

arrived in Scotland from her French training, being an ardent Romanist, the reformer was filled with grave apprehensions; a bitter spirit was generated between them, and ended finally in an open rupture. So intense was the great preacher's opposition against the court, many of his associates were alienated from him, as they thought that sufficient victories had been won to allow the matter to rest in peace. Not so with John Knox; his soul was in a flame of righteous protest against everything friendly with popery. The situation became so dangerous that he retired to private life for three years.

However, matters began to move rapidly and tragically. Mary was married to Lord Darnley, and to this the nobles objected, and even rebelled. Then the queen became infatuated with the Italian Rizzio, and her boudoir became the center of social gossip and slander. Rizzio was murdered during a clandestine meeting with the queen in the palace. This tragedy was followed by the murder of Darnley in 1567, followed by an early marriage of the queen to the Earl of Bothwell; then her arrest and long imprisonment, all serving to bring into power the cause of the Reformers. But it was not long until the Protestant leader was assassinated. John Knox was getting matters in shape when this occurred, which brought great grief and disappointment to his cherished hopes.

Misunderstanding and suspicions began to center about the old hero; tired in body, and worn in mind "weary of the world," as he said, he longed to be delivered, and November 27, 1572, he fell on sleep. A writer has this to say about him:

"Knox's character is distinguished by firmness and decision, and a plain, somewhat harsh sense of reality. He was a man of strong, even stern, convictions, and he felt no scruples, and recognized no dangers in carrying out his convictions. He was shrewd, penetrating, inevitable in his perceptions and purposes. No outward show or conventional pretenses deceived him; he went straight to the heart of everything. He learned, he himself said, 'to call wickedness by its right name -- a fig, a fig, and a spade, a spade.' Above all, he was fearless; nothing daunted him; his spirit rose high in the midst of danger. As they laid him in the old churchyard of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, the Earl of Morton said of him: 'He never feared the face of man.'"

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14 -- JACOBUS ARMINIUS

The Gospel of a universal atonement is never questioned these days except, perhaps, by a small group known as the Primitive Baptists, a denomination rapidly vanishing from among men. As we boldly preach, without fear of an objection, salvation for all men and grace resistible, which are the two powerful appeals to lost men, we forget the tremendous struggle three hundred years ago; a struggle which gave life and security to these fundamental doctrines. Calvinism had a strong grip on the Protestant theology of Europe. John Calvin's astute mind and inevitable

logic had scored a victory over creeds and denominations. Wesley and his co-workers might have modified Calvinism's tenets; but John Wesley and all the rest were the product of this new theological awakening. We cannot tell what the religious status of Europe might have been, but for one man, James Harmensen, which, Latinized, was Jacobus Arminius.

This character, so little known, but who deserves to be on a pedestal of honour second to none, was born at Audewater, Holland, 1560, in the blaze of the sixteenth century. What a century! The greatest era in all history for stirring events; it gave birth to great leaders in all vocations -- scholars, statesmen, reformers, theologians, authors, artists, explorers, and preachers. A tremendous urge was felt throughout all Europe. Just what our present century is for materialistic development, that century was for far-reaching visions of the idealistic and spiritual. Great truths were in formation which were destined to shape the religious and intellectual life of coming generations. When the Renaissance and the Reformation were reaching their climax, Arminius appeared as a man of destiny -- starting a movement which has gathered momentum with the passing years until this good hour. Ministers of any Protestant church would not be tolerated if they did not declare, at least, the major tenets of Arminian theology, even if their creeds stated otherwise.

Arminius was left an orphan when a child, and secured his elementary education at Utrecht. In 1575, he entered a new university at Leyden, where he remained for six years. He had gained such a reputation for brilliancy, that the merchants of Amsterdam offered to pay the expenses for his education, providing he would remain in their city. He did not accept this offer, but went to Geneva in 1582, to finish his education. His teacher at Geneva was Theodoro Beza, an uncompromising apostle of Calvinism. The young man made himself odious among the students and faculty by finding fault with the philosophy of Aristotle, as there were many at this institution. He left Geneva and went to Basle, at which place his reputation had preceded him; here he was offered the degree of Doctor of Divinity gratis, but could not accept on account of his age. He studied until 1586, and then traveled extensively, finally returning to Amsterdam, where he was offered the most commanding pulpit.

Some ministers at Delft began to raise some questions touching the rigid theology of Beza, whereupon, Arminius was appointed to defend those doctrines. This was the beginning of a career as the founder of a new school of religious thought. When Arminius began a close study into these tenets of Calvinism, he at once discovered some grave errors in the very doctrines he had been chosen to defend. He took up the study of Romans -- considered the bulwark of Calvinism -- especially the eighth and ninth chapters. His treatment aroused a storm of opposition, although his propositions were not sufficiently thought out to be clearly stated.

In 1604, Arminius was appointed to the chair of theology at Leyden, and his bitterest opponent was Gomar, a colleague of the faculty; the storm of controversy waxed warmer and warmer within the university circles. Arminius contended, first, that God bestows forgiveness of sins on all who will repent and believe on Christ; and because He foresees the fate of unbelievers from all eternity, does not imply that He so decrees their doom. This proposition struck at the very heart of Calvin's predestination. The Gomar side contended that God had decreed those who would believe, and they would persevere to the end, regardless of their own will in the matter; the rest would all remain impenitent.

Notwithstanding Arminius was the champion of the unpopular controversy, he was appointed rector magnificus of the university. This position he kept for only one year, as all the pulpits of Holland rang out their anathemas against him. In 1608, he issued a proposition to all the states of Holland to issue a call for the leaders of the Church to convene and settle the matter once and for all time, by open debate. This was agreed upon, but before the convention assembled, being worn in body and mind, he died, October 19, 1609, leaving a family of seven sons and two daughters. His death was a severe shock to his few faithful followers. However, after the passing of his leadership, his co-believers waxed strong and bold, and when the convention was called together, which was in 1610, they were armed for the battle. They had formulated a Remonstrance of Five Propositions, which they defended with great earnestness before the body.

Those Five Points of the Remonstrance were: First, God had made a decree that all who believe shall be saved, and those who believe not, shall be lost -- a predestination, but conditional. Second, Christ died for all men, but none is saved but the believers; the Atonement is restricted, only by unbelief. Third, no man is able to exercise saving faith in Christ, wrought by the Holy Ghost. Fourth, that none can think or act righteousness without this grace; but this grace may be resisted. Fifth, believers are able by the Holy Ghost to resist sin; but the possibility of a Fall (Apostasy) must be deferred to a future and a closer examination of the Bible. The fifth proposition was left open.

We can see in these statements how they were groping toward the light, and that the whole truth had not fully dawned upon them. But one year later, the Remonstrants thought their propositions through to a clear statement of the truth as we have it today, throughout Protestantism-except a few denominations who hold to the impossibility of apostasy.

The Calvinists put forth a counter Remonstrance, which embraced absolute predestination and reprobation. Through the influence of Senator Oldenbarnvelt, and Hugo Grotius, an Edict of Tolerance was enacted by Parliament, in 1614, which granted freedom of thought to both parties. The Calvinists disregarded the Edict, and pressed the controversy with renewed zeal. The feeling became so intense against the Arminians, who were in the minority, that they had to appeal to the State Militia for protection from personal violence.

The question became a political one; the Calvinists were determined to crush out this new movement. An ambitious politician, seeker for place and power, took advantage of the prejudice to get vengeance over his enemies. Maurice of Orange took charge of matters, and his wrath was given full sway against his enemies, who were mostly Arminians. Persecution and intolerance reached a high pitch of frenzy, and we are forced to record another shameful page of history against Protestantism, for many of the Arminians were put to death; among them was the sainted Senator Oldenbarnvelt, and Grotius was cast into prison.

The big question of an unlimited Atonement could not be destroyed by the wrath of man and persecution. The Synod of Dort was called, and this gathering was in session for several months, beginning in 1618, and sat until the middle of 1619. This was a delegated body; representatives were there from the Netherlands, France, England, Scotland, Switzerland and Bremen. The Calvinists dominated, and before the close, the learned Dr. Episcopus, and thirteen Arminian preachers, were expelled from the body. The final outcome of this Synod was the establishing of "Ninety-three Canons," embodying what became known as the "Belgic Confession," and the "Heidelberg Catechism;" these documents were, ever afterwards, the authority of the Reformed Church in every country. The finished work of the Synod, also, was the expulsion of all the Arminian preachers, about three hundred in number, from the communion of the Church. They were practically driven from the country, principally, the Netherlands; they sought refuge in France, Holstein, and England.

The political situation changed in Holland; Maurice was succeeded by a more tolerant prince, and the Arminians were allowed to return to Holland. In 1634, Dr. Simon Episcopus opened a college in Amsterdam. The Arminian congregations were again established and continued for many years; but they have gradually disappeared as an organization, and only a few can be found. As a church, they failed; but they fought a good fight, and won the victory; though outnumbered, outvoted, and ousted at every point of the controversy, their cause has triumphed beyond their wildest dreams. The truths for which they contended, and for which many gave up their lives, have become universal. Today, there are no Protestants on earth who would dare to preach a limited Atonement, and salvation by decree.

Arminius was the entering wedge which finally severed the iron-bound theology that circumscribed our glorious Gospel. Today the Five Points of Calvinism can be found in some creeds. An old conservative once said: "I would go into a theological war, before I would allow one word removed from what originated in the Belgic Confession." Preachers are required to subscribe to this faith; but none of them preach it any more.

From this movement in Holland during the closing days of the sixteenth century, we have our "Five Points of Arminianism" which stand over against the "Five Points of Calvinism." First, universal atonement; second, grace may be

resisted; third, salvation by the freedom of the human will, predicated of faith in Christ, and not by divine decree; fourth, possibility of apostasy, and, fifth, final salvation, by being faithful unto death, and not by foreordination of God.

Universal Christendom owes an eternal debt of gratitude to Jacobus Arminius, the Dutch preacher, scholar, and theologian, who by fearless zeal made thereby a contribution to the Gospel of Jesus Christ which cannot be computed.

The bitter antagonisms generated in the days of Arminius, with his opposers, only bespoke the schisms that were to follow through the coming centuries. Some of those points of difference have been the issue of many debates and divisions among good people. One of the great religious thinkers of the last century, an apostle of Calvinism, stated that before he would allow one sentence of the Westminster Confession touched, he would go into a theological war. This indicates the terrific grip a system of thought will fasten upon the minds of men.

There is no doubt but that the triumphs of this scholar and logician gave to Protestantism the greatest of all Gospel notes. Salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, accepted through the freedom of the will, carried an impact for which there could be no duplicate. On the other hand, the foreordination of God, and the predestination of all things -- when reduced to its lowest terms, can but inhibit the Gospel message.

