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## **SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN HOLINESS JOURNAL -- FEBRUARY 2000**

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By Holiness Data Ministry

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### **A MOMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS...**

Since February is the month that we remember Valentine's Day, I want to express my appreciation and love to our Journal readers for all you have done to help keep this Salvation message going to many parts of the world. Only the Lord knows how thankful I am for your faithfulness in praying and giving - otherwise we could never continue. God bless you! As of the date of this writing (1/14/00) there has not been enough donations come in yet to cover the cost of the February issue, but we are praying and believing that the Lord will take care of this need, as He has in the past.

I would like to share with you a part of a letter I received this week -- I think this will show you one of the ways the Lord is using this ministry.

"Here is my order for the year 2000. I have enclosed some extra for postage. Continue to publish the Holiness Message as there is a dearth of this full salvation in the land. I am so thankful to the Lord Jesus for leading me to find The Journal. It has been a blessing to me since 1992. I did not understand the messages but as I continued to read them, light came and I know God wants His children to be sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost!! What a mighty God to bless us with a salvation that can keep us by His Holy Spirit! May the Lord continue to bless you with His presence and keep you ready for His return!" -- Massachusetts

My thanks to all of you who continue to remember us with your sacrificial gifts and your prayers. We could not go on without them!

February is usually a month when many churches are having revival meetings. Let's beseech the Lord to send our churches and our nation a real spiritual awakening, when sinners will be converted, and believers filled with the Holy Spirit! -- Mrs. A. J. (Prudence) West

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Editorial

WHY SIT WE HERE 'TILL WE DIE?

A. J. West

Scripture: 2 Kings 7:3 -- 5 "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another 'Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die.' And they rose up in the twilight, to go unto the camp of the Syrians: and when they were come to the uttermost part of the camp of Syria, behold, there was no man there."

We need to take a little time to review the background of this particular Scripture. In reading your Old Testament, you will discover that trouble in the region of Israel, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan is nothing new. This has been going on as long as human history records it. It has been going on since the very beginning of the nation of Israel when they came out of Egypt, and came into the land of Palestine. A great deal of the problems was brought upon themselves because they did not obey God's commands. But after the death of King Solomon the kingdom was divided into two distinct divisions. The Northern Kingdom became Israel, and was made up of ten tribes, and the Southern Kingdom was made up of two tribes -- Judah and Benjamin. The Northern Kingdom established its capital at the city of Samaria, and the Southern Kingdom kept its capital at Jerusalem.

The king of Syria had besieged the city of Samaria, and he had shut it up so completely that nobody could go in or out, and famine was in the city in such a deplorable fashion that it makes a person almost ill to read the account of it. (The story is told in chapter 6). It tells what is the result of things when people turn their backs upon God.

There is a very tragic note here in this portion of Scripture, and for that matter, it is repeated over and over again in the Old Testament history of God's dealing with the people of Israel. When people turn their backs upon God, after having made a promise that they would follow God, there can be some terrible consequences follow such an action. God warned them through Moses and through Joshua, that if they promised to follow God, and did not follow Him, but turn their backs upon God and begin to worship idols, He said that, "all the good things that I said I would do for you, will turn to evil things and you will reap the consequences of your rebellion against God." God tried to bring them back, and this was one of those times when they

had turned their backs upon God, worshipped idols to the place where God was thoroughly disgusted with what they were doing. We could not blame God for being offended at them. It is only the mercy of God that He didn't wipe them off of the face of the earth, and begin all over again.

This is the same thing God said to Moses. "This is a rebellious and stiffnecked people, I'll do away with them, and start over again," but Moses interceded in their behalf.

This was one of those rebellious times. They didn't have anything to eat in the city of Samaria. This 6th chapter records the awful incident of a mother who boiled her own son, and ate him -- cannibalism -- there was nothing to eat. The Syrians had them shut in. But outside of the city there were these four lepers. They were in a very desperate position. They were starving to death, too. They came to the conclusion that there wasn't any use just sitting there where they were until they died. They ought to try to do something to better themselves, and so they decided on a course of action.

I think there is a good lesson in that for each one of us. I don't suppose there are many people who are absolutely, totally satisfied with everything just exactly like it is. We always like to have some things a little better. But as someone has very well said, "If you happen to get a lemon, try to make some lemonade."

Did you hear the story about the two frogs that fell in a churn? The one frog just swam around a little while, croaked a few times, and mined belly-up and died. The other frog decided he was going to keep struggling as long as he could. So he kept paddling, and paddling. When the farmer came to look in the churn, he found that frog sitting on a pat of butter just croaking away. He made the best out of his circumstances.

That's what these lepers did. They said, "Why are we going to sit here 'till we die! Let's do something about it." So they had a conference and said, "Let us go."

I think before any of us can improve ourselves spiritually, or improve ourselves any other way, we're going to have to recognize the fact of where we are. I think a lot of people never make any spiritual progress simply because they never really come to a decision in their own hearts and minds as to where they actually stand in the sight, and in the presence of God. Let me ask you to be very definite with yourselves. Because one of these days, and only God knows how soon it will be for some of us -- each one of us is going to stand before the Judge of all the earth -- entirely by ourselves -- to answer to that Judge. Or maybe Jesus Christ is going to come back and take His Church out of this world. We don't want to miss that Rapture, and go through the tribulation period. We don't want death to come in upon us and find us in a position where we ought not to be in the sight of God. Look deep within your heart; let the Holy Spirit help you to come to a definite decision as to where you are spiritually.

God said to Adam, "Where art thou?" Where are you spiritually? Are you ready to meet God? Are you living up to all of the right that God has shed across your pathway? Are you riving in a place where you wouldn't be afraid of death, if it came. Are you riving in a place where, if

Christ came back this week, you'd be up in the sky- not down in this old world, going through the tribulation period. Where are you?

The first thing anybody has to do in order to make progress with God, is to recognize where they are. Do you have things in your life that you know are displeasing to God? Are there relationships with you that you know are displeasing to Him? Are there attitudes in your mind and in your heart -- maybe you have never expressed them, but they are there. So many people today have a critical attitude. It doesn't make any difference how hard you try, there're always those who are critical about things. Criticism is a very negative thing. It won't make you a better person. It won't make you easier to get along with. It won't draw you Closer to God. Let's work on ourselves.

The first thing we have to do is to recognize where and what we are. Then we have to come to the place, "Why am I like I am when I could be better." If you decide that you need to be better -- more Christ-like -- why don't you decide like these poor lepers? "Why do I sit here 'till I die when I could be something better?"

There are great unexplored regions in the grace of God that have never been tapped. This is one of the things that continues to thrill my soul -- it's the fact that I shall never know all there is to know. I shall never feel all that there is to feel. I shall never reach the height in the place where there is nothing more beyond. A great theologian said, "I don't know how you feel, but as for me I feel like a child playing along side of the ocean, walking up and down the sandy beach, now and then amusing myself by picking up some bright shell that has drifted off into the sand, while all of that vast ocean, the unknown resources of it, lie unexplored." Isn't that true with most of us as far as the things of God are concerned?

Do you know what these lepers did? They said, "We're not going to sit here any longer. If we go into Samaria -- everybody's starving in there anyway -- that won't make us any better. If we stay where we are, we're going to die of hunger and starvation. If we go down and throw ourselves on the mercy of the Syrians, they can't any more than kill us we're going to die anyway. So let's go!" And the four decided they were going to take the tittle journey down to the camp of the Syrians. They waited until twilight so they wouldn't be quite so noticeable. They stole down through the semi-darkness, and they began to look around to see what's going on. They didn't see anyone. There wasn't a person moving in the whole Syrian camp. Very timidly they went in and looked around to see what they could find- into one tent and then into another, but they couldn't find a single soul! They feasted on all that was left behind!

What had happened was that God had made the Syrians to hear a noise -- it sounded like the marching of a great host of people -- the coming of a great army. They said, "The king of Samaria has hired the Hittites and others to come out and fight against us, and they fled so fast that they left everything behind them! "They left all of their tents, all of their blankets and fled because they thought they were just going to barely get away with their lives.

So these poor lepers found something more than they had ever hoped for, simply because they did something about their condition, and they found out that they had plenty and more than they could possibly handle.

I like to think about this because I like to think about the great provisions that God has made. Notice Romans 8:29: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." That is one of the greatest statements in all of God's Word-God foreknew these people and after He had foreknown that what they were going to do, then He unveiled to them the great program that He had for them. God sent forth His own Son into this sinful, forsaken world to make it possible to be conformed to the image of that Son! And God will never be satisfied with you, and you should never be satisfied with yourself, as long as you are not reaching that point that God wants you to achieve. We shall not achieve it altogether in this world, but some day, if we walk with God, if we walk in the light, if we keep step with Him, we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is.

The apostle Paul says, we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. This mortality shall take on immortality. This corruption shall take on incorruption. We shall be changed and made like unto the Son of God Himself. This is not fanaticism. It's not fanciful thinking. It's what God said was His purpose.

Jerry McCauley was a drunken bum -- one of the lowest men that ever lived. His wife gave him money to go one time to buy some medicine for their dying son. He had to pass a saloon on the way to the drug store. He never got to the drug store. He never got the medicine. When he got sobered up and returned home, his boy was dead. It broke his heart. He began to say, "This is no way for a man to live." He bowed himself at an altar of prayer, gave his heart to Jesus Christ. What did he do? He said to himself, "Why will I be like this, when I can be something better."

The prodigal son came to himself down in the swine pen, and said, "The servants in my father's house have enough to eat and to spare. They're not hungry. They're not eating the husks that the swine eat. Why should I?" The Scripture says that he "came to himself." He recognized where he was, and said, "Why spend the rest of my life in a pig pen when I have a father who's waiting to bring me back into his love." He could have died there in that pig pen with those resolutions in his mind and in his heart, but he didn't. He got himself out of there and started back toward home. When he arrived he received a welcome that was beyond anything that he anticipated.

"Born Drunk" was a man that is described in Twice Born Men. He said he was so named because his mother was drunk most of the time before his birth. When he was a baby he had a craving for alcohol. The only thing that would quiet his crying was when his mother would take her finger and dip it in whiskey and moisten his lips with it. He never drew a sober breath until one time he staggered into a Salvation Army convention. He listened to some testimonies of how God had taken care of some problems in the lives of others. God got ahold of his heart. He knelt at the altar, and said, "Oh, God, if there is anything you can do for me, will you please do it?" God sobered that man that night and he never touched liquor again. He became a testimony to the grace of God, and what God can do.

How about you? Why am I going to sit here 'till I die? Why am I never going to be anything other than what I am now? Maybe you have been trying to get rid of some things in your life. Maybe you have problems in your home, or on your job. Maybe you have financial or physical problems. God is able to help us if only we will come to Him and open our hearts to Him. Good intentions don't save us. We must put our intentions into actions.

What was the result of these lepers? They said we must share this good news with others, so they went to the city of Samaria and told the folks there. The rush was so intense that they trampled the man at the gate in order to get down to where the provisions were. Something happened because they said, "Why sit we here 'till we die?"

\* \* \* \* \*

CHRISTMAS EVANS  
James Gilchrist Lawson

(Continued from the January issue)

### COVENANT WITH GOD

I. I give my soul and body unto Thee, Jesus, the true God, and everlasting life; deliver us from sin, and from eternal death, and bring me into life everlasting. Amen. -- C. E.

II. I call the day, the sun, the earth, the trees, the stones, the bed, the table and the books, to witness that I come unto Thee, Redeemer of sinners, that I may obtain rest for my soul from the thunders of guilt and the dread of eternity. Amen.--C.E.

III. I do, through confidence in Thy power, earnestly entreat Thee to take the work into Thine own hand, and give me a circumcised heart, that I may love Thee; and create in me a right spirit, that I may seek Thy glory. Grant me that principle which Thou wilt own in the day of judgment, that I may not then assume pale-facedness, and find myself a hypocrite. Grant me this, for the sake of Thy most precious blood. Amen. -- C. E.

IV. I entreat Thee, Jesus, the Son of God, in power, grant me, for the sake of Thy agonizing death, a covenant interest in Thy blood which cleanseth; in Thy righteousness, which justifieth; and in Thy redemption, which delivereth. I entreat an interest in Thy blood, for Thy blood's sake, and a part in Thee, for Thy name's sake, which Thou hast given among men. Amen. -- C. E.

V. O Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, take for the sake of Thy cruel death, my time, and strength, and the gifts and talents I possess; which, with a full purpose of heart, I consecrate to Thy glory in the building up of Thy Church in the world, for Thou art worthy of the hearts and talents of men. Amen. -- C. E.

VI. I desire Thee, my great High Priest, to confirm, by Thy power from Thy High Court, my usefulness as a preacher, and my piety as a Christian, as two gardens nigh to each other; that sin may not have place in my heart to becloud my confidence in Thy righteousness, and that I may not be left to any foolish act that may occasion my gifts to wither, and I be rendered useless before my life ends. Keep Thy gracious eye upon me, and watch over, me, O my Lord, and my God forever! Amen. -- C. E.

VII. I give myself in a particular manner to Thee, O Jesus Christ the Saviour, to be preserved from the falls into which many stumble, that Thy name (in Thy cause) may not be blasphemed or wounded, that my peace may not be injured, and that Thy people may not be grieved, and that Thine enemies may not be hardened. Amen. -- C. E.

VIII. I come entreating Thee to enter into a covenant with me in my ministry. Oh, prosper me as Thou didst prosper Bunyan, Vavasor, Powell, Howell Harris, Rowlands, and Whitefield. The impediments in the way of my prosperity remove. Work in me the things approved of God that I may attain this. Give me a heart "sick of love" to Thee, and to the souls of men. Grant that I may feel the power of Thy Word before preaching it, as Moses felt the power of his rod before he felt the effect of it on the land and waters of Egypt. For the sake of Thy precious blood, Jesus, my all in all, grant me this. Amen. -- C. E.

IX. Search me now, and lead me in the paths of judgment. May I see in this world what I really am in Thy sight, that I may not find myself otherwise when the light of eternity shall dawn upon me, and open my eyes in the brightness of immortality. Wash me in Thy redeeming blood. Amen. -- C. E.

X. Give me power to trust in Thee for food and raiment, and to make known my requests to Thee. O let Thy care be over me as a covenant privilege betwixt Thee and me, and not simply as a general care which Thou shewest in feeding the ravens that perish and clothing the lily that is cast into the oven, but remember me as one of Thy family, and as one of Thy unworthy brethren. Amen. -- C. E.

XI. Take upon Thyself, O Jesus, to prepare me for death, for Thou art God; and Thou needest but to speak the word. If it be possible -- but Thy will be done -- let me not linger in sickness, nor die a sudden death without bidding adieu to my brethren, but rather let me die with them around me, after a short illness. May everything be put in order ready for that day of passing from one world to another, so that there may be no confusion or disorder, but a passing away in peace. O grant me this for the sake of Thine agony in the garden. Amen. -- C. E.

XII. Grant, O blessed Lord, that no sin may be nourished or fostered in me which may cause Thee to cast me off from the work of Thy sanctuary, like the sons of Eli; and, for the sake of Thine infinite merits, let not my days be longer than my usefulness. Let me not become, at the end of my days, like a piece of lumber in the way of the usefulness of others. Amen. -- C. E.

XIII. I beseech Thee, my Redeemer, to present these supplications of mine before the Father, and oh, inscribe them in Thy book with Thine own immortal pen, while I am writing them with my mortal hand in my book on earth. According to the depths of Thy merit, and Thy infinite grace, and Thy compassion, and Thy tenderness toward Thy people, O attach Thy name in Thine Upper Court to these humble supplications of mine; and set Thine amen to them, even as I set mine on my side of the covenant. Amen. -- CHRISTMAS EVANS, Llangevni, Anglesea, April 10, 18\_\_.

After his entire consecration to God, and after receiving the anointing of the Holy Spirit while he wrestled in prayer on his way from Dolgelly to Machynelleth, Christmas Evans began to preach with a new unction and power. A great revival spread from preacher to people all over the

island of Anglesea, and then over the whole of Wales. The people were often so wrought upon by Evan's sermons that they literally danced for joy, and their actions obtained for them the nick-name of "the Welsh jumpers." Often the audiences were moved to weeping and tears. Once when Evans preached concerning "The Demoniac of Gadara," and vividly portrayed the deliverance of the demoniac, the wonder of the people, and especially the joy of the demoniac's wife and children when he returned home healed and saved, the audience laughed and wept alternately. One biographer says that "the place was a perfect Bochim for weeping." Shouts of prayer and praise mingled together. One who heard this wonderful sermon says, that, at last, the people seemed like the inhabitants of a city which had been shaken by an earthquake, that in their escape, rushed into the streets, falling upon the earth screaming, and calling upon God!

"The powerful sermons, the breath of heaven, the weeping, the praising, the return of sinners to God," now characterized Evans' meetings wherever he went. This was especially true when he preached his famous "Graveyard Sermon," in which he described the world as dead and buried in the graveyard of Law, with Justice guarding the gates but Mercy coming to unlock them. This sermon has been published almost everywhere. The preaching of it brought conviction of sin like a deluge over the people. The scene resembled the one at Shotts, in Scotland, when five hundred persons professed conversion to Christ under the preaching of a sermon by John Livingston. It was similar to that at Llanidloes, Wales, when a thousand persons decided for Christ under one sermon preached by Michael Roberts. Or it resembled the time when twenty-five hundred persons were added to the churches as the result of one sermon preached by John Elias, the mighty Welsh preacher.

Evans was "a man the spell of whose name, when he came into a neighborhood, could wake up all the sleepy villages, and bid their inhabitants pour along up by the hills, and down by the valleys, expectant crowds watching his appearance with tears, and sometimes hailing him with shouts." "It must be said, his are very great sermons," says Rev. Paxton Hood, "the present writer is almost disposed to be bold enough to describe them, as the grandest Gospel sermons of the last hundred years." One biographer describes his manner while preaching as follows: "Christmas Evans, meantime, is pursuing his way, lost in his theme. Now his eye lights up, says one who knew him, like a brilliantly flashing star, his clear forehead expands, his form dilates in majestic dignity; and all that has gone before will be lost in the whim-heat passion with which he prepares to sing of Paradise lost and Paradise regained."

The anointing of the Holy Spirit was the great secret of Evans' power. Writing to a young minister, he says: "You will observe that some heavenly ornaments, and power from on high, are visible in many ministers when under the Divine irradiation, which you cannot approach to by merely imitating their artistic excellence, without resembling them in their spiritual taste, fervency, and zeal which Christ and His Spirit work in them. This will cause, not only your being like unto them in gracefulness of action, and propriety of elocution, but will also induce prayer for the anointing of the Holy One, which worketh mightily in the inward man. This is the mystery of effective preaching. We must be endued with power from on high." Someone said to Evans, "Mr. Evans, you have not studied Dr. Blair's Rhetoric." Evans, to whom Dr. Blair with his rules was always as dry as Gilboa, replied: "Why do you say so when you just now saw hundreds weeping under the sermon? That could not be, had I not first of all been influenced myself, which, you know, is the substance, and mystery, of all rules of speaking."

Evans collected much money for the building of churches, the Baptist churches of Anglesea being more than doubled under his ministry. In one place where he was raising money to build a chapel, the money came very slowly although the audiences were very large. There had been much sheep-stealing in the neighborhood, and Evans decided to use this fact to advantage in collecting money. He told the people that undoubtedly some of the sheep-stealers must be present in the congregation, and he hoped that they would not throw any money into the collection. A big collection was taken. Those who did not have any money to give borrowed from their neighbors to put in the collection.

"Dear old Christmas," as he was familiarly called in his old age, finished his course with joy, and fell asleep in Christ July 23, 1838, with a song of victory on his lips. -- From Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians

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#### SOME CHURCH FRIENDS WROTE TO US:

We already receive 10 copies per month and want to increase it to 20 per month. There has been great interest in the magazine. We really enjoy it! -- North Carolina

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#### WASHINGTON'S PUNCTUALITY

Washington was one of the most punctual of men. He dined at four o'clock, and if his guests were not on time, he never waited for them. It often happened that people who had been invited to dine with him would arrive when dinner was half over. To them he would merely say, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. The cook never asks whether the guests have arrived, but whether the hour has come."

Once when he was President, he agreed to meet an officer at eight o'clock who had been in the army with him. The time came but no officer appeared, and Washington rode away. A little later the officer arrived and finding Washington gone, rode after him in a great hurry and overtook him.

When he came up, he began to excuse himself. Washington said, "Major, I thought you have been too long in my family not to know when it is eight o'clock."

At another time his secretary came in ten minutes late. When he began to excuse himself, Washington said, "Well, Mr. Secretary, either you will get a new watch or I shall get a new secretary." After that, needless to say, the secretary was always on time. -- Horace Mann Fifth Reader, 1915

\* \* \* \* \*

WASHINGTON SAID:

"Would to God the harmony of nations were an object that lay nearest to the hearts of sovereigns."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE COMPASSION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Despite his busy schedule during the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln often visited the hospitals to cheer the wounded.

On one occasion he saw a young fellow who was near death. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the compassionate President.

"Please write a letter to my mother," came the reply.

Unrecognized by the soldier, the Chief Executive sat down and wrote as the youth told him what to say.

The letter read, "My dearest mother. I was badly hurt while doing my duty, and I won't recover. Don't sorrow too much for me. May God bless you and Father. Kiss Mary and John for me."

The young man was too weak to go on, so Lincoln signed the letter for him and then added this postscript: "Written for your son by Abraham Lincoln."

Asking to see the note, the soldier was astonished to discover who had shown him such kindness.

"Are you really our President?" he asked.

"Yes," was the quiet answer. "Now is there anything else I can do?"

The lad feebly replied, "Will you please hold my hand? I think it would help to see me through to the end."

The tall, gaunt man granted his request, offering warm words of encouragement until death stole in with the dawn. -- Voice In The Wilderness

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A Devotional

A DIVINE INVITATION

J. Grant Swank, Jr.

It was my first year at our church college, and I was homesick. Half the student body was laid low with the flu, and I was one of the sick -- weak, confused, worried.

God seemed far away. Exams pressed in. My life was out of focus. I would have gone home and quit studies if I had had the physical strength to pull it off.

Then it was that God invited me to commit the entire situation to Him. He welcomed me to spend one hour in prayer each day at the dormitory prayer room so that I could come to know Him better.

"But I am not well enough," I pleaded. Nevertheless, the divine invitation stood fast.

I struggled out of bed with Bible in hand, making my wobbly way to the quietness of that prayer room. As I sat there, I opened the Word. I timed myself; I was determined to find help.

Day after day I stole away to the prayer place. On some days the entire hour was total boredom. Then it was that a dark whisper would come to my soul, saying, "See, this is not working. You are foolish. Why are you wasting such time with this project that is going nowhere? You could be using this hour more profitably."

I told that sinister voice to "get behind me" (of. Matthew 16:23). I was going to be closer to God. He was the One who could lead me through the maze.

I set 40 days for my prayer time frame. At the close of that time it would be Easter morning. As day folded into day, I sensed God's presence more and more. Conscientiously I kept my daily prayer watch with the Lord.

The closer that I came to Easter, the more that peace took over my spirit. In fact, God's presence became so real to me that I became overcome with His joy. I wanted to tell the entire campus about the closeness to God that I had discovered.

It was wonder-filled.

I had never envisioned that with such a depressing start my prayer vigils could have brought such intimacy with Christ. In surrendering to Him, I had come to experience utter freedom.

'God seemed  
far away.  
Exams pressed in.  
My life was  
out of focus.'

Finally, when it came to the day of resurrection, I sat in worship with tears streaming down my face. I thanked God again and again for such freedom in Him.

All of this happened many years ago, yet I remember it as if it were just moments ago. And my prayer watches continue to this day.

With each day's challenges I need to relearn submission. Yet yielding to God has become easier as the years have passed.

Now I try, when the Lord directs, to tell friends about the surrender that I learned through my daily prayer watch: Such rich fellowship. Such blind faith in following the Good Shepherd. Such reckless abandonment to God's will!

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## PRAYING TO GOD OUR FATHER

Samuel Chadwick

Our Lord bases prayer on personal relationship. He taught us to call God our Father, and the implication of sonship changes the whole aspect of prayer. Whatever difficulties may remain, communication must be possible between father and child, and to suggest that a child may not ask of a father would be to empty the terms of all meaning. It is a child's right to ask, and it is a father's responsibility to hear in affectionate sympathy and discerning love. The wonder is not that God hears prayer, but that He is our Father. The greater wonder includes the less. The revelation that God is Father establishes the possibility and reasonableness of prayer. The one establishes the other. God would not be Father if His children could not pray. All the teaching of Jesus about the supremacy of the child-heart in the Kingdom of God is rank blasphemy if God is not our Father. The relationship carries with it accessibility, intimacy, and fearless love.

Sons of great men have sometimes remembered their father as an institution rather than as a father, and God is to some of His children little more than an institution. It was not thus that Jesus revealed Him.

There is no lowering of His majesty in the intimacy of the family relationship. He is still the Holy and Most High God; the High and Lofty One, that inhabits eternity. The Sermon on the Mount, with its relation of God to sparrows and lilies, detracts nothing from the majesty of Isaiah's vision of Him, "The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth." He is still "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God... the Blessed and Only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see" 1 Tim. 1:17; 6:15, 16.

There are many such revelations of the Divine glory and majesty, and it is well to ponder them in adoring worship; but Jesus Christ turned them into terms of filial value. He is our Father! That is the crowning fact. To the child He is just Father. Others may cringe in fear, but the child heart is a stranger to terror. I have never forgotten the dread that gripped me when, as a youth, I was invited to go for an interview at the manse. I walked past the door several times before I had courage to ring the bell, and as I stood at the door my heart throbbed in my ears. Imagine my surprise when shown into the room to find the great man on all-fours, giving a ride to riotously happy children, who turned his long beard into driving-reins! He was their father! They knew

nothing of the awe in which others stood of him, and as they grew older and knew something of his greatness their reverence deepened, but they were not fearful. The children of the House are free and fearless.

"Pray to Thy Father which is in Secret"

The heavens cannot contain God our Father, but He dwells in the inner chamber of the soul. He is in secret, and sees in secret. He waits and watches for the opening of the sanctuary door. It is holy ground, and must be approached with reverence. The soul must summon all its powers for this its holiest exercise. Communion is deeper than theology. Prayer in secret is life finding expression in the realized Presence of God our Father. All things are voluntarily laid bare before Him. All pretense is stripped from motive, all hypocrisy from desire, all dissimulation from speech. A season of silence is the best preparation for speech with God. Infinite glory finds new value when interpreted in terms of Fatherhood, and prayer finds new horizons in the majesty of our Father in Heaven.

If God be Father we may pray, but if He is such a Father why need we pray?

"When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him" Matt. 6:7, 8. Then what need is there to ask? We do not pray to inform God: Neither do we pray to persuade Him, for His love needs neither to be induced nor coaxed. No father answers his son's prayer for bread with a stone, or the request for a fish with a scorpion. Wisdom and love combine to answer need, and not to make sport of infirmity. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened" Matt. 7:7-8.

"If Ye Call on Him as Father"

It is no part of our purpose to discuss the problems of prayer. We are seeking to learn how to pray, and barren speculations have nothing to teach us. No part of the man must be shut out when the man is shut in. Reason is as truly of God as emotion, and either divorced from the other leaves the soul maimed and incapacitated. Vision comes to love apart from reason, but reason conserves the vision and translates it into life. Our spiritual life stands in knowledge of God, but it is not a knowledge that is acquired or achieved by the energy of flesh and blood. Love is the bond of fellowship in prayer. Attempts to rationalize love damp its fires, but where reason is dethroned, emotion becomes a conflagration. The study and the oratory are allies, but the inner chamber is better to be a place apart; then prayer enlightens thinking, and thinking kindles the altar-fires of the heart.

God as Father is the key to the problem of prayer. God is more than a Creator. He is our Father: heavenly Father, holy Father, righteous Father; the God of love and still the God of law. "The Sabbath was made for man," and the Universe of God was made for the family of God.

"In the Glory of His Father"

The fact that we pray to God our Father in Heaven tells us much as to how we should pray. The Son of God gloried in the glory of His Father. It was His habit to rise early that He might behold His glory and delight in His presence. He rejoiced in the Father's greatness and in the majesty of His power. It is good to go over His affirmations of the Father. "My Father!" The accents of adoring love vibrate in every tone.

He loved to dwell upon the care and bounty of the Father's love. Nothing is insignificant. Each is to the Infinite as if there were no other. Even the odd sparrow is not forgotten, and man is so much the more the child of His care that even the hairs of his head are numbered. He lived in the sovereign will of the holy and righteous Father. He did not pray to subdue the Father's will to His desire; but that the will of the Father might be done. The sweat and agony of prayer were in the strong praying of the Father's Son, and it was always in obedience to the Father's will.

Because we pray to our Heavenly Father in the secret place of prayer, we may pray with the artless unreserve of little children. There is nothing about which we may not pray. We pray as His children, and we trust Him as our Heavenly Father. His answer will transcend our asking. A true father waits to bless in discretion, as well as in readiness. Sometimes He waits for us. Sometimes the answer is given long before the one who prayed is told, but "every one that asketh, receiveth."

Dr. Adoniram Judson as he lay dying heard of the remarkable answer to his prayer for the Jews when he was a missionary in Burma, and he uttered this testimony, "I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time, -- no matter how distant the day -- somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came."

"When thou prayest, enter into thy inner chamber, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret" Matt. 6:6.

"UNTO HIM THAT IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK" Eph. 3:20. -- From The Path of Prayer

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Editor's Note: We are glad to tell you that we have reprinted this book, and it is now available @ \$3.00 postpaid.

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FROM OUR MAIL BOX--

"The used American Holiness Journals from here are being sent to Guyana, South America, where the people really enjoy good holiness reading." -- North Carolina

"The American Holiness Journal accidentally came here, and we have enjoyed it so much. It gives so much light and hope I want to subscribe to it." -- Indiana

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## CHARLIE'S NEW SONG

[Editor's Note: This article was a tract sent to me by a friend. Sorry, it had no author's name on it.]

It is nearly forty years ago, yet the scene is all before me now, and the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday.

I sat by the fireside with my widowed mother, waiting for the home-coming of my only brother. He was a student in a Medical College and was expected home that night, on his usual vacation. There were no railways in those days, so Charlie had to come by the mail-coach which took the greater part of the day to make the journey. I was looking forward to his home-coming with great delight, and had a long program of "events" drawn up for the following day, in which was included a supper and dance. My mother was very indulgent, and allowed us to do very much what we liked in these matters, and of course Charlie and I took full advantage of her liberality, and went into the thing in grand style. The hours passed on, and still there was no coach. It was late in the afternoon. I fretted at this, and feared that all my plans for the morrow might be upset. "What if he should not come?" I said, "that will spoil the whole thing."

Just then the "horn" sounded, and the big mail coach rolled into the village amid clouds of dust, crowded with passengers, and with Charlie among the rest. I clapped my hands with glee as I saw his well-known form, on the driver's box, "beside the man in red," and in a few minutes he stood in the old parlor, where he and I had together as children spent so many happy days. He was taller and thinner, but the old happy smile dimpled his cheek, and I never felt so proud of my brother as I did that day. I was so eager to inform him of all my plans that I accompanied him up to his room, and began at once to tell him who was invited and what was to be the program for the following day. He listened to my story patiently, but without the manifest interest I had expected. When I had finished, he gave a pleasant laugh, threw his arms around my neck, and kissing me affectionately said, "Mary, dear, you will not be offended if I tell you these things are no longer any enjoyment for me. I have something infinitely better." I looked at him in amazement and I thought he was joking, for no one had enjoyed a dance more heartily than Charlie. He saw I was puzzled, so drawing me to his side he said, "Do not be alarmed, Mary, I have not turned monk, but I have Christ as my own Lord and Master, and He is more to me now than all these follies used to be; but come on, mother will be waiting; I will tell you all about it again."

That night, by the parlor fireside, Charlie told mother and me the story of his conversion while listening to the preaching of Brownlow North in Edinburgh, and how he had longed to get back to his native town to tell to his old associates the story of redeeming love.

"What shall we do about tomorrow?" asked my mother. "Our preparations axe all made, and there are about twenty invited." Charlie laughed heartily and said, "Let them come by all means mother;, I shall be delighted to meet them."

A goodly company had gathered in our home the following night, and after supper, the company called for Charlie, as was his wont, to entertain them with a song. He was a splendid singer and never was his voice in better form than it was that evening. A moment's pause, and Charlie rose, not without a quiver passing through his manly frame, and in a voice of thrilling sweetness, sang --

"I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!  
He loved me 'ere I knew Him!  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him.  
And round my heart still closely twine  
These ties which naught can sever,  
For I am His, and He is mine  
For ever and for ever."

A look of blank amazement settled on the faces of the company as the words fell on their ears. Every eye was fixed on the singer, spell-bound. Tears were seen in the eyes of most, and as the singer reached the last verse, his voice increasing in power and sweetness, he sang the thrilling words with great effect--

"I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!  
So kind, and true, and tender  
So wise a Counselor and Guide  
So mighty a Defender!  
From Him who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul can sever?  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?  
No; I am His forever."

Some of the company rose and left without uttering one word, but the greater part remained, and to them Charlie in his winning, hearty manner told the simple story of his conversion, ending up with "you won't be angry with me for telling you, will you? The truth is, I could not keep it, my heart is full of it, and I thought the least I could do was to tell you of my new-found treasure."

That simple testimony to the saving power of Christ, the beaming face of the speaker, so well known to all the company, the genuineness of the change, the absence of all affectation, and the earnest closing appeal to "accept the gift of God His own beloved Son, to be your Saviour, and know true happiness for time and Eternity," was owned of God to the conversion of at least five of the company that night.

Charlie spoke in the school-room on Sunday evening to a crowded congregation, and several others were won for Christ. A great ingathering followed. Among those who were saved and who sang the new song, were my mother and I.

Part of that happy company after witnessing a good confession have gone to Heaven; others of us are still on earth, singing still of Jesus, and were Charlie by my side, as I write, he would

join me in saying to all who read my story what he said that night long ago, "Accept the gift of God, His own beloved Son, to be your Saviour." Then your song shall ever be: "How marvelous how wonderful, is my Saviour's love for me."

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation: of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Mark 8:36-38.

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#### SOME FRIENDS COMMENT:

"I see my subscription is due, so I want to renew. The good holiness articles are appreciated. Keep up the good work. Also I would like you to send a subscription to a friend." -- Kansas

"Please renew my Club subscription. Our church family looks forward to me handing these out." -- Florida

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#### FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL Won by Her Teachers

Basil W. Miller

There are some souls who are tuned for the melodies of the skies. Early they seem to catch the music of the very spheres, and there is nothing they can do but compose hymns. Fanny Crosby, blinded at a very youthful age, was such a character. There is one whose songs we have sung, that was the trophy of personal work. Frances Havergal was won through two lives that remain unknown.

Up until six years of age she had no thought or ideas about religion. Her mother had tried to teach her about Jesus before she died, when Frances was just four. From these early instructions she was unable to get away. It was not until she was thirteen, when she went to school at Belmont, England, that the second personality which was to influence her life for righteousness crossed her pathway.

She had been a very bright girl even from childhood. When two she could speak fluently, and at three she was able to read, and when four the Bible became her companion. Now at thirteen we find her in school. A Mrs. Teed, a godly and loving woman, had charge of the institution, and made it a practice of trying to lead each scholar to Christ. During the last six months of Frances'

stay in school, the character of this unnoted teacher began to reach her. In February, 1851, she completely dedicated her life to Jesus.

It was not long until the muse of song began to bother her, and before she said good night to this world her hymns were destined to be sung around the world. Through a peculiar trial she wrote a couplet, which became a part of her consecration hymn. The verse runs:

"Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only for my King."

This was later added to her song,

"Take my life and let it be,  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

With her all was not rosy. It is told how once she had just completed a book of poems and tunes, and the printer had begun work on it. She thought she would be free then for a different type of labor which she greatly enjoyed. But much to her dismay, she received word from her publisher, that his building and all in it had burned. Then her heart sank, but the wings of song soon again began to raise her, and melody broke from her soul.

Hers was a life nobly lived, for she became the inspiration of hundreds; yea, of thousands of others around the world. The trophy which a mother gained, and a teacher won, brought great joy to the kingdom of God. Here is a school teacher who won a singer, a writer of hymns. Frau Cotta was only a German lady who won Luther. It was a circuit rider who won Talmage. He was a lay preacher who reached the heart of Wesley. The winner of Spurgeon was a blacksmith. It was an unknown lady who dropped the tract that reached Baxter, in turn to touch Doddridge, again to be the means of converting Wilberforce, who at length won Richmond, the immortal author of "The Dairyman's Daughter." This in turn led thousands to the Master.

It makes no difference before the Master what your task in life may be. There is some soul near you whom you can win if you will but shine for Jesus. Every task is ennobled for the personal worker who will dare not permit a single opportunity escape in trying to bring a friend to the cross. -- From How They Were Won

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## BIRTH OF THE "MOODY AND SANKEY HYMN BOOK"

William R. Moody

(Continued from the previous issue)

The following statement from Mr. Dodge, chairman of the American trustees, is of special interest in this connection:

"Mr. Moody was greatly pained when in Great Britain to find that those who were opposed to the new religious life had circulated reports that large sums of money were made from royalties on the hymn-book, and that the meetings were really carded on for the purpose of selling it, thus increasing the income of those conducting them.

"On his return to America, and before visiting the great cities of the country, he felt the need of a book of hymns and tunes adapted to his use here, and determined to arrange its publication so as to avoid all possible criticism.

"He invited me to visit Northfield to confer with him on the subject, which he felt to be of great importance. I met there Mr. Sankey and Mr. Bliss, and found a most delightful and unusual spirit of Christian self-sacrifice on their part. They were willing to contribute their own hymns and tunes and the copyrights which they held and joined with Mr. Moody in giving up all possible claim to any benefits which might arise from their publication.

"Mr. Moody urged me to act as trustee, to arrange with the publishers for a royalty, and to receive any money which might come from this source and distribute it at my discretion for religious and benevolent purposes. I declined to act alone, but promised Mr. Moody that if two other gentlemen were selected I would gladly serve with them, and suggested the names of George H. Smart, of Philadelphia, and John V. Farwell, of Chicago; a board of trustees was thus formed.

"The sale of the first editions of the books greatly exceeded our expectations, and, although the royalty was, on a single copy, small, as trustees we received up to September, 1885, the large sum of \$357,388.64. All of this was carefully distributed among various religious and educational institutions. It was finally determined to be wise and right that as the schools at Northfield had become so firmly established, and were doing such great good, the entire royalties of these books should be turned over to the trustees of these schools, and this was accordingly done under careful legal advice.

"During all these years neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey had any fixed income. Mr. Sankey, especially, had given up copyrights that would have brought him in a large sum yearly and opportunities to hold musical institutes and conventions which would have added largely to his income. Neither of them during the whole continuance of the trust received one dollar of personal advantage, and as they had no definite means of support the self-sacrifice and the unselfishness of this course, in order to prevent the slightest breath of scandal and not weaken the influence of their personal work, were very remarkable and very beautiful. I have never known anything like it.

"In closing the trust, which was a peculiar one, after getting full legal advice, I submitted the opinions to a lawyer of very high national reputation the leader of the bar in New York in all matters of consultation. He was greatly interested in the form of the trust, though he had but little sympathy with the religious work. He gave a large amount of time and thought to the matter, and after giving his opinion I asked him to be kind enough to send me a memorandum, so that I could personally send him a check, which I supposed would necessarily be a large one. He told me that under no possible circumstance would he accept a cent; that the unselfishness and splendid quality of men who could make such a sacrifice was a revelation of human nature that made him feel better disposed toward mankind.

"I have ventured to go into this matter somewhat at length, because while Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey have not received a cent of personal benefit from the royalties on the hymn-books, unkind and ignorant assertions have been made to the contrary in some quarters."

In the later editions of "Gospel Songs" the services of George C. Stebbins and James McGranahan should receive special mention. Both these gentlemen were closely associated with Mr. Moody in his evangelistic work in Great Britain and America, and were prominent in the Northfield conventions and Bible schools.

"My acquaintance with Mr. Moody began in 1871," writes Mr. Stebbins. "I used to see him in the noon meetings in Chicago, where I occasionally went to help in the singing, but it was not till the summer of 1876 that I came more directly in touch with him. In August of that year, at the request of Major Whittle, whom I met in Boston, I went up to Northfield to spend a Sunday with him and Mr. Moody, to assist them in some services that had been arranged for that day. This was the first time I had seen Mr. Moody since the night he left Chicago for his work in Great Britain, which was destined so soon to make him known throughout the Christian world. And yet, though he was then at the height of his fame, and conceded to be one of the great religious characters of his time, he was still the same unassuming and unaffected man that he was before his work had brought him into such prominence before the world.

"He was spending the summer at his home, ostensibly for rest, as he had just concluded his great campaigns in Brooklyn, New York, and Philadelphia, but even then he could not keep still; he was preaching two or three times every Sunday in some of the smaller towns or cities among the New England hills, and during his days at home he was always trying to interest the neighbors and the country people in something besides their daily round of toil, always having their spiritual welfare at heart. I remember very well an instance of this:

"During the few days that I was visiting him he drove about the country and invited the people to his house to hear some music. The day set was very hot and sultry, but the people crowded the rooms to suffocation, and he, taking a place by an open window in full view of the audience and the performer, gave directions as to what should be sung, occasionally making some encouraging or humorous remark to keep up the interest. Any one with such a keen sense of humor as his must have been much amused to see the singer sweltering in the heat while doing his best for an hour or more to entertain the guests.

"During that visit Mr. Moody induced me to enter evangelistic work, and my connection with him and Mr. Sankey dates from that time. My first work was to organize and drill the choir of eight hundred singers for his great tabernacle work in Chicago, which began in October of that year and continued till the end of December.

"During the years that have followed it has been the privilege of Mrs. Stebbins and myself to be associated with Mr. Moody in several of his great campaigns, both at home and abroad, all of which have been memorable as indicating the extraordinary hold he had on the affections of the people of all classes.

"Mr. Moody not only loved nature, but art and poetry also, and the latter more especially as it was found in the poetical books of the Bible. He would sometimes ask for a chapter, and after listening intently to its close he would break the spell by saying, ' Beautiful!' then drop on his knees and pour out his heart to God in thanksgiving and prayer.

"His thoughtfulness for others, especially for those working with him, was very marked. It was not uncommon for him, at the close of a hard day's work, to say, just before he began his last address, ' You slip out and go home. I'll get on. I want you to be fresh for tomorrow.'

"In this connection I might speak of another trait of his that may not be generally known; that is, his disposition to make others as little trouble as possible on his account. I have known him to put up with annoying things, and positively suffer discomforts rather than inconvenience others or indulge in faultfinding.

"Some interesting illustrations of his conscientiousness in regard to accepting compensation for his services in evangelistic work came under my notice while spending a winter with him in the West. We had held a mission in one of the large cities for five weeks, having three meetings a day. At the close a representative of the finance committee came to his hotel and handed him a check for \$1,500 for himself and his assistant. He immediately handed it back, saying that it was too much. A day or so afterward the gentleman went again to the hotel, and not seeing Mr. Moody, left the same check for him. Finding it awaiting him on his return, he took it back to the gentleman, who, in telling me about it afterward, stated that Mr. Moody told him in very plain terms that he meant what he said when he first returned the check, and he would not accept it. A thousand dollars was afterward given him: this he accepted. This decision was made in consideration of the fact that he had then well under way plans for establishing the Bible Institute in Chicago, and also that he needed money all the time to carry on his schools at Northfield. Immediately after this a ten days' series of meetings was begun in a city near by, at the close of which the committee handed him \$500, which he accepted, but at the last meeting, when a collection was taken up to pay off the debt of the Young Men's Christian Association, he contributed the whole amount that had been given him for his services.

"The last time we heard Mr. Moody preach was at the church in Northfield in September, 1899, the first Sabbath after the opening of the seminary. There were no flowers in the church, and he remarked upon it, saying that he wished the senior class of the seminary to act as a committee to see that there were flowers every Sunday. He then said, ' I preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last Sunday and there were no flowers. One of the papers said the next day that the usual flowers were omitted from the pulpit because it was understood Mr. Moody did not like flowers.' Turning to me, he said, ' Stebbins, you tell them when you go back to Brooklyn how I love flowers.'"

Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan were associated in evangelistic work with Major Whittle, but frequently assisted Mr. Moody in his conventions, at his meetings, and at his schools, and were often in his home. "No one could know him without loving him," says Mr. McGranahan, " nor be with him without being benefited. Once in a Western city some twenty years ago a number of people had gathered in his room and were discussing some knotty question with a good deal of warmth and earnestness. Conflicting opinions were freely and emphatically expressed. Mr. Moody

looked on, a silent spectator. When all had gone I shall never forget his remark nor the spirit it revealed: ' Mac, the world is in great need of peace-makers.' I trust I may never lose the desire I then felt to be among that number.

"Untiring in his own labors, his consideration for others was as tender as a father's. When we were holding a series of meetings at Auburn, N. Y., Mr. Moody came during the closing week to conduct a convention. I found it difficult to continue to lead the singing and do the solo work that was expected; but as I had often done before, I decided to stand by the choir until I could do no more. Mr. Moody said, ' No, it is not required of you to attempt what you are not able to do. Your voice is of too much importance to injure knowingly. We do not serve a hard Master. When health is at stake and matters beyond our control interfere, our duty is plain. Go at once and leave the convention with the major and me. Care for your voice, and have it for use as long as you live.'

"Mr. Moody has always been an inspiration to me in preparing hymns for gospel work; not that he was a musician or claimed to be, but I soon learned to prize his judgment as to the value and usefulness of a hymn for our work. What moved him was sure to move others, and what failed to do so could be safely omitted. I have esteemed it one of my highest privileges to share in preparing songs for his work, and, now that he has gone, how lonely it seems!" -- From The Life of D. L. Moody

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#### FROM OUR MAIL BAG--

"We love reading The Journal. This book is a blessing to everyone we gave it to this year. We have given the book to a person, and her son read it and he gave his life to God because of the Journal. We are praying for this year that it will help some one else give his heart to God." -- California

Thank you so much for the wonderful work of faith and love that you exhibit in producing the Holiness Journal. It is something I look forward to each and every month. We get so very little spiritual food in a place like this and it is truly a blessing. We know it must be a great hardship since the passing of your husband, but may God grant you grace and strength to continue this work until He comes again. May God richly bless you through out this New Year." -- A prisoner

'We all look forward to The Journal and appreciate the good truths in each one. We have never been disappointed. May God continue to bless your ministry as you spread the good news.' -- Arizona

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#### THE SCRIPTURALNESS OF THE SECOND WORK OF GRACE C. W. Ruth

(Continued from January issue)

In a former article we said that although the exact term, "The Second Blessing," did not occur in the Scripture, there could be no reasonable objection to the use of this term, seeing the Scriptures taught the equivalent, or that which could mean nothing other than a "Second Blessing," in that it marks a second crisis or second work of grace in the lives of those who receive it.

Take for instance the birth of the Spirit and the baptism with the Spirit. As in nature, so in grace, the child must be born before it can be baptized. And Jesus in giving the promise of the Comforter, taught most emphatically that the world -- the sinner -- was not eligible to receive this baptism. He said, "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter... the Spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive." John 14:16, 17. We would insist it is one thing to be born of the Spirit and entirely a different thing to be baptized with the Spirit; that these terms are not identical in their meaning, and that the birth of the Spirit and the baptism with the Spirit are not received at the same time, hence the latter must mean a second epoch. We are not contending for terms but for facts in Christian experiences.

Again, in praying for the sanctification of His disciples. Jesus plainly said, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine .... Sanctify them." John 17:9 -- 17. A man is of the world, worldly, until after he is regenerated and adopted into God's family, when he becomes a citizen of the heavenly commonwealth. And Paul in his letter to the Ephesians said. "Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it." No person is a member of "the church" until after they are born of the Spirit: and it is this company who have thus become "the church," that Christ gave Himself for, in order that He might sanctify them. It is one thing to become a part of "the church" and entirely another experience marking a definite crisis, when said believer is wholly sanctified.

The Thessalonians constituted the church "which is in God, the Father," and had "work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope." They had become "followers" of the apostles, "and of the Lord." They had "turned to God from idols" and become "ensamples to all that believe" so that their "faith to God-ward" was "spread abroad" and favorably commented on. They were delivered "from the wrath to come" and actually waiting for Jesus to return and yet it was to them that Paul said, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification;" and they prayed "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly. Faithful is he that calleth you who will also do it." Evidently Paul did not believe they were sanctified coetaneous with their regeneration for he would not pray for something they already had; hence, their sanctification would be a second work of grace, or a second blessing.

In like manner in the fifteenth chapter of John, where Jesus spoke of Himself as the "true vine" and of His disciples as "the branches," He said plainly. "Every branch in me, (thus indicating that they had a vital union with Him) that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Or, as the Revised Version renders it. "Every branch in me, that beareth fruit he cleanseth it that it may bring forth more fruit." We are branches by nature. It is in the experience of regeneration that we are engrafted into the "true vine" and thus become fruit-bearing branches. And after we have been bearing fruit -- thus proving that we had union with Him, and had spiritual life, which is manifested in fruit-bearing -- after this, "He purgeth" or cleanseth it, thus teaching that the purging, or cleansing, takes place as an experience subsequent to regeneration, as a "second blessing, properly so-called."

The Promise of cleansing from all sin is given only to such as "walk in the light as he is in the light," and certainly the sinner is not in the light as God is in the light; no, the sinner is in darkness, and therefore he cannot walk in the light. It is when a person is regenerated that he emerges from darkness into light: after which he "walks in the light" and experiences that "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7).

It is noteworthy that every call or command to holiness, and every prayer for and promise of sanctification in the Bible is in behalf of God's own people, and never for sinners. The sinner is called to repentance, and when he is converted his sins are blotted out and his spiritual nature is quickened and made alive: but when a believer is sanctified wholly, his carnal nature is crucified and put to death, thus freeing him from inbred sin and making him holy.

Because a man has a two-fold need, every aspect of the gospel is two-fold. Sin is two-fold; hence the need of the "double cure." By examining the following Scripture references the reader may satisfy himself relative to this matter:

The two-fold nature of sin:

Sin as an act. Romans 3:23.

Sin as a nature -- inborn. Psalm 51:5.

Two-fold source of spiritual death:

Death as a penalty for wrongdoing. Romans 6:23.

Death as a result of an inner condition. Romans 8:6.

Two expressions of divine love:--

World-ward John 3:16

Church-ward Ephesians 5:25-27.

Two expressions of the divine will:--

His will concerning sinners. 2 Peter 3:9.

His will concerning the church. 1 Thessalonians 4:3.

Two objectives in the death of Christ:-

The saving of sinners. Romans 5:8.

The sanctification of believers. Hebrews 13:12.

Two divine calls:-

A call to repentance. Matthew 9:13.

A call to holiness. 1 Thessalonians 4:7, 8.

Two prayers of Christ:

For the forgiveness of sinners. Luke 23:34.

For the sanctification of believers. John 17:9-17.

Two divine requirements:

Confession of sin for pardon. 1 John 1:9.

Walking in light for cleansing. 1 John 1:7.

Two offices of the Spirit:

Born of the Spirit. John 3:5.

Baptized with the Spirit. Matthew 3:11.

Two witnesses of the Spirit:

To adoption. Romans 8:16.

To sanctification. Hebrews 10:14, 15.

Two steps of faith:

For justification. Romans 5:1.

For sanctification. Acts 26:18.

Two ways to walk in:

An "highway." Isaiah 35:8.

And "a way." Isaiah 35:8.

-- By permission of Asbury Theological Seminary  
(Chapter 4 will appear in the next issue)

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## BILLY BRAY

J. G. Lawson

God sometimes uses weak vessels in a most marvelous way. "Billy" Bray, the famous Cornish miner, was perhaps one of the quaintest vessels ever used of God to accomplish a great work of any kind. Before his conversion to Christ he was a drunken profligate miner, but after the Spirit of the Lord took possession of him he became such a burning shining light for Christ that his name is now known all over the world. From one end of Cornwall, England, to the other scarcely any name is better known than that of Billy Bray.

Billy Bray was born in 1794, at Twelveheads, a village near Truro, in Cornwall, England. His grandfather had joined the Methodists under the preaching of John Wesley. Billy's father was also a Christian, but died when his children were all quite young. Billy lived with his grandfather until he was seventeen years of age, and then went to Devonshire, where he lived a very wicked and sinful life. He was both drunken and lascivious. One night he and a companion were going home drunk from Tavistock when they met a big horse and climbed on his back. He threw them and nearly killed them. He had many other narrow escapes from death. After his conversion to Christ he often said, "The was good to me when I was the servant of the Devil or I should have been down in hell now." Once he was nearly killed in a mine. He ran out just about a minute before the mine caved in. He became so great a drunkard that his wife had to bring him away from the beer shop night after night. "I never got drunk without feeling condemned for it," he afterwards said.

Billy was led to Christ, or rather, was convicted of sin, through reading Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell." When he was seeking the Lord he went a mile one Sunday morning to attend a class-meeting of the Bible Christians. It was a wet day, and no one came. This had a discouraging effect on him. After he had been seeking salvation for a long time, the Devil strongly tempted him to believe that he never would find mercy. "But," says he, "I said to him 'Thou art a liar, Devil,' and as soon as I said so, I felt the weight gone from my mind, and I could praise the Lord, but not with that liberty that I could afterwards." The same day, in the evening after he had gone home from work, he went into his room alone and said, "Lord, Thou hast said, 'They that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened,' and I have faith enough to believe it." This brought joy to his soul. "In an instant," says he, "the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy." This was in 1823.

After his conversion Billy became a very happy Christian, and also a very earnest worker for the salvation of others. This was especially true after he was led into a deeper riches, and fuller Christian experience than he had received when converted to Christ. The following account of how he was led into this deeper experience is from "The King's Son, A Memoir of Billy Bray," by E W. Bourne: "It is more important to speak of his deep piety, his abiding sense of the Divine favor, the secret of his great usefulness, the source of his constant and perpetual joy. The 'much fruit,' which is so pleasing to God, can not come except the roots have struck deep into the soil. Religion is not shallow in its nature. 'The water that I shall give you,' said the Saviour, 'shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

'To be sanctified wholly,' to use an apostolic phrase, Billy very early in his religious history felt to be both his duty and privilege.

'I remember being,' he says, 'at Hick's Mill Chapel one Sunday morning at class-meeting when a stranger led the class. The leader asked one of our members whether he could say that the Lord had cleansed him from all sin, and he could not. "That," I said in my mind, "is sanctification; I will have that blessing by the help of the Lord;" and I went on my knees at once, and cried to the Lord to sanctify me wholly, body, spirit, soul. And the Lord said to me, "Thou art clean through the word I have spoken unto thee." And I said, "Lord, I believe it." When the leader came to me I told him, "Four months ago I was a great sinner against God. Since that time I have been justified freely by His grace, and while I have been here this morning, the Lord has sanctified me wholly." When I had done telling what the Lord had done for me, the leader said, "If you can believe it, it is so." Then I said, "I can believe it." When I had told him so, what joy filled my heart I cannot find words to tell. After meeting was over, I had to go over a railroad, and all around me seemed so full of glory that it dazzled my sight. I had a "joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"

From one expression in this narrative some may dissent. It seems injudicious, to say the least, to tell a believer that he is sanctified if he believes he is, or tell a penitent that he is saved if he only believes he is. There is a more excellent way. But henceforth Billy lived not to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again. He set the Lord always before him. His path was like the shining light, his own favorite figure, that shineth more and more to the perfect day. Justified, sanctified, sealed, were successive steps in Christian experience; more clear to him perhaps than to others. His faith did not become feeble, but waxed stronger and stronger, his love to the Saviour grew in intensity till it became the absorbing passion of his soul; and his hope brightened into heavenly radiance and splendor. The freshness, the delicacy and fragrance of richest Christian experience seemed always to be his."

After the experience related above Billy often felt the love of God overflowing his soul, so much so that he frequently shouted aloud or danced for very joy. His Christian experience was so happy, so bright, so trustful, and so sunshiny that many of the great persons of the earth have been greatly interested in the story of his life. Among these were Queen Victoria, Spurgeon, and many leading ministers of Britain and America. His name is a household word throughout Cornwall where he labored so earnestly for the salvation of others. (To be continued in next issue) -- From Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians

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FROM OUR MAIL BOX--

"We enjoy The American Holiness Journal. We pray for you all the time -- day and night. There are a lot of people who need to read this book. It is hard for me to put it down to let my husband read it. Both of us are ministering each week in a convalescent home. Pray for us and we will pray for your good work." -- California

"We would like to express our thankfulness to you for sending us your publication. Your magazine has been a great help, not only to the students of the Honduras Theological Seminary, but also to all of our teachers.

"Please keep sending us this important publication." -- Honduras

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## IS DEATH A MYSTERY?

Samuel L. Brengle

A man blind from his birth said he thought the sun must look like the sound of a bass drum! We smile wisely at this, forgetting that we probably miss the mark quite as far in matters more important, because we approach them with the wrong faculty.

The beauties of a landscape and the glories of the vaulted heavens are not made known to us through the sense of hearing. The harmony of a song is not made known to us by the sense of sight. If we would know the flavor of some fruit we must not seek to discover it by the sense of touch or sight or smell, but by the nerves of taste.

We cannot dispose of a question of conscience by an exercise of memory, or solve a problem in mathematics by the conscience.

Everything we can know is revealed to us through some one corresponding sense or faculty, and every other sense and faculty must stand back in utter helplessness while this revelation is made.

Is death a mystery? Yes! No! To every faculty and sense but one it is an awful and unfathomable mystery. We look into the coffin where lies our precious dead; we peer into the yawning grave with our poor little reason and understanding, and it is like looking out of our lighted rooms into the impenetrable blackness of a dark and stormy night. It is all heart-breaking amazement, desolation, mystery. Our understanding is helpless and dumb in the presence of a problem it was not made to solve, and our stricken hearts break under a burden of sorrow that reason cannot lift.

But are we left without any sense or faculty that can lift this burden, soothe this sorrow, or solve this mystery? No, thank God, no! Faith is the faculty with which we must approach this problem, and to faith there is no mystery in death.

To our sainted dead the coffin is not a narrow and locked prison, but an easy couch of sleep; the grave is not a bottomless abyss, but an open door through which the dear one has passed into the presence of the King, into the unveiled vision of Jesus and the unbroken joys and fellowships of the saints made perfect; a door of escape from the limitations and tears and toils and temptations and tortures of time into the ageless blessedness of eternity where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain" (Rev. 21:4). To faith death simply means that the appointed task in

this world's harvest-field is done, and the dear one has gone home; the day's lessons have been learned, and the Father has come to take His child home from school; or some evil was coming which God in His wisdom did not see it best to turn aside, but from before which He saw fit to snatch His loved one (Isa. 57:1).

Faith accepts death as God's appointment. This is a fact to be believed, not to be reasoned over; and if we simply believe it the sting of death is drawn.

But may we not ask why? May we not seek to understand? Yes, but we must do it with great caution, as a blind man feels his way along crowded streets and unknown thoroughfares; and we must do it under the constant leadership of faith, if we do not wish every step to be one of peril and possibly of ruin.

Philosophy may enable us to endure the agony following the death of our dear ones, but only faith nourished and made strong by constant feeding upon the promises and examples of God's word can enable us to triumph in that hour.

A woman officer, recently bereft of her mother who was all that she had left of her family and dear ones, wrote that she read and re-read and read again the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, and to that word of God she anchored her faith, and through that word God comforted her with great comfort. The pain may pierce like a sword and ache like a carbuncle; the sorrow may be inexpressibly bitter and the desolation unutterable, but faith finds its firm footing on God's word; it grasps the promises and fixes its eyes upon His unchangeable character of wisdom and love, and emerges from the flood and storm chastened, but strengthened; still sorrowing, but triumphant and serene.

And we shall be wise if, while still surrounded by our loved ones, we fill our minds and hearts with those precious truths God has revealed, so that when the storm overtakes us, as it some day surely will, we shall be prepared. -- From Resurrection Life and Power

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### THREE

Royce Koon

Three wise men came to hail His birth.  
Three years of ministry on earth.  
Three prayers He cried to God in pain  
Three times Peter denied His name.  
Three driven nails through feet and hands  
Three crosses on a hill of sand.  
Three lives on Calvary were lost  
Three languages read "king of Jews."  
Three hours then the darkness drew  
Three days from death He rose again  
Three ways He paid the price for sin.

-- From Pulpit Helps

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THE END