had not yet fully realized it, and it was not till the anniversary of the day on which he had been impressed by Mr. Moody's address that he rose with several companions at a meeting of the Young

Men's Christian Association and avowed himself a follower of the Lord Jesus. Eight years after his college student life he met Mr. Moody in "a never to be forgotten meeting." Mrs. Bryson, his biographer, says: "It seems to have greatly cheered the heart of the young soldier, who was just putting on the armor for service in the foreign field, to receive words of counsel and blessing from one who some years before had been the instrument in God's hands of leading him to more earnest thought concerning the verities of the unseen and eternal."

It was at this time that Mr. Moody heard the words which marked the beginning of a new era in his life: "The worm has yet to see what God will do with and for and through and in and by the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him."

"He said 'a man,'" thought Moody; "he did not say a great man, nor a learned man, nor a rich man, nor a wise man, nor an eloquent man, nor a 'smart' man, but simply 'a man.' I am a man, and it lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that entire and full consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man."

Being introduced one day by a London friend to Mr. Bewley, of Dublin, the latter asked:

"Is this young man all O and O?"

"What do you mean by 'O and O'?" said the friend.

"Is he Out and Out for Christ?" was the reply.

This remark deepened the impression made, and from that time forward the endeavor to be "O and O" for Christ was supreme.

Before sailing from New York a friend had advised him strongly not to miss meeting the missionary veteran, Dr. Duff, and also to see Dr. Guthrie's work in Edinburgh. Thither, therefore, Mr. Moody went, and while he failed in his special purpose he had the opportunity of speaking one night in the Free Assembly Hall and meeting several prominent religious leaders.

This trip was very helpful to Mr. Moody, and he never ceased to appreciate the associations then formed. In speaking at the annual breakfast of the Young Men's Christian Association in London shortly before returning to America he said:

"It has been my privilege to be in your city two months, and I have thought you were exalted to Heaven with privileges -- privileges so numerous that I pity a man who, without hope, goes down to death from the city of London. I have longed to see the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Far away in the western part of America I have often prayed for this Association, and my heart has been full this morning as I sat here listening to my friends and looking them in the face.

"I do not know that I shall ever have this privilege again; it is not likely that I shall; next month I return to my home, but I shall always remember this morning. It is said that Napoleon, after his army had accomplished a great victory, ordered a medal to be struck with these words: 'I was

there' that was all. In after years when I am far away in the western prairies of America, and when May comes, I shall think that in 1867 'I was there,' and as the years roll on, if it shall be my privilege to meet in yonder City any that are here this morning, we may there sit down by the banks of the beautiful river of the water of life that flows from the throne of God and talk of this morning. It will give us pleasure then to think that we were together in the fight."

Then Mr. Moody went on to tell of new methods of work in America, especially in Chicago, which moved every one, now to laughter and now to tears. His own visits to the saloons and other haunts of sin developed an ingenuity and tactfulness which showed themselves born of a deep and passionate love for the salvation of souls.

A trip abroad seldom proves so great a success as did this journey, the purpose of its undertaking being perfectly gratified -- Mrs. Moody entirely and finally cured, while Mr. Moody met both George Muller and Charles H. Spurgeon.

On July 1st, on the eve of their return to America, a farewell reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Moody in London. The appreciation and friendship which the Sunday-school worker, their "brother" from America, had won among Christian workers during this brief visit of three months were widely recognized. In the opinion of one of the speakers:

"Few men who have visited a foreign shore have endeared themselves to so many hearts in so short a time, or with an unknown name and without letters of commendation won their way so deeply into the affections of a multitude of Christian brethren as had Mr. Moody. Few had ever heard of him before, but having talked with him or heard him speak of Jesus, asked for no other warrant to yield him a large measure of their love."

It was on this first visit to Great Britain that he met for the first time R. C. Morgan, then and now the editor of that most influential and widely circulated weekly religious periodical known for years as "The Revival" and later as "The Christian." A warm attachment sprang up at once between these two men who were working, each in his own way, to spread the Gospel.

In later years Mr. Moody referred to his earlier efforts as being in a measure an exhibition of "zeal without knowledge"; but, as he would also add, "There is much more hope for a man in such a condition than for that man who has knowledge without zeal." Mr. Morgan, a careful and thorough Bible student, was drawn to the young American stranger, and from the first gave him sympathy and encouragement, and has ever been a most generous supporter in all his later projects. Before he visited the British Isles again Mr. Moody too was to receive a more perfect knowledge of the Word of God. -- From The Life of D. L. Moody

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FROM OUR MAILBOX:

"Someone gave me a box of old Sunday School papers and in the box were a few of your old 1992 American Holiness Journals. I have read them for 3 days now and just look forward to getting my own. This is the first I ever heard of your Journals. It is wonderful to read from, and of,

these Godly men. Please start sending me The Journal. I am enclosing a check and ordering a subscription for a friend, and some of your books, too." -- West Virginia

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A FATHER'S SANCTIFIED LOVE

J. Grant Swank, Jr.

I just got home from visiting my son -- in prison. My wife and I drove the 1000 miles one way, hitting the road last Tuesday morning. It was one interstate after another. We had parceled up some bread, peanut butter and jelly. Then there was a thermos with steaming hot water and a few tea bags. We were ready!

It is not the easiest jaunt in the world. But with each visit, it does become less burdensome. Maybe because we no longer dread the front awesome gate with its entwining barbed wire circles laced hither and yon. Nor do we feel intimidated by guards standing like statues all along the path to our son's hug with greeting.

We have also passed the turn in the road when we used to hide the truth. We actually got passed that early on. It was no use -- to us, to our son, to the world.

Since going "public" with the whole scene -- our son's incarceration for a crime he did not commit -- we have indeed come upon lots of parents who are aching beyond verbiage. Their children too are behind bars. So they have built caring bridges toward us. We have responded with our empathy and understanding. It has turned out to be a refreshing exchange. Why? Because most of us are weighted down with too much these days. And we simply learn that we need one another now more than ever.

When I first made the trip to visit Jay in mid-state Pennsylvania, I thought I would melt away before I could drag myself through that terrible front door. It was something that just was not supposed to happen to a decent family.

After all, he had been adopted into our loving hearts, brought up with birthday parties and Christmas holidays filled with cheer. Balloons, family get-togethers, laughter, goodnight prayers and celebrations at every turn in life's road had overwhelmed the home we provided for our children.

There was no abuse in our home, no alcohol, no threats, only warm and concerned parents with three children -- Jay and his two sisters, one younger and one older.

Why then did we have to go through the hell that he put us through? I don't really know. But I do know that there are scores of other households stumbling through the same cindered corridors. And there will be too many more homes yet to undergo the dreadful scenes that we now flick across our memories.

In our last visit, we talked over whether there is some chemical imbalance in Jay's brain that triggered this and that past violence. Could be. Jay thinks it may be so. I wonder, perhaps. We dialog about assessment and then treatment; could medication do the trick, bring a more peaceful "within" to Jay? Maybe.

Each visit to a prison house got a bit easier for the two of us. My wife and I would sit in our van on the journey thinking, pondering, mostly comforting one another. Then there would unfold those therapeutic slots of utter silence. We had no more words. Then it was time to let our hearts beat next to one another -- quietly. Time would work it out. We would live to see a better tomorrow.

Then more other treks followed. There was the transfer from Pennsylvania to Ohio. And then the facility in Michigan. Each trip got 250 miles more distant. But could we just shut down because there were more roads to cover, more tolls to pay, more gas to pump? No. We loved Jay. We love Jay still.

And I suppose it is that that is most puzzling to me. I cannot figure it out, nor do I want to try. It is a chemistry known fully to God.

We have been so mistreated by this son of ours. He freely admits that, with tears flowing.

It was sometimes beyond what we could have ever imagined when first tucking that infant into that blue blanket for the ride home from the social worker's office. Then how did that cuddly tot ever emerge into the monster we had to live with as he descended nighttime's steep ravine in his mid-teens?

For those reading this who have youngsters in the same fix, you can easily fill in the blanks. If you are in that number, go ahead; it will do you good. Fill in those blanks. Why?

You need to know that there are other pulses out there which are pulsating alongside yours. The worst conclusion you can come to is that you are all alone in your plight. Not at all. Not at all. Think of it -- there are others just like you -- father, mother -- who are attempting to remake a young life while in the worst of pain.

Why do I write Jay every day? Why do I clip out this article and that to slip into another envelope? Why do I run for the phone when I know it is his voice on the other end?

Because I love my son. It is a father's way, that is, if he is truly a father.

I think back when I was not always what I should have been. Then it was that my father was there. And my mother was, too. And more than that -- the heavenly Father was with me, too. I know He was for there is no other answer to how I came through some of the complicated experiences I created for my own young life.

So it is that there is something marvelous in each of us. It comes as a gift from heaven. It is that possibility to help a child in need. If we nurture that gift it grows on us. And it becomes a plant, a flowering plant that can yield its own sweet fragrance of life.

This last visit was a gem. We laughed. We ate food from the machines. We reminisced. We exchanged notes on inside prison and outside community. We talked about the hopes of tomorrow. We planned. We charted. We prayed. We embraced and then cried way down deep inside as we bade our farewells.

"Do you want to know what it is that I dread the most about what is ahead?" Jay asked the two of us. "No, what is it?" I asked impatiently.

"It is that one of you will die before I get out of here. It is that one of you will die and I won't have the chance to prove to you that I can be better than what I have been."

I assured him that his mother and I are healthy, that we are going to live a good long time. Of course, that is the guarantee no mortal can make; we three knew that. But I had to say it anyhow. And he received it with the father's love in which it was offered him.

We then chatted more, about incidentals, those items that don't really matter that much. It cannot be all deep, introspective converse when visiting a son in prison's visitors' room. There is a balance in all things, even the talk that goes on inside those confining walls.

"Time's up," the officiating guard called out to us all. Yes, in fact, time was up. We had visited our seven hours, and now it was time to separate from one another again... again ..again.

"You are the only son I have," I finally whispered into his ears as we embraced to leave.

"One of these days I will prove to you that I am a successful son," he immediately replied softly.

"You are a success to me right now," I answered. "You love God with all your heart. That is all the success I need from you, now and ever."

It is always a long walk from the prison entrance to one's vehicle, no matter how close the parking lot is to the building.

Then as I slipped behind the wheel for the 1000 mile drive back home, I thought: "Another visit, come and gone. Another chance to love my son -- in person. May it always be so -- always. "

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Happy Mother's Day -- May 9

MOTHER'S ALTAR OF PRAYER

Reva Boggs

The only support for our family was the farm we worked on together. Each day when the work in the fields was completed, my mother disappeared into the woods while the children began to play. Sometimes she was gone for only a few minutes, while at other times she seemed to be gone for hours.

Often I wondered what my mother did in those woods. I began to notice that she picked up a rock and carried it with her as she crossed the fields. One day I asked Mother why she carded a rock into the woods every day. She tried to explain what each rock meant. I wasn't sure that I understood, so I asked more questions, and she took me into the woods with her. I stopped to pick up a rock and asked if the rock was too big or too small. She explained it was just right, but usually the size of her rock depended on the burden she carded to God in prayer. By this time we had entered the woods and a short distance beyond us I noticed a large pile of rocks. My mother knelt there and laid her rock on the pile, then turned to me and asked me to join her. As I joined her she began to pray aloud. I realized then that she knew Someone I didn't. She had a relationship with Jesus that words can't describe. Every day in those Carolina woods, she met the Lord, bringing all her burdens with her, then leaving them behind. Across the years, she built an altar of prayer, one rock at a time. -- From a church bulletin, copied from Herald of Holiness

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THE END