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15 -- MADAME GUYON

The message of science, and observation of human life seems to teach that the universe is governed by the law of cause and effect; whether it is the movement of planets, the blush on the rose, or the efficacy of prayer. There is supposed to be a reign of universal law -- the law of cause and effect. But God is able to set aside all law, whether it is the law of gravitation, or the resurrection power over physical dissolution -- all this as it hath pleased Him. How often have we observed children of the most consecrated and pious parents worldly and indifferent to all spiritual appeals. On the other hand, in homes of sin, will come boys and girls, even before they are converted, with a bent to spiritual things. These seeming contradictions cannot be explained either by environment or training.

One of the most renowned examples of this law being set aside, without one reasonable explanation, is that of the French maiden, Jeanne Marie De La Motte, known in history as Madame Guyon. When we examine closely into the early life of little Jeanne, we find no agencies calculated to promote any degree of piety or spirituality. Protestantism was young; the people were maligned and persecuted by the Church throughout Europe, and in no country, at this time, more than in France. The religious training of Jeanne was confined to the monasteries, which were controlled by the Church, which was corrupt, arrogant, and cruel. The age was

ignorant and depraved, and we have no evidence of any influence, other than priests and nuns, touching the life of this child.

She was born and reared by Romanism at its worst period. The Edict of Nantes was later on revoked, and France had been under the dictatorship of Cardinal Richelieu, one of the most uncompromising devotees of Rome, and Louis XIV., than whom a stronger personality never ruled a people, and he an ardent hater of Protestantism. So we must conclude that God reaches people here and there, where human judgment would never expect Him to operate. Rome has a long list of saints -- as she calls them -- made such by Pontifical decree; but Rome's great saint has not been canonized, even after her death. They burned Joan of Arc, and then afterwards placed her in the roll of saints, but no such honour has been awarded Madame Guyon. Her life was one long grilling of persecution, but through it all, she never lost her love and devotion for her Church; like Savonarola, she was, until death, a "good Catholic."

Madame Guyon was born May 18, 1648, at Montargis, France. Her father, she says, was devout, not from experience, but heredity. Her mother suffered a terrible scare just before she was born, and a superstition prevailed that a child born under such circumstances could not live, and because of this, suffered much privation from neglect, especially by her mother. From the first, her mother conceived a dislike for her and poured out all her devotions upon her sons, and in the little family quarrels, always placed the blame on Jeanne, and punished her accordingly. Her mother's neglect was such that, at the age of four, her father placed her under a tutor in a convent of the Benedictines.

One day, because of some childish prank, she was told of the horrors of hell, and so deeply was she impressed by it, that she dreamed of it at night, and was shown her place among the tormented souls. She began daily prayers and begged to go to confession, but the priest laughed at her childish eagerness. She says a strange desire came upon her for martyrdom. The older girls in the convent, to amuse themselves, prepared her for the stake, and told her by so doing she would escape hell. Just before they seemingly were about to light the fagots, she stopped them, and declared she must get her father's consent. Then they accused her of being a coward, and to think that her sincerity was doubted greatly depressed her. For a child of five, there is no parallel to this in all history.

Soon after this experience, her father took her home, where she met with the same abuse and neglect from her mother as heretofore. At the age of seven, her father placed her in a Ursuline convent; here she received her best instruction, but several times, because of illness, she was taken home. Sometimes, her illness lasted for several weeks, attended by hemorrhages and a burning fever. Her home life was most unhappy because of her mother's treatment, and often at the convent the girls persecuted her and made her life miserable, due to her zeal for holy living.

At the age of thirteen she had grown tall and handsome, and had many propositions for marriage; but to this her father would not consent. However, when she was fifteen, her parents entered into a marriage contract with the son of a wealthy builder. This was a disappointment to her, as, secretly, she had desired the life of a nun. But she believed that when married, her life would be happy and free from persecution. Yet, in this she was doomed to a still more bitter disappointment. She lived in the home of her mother-in-law, and this woman proved to be worse than her own mother; every act was criticized, and the nagging continued from morning until night. Her husband joined his mother in the abuse of his wife. She tells in the story of her life, how she tried to please them, but always failed. All these things she kept from her father. "When I spoke my mind," she says, "they said I sought to have a dispute; they put me to silence in an abrupt and shameful manner, and scolded me from morning until night." Jeanne was but a child in years, but she was made the slave of the household, doing the task of drudgery. "We had no misfortunes," once yelled her mother-in-law, "until you came into the family."

Her husband was troubled with gout and vented his wrath on his wife, all of which she bore in silence, praying nightly to God about her sins, and fearing to look into a mirror, thinking she would be guilty of pride. One very unusual characteristic of Madame Guyon was utter self-depreciation. Through all her suffering and abuse, cruel and unreasonable as they were, she bore in silence; and when alone, condemned herself for every manner of inward impurity and self-will. Her sins, she declared, were ever before her, and the silent submission to all the injustice heaped upon her by the family was due, no doubt, to a disturbed conscience because of her own unworthiness.

No one can follow her through the details of her effort at self-crucifixion without being amazed that a soul that, from infancy, had sought only to love and serve God, should be in such an attitude. However, the seasons of self-condemnation were followed by such an exalted conception of praise and devotion to Christ, that her life was one continual enigma. From early childhood to the age of twenty-five, when she was left a widow, having lost also her father and a daughter, her life was a profound mystery. It can no more be explained by normal standards than we can explain the life of Christ by human standards. In this, we do not in any way place them in the same classification. She was human, with all that human flesh is heir to, and at the same time, living daily and hourly a martyrdom which places her *sui generis* among all her kind. "Seven years," she tells us in her autobiography, "I sank into a state of utter soul privation; like Nebuchadnezzar, I was cast down among the beasts; sermons, prayers, sacraments, and penance availed me nothing." This trying experience, it seems, was put upon her to purge out all the dross in her soul. As her husband approached the end, his treatment of her became almost unbearable; but without a murmur, she ministered to him, and prayed without ceasing.

Often she tells of a deep, sweet assurance and consecration with the glorious Christ in the temple of her soul; only in a short time to find herself in utter darkness

and near despair. After her husband's death, she became identified with Father Pere LaCombe, the leader of the Barnabites, a sect of mystics within the Church. She left her three children with a guardian, and settled upon them all her fortune, but a mere pittance, and most of this she gave to charity, leaving herself almost penniless. The Bishop of Geneva asked her to settle in his diocese, as her exalted spiritual mind had gained for her a wide reputation. She feared Geneva, as this was the seat of Satan, the despised Protestants. She believed that to be a citizen of Geneva was to renounce the faith of the Church, " for which,," she says, "I will gladly give a thousand better lives than mine."

Madame Guyon also became identified with a heretical sect known as the Quietists. These fanatics have appeared, from time to time, since the first century. They believed that holiness of life could be attained only by a passive attitude to all things material; the soul must be quiet to receive anything; suffering, abuse, slander, and even death, without being conscious of it. The zenith might be attained whereby the soul could be utterly indifferent, even to its own salvation.

When Madame Guyon became united with these people, the Bishop of Geneva withdrew his protection. She then left Geneva in company with Pere LaCombe, visiting nearly all the big cities of Italy and France, teaching and preaching the "higher life" experience, what would now be called the experience of Entire Sanctification, without the extreme positions due to the superstitions and spiritual fears of the age. Even with its faults and objectionable features, Madame Guyon taught the life c, hid with Christ in God." They finally reached Paris, where they were able to gather about them a large following.

The life taught by Madame Guyon was so extreme in the estimation of the ecclesiastics, and therefore, so offensive, that they caused her arrest and imprisonment in the Convent of the Visitation. From this place she was soon liberated through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who belonged to the nobility of Paris, and was a powerful factor at the court of Louis XIV. This courtier caused Madame Guyon to be introduced into the highest social circles of Paris and Versailles. Madame de Maintenon took a strange fancy to this spiritual prodigy, although there was nothing in common between them; they were at extremes in every way as to their attitude to life.

About this time, by means of her new position, she became acquainted with Fenelon (1678), who was without a peer in all France. Being of a deeply spiritual nature, and experiencing a wonderful insight to the deeper truths of the Gospel, he became much impressed with the lofty spiritual conception of Madame Guyon. She was the leader at that time of the Quietists, and many of the grosser conceptions of this life were being practiced by the adherents of this sect. Fenelon refused to believe anything detrimental to the character of this remarkable woman, and became one of her staunchest advocates, so much so, that a serious breach arose between him and his devoted friend, Bossuet. Fenelon defended Madame Guyon until he brought grave criticism upon himself. He was willing to sacrifice his

friendship rather than see one whom he believed to be pure and sincere, suffer persecution and slander. The breach between Fenelon and Bossuet was never healed.

Father Pere LaCombe had been Madame Guyon's friend and spiritual adviser through a long period of years; his deep piety along with hers, was the ground of slanderous charges and scurrilous letters purporting to be information concerning their illicit relations. To follow this holy woman in her tedious recital of the purity existing between them, and nothing but the holiest fellowship had ever existed, is to see in it all but one thing -- Rome is, and always has been, an apostate religion, and the greatest crime possible on the part of a communicant of that Church, is to be genuinely religious. They will tolerate anything but sincere devotion to Jesus Christ. It is a most pathetic story, the persecution and calumny, through the hierarchy, even gaining the prejudice of the king. The result was, Pere LaCombe was cast into prison, charged with immoral conduct, and of course sent to the Bastille, where he remained the rest of his life, so far as any record can be found. The attendants were so impressed with the sanctity of LaCombe, that he was finally placed in the more humane quarters of the famous prison!

Papers for the arrest of Madame Guyon were issued at the same time, but she became ill, and, for weeks, was at the very door of death, but finally recovered. The Bishop who had planned all the traps and schemes for the overthrow of Pere LaCombe and Madame Guyon, visited her during her illness and professed great tenderness and sympathy. She had in her possession, at the time, a sworn affidavit, exonerating the character of LaCombe, and with it, his release was assured. The Bishop appeared to be so pleased that LaCombe was innocent, and begged her for the documents, saying that he would secure his freedom at once; but he could not do it unless she gave him the papers. Believing that it would be the means of getting her friend out of prison, she surrendered the documents into the hands of their worst enemy. When once they were in his possession he destroyed them, and when approached about the matter, said that he did not receive them at all, that her brain was disturbed, and she had never given them to him. It is believed that LaCombe died in the Bastille.

Finally, Madame Maintenon turned against her. Madame Guyon was accused of treasonable utterances, which were never proven. From the prison of St. Mary's she was consigned to the Bastille, where all kinds of persecution were inflicted upon the poor helpless woman. Ten long years Madame Guyon languished in prison, but, like John Bunyan, the prison walls became a broadcasting station where she wrote books, poetry, and composed songs. But, greatest of all, left for the coming generations her autobiography, which had no equal in human literature. Her life was a Gethsemane from infancy to the sixty-third year of her life.

Madame Guyon was released from prison by some unknown influence, and spent the last seven years of her life in quietness; it seems that her enemies ceased to molest her. While Madame Maintenon was her friend, she induced Louis XIV. to

settle on her a sufficient annuity, so that her last days were, in a measure, free from actual want. She died at Blois, France, June 9, 1717. Madame Guyon lived in an altitude of spiritual vision, which few, if any mortals ever surpassed. This must be the just estimate, when all things are considered. Her life, throughout, was the penalty of being holy within the pale of an unholy organization. Some of our moderns would profit, hugely, by reading the life of Madame Guyon.

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16 -- JOHN BUNYAN

The Church has produced some stalwart leaders through the centuries; and it was not so much the Church, as the message of the Church. Within her communion have been ten-talented men; great national breakwaters for the shelter and protection of the struggling race. Every vocation has been represented by towering characters, here and there, like the sun-crowned peaks of a mighty mountain range. Great statesmen, orators, scholars, military heroes, scientists, and authors; all these have ministered in the holy things of the Church. The most profound scholarship, the broadest culture and social influence, together with the leadership of wealth, may find wide avenues of expression far superior to parliaments and forms. The greatest and best of the human race have been drawn to the Church with sacrificial convictions and the spirit of martyrdom.

John Bunyan, the magic name which carries the message of Gethsemane, Transfiguration, and Calvary, like the commingling of all the tempos of Handel's masterpiece. All things considered, the life of John Bunyan can no more be explained by human processes than the power and personality of Lincoln, which enabled him to rise from the humblest origin, to a place among the world's ten-talented celebrities.

In Methodist circles, the name of John Wesley is known to every one; it is as familiar in other creeds, also. Luther is well known in the history of Protestantism; but John Bunyan is a cosmopolitan, contemporaneous, co-extensive with the religious hopes and aspirations of two hundred and fifty years. We have in literary circles what is known as "best sellers," from the pen of modern fiction writers. These best sellers rarely ever last more than one season; they catch the public attention by some striking title, carrying some powerful human appeal, generally, of a sexual character. In one year several editions are printed, but always the appearance of the book is preceded by wide announcement, and the book is kept before the public. The "best-seller" idea is more often produced by knowing the key to psychological advertisement, than to any particular merit of the book.

But in the person of John Bunyan we have an author who had no press exploiting psychology to operate in his behalf; but he produced a "best-seller," reaching back through the centuries, and going out into all the civilized world. A book passing through a half-dozen years as a leader, would be acclaimed by critics

as marvellous; but one of John Bunyan's books has been doing this for twenty generations, and no doubt will so continue, unless the mind of the human race becomes so sordid and materialistic that it will no longer appreciate spiritual values.

The subject of this sketch was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, November, 1628. His father was a tinker who bartered his wares -- a calling of no social standing whatever. But the family lineage has been traced back as far as 1200 A. D, and the plot of ground where John was born had been in the family for many generations. The traditional spot is called " Bunyan's End;" the name has passed through thirty-six different forms, according to records; Buniun, Beryun, Boryon, etc. The family was poor, but sought to be "decent and worthy." John took up the trade of his father, the mending of pots and kettles; he had a forge at Elstow, but travelled from village to village. The trade was regarded as disreputable. "My descent," he says, "was of low generation; my mother's rank was the meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." Sir Walter Scott regarded the Bunyan family as a kind of gipsy tribe. John received a smattering of education, which was not beyond the second grade of our public schools of today; but it was "utterly lost," he says, when he went to work with his father. His mother died when he was sixteen, and this was a great sorrow to him, and the situation was made worse, as his father married two months afterwards.

Home life became unbearable for the lad, so much so, that he ran away and joined the Parliamentary army, serving two years until the army was disbanded. In after life he often spoke and wrote about God's mercy in saving him from death several times; once in particular, when a comrade took his place on sentry duty. The gratitude for being spared until he was delivered from sin was always paramount in his meditations.

When the war closed, he returned to the tinker trade, and at the age of twenty, married; but no mention is made of the date, or the name of his wife. Some believe that his first wife soon died, as his wife later became the big factor in his redemption. The record at this time is not very certain. Speaking of these early days, he says: "We were as poor as the poorest." Not much is said of his moral character, other than he was very profane, but was not a drunkard.

His wife brought two books from her father's home; one of them was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and from it came the beginning of the awakening; very slow at first, but each step was permanent. As to the impression of his reform on himself and others, McCauley calls him a Pharisee, and he calls himself a "painted hypocrite." One day he chanced to overhear the conversation of two women concerning his transformation from such a vile sinner to a decent man, and an inspiration came to him; meditating upon his own unworthiness, he wrote the book, Grace Abounding. Notwithstanding his marvellous conception of God's mercy, at times he became so depressed over his spiritual condition that it bordered on melancholia. Like Augustine, the memory of his past life was ever before him.

However, about this time Bunyan formed the acquaintance of the "holy Mr. Gifford," a pious layman living at Bedford, and it was the influence of this good man which helped to establish him in the faith.

In the year 1653, he united with the Nonconformist congregation at Bedford, which might be called, today, the Baptist Church; however, there were some tenets believed and practiced then, which do not obtain now. John Bunyan has always been considered a Baptist. Two years after becoming identified with this religious body his wife died, leaving him with five or six children, one of them being blind. The loss of his wife, who had been such a help in raising him from a life of sinful degradation to respectability, was a shock, and his sorrow was further deepened by the death of his companion and friend, the "holy Mr. Gifford." He had moved into Bedford, and was ordained deacon in the church. Very soon his ability as a public speaker became evident, and he was given opportunity to serve as an exhorter. But, in 1657, the definite call to preach was quite obvious, and he was chosen pastor of the Bedford congregation. It was a sensation to the town when it became known that the "swearing tinker" was now preaching. The curious came in great crowds to hear him, and as was said of another: "They came to scoff, and remained to pray," as John Bunyan had a burning message in his soul.

His popularity as a preacher spread throughout Bedfordshire, and he at once faced the same obstacle which every other preacher before and since has faced -- jealousy. The grace of God can do wonders in the human soul, but cases are exceedingly rare where preachers are not burned by a bitter jealousy against the man who draws crowds and does things they have been unable to do. There is a depth of carnality and deceit here that is hard to fathom; men profess to love God and lost souls, yet are consumed with jealousy toward any man who can succeed in doing his work to a greater degree than they. Here is the solution: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

The preachers began to criticize and discount Bunyan's work in every way, when things began to happen under his ministry, which did not happen under theirs. Such preachers must explain it away, tell how it happened, etc. Human nature not fully delivered from the carnal mind runs along on the same old trunk line, whether it is the first century, the seventeenth, or the twentieth. If Savonarola had remained in his cloister mumbling his litanies, he would never have been bothered; but when old St. Mark's began to pack to the doors with the multitudes that the others did not reach, "business began to pick up." It picked up with John Bunyan, the pastor of the Bedford Baptist Meeting. One prominent doctor of divinity, and a big university man, declared: "This mender of pots and pans now presumes to be a mender of souls."

John Bunyan, suffering from the humiliation of illiteracy, and formerly known as a "man of the baser sort," became a mighty preacher in a very short time. But in one year from the time he took charge of the Bedford church, a framed-up indictment was filed against him. There seems to have been no record made of it,

and it is not known just what became of the charges. But his Gospel of salvation, promising full deliverance from all sin, aroused the carnal ecclesiastics and at once the machinery was set in motion to destroy him and close his mouth. In the midst of this conflict he wrote his second book, *Gospel Truths Opened*. The fight waxed warmer and warmer; whereupon he wrote, one year later, *Gospel Truths Vindicated*. This was followed by *The Rich Man and Lazarus*, *Sighs from Hell*, and *Groans of the Damned*. No man, Dante not excepted, ever wrote, whose imaginations blazed in such terrific splendour, as this Bedford preacher. He allowed his imagination full sweep in describing the miseries of the lost souls.

The climax came about the year 1661; a law had been passed putting certain restrictions upon religious services; one phase of this law was that certain Nonconformists could not preach and administer the sacraments within the church building. This law John Bunyan ignored; but when the pressure became too strong, he went out in the fields, old barns, and in the woods, preaching everywhere. However, he was hounded until he was finally lodged in jail.

The historical record seems to be a bit mixed as to dates; in 1661, at the coronation of Charles II., many prisoners were released; but Bunyan was not among the fortunate ones, because he refused to make certain promises. The date of his incarceration is not certain; however, it lasted for twelve years. It speaks of his wife trying to secure his release, and failing. Then it seems that he was released from this imprisonment (evidently the first), and finally he began his long imprisonment in 1666. Parliament had passed the Religious Restriction Laws, but Bunyan had refused to obey them. He wrote his famous *Pilgrim's Progress* during this twelve years, and preached continually to the crowds that came to his prison windows. They even tried to stop this by passing an ordinance that prisoners should not be allowed to look out of the window.

The Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs* were his prison companions. The last six years of his prison life, it seems, is a blank, as nothing of interest is recorded; his great masterpiece did not appear until 1678. If it was written while he was in jail, which is generally believed, it remained unpublished for five or six years. The chronology of his home life, prison terms and dates of certain events cannot be verified by the records.

By and by, John Bunyan became a free man, and prosecuted his ministry with his old-time zeal and vigour, going about from place to place until he became known as "Bishop Bunyan," and his work known as "Bunyan's Circuit." Again the Church comes forward with a protest against this unconventional method of preaching; this religious iconoclast must be controlled. Efforts were made to suppress his labours, or else get them under the supervision of authority and conventional regulations, all of which failed. John Bunyan could not be supervised; he had spent twelve long years in prison, often suffering for necessary food, and through it all his spirit remained undaunted. He had carried the heavy load up hill and over rugged pathways; he had spent long nights in the Castle of Giant Despair,

but at last, footsore and tired, he had come into the presence of the Cross, and his burden had rolled off. What did he now care if the wrath of man was turned upon him; he had come in sight of the setting sun and the quiet harbour. He was too near the final deliverance, with the liberty of one whom the Son had made free, to longer reckon with flesh and blood. He was free indeed!

John Bunyan was a voluminous writer, and had a style that was unique and original. The one book whereby he immortalized himself was *The Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the most powerful, dramatic allegories in all literature, except the classic parables of our Lord. The book which was his second best, and lives today, and is read with great interest, is *The Holy War, or The Capture of the Fortress of Mansoul*. His books all had long titles and sub-titles. Both these books portray the heart experience of millions who have struggled along the highway of righteousness. It is not generally known that John Bunyan wrote, besides these two masterpieces, forty-seven other books. He wrote on every possible phase of Christian teaching and experience. No man ever lived who caught the vision of Christ and His standards of life better than he, outside of inspiration.

The last preaching of this remarkable man was in London; when he was announced to preach early in the morning, twelve hundred people would assemble at seven o'clock. This was the closing of his pilgrim journey; while returning from London he caught a severe cold, as the trip was made in an open carriage and a downpour of rain. He had just recovered from an attack of "sweating sickness," and this made him an easy prey to what was perhaps pneumonia fever. He died the last day of August, 1688, at the home of John Shudwick, a devoted friend, and the keeper of a small grocery store. He was placed in Shudwick's vault, Bunhill Fields, Finsbury. His estate was less than one hundred pounds (\$500), when he was laid to rest. We are sure that his life was one long struggle with poverty; while he was in prison, he made laces and sold them through the jail window to help support his family. John Bunyan was poor, but he made many rich. Here it is, reproduced again: "In stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

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17 -- JOHN WESLEY

No doubt there has been more written about John Wesley than any religious character since the founding of Christianity. As many biographies have been written of him, and the times in which he lived, than perhaps of either Washington or Lincoln. When viewed from every angle, we doubt if there has been a man whose life was more vitally protected than his since the Saviour walked among men,

Martin Luther not excepted. To write a sketch of Wesley in one chapter is like a thirty-minute sermon on John 3:16.

We shall undertake to cover no new territory; it could not be done, even in a volume of five hundred pages. We shall make a brief survey, noting some of the contributing streams, the confluence of which has covered the earth with an inundation of Bible righteousness and sanctified energy. What was said of Queen Esther may be said of John Wesley-he came to the kingdom for just such an hour in which he lived.

For two hundred years the common people of England and France had been submerged, crushed under the heel of a cruel, godless aristocracy; low rumblings of discontent and revolution were sending forth a protest against oppression and suffering on both sides of the English Channel. The voice of God, giving messages of hope and salvation, was lost in the mumblings of ecclesiastical ritualism. The ministers of God were generally given over to drunkenness, gambling, and even baser sins. The English parson was no longer the prophet of God than the French priest; they were alike the allies of the nobility, supported from public funds and a law unto themselves. The people had lost interest in their spiritual life; social putrefaction was everywhere evident. France swept blindly on, until the shouts of the maddening mob measured time to the sickening thud of the guillotine.

But in England a man appeared who became the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The burning sands of class hatred and vengeance piled up against him, and under the shadow of his sanctified personality the oasis came and, what otherwise would have been desolation and waste of blood and revolution, began to blossom as the rose.

John Wesley was a man of destiny, called of God in an hour of peril to be a breakwater in a national crisis. England, the home of the Anglo-Saxons, the land conquered from the blight of Rome, but, like France, had neither prophet nor statesman aware of the impending doom. The social order had about reached the limit of degeneration and was moving from the upper stratum -- the nobility and clergy -- down through the bone and sinew classes; the lower multitudes were rotting upward: the consummation was inevitable. But the man appeared and the putrid streams began the process of filtration by divine impartation of the Holy Spirit through the ministration of a sanctified personality.

John Wesley became a salt-bearer to England, and the marvellous preserving and antiseptic powers saved a nation from auto-intoxication. Wesley was the greatest salt-bearer, beyond a doubt, since the Apostle Paul; but he received ridicule and contempt from the upper stratum, and mob violence from the lower order; the most pronounced stupidity and blindness since Christ wept over Jerusalem because of His rejection.

God had been preparing this man for many generations; he was not an accident -- the law of cause and effect set aside like Joan of Arc and John Bunyan -- he was the resultant of two character streams, the best in England. The name Wesley, originally, came from Wellesley, one of the oldest and best families. Sir Garrett Wellesley, of Ireland, became interested in Charles Wesley and offered to settle on him a fortune, and give him a peerage if he would live in Ireland, believing him to belong to the Wellesley. It was given to another branch of the Wesley family, and from this source came the Duke of Wellington.

But there was something greater than the blood of nobility which accumulated and was put in contribution to the making of John Wesley. The family belonged to the Church of England, but not the High Church; they were of strong Puritan tendencies. Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of John, was ejected from the Established Church by the Uniformity Act, 1502; then John Wesley (grandfather), also a minister, was persecuted and his allowance cut off because of his liberal ideas. Samuel Wesley (father) was offered preferment as rector of the Church; but he would not conform to the unscrupulous schemes of James II., and was near the bread-line, until William and Mary came to the throne, and those good rulers settled on him allowance connected with the Epworth parish. Thus we see from the paternal side, John Wesley had a royal, heroic heritage for three generations of ministers, all willing to suffer rather than be untrue to principle.

Now we wish to examine the family of the maternal side; his mother was Susannah Wesley, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ejected from parish and preferment because he leaned too near the Puritans and Nonconformists. The same sacrificial spirit that coursed through the souls of the Wesleys for many generations was a pronounced factor in the making of Susannah Wesley. A great historian has written a set of biographies -- fifteen volumes -- and one devoted to Great Women, but makes no mention of Susannah Wesley, whom this humble scribe regards as one of the greatest women in all history. The honour and majesty of the son overshadow the matchless splendour of the mother.

Let us get a close-up for a moment; the mother of nineteen children, all to be fed, clothed, and educated from an income that would today be scorned by the average wife with no children. We wonder at the system, routine, and method which played so great a part in Wesley's life, from the time he entered Charterhouse School, and on through Christ's College, and Lincoln College Fellowship, study hours, lessons recited, recreation, house and garden duties, Bible study, and each child given one hour weekly, alone with the mother, where instruction and examination were given into the deep things of faith and personal piety; besides doing the household superintending, preparing meals, hearing lessons from the youngest to the oldest, spending nineteen hours weekly teaching the lessons of godliness. The average teacher in schools and colleges does not teach more than fifteen to twenty hours a week, as full service.

Susannah Wesley taught nineteen hours a week, as a sideline. Furthermore, when Samuel Wesley was away, the wife conducted religious services in the home, and often the room would be filled with neighbours gathering for the devotions and expositions of the Bible. Without the mother, John Wesley could not be explained; with the mother, all is clear. She was a woman of superior intellect and culture; familiar with all lines of the best literature, and a soul surcharged with the fruits of the Spirit. Her husband used to watch her in the classroom, and remark: "My dear, I am amazed at your patience; you have explained that question twenty times." She replies: "If I had stopped without giving it the twentieth time, the nineteen would doubtless have been lost."

Here we have a glimpse of sanctified motherhood, and when John Wesley is considered he is the logical exponent of his marvellous mother. We repeat, and advisedly, Susannah Wesley was the greatest product of womanhood in all history,

It will not be amiss to examine John Wesley's life, from his almost miraculous deliverance, as a puny child of five, from the burning rectory at Epworth. He was upstairs, asleep and forgotten, until his cries were heard above the roar of flames. No ladder was available; the father knelt in the garden and consigned " little Jackey " to the heavenly Father. Whereupon, three men, standing on each other's shoulders, made a human ladder, and rescued the little boy. At once the roof went in, but the boy was saved to the whole world. The family had been often abused by the rough neighbours, but after the fire, they were no more hindered and persecuted as before; life at the rectory was more tolerable.

John Wesley spent six years at Charterhouse School, London, where he was often imposed upon by the older boys, who would snatch his portion of meat, as he came from the cook-house; an allowance was given each boy. For days, often, he ate only bread; but he says: "I was never without a keen appetite." In the autumn of 1720, a lad of seventeen, he entered Christ's Church College, Oxford, and throughout his college days, until graduation with distinction, he never swerved from his intense religious training of home. He received his M.A. degree in 1726, and for his high standing, received a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and lectured in Greek, and was the moderator of classes.

At the instigation of his father, John left college and took charge of a small parish of the Epworth charge. He did not continue here long, but returned to college, resuming his fellowship work. His brother Charles was now a student at Lincoln, and they, with some others, organized the famous " Holy Club," a name given, no doubt, in derision.

The ability of this young man now began to attract attention. General Oglethorpe had opened a settlement at Savannah, Ga., and being a personal friend of Samuel Wesley, he besought John to return with him, as the pastor of the community, and also to teach the Indians, who were near by, and friendly. He went, but his rigid, circumspect training did not fit into the lives of the rough pioneers.

This trip proved a failure and, after an unfortunate love affair with the chief magistrate's daughter at Savannah, he returned to England; "shaking the dust from off my feet," as he declared.

During the ship voyage they encountered a furious storm; on board this vessel were some German Moravians, whose calmness in such danger greatly impressed the young minister. This was the beginning of influences which brought about the regeneration of John Wesley. He attended their services in London, May 24, 1738, and while one was reading the preface to Luther's introduction to Romans, Mr. Wesley's heart "became strangely warm." That moment the greatest religious movement of two thousand years was born -- Methodism! An evangelistic campaign for the salvation of men, with the "world for a parish."

After this great experience, Mr. Wesley visited Germany, and met many distinguished people, among them, Count Zinzendorf and Prince Royal, who was afterwards Frederick the Great. A friendship was developed between Wesley and Zinzendorf which lasted for years, until the doctrine of entire sanctification came between them. Mr. Wesley contended that there was "sin in believers," and sanctification was a "second blessing, so called," subsequent to regeneration, received instantaneously by faith. Zinzendorf contended that sanctification and regeneration were received at the same time. Zinzendorf has many followers in Methodism. Mr. Wesley called this blessed doctrine the "Great Depositum," for which God had raised up the people called "Methodists" to spread over the whole world.

The story of Wesley is a long one, but may be told briefly. He was excluded from the pulpits of England, but God was in this; for if he had been allowed to minister in the churches the unnumbered thousands of unChurches would not have been reached. This apparent persecution drove him out into the highways and byways, and if it had not been so, the greatest by-product of his life would never have materialized. First, the social order would not have been saved and the fires of revolution would have swept the land. This man and his co-workers went everywhere, reaching thousands in every nook and corner of the land -- open fields, old barns, graveyards, on streets, and in congested forums. Second, there would have been no world-wide Methodism today, the largest Protestant body on earth; it could not have been done within the Established Church.

Growing out of this spiritual awakening, societies were organized, ministers were sent out filled with holy zeal; they went everywhere, facing mobs, suffering all kinds of privations and insults, but God put His seal upon them, and "the poor had the gospel preached unto them."

Wesley was a ten-talented man -- plus; a voluminous writer: books, poetry, homilies, tracts for the people, sermons, instructions for preachers, catechisms, Notes on the New Testament, and kept a diary from day to day all his life. He wrote the first Greek grammar in existence; one of the first Latin grammars, and was a

master of the French language. Mr. Wesley kept personal oversight of all the societies, preached continually -- often five times a day. It was no uncommon thing for him to meet with a thousand people at five in the morning. He travelled over two hundred thousand miles on horseback, and other slow ways of transportation, through rain, storm, and swollen streams.

John Wesley was a calm, clear, fluent speaker; not impassioned like Whitefield. Under his mild demeanor there was an imperial personality; he ruled his preachers like a veritable czar, but with brotherly consideration; he knew no favourites. The work of saving men burned in his own soul, and this was paramount; no lazy, trifling preacher got by with him. He was a dogmatic Arminian to the extreme. He left fellowship with the beloved Moravians on differences of doctrinal grounds; also, the man he loved devotedly -- George Whitefield, who became tainted with Calvinism.

John Wesley had a very unfortunate domestic experience; just why such a man should blunder so in matrimony, is hard to understand. His wife was a widow with four children, and she proved to be a shrew that was never tamed. There is a well-established theory that marriages are sealed in heaven; but there is much evidence contradicting this notion. We believe Satan manipulates more weddings than the Lord. There is a silly idea that happy domestic life may mean a neglect of higher duties. Charles Wesley was happily married, and his contribution to religious literature was not lessened by that fact. John Wesley lived a tragedy in his home, at times, it is believed, suffered physical punishment at her hands. A great soul is the most helpless and unsophisticated in the game of courtship, or so it often seems, and irreparable blunders are made. John Wesley was a great soul, capable of great enjoyment from the sweeter things of life; but in this regard, his life was empty and unsatisfied. The founder of Methodism died in great peace and triumph, in 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

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18 -- FRANCIS ASBURY

In the city of Washington, near the cluster of mighty buildings whose imposing masonry stands as a guarantee of political liberty, stands a majestic statue of Francis Asbury, mounted upon his faithful horse, dressed in the garb of a pioneer "circuit rider." The mount is poised upon a pedestal, and is but a small tribute to the memory of its original.

In the Capitol Buildings, not far away, is a "Hall of Fame," where each state may select, by legislative enactment, two names from among their people worthy of a place in the rotunda of celebrities. The life-sized statues of our noble and great are there; Francis Asbury cannot be allowed such a place of honour, as he belonged to no state -- but the whole nation. However, our Congress and Senate would honour themselves and, at the same time, give a demonstration to the nation,

and the whole world, if they would vote an appropriation for such a memorial to be erected in the very center of this Hall, as a worthy recognition from a nation that, we shall say, owes more to this man than to any other great American.

This is loud talk and sounds a bit boastful; but we shall set forth a few brief facts to sustain this proposition. This same national Congress has caused to be erected a beautiful "Lincoln Memorial" which looks down upon an artistic lagoon, in line with the Washington Monument, and the Capitol Building. We would not move one stone from those memorials; they are just and worthy, but the greatness of a nation does not consist of successful wars, and triumphant statesmanship, but in moral factors. No nation can stand founded alone upon the genius of government; such we admit holds the center of the stage, and gets all the recognition of writers of history. The moral and spiritual values go unnoticed by the wise, political economist; but the real solidarity of a nation is its unit strength in the cell tissues of the body politic -- the moral power in the home.

Colonial life had patriotism; but New England had revolted against the narrowness of Puritanism; many of the members of the Continental Congress were either sceptics or unbelievers. Unitarianism was getting a firm footing in the new republic. The south's religious life was a reproduction of the Established Church of England, ritualistic and formal, lacking all the elements of evangelical faith. The frontier, now extending beyond the Appalachian Mountains, was near barbarism, beyond the reach of civilizing influences. Victory over the mother country and a Constitution -- than which a greater document has never been drafted -- were incapable of building a mighty empire; popular and free education would not have reached the frontier in time; only the wealthy -- North and South--could afford education. There was a need -- a sore need--of an empire builder who used no untempered mortar. Such a man was Francis Asbury -- like Wesley of England -- a man of destiny; one who came to the kingdom for such an hour.

Francis Asbury was born at Handsworth, Staffordshire, England, August 20, 1745; his birthplace being not far from Oxford. His parents were among the first devoted followers of Wesley, and from infancy, he had imbibed the spirit of the new evangelism, based upon the Arminian statement of faith. He was converted at the age of thirteen, under the preaching Of a Wesleyan itinerant. His early education was meagre -- secured at Barre. When a lad, he was hired to a shoemaker as an apprentice, and his work was cutting "buckle-chapes," or shoe-tongues; this he did until fourteen years of age. Then it was, he came in contact with the Methodist "circuit rider," as the chapels were scattered all over England.

At the age of sixteen, though still working at his trade, he was licensed as a local preacher, and at once his "gifts and graces " were in evidence. He remained a local preacher for six years, and at twenty-two, became a regular enrolled itinerant under Mr. Wesley's supervision. Two years later the opportunity came for the making of one of the greatest Christian heroes of history. Had he lived two hundred years earlier, his name would doubtless have been on the honour roll of martyrs,

along with Savonarola, Huss, and others. Francis Asbury lived a life of bloodless martyrdom, until the day of his death. It requires more grace and power, day by day, to live martyrdom, than to burn at the stake. The far-seeing Wesley had planted Methodism in the new world. The spirit of intolerance in England, and rebellion among the Colonists, had not as yet proved a hindrance to the work in America. The Church was planted in New York and Philadelphia in the year 1767; but more and more the great founder realized the lack of leadership.

Wesley recognized the latent powers of Asbury, and therefore commissioned him, in company with Rev. Richard White, as ministers for the new country; they landed in America, October, 1771. One year later, Asbury was appointed as "General Assistant," a place that had been occupied by Thomas Rankin. The passion for liberty, and protest against unjust legislation, were kindling into a conflagration among the Colonists; Rankin returned to England, but Asbury remained. Herein he was a true prophet; he saw the justice of the American cause, and the future of a great republic. His sympathies were from the first with the Colonists; but he was too discreet to take a position, as America was filled with Tories; and the presence of English preachers was ever under suspicion. Many of them were arrested, but no serious penalties were given them; Asbury was arrested once, because he would not take a certain oath, but on the payment of five pounds, he was released.

In 1778, the lines were drawn to the limit; it became dangerous to prosecute further the work of the churches; consequently, for two years Asbury remained in seclusion, almost a prisoner, in the home of Thomas White, of Delaware. He says of those two years:

"Those two years were the most active, the most useful, and the most suffering of my whole life," Those years were like Paul in Arabia, and John Bunyan in jail; meditation, seasoning, and mental furnishings for the great future before him. Finally, the authorities were convinced that the labours of the itinerants were utterly unselfish and free from political alliances, further than for the spiritual welfare of the people. The "circuit riders" were set free, and allowed full authority and protection to prosecute their work.

At the close of the war, an American church was a necessity, and Mr. Wesley, though only indirectly in touch with conditions on this side, knew that such an emergency had arisen. Up to this time, Mr. Wesley held rigidly to the traditions of the Established Church; one dogmatic tenet was, that none was authorized to ordain, except those in episcopal succession -- known as "Apostolic Succession." Wesley knew, quite as well as did Asbury, that in free America the unlettered, as well as the uncultured, would not submit to the high Churchism of England, which were generally loyal subjects of the king.

John Wesley began a close study of the New Testament offices of bishop and presbyter; the result of this study brought him to the revolutionary conviction that

they were one and the same. Whereupon, he constituted himself a bishop, with New Testament authority to ordain. The first ordained bishop of Methodism was Thomas Coke, of Oxford, an eminent scholar and a great soul. The new bishop was commissioned by Wesley with Apostolic authority to ordain Francis Asbury as "Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America." This ordination took place at the Christmas Conference, in Baltimore, in the year 1784. This was the beginning of a career -- all things considered -- unequalled in religious history. Until the day of his death, Asbury was an indefatigable worker; a greater Christian evangelist never lived. This major-general of the Lord's hosts not only covered the scattering civilization of America, but went far beyond-out in the wild and trackless frontier -- among "savage beasts, and still more savage men." Often it was necessary to guard his life from savagery of Indians. His parish extended from New England, south to the Everglades; west to the Mississippi River and beyond -- from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. All over this vast domain of wilderness, this silent evangel -- mounted on horseback -- went into the by-ways (there were no highways) of the primeval forests and mountain fastnesses.

He kept in dose touch with all the preachers and circuits, traveling and preaching almost daily, holding conferences and revival meetings. When we compare Bishop Asbury's labours through his episcopate of thirty-two years with his successors in office -- Pullman cars, sleepers, diners, palatial hotels, and holding from three to five conferences -- all of which may be reached in a few hours' ride, or one night on a sleeper -- we find truly that comparisons are odious. For the work's sake, no doubt, this great soul denied himself all the pleasures of wife and home; he had no home, except the welcome firesides of his beloved people everywhere.

We cannot close this brief survey without mention of his labours in some detail. His education was indeed meagre from scholastic standards; but at odd times, while on long journeys, he acquired a good knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. On the first round of his episcopal labours, he laid the foundation for the first Methodist College at Abingdon, Md. The material from which he gathered his workmen was generally as illiterate as he was in the beginning. But they wrought mightily in the land, and the story of the American Republic would have been different, had he not sub-soiled society. He carried the impact of God's authentic Word to the rough homes which produced a religious culture and 'reverence which gave to our national life more than the power of armies or the deliberations of lawmakers. Methodism taught men to fear God -- which is, today, becoming a lost art.

Francis Asbury's journals are as fine a selection of romantic literature as can be found; they unconsciously tell a story of zeal and heroism without a parallel. John Wesley Could never have done in America what Francis Asbury did; Wesley was unfitted for such a career. American Methodism came from the brain and heart of Asbury, rather than Wesley. He took charge of a movement unpopular and often ridiculed, with three hundred and sixteen members, and when the mantle fell from

his shoulders, there were two hundred and fourteen thousand Methodists, governed by bishops, and ministered to by seven hundred ordained preachers, and more than two thousand local preachers, many of them doing the work of a circuit rider; not merely on the roll of a conference record, but men with "gifts and graces," and besides many exhorters throughout the Church.

Francis Asbury travelled on an average of six thousand miles annually -- not a big task today, but then, almost superhuman. He preached almost daily, and often several times a day. He was calm in temperament, bold, aggressive, and enthusiastic; but unflinching in the face of duty. No man has more truly interpreted the early life of a great country. A score or more biographies have been written of Francis Asbury, but the contribution he made to the religious morale of America can never be exaggerated. Truly, he was the "Knight of the Long Trail"!

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19 -- JONATHAN EDWARDS

Those who are schooled in the Wesleyan Arminian theology can hardly understand how error may bless a people, and thrive in the building up of a community or denominational movement. The Holy Spirit is versatile in His powers and gifts, and can use a modicum of truth when it is backed by a devout, conscientious messenger in love with righteousness. We can understand how John Calvin could establish a great system of theology on a false premise, and drive to logical conclusions his theories; but centuries later, with opportunities for Bible interpretation, we are unable to fathom the mystery of Jonathan Edwards. Since the days when the great logician and theologian ruled all Switzerland, a greater exponent of his system than Jonathan Edwards has not lived. He was a man of unswerving honesty, conscientious to the point of severity, uncompromising to the sacrifice of place and popularity. His standards of right were as unchanging as the "laws of the Medes and Persians."

Jonathan Edwards was a striking contradiction in another direction; he was a burning evangelist, seeking as the primary motive of his ministry the salvation of men. Just how this great scholar and metaphysician could reconcile such zeal with his ultra-Calvinism is past understanding. He launched a spiritual awakening that has scarcely been excelled in any land, confined to so small an area as he was. There is no place for genuine evangelism in a creed that places the whole matter in the hands of a sovereign God; and such is Calvinism in its last analysis. But sinners by hundreds, perhaps thousands, were convicted of sin and found salvation in a degree unknown in that country then, or since. But behind his theological errors was one of the strongest personalities of our American life, surcharged with the Holy Spirit, and sincere to the last motive power of mind and soul. He was a man of extraordinary talents, and they were all put to the exchangers for God's glory and a lost world.

Jonathan Edwards was born at Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703. We know very little of his childhood life, or his religious environments. It must be inferred that he was given careful and continuous educational advantages, as he entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and in the year 1717 received his degree of B.A., a fact most unusual-graduating from college scarcely fifteen years of age, and winning this honour in one year. One of two things is certain: either the requirements of graduation then were not equal to the average high school now, or else this lad was a genius to be able to cover the course in such a short time.

His scholarship was well established and recognized, as he was appointed as a teacher in his Alma Mater at the age of twenty; a position he filled with distinguished success. One year before he became a professor at Yale he was licensed to preach, and for four years he was both teacher and preacher. In the year 1726 he was invited to become a colleague with his maternal grandfather, Rev. Mr. Stoddard, in a church at Northampton, Conn. In this pulpit he remained for twenty-three years, and was the outstanding preacher of New England. He became a man of one purpose -- a messenger to lost men. All his studies in metaphysics and deep problems of theology had but one objective -- the awakening of men in sin. So terrific were his messages to the lost and impenitent, that great fear fell upon his congregations. One sermon that made an impression on his hearers, from which they never recovered, was: "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It was said that strong men quaked with fear, and some almost lost their reason; others literally held to the pews as if to save themselves from slipping into hell.

In the year 1734, the spiritual awakening began to make an appearance in his own congregation, and slowly gathered momentum until it swept over all bounds in 1740-41. In this noted revival, many hundreds were converted in Northampton. Edwards wrote about this revival, which was his first literary contribution to the religious press. This was the title: "A faithful narrative of the surprising work of God in the conversion of hundreds of souls in Northampton." His name from this time became a household word in all the religious circles of America.

Yet the aftermath of this unusual visitation of God's power seems to have been what is often observed at the present time: indifference, backslidings, and grosser sins. Also, it is significant to note that the leaders, or governing members of this congregation were not especially influenced by the "revival." Very soon a serious breach developed between the pastor and his official board. This was brought about by two things: first, the pastor forbid, with great vehemence, the unconverted and worldly approaching of the communion table; this aroused much indignation among the wealthy and social elite of the church. He wrote a work entitled, *Conditions for Those Who Take Communion*.

He had lost favour with many previous to this by his bitter denunciation of obscene literature being circulated among the people. All of which brings out clearly, that there are certain groups in every congregation who will not pay the price for genuine holiness of heart. That part of the Northampton church who

protested against Jonathan Edwards, and did not cease the agitation until they accomplished their desire -- the dismissal of the pastor -- are the ones who took no part in the revival which he had been the means of bringing to the city. This rupture occurred in 1750, nine years after the greatest revival that ever visited New England. The schism began to brew shortly after the manifestation of divine power among the people; which is the best evidence that the work he wrought was genuine. There are churches by the score that are never molested by Satanic combinations; the people and pastor go on and on, in perfect harmony, but when things begin to happen, the forces of darkness are always aroused.

After Jonathan Edwards was dismissed from his church he became a missionary to the Indians of Massachusetts. While working among them, he lived at Stockbridge, and having more leisure than before, devoted much time to writing. The two books he published at this time placed him among the foremost metaphysicians and deep reasoners of that, or any other century. One was the Freedom of the Will, the other, Original Sin. In the year 1757, he was chosen president of Princeton College, and assumed the responsibilities of this position in January, 1758. But two months later he was stricken with smallpox, and died March 22, of that year, serving as president of this old institution scarcely three months.

Scholars of all creeds regard Jonathan Edwards as a master of dogmatic theology. One noted preacher and writer says of him: " He ranks as one of the brightest luminaries of the Christian Church, not excluding any country, or any age, since the days of the Apostles." His pronounced characteristics, besides that of his evangelistic fervour, were depths and comprehensiveness in arguments. It is said that his treatise of theological issues -- many of them -- have never been answered. The age of religious polemics has passed, and it may, or may not be, a blessing; but if the times called for it, such as the days when this man lived, no books of religious controversy would be more popular than his, whether for or against them.

He wrote on various religious themes, such as Religious Affections, History of Redemption, Qualifications for Communion, The End For Which God Created the World, and The True Value of Christian Virtue. His complete works have been published in ten volumes. Edwards was known as a severe reasoner and profound writer on metaphysical themes; but the man cannot be justly estimated for his true worth by these things alone. He exerted a profound influence on his age in other respects; his unusual powers of mind, and his ability as a preacher, gained for him a reputation, world-wide; but those who were closely in touch with him, as he lived in life's relationships, loved him devotedly. He was the embodiment of humility and modesty, exemplifying the Christian virtues he preached to others, rare spiritual graces, mingled with rich mental gifts. The Bible was the man of his counsel, and was free from all bigotry and intellectual conceit; he was scholar enough to be humble.

When we view the man, born as he was, in an obscure village, in a thinly settled country surrounded by vast forests, out of touch with centers of learning,

graduating from a college scarcely equal to a present-day academy, living daily under the strain of a profession, from such an origin forging to the front as an international character, it is evident that he was a rare genius. With all these hindrances, he became proficient in classic and Hebrew literature, physics, mathematics, mental philosophy, history, chronology, and ethics.

One of his greatest books was written in a little over four months, during which time he preached twice each Sabbath, and twice to the Indians, through an interpreter, and met classes, each week, of children belonging to both Indian tribes. Long before he was known as a writer, his fame as a preacher had gone to every English-speaking country in the world. He made no claims, nor did his friends, at pulpit eloquence; but there was a stamp of genuineness, pouring forth every energy of the soul, until his hearers forgot all about style and pulpit mannerisms; they were gripped from the opening sentence to the benediction by a mighty message in which the Spirit of God was imparted. His sermons were the literal dynamics of heaven; but there was a great man back of his message. The human element is, after all, the last analysis of success, if the human is surcharged with the divine. He seemed always conscious of the presence of God and caused his hearers to feel the same way. His knowledge of human nature, based upon his knowledge of the Word of God, and skilled in mental philosophy, and a rich experience of grace, gave him access to the consciences of men that was almost uncanny.

A writer, speaking of his preaching, says: "He laid out his strength in the application, speaking to the consciences of his hearers, applying to different characters the important ideas of the sermon, and closing with a solemn and earnest appeal to every feeling and principle of human nature. He counselled, exhorted, warned, expostulated, as if he was determined not to stop without convincing and persuading every man."

Jonathan Edwards was a great pastor; although his visitations were confined to the sick and afflicted, he had a very personal knowledge of his flock and their need. Evidence of his pastoral oversight was that, in special revival seasons, the multitudes thronged him to unburden their sinful hearts. There is some conjecture as to his church affiliation; he was supposed to be a Presbyterian; but he was bigger than any church or creed; he belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ, and contended for nothing but the truth of God, as he understood it. Jonathan Edwards would have found fellowship in what is known today as the International Holiness Associations, and he rigidly sought, claimed, and preached holy living as paramount above all creeds.

There are two graves in the Princeton University cemetery-near each other. One is the grave of Jonathan Edwards -- a name honoured and loved; the other is the grave of his grandson, Aaron Burr. Burr inherited all the genius of mind and personality of his illustrious grandsire; but when a young man he came to the parting of the ways, and rejected the Christ, so gloriously exalted by Jonathan

Edwards. Writers of history, and the generations following the two men, may easily judge which man chose the better way.

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20 -- GEORGE MULLER

Not since Augustine was delivered from a life of profligacy to sainthood, has there been such a radical character contrast, as that of George Muller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanage. The only difference was that Muller sank to depths of degradation and dishonour, never approached by Augustine. We stand amazed in the presence of a man like him who, until twenty years of age, was a thief, a consummate liar, an embezzler, a drunkard, a gambler, and all the other lower vices which belong to a life given over to every evil passion.

When we become familiar with this man's life, how that he demonstrated with as much certainty -- even as the Apostle Paul -- the dependableness of God's answer to prayer, more than any man of modern times; and traveled with him through the slime of his young manhood, it is a miracle as great as anything accomplished when, or since, Christ was upon earth. The Scripture George Muller used much in his life, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever," has a new demonstration for the whole world. With this man, it was a fact.

His father was a German, in the employ of the Prussian Government, living at Kroppesteadt, at the time of his birth, September 27, 1805. When he was less than five years old, the family moved to Hammerslaben, and finally located at Madgeburg. The family loved him so much, and was so indulgent with him, that it helped the lad in his selfish depravity. So much money was given him that, when he did not have what he wanted, would steal from any source to satisfy his wants. Before he was ten years old, he stole regularly from the government fund in possession of his father.

In spite of these things, and neither of the parents being religious, his father wanted George to become a minister. With the German people -- many of them -- the ministry was a profession, to be followed as a way to get a living; an idea held yet by those people. The call of God to this sacred work does not enter into the choice. George agreed with his father's programme of life, and spent years in college, living in the most flagrant sins, and at the same time preparing for the ministry.

At the age of eleven, his father entered him at the cathedral school at Halbesteadt, and the lad mixed his studies with novel-reading, card-playing, and drinking. While his mother lay dead at home, he was reeling on the streets, intoxicated in a wild debauch; and this at the age of fourteen. At the time of his confirmation, he went through the preparatory studies, and when the time came, he withheld nearly all of the fee, given him by his father for this purpose. In the year 1821, he was placed in the school at Madgeburg, and from here he ran away, put up

at expensive hotels, forged checks on his father, left bills unpaid, and was finally arrested for his forgery, and sent to prison. When the father heard of this disgrace, he sent the money at once, and had him released. After this, there were some signs of reform -- to the delight of the father; but, as he tells us, at heart he was as wicked as ever. His repentance was but a sham.

We shall now see the turning-point in his life. The second period in the career of George Muller began a Saturday evening in November, 1825, when a student friend invited him to go with him to a meeting, where some devout people, simple-hearted, met and sang, prayed and explained the Bible as best they could. The feature of the meeting which gripped this young degenerate, was seeing people kneel in prayer; this he had never seen before. It was the beginning of his conviction, and before retiring for the night, he, too, got on his knees and prayed. This was while a student at Halle. We do not pretend to explain the seeming lack of restitution which should have obtained in his conversion; but, step by step, there was wrought the salvation of one who became the greatest saint of nearly two millenniums; he literally came out of darkness into light.

We wish to notice some vital steps which obtained in the transformation of this young profligate student, which proved the genuineness of his conversion. 1. At the time, he was translating a French novel into the German, and expected to use the money received in taking a pleasure trip in southern Europe. This was abandoned, and he turned it over to another. 2. He discovered the preciousness of God's Word, as in it he saw revealed the love of God in Christ. 3. Early in his Christian experience, Muller felt a decided call to do missionary work, and about the same time fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl. So the third acid test of his love to God above all carnal considerations, was the giving up of the girl he loved, who did not exactly agree With his convictions. 4. The last lesson test, which gave a very clear indication as to his future work, was his absolute dependence upon God for all his needs. The vessel was being prepared as clay in the hands of the Divine Potter.

There were about one hundred passages of Scripture which Muller marked and digested in the days of his religious formation, and were the magnets of divine truth upon which he based his life's activities. They were clear-cut statements and promises which he believed throughout his entire life. We will note a few, as follows: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my pathway;" "Cursed is the man who trusteth in men, and maketh flesh his arm;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do;" "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink; nor yet your body, what ye shall put on;" "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord;" "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart;" "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them;" "Jehovah Jireh " (The Lord will provide); "All things work

together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose;" "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

From these we can easily understand the effect upon a life when they were believed in childlike simplicity. These mighty promises were accepted by George Muller at one hundred per cent par value; and upon such promises he built up the most marvellous superstructure known in the history of religious faith. His Beacon Light shone in first magnitude splendour. The providence of God in the lives of such men as Moses, Elijah, and Paul, were no more wonderful than God's dealings with this man in the nineteenth century.

The first religious impulse of George Muller was a seeming call to the mission field; however, while yet a student at Halle, he received free lodging and board at the Orphan House, founded by one A. H. Franke, more than one hundred years before, and was built by faith, and was still in existence. Here was an object lesson of trust in God, from which he was never able to free his mind. This Orphanage was a visible, tangible demonstration that God hears prayer, and had enabled His servant to care for orphans while he lived, and established a work enduring through the century, as Franke had been dead for that length of time. The germ idea of Muller's work at Bristol, England, was planted while a student at Halle, and a beneficiary of the famous institution.

Mr. Muller became a pastor at Teignmouth, in 1830; but he very soon found that he could not conscientiously serve in such a capacity, as it would mean a stipulated salary which, of necessity, must depend upon the people being assessed so much, or from pew rentals; all of which could not be reconciled with a life of faith. In 1830, George Muller was married to Miss Mary Groves, a lady in perfect sympathy with the religious convictions of her husband, and proved to be a God-send helpmeet in his work for more than forty years. She was a mother to the orphans throughout all those wonderful years. The pulpit was resigned, and this young couple was left without resources, entirely dependent upon the Lord.

We now come to the final field of labour to which, beyond a doubt, God had raised him up. At each step he had been hindered in his missionary plans, although he had made application to the Berlin Missionary Society. Mr. Muller had a devoted friend, Mr. Craik, who had gone to Bristol, England, for a few weeks' preaching engagement. Mr. Muller soon joined him there; and it was soon made plain that God had a much wider sphere of work for them than a pulpit, or work on a mission field; although both of them continued to preach, and God honoured their ministry in the salvation of men. In 1834, the first seeds were sown which ultimately terminated in this young saint finding himself in the will of God. It was the initial step in founding the greatest orphanage in the world. At the beginning, this staunch German character settled upon a financial system from which he never deviated one iota in all the remaining years.

First, it was to be a life of faith alone. Second, neither he nor any of his helpers should tell any one their needs. Third, help should not be solicited from any source, whatsoever. Fourth, that all needs for buildings, food, clothing, fuel, etc., must come through the avenue of prayer to God. George Muller became absolutely certain that he was in the will of his Father in heaven, touching this work; the pathway was dear, and in co-operation with his friend, Mr. Craik, the enterprise was launched. The orphans came, and never before they could be cared for.

The first Orphan House was in a rented building, on a resident street, and of this the community objected to the noise; whereupon the necessity for a building with suitable grounds for the Cultivation of vegetables, etc., was felt. This situation became clear to Mr. Muller in October, 1845, and just one month later, one thousand pounds donation was received for this purpose. Prayer was then made for a suitable site, and at last Ashley Downs was suggested. The price was two hundred pounds an acre; but Mr. Muller waited, and prayed, and finally this choice plot was given him at one hundred and twenty-five pounds an acre, a saving of seventy-five pounds on each acre. Then an architect from London offered his services free. Two hundred and twelve days of waiting on the Lord, and only twenty-seven hundred pounds in hand for the enterprise.

Step by step, the work went on, and in twelve years from the opening of the institution in a "hired house," the children were transferred to the new Orphan House, at Ashley Downs, and in May, 1850, the House was formally opened with two hundred and seventy-five children. The building programme in the construction of this enterprise is a record as authentic as the doings of the English Parliament. The material and labour were paid for from day to day; although many days opened with nothing in sight. Time and again, the situation was without a ray of human hope, whereby the needs were to be met; but at no crisis did the resources fail.

A diary was kept by Mr. Muller and, when published, was given the title, *God's Dealings with George Muller*, which required more than a million words to tell the story. In this diary he tells us that more than fifty thousand times God definitely answered prayer, and came to the rescue, when despair was stalking about. We must not fail to mention the fact, that this marvellous servant of God was not without his fierce personal battles; he was a man of like passions with us all, and many times his faith was tried to the limit. Times, not a few, Satan tempted him sorely for entering upon such a soul-yearning career, he says the Arch Enemy often suggested doubts, as to the wisdom of trying to do such a work by the way of faith.

One year after the first house was opened, a programme was started for the erection of "Orphan House No. 2." In November, 1857, this building was opened with accommodations for four hundred extra children, and with a surplus of twenty, three hundred pounds left. So marvellously had the work grown, and with surplus as a nucleus, they at once began plans for "Orphan House No. 3." In March, 1862, this building was opened and filled with children; there remaining ten thousand pounds for current expenses.

In 1866, there were thirty-four thousand pounds in hand for the building of "Orphan House No. 4," and one year later, "Orphan House No. 5 "was begun, and in 1868, "No. 4" was finished, and in 1870, " No. 5 "was finished. Thus in forty-six years, five great buildings were erected, filled with children -- the capacity being about two thousand -- and all of them were paid for before they were opened. Besides caring for two thousand children, a large force of servants, matrons, and teachers were housed, fed, and paid. George Muller had followed the " Pillar of Cloud and Fire," and each morning the manna fell, and the water supply was never exhausted; he literally gathered millions of wealth, giving food and shelter to an average of two thousand children annually, without asking any human being for help. Through the efficacy of prayer to the Great Father, before whom he stood, as Elijah of old, the ravens of supply came daily unto the end -- a triumph of faith -- monumental in the extreme.

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21 -- CHARLES G. FINNEY

A genuine revival never fails of two effects: It is either the most popular movement in religious circles, or the most despised, misunderstood, and misrepresented phase of Christian activity imaginable. There is a type of evangelism that is universally popular; it gets applause, favourable comment, and endorsement from all creeds, or no creed. It is the kind that opens up with the spectacular. "The keys of the city," as it were, "are turned over." Committees have been busy organizing, mobilizing, lining up all groups, from the Shirt-Makers' Union to the Knights of Pythias and Red Men. A great chorus sings, with catchy witticisms from the song leader; everybody happy; everybody smiling. Such a program continues for weeks; many speeches are heard from leading laymen; finances hold the center of the stage. The conversions reported every night are devoid of any signs that go before, or that follow.

A revival inspired by the Holy Ghost is as far removed from the above manifestation, as a county fair is from an old-time camp meeting. A revival deals primarily with sin, the consequences and retribution that follow; there is no place for applause and jollification. It deals with eternal principles; men are brought face to face with impending doom. A revival comes by definite emphasis being placed on the doctrines of salvation, such as human depravity, repentance, new birth, holiness of heart, and the Judgment.

The Holy Ghost can use only these truths in the promotion of a revival. There are evangelists and evangelists. Charles G. Finney was an evangelist full of the Holy Ghost and faith; during his life he preached and prayed down a revival that swept the large cities of two or three states.

This extraordinary man was born in Warren, Connecticut, August 29, 1792. Two years later his father moved to Oneida County, New York, at that time a veritable wilderness. Neither of his parents was religious, and there were very few among the neighbours who made even a profession Of any sort of faith. Common schools were established, and to them young Finney had access until he was fifteen years of age. The family then moved near Sacket Harbour, where religion was without any representation whatever.

Having studied diligently, young Finney returned to Connecticut, hoping to enter Yale College. His teacher, a graduate of Yale, persuaded him not to enter, as he could study under him privately, and finish the course in much less time. However, he did not continue his studies, but went to New Jersey, where he taught school for two or three years. The religious services in that locality were mostly in the German language.

For a while Mr. Finney attended the ministry of an old man who read his sermons, and from which he derived no religious instruction. After this, he returned to New York, where he entered a law school at Adams, and, as he says, "as ignorant as a heathen" of the Bible and divine things. But, while here he came under the influence of an educated minister, a graduate of Princeton. Without any special interest, he attended preaching services, and the prayer meetings. He heard them pray for a revival, for the Holy Ghost, and for almost everything, but he comments: "they never seemed to get any answer to their prayers; the revival did not come, and the Holy Ghost was not poured out." These things, in the face of his own spiritual blindness, kept him in great confusion of mind.

However, the sense of the need of God grew on him, and he anxiously sought the truth, which resulted in a wonderful conversion. It happened on a Sunday, in October, 1821; he became desperate, and decided that matters must be settled between himself and God. He tells us that when he became in earnest seeking God, he found his heart full of pride, and selfish cowardice. For two or three days he agonized, sought privately, but did not want any one to see him reading the Bible, or appearing anxious. At last, when he determined to seek God with his whole heart, regardless of folks, all burden and sense of guilt left him; conviction was gone, and then, it occurred to him, that he had committed the Unpardonable Sin. The soul ease he experienced was a great mystery to him. But before the week was over, he promised the Lord he would preach the Gospel, pray in public, and dare to be seen reading his Bible; the peace of God came into his soul. He came upon Romans 12:1, and then and there he made the entire consecration of his whole being -- the "living sacrifice;" whereupon the Holy Ghost came on him with such a baptism, such waves of glory and power swept and filled his being, he asked the Lord to stay His hand. From that hour Charles G. Finney was a sanctified vessel for the Master's use.

He was a lawyer, and had loved the profession; but the next day one of his clients came to his office, reminding him that their case was to come up at ten

About this time Mr. Paton made a trip which put him before the civilized world. He toured Australia, America, and Scotland, with a message which gripped his great audiences with the story of the New Hebrides. Wherever he went the churches were profoundly impressed. The result was, that new recruits were added to his small force where, for many long years, not one convert, except Nowar, could be claimed. The eyes of Christendom were now centred on the South Sea Islands, where the lone man had stood so long with no encouragement but his faith in God.

During his tour in Scotland, Mr. Paton married Miss Whitecross, a capable, devout young woman; he was now forty-five years of age. He did not return to Tanna when he went back to the field, but settled on the island of Aniwa; the natives were no more friendly there than in Tanna. But Providence gave Mr. Paton his chance for which he had waited so long. Water was scarce, and he proposed to the one friendly chief that they dig a well for water. "What, get rain from the dirt, poor Missi, your head is wrong!" But he trusted God, and set about to dig the well and, fortunately, it was not salty, and they found an abundance. The news spread over the island like wildfire; it was a sensation. The tribes all came to see the rain from the ground, and then the chief addressed his people, and all with one accord came to believe in the God that "Missi" taught them about.

The next Sunday Mr. Paton preached a sermon on the well, and it was the end of cannibalism on the island of Aniwa; they brought their idols and burned them in the name of Mr. Paton's Jehovah. Churches and schools were then established; he translated the Bible in their language, and they were taught to read it. The written language was another wonder to them, how that Jehovah could speak out of the book. They were equally charmed by the music of the white man, and it touched their hearts.

When Mr. Paton went to the New Hebrides, at the age of thirty-four, ministers and friends told him that he was throwing away his useful life; but in 1892 he visited America, honoured as no other man in Christendom. Capacity crowds filled halls, theatres, and churches to hear him; he was entertained by royalty, and rulers of nations. He was a guest of Mr. Cleveland at the White House, and when he went to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Toronto, he was given the chief seat of honour. His long white hair and beard reminded them of Moses or Elijah.

In 1900 he again visited America as a delegate to the Ecumenical (World) Missionary Conference in New York; he was then seventy-six years old. In 1905, his faithful wife died, and two years later he followed her, January 28, 1907. He left two Sons preaching and teaching in the South Sea Islands, which cheered his heart. His last message were these words: " Oh, that I had my life to begin again! I would consecrate it anew to Jesus, in seeking the remaining heathen in the New Hebrides."

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That the Gospel of Jesus Christ is circumscribed by ecclesiastical conventionalities -- as to ordination to certain orders and ranks -- is refuted absolutely in the life and ministry of Dwight L. Moody. That there is a universality, a democracy of the divine in the unction which the Spirit bestows, is without question. The Church has made much of her ipsi dixits, saying who, and who shall not minister in holy things. Certain functional services are withheld, and cannot be administered until the imposition of human hands, authorized by the laws and polity of the Church. We do not question the wisdom and, we might say, the scriptural authority, for these customs, in a measure; but we do say, that God does not limit His ministry to the say-so of any human organization. "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh." And it specifies among others: "upon my handmaidens," which, being interpreted, means that woman, by divine authority, may preach -- prophesy. For many centuries this part of God's Word was utterly ignored by the Church. The Church was wise above that which was written.

All this is said, in order to say one thing more, touching this idea in particular: Dwight L. Moody was never called by the Church to service; or, at least, he did not carry the stamp or credentials of any church. His name never appeared in print as the "Rev." D. L. Moody. No doubt any church in America that believed in salvation messages would gladly have placed ecclesiastical hands upon his head, and ordained him; but he remained an unordained servant of God -- a layman, never claimed to be anything else. And yet, in all the nineteenth century, or any other century, will the records reveal any man who ranks above him or was in his class as a soul-saver; a man in whom the Spirit of God wrought mightily and prevailed.

D. L. Moody, the uneducated, of world-wide renown.

The ancestors of D. L. Moody settled in Connecticut two hundred years before he was born. The earliest record is that John Moody came to Roxbury, Conn., a place near Hartford; then later, Isaiah Moody, the grandfather of Dwight L., located near Northfield, Mass. The father of this character sketch was a farmer in a small way, and between seasons was a stone mason. His mother's maiden name was Hilton; her ancestors also settled near Northfield. Dwight L. was the eldest son of three, and was born in the year 1837. At the age of four, the father died, leaving the family almost penniless. So biting was their poverty, that at one time the mother was urged to give up her children, and cease struggling to keep them together. But this sturdy Puritan woman held on, and put her trust in God for food and clothing of her little family.

It was the example of a pious mother that taught her children the secret of trust. As soon as the boys were old enough to "hire out," they went to work with such employment as they were able to do. Once when going to their places of labour, they were crossing a stream, being rowed over by a drunken boatman. The wind was blowing a gale; the drunken man became crazed with fear, but young

Dwight L., though only a lad of eight, exhorted him to trust in God. The simple life of confidence in his mother's God was a part of the boy's character; and it came to full fruition in his mature years, losing none of its simplicity when he became the most renowned evangelist of his day.

At the age of seventeen, young Moody went to Boston, where he became a shoe clerk in his uncle's store. Shortly after arriving in the city, he came in contact with a man by the name of Edward Kimball, and one day, in the rear end of his uncle's store, and through the Christian tact of this godly layman, Dwight L. Moody was genuinely converted to God. Just here, there is a little coincident which is worth passing on, touching the history of this man, and the conversion of the young man destined to be a world figure. Seventeen years afterwards, the son of Edward Kimball, also exactly seventeen years of age, came under the influence of Mr. Moody, then a zealous worker among young men in the city of Chicago, and was converted. Mr. Kimball "cast bread upon the waters," and it came back in the salvation of his own son. It was thought by many, that one reason why Mr. Moody preferred to remain a layman, was that it was a layman used of God in his own salvation.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. Moody went to Chicago, and very soon became interested in a Sunday School. His first great impulse as a soul-saver came when, by personal effort and prayerful contact, he caused every member of a large class of boys to become Christians. In a few months he had built up a Sunday School of one thousand members, mostly children, and the place became a bee-hive of religious activity. It was this training received before the Civil War that gave him such ability for spiritual leadership.

During the War he worked under the auspices of the Christian Commission of Chicago City Mission; then followed some years of service in the Young Men's Christian Association, an organization just coming into existence. But his labours and his wide experience had grown to such an extent, that a church was built for him and he became the unordained pastor. This church was the evangelistic centre for the great city of Chicago, but it was in the path of the fire in 1871, which almost laid the city in ashes. But another building was soon erected, much more commodious in every way, with a seating capacity of two thousand five hundred people. It was then that the evangelistic labours of D. L. Moody took on a national scope. Scarcely a night in the whole year, but that services were held, in which the down-and-outs, as well as the cultured and wealthy, heard the Gospel of salvation. Multitudes found God at the famous "Moody Church." Over the door of the front entrance was placed a large electric sign -- "God is Love," which became the very heart of Mr. Moody's messages for over thirty years.

Early in his ministry he came upon a statement like this: "It is yet to be seen what God can do with a fully consecrated man." Then he said, "By the grace of God, D. L. Moody shall be that man." It is doubtful if in our America there has appeared a

man who more fully exemplified the consecrated life than he; he became the fruitful, God-sent man, and with fruit more abundant.

The work of Mr. Moody as a great preacher and soulwinner had attracted an international attention by this time; two years after he opened his ministry in the great Chicago church, he was invited to visit the British Isles, and at every city -- London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and in Ireland -- the largest halls and theatres could not accommodate his audiences. He preached to a capacity house wherever he went. With him on this tour was the celebrated singer, Ira D. Sankey. This man of simple faith, and without college education or equipment from a human standpoint, stood before the throngs and held them with ease, delivering messages of love and power, devoid of all pretense of human wisdom. D. L. Moody was a great personality surcharged with the Holy Spirit, teaching the wisdom of God from His inspired Book.

This tour was a triumph for the Gospel; high and low, rich and poor alike were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, through his marvellous messages of love. On returning from this successful tour, Mr. Moody became a national figure, and little time after that could be devoted to his pastorate in Chicago; but the greatest Gospel preachers of this country and England were secured by him to minister to the community church, for that was what it was. Such men as G. Campbell Morgan, W. J. Chapman, John McNeil, B. Fay Mills (before he lost his bearings), and others great and near great, were the preachers of the Moody Church. It became a world-renowned institution of evangelism. This church, standing for orthodox Christianity, founded by the personal ministry of this mighty man of God, holds the same standards to this day. We doubt that, if in the great central metropolis, there is a place where the emphasis on the genuine Gospel is more pronounced than in the Moody Church.

Not only has it been a great soul-saving station for more than fifty years, but the constructive genius of D. L. Moody did not stop with his church and evangelism; but there was built around the church the "Moody Bible School for Christian Workers," where hundreds of young men and women are being trained for efficient life service. This school continues with a student body running into hundreds annually, and they are being taught by the ablest Bible teachers in the land. The Moody Bible School is fundamental as to the divine revelation of the Scriptures; at that place no question marks are raised touching the Word of God.

In the year 1875 Mr. Moody and Sankey held revival meetings in the largest building in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, and other great cities. In the year 1882, he again toured England, Scotland, and France, holding a meeting in Paris. While on this campaign, he preached at Oxford and Cambridge, the elite scholastic centres of the British Empire, and in these places, Mr. Moody exalted his divine Lord as the Saviour of men. Crowned heads, and the nobility heard him gladly.

We wish to make one or two side comments on the life and influence of Dwight L. Moody. First of all, he never, in any way, commercialized his Gospel; no man ever paid an admission to hear this evangelist. There were no lecture engagements for him. He was a preacher of the Gospel, and a man of one Book -- the Bible. It is said he was never without this Sword of the Spirit. On his morning drives about the grounds of his Northfield home, he was often seen with his Bible on his lap, reading, while his gentle old family horse quietly walked about the driveways. Just here was the lasting influence and the abiding labours of the man. Money came; yes, by thousands -- millions, but it was not collected at the box office. He touched men's hearts, who gave liberally to his work.

In addition to his evangelistic labours, his church in Chicago, he established a Bible Conference at Northfield, Mass., where he brought to this platform the world's greatest teachers and preachers. We have mentioned his Training School in Chicago; but he established a school for boys at Gill, a village near Northfield, and a seminary for young women at Northfield. All these institutions continue to abide, doing constructive work for the Kingdom of God. The school for boys is known as Mount Hermon School for Boys.

A second comment is this: we believe Mr. Moody overemphasized the "Gospel of Love." It was not overemphasized for him, nor his messages; but by those who followed him as their model -- lacking his personality and his spiritual power -- no little harm has been done. It is a method, we fear, which has brought thousands into the Church who were unconverted. This was an indirect influence -- not objectionable as preached by Moody -- which produced a popular style of evangelism. Its slogan was, "Confess Christ" -- so easy, and so popular; but dangerous in the extreme. No man should be told to confess Christ, until he has first confessed his sins.

Dwight L. Moody, however, was a God-sent man, and had no peer in his day, and in his line of Gospel evangelism. He published something like a dozen books; among them The Second Coming of Christ. He was an ardent premillennialist, and gave this note a prominent place in his Gospel. He died December 22, 1899, scarcely past his sixty-second year -- comparatively a young man; but the labours he wrought were the equivalent of most men a hundred years old.

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25 -- CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

There are nations in general, and men in particular, that are horn fighters. It is in the blood as naturally as others turn to literature or music; such people breathe the spirit of heroism. The Spurgeon family belonged to a noble stock -- the kind that counted life as nothing compared to honour and convictions. They lived in the "Low country of the Netherlands" -- a people famous for their industry, skill, and good citizenship. When Charles V. of Spain abdicated the throne to his son Philip II. he

instructed the youthful ruler to never cease until he had exterminated Protestantism from his kingdom. Charles had issued several edicts, and had burned many at the stake, executed them by hanging, and the block, even strangling and burying them alive; but he was unable to stamp out the believers of the Reformation.

As soon as Philip established himself, his first undertaking was to carry out his father's instructions. Lutheranism had a firm hold in the Netherlands, and they, being under the dominion of Spain, felt the full force of the king's wrath. Philip proved to be a worthy son of his father, and at once organized a great army under the Duke of Alva, who was one of the most heartless and bloodthirsty monsters in Spain. He established the "Council of Blood," and passed sentence of death on all the Netherlanders, unless spared by special exemption. The crimes of this devil incarnate have no parallel in history. At the close of his career, he boasted of having executed eighteen thousand heretics.

When the Inquisition was at its crest of murderous propaganda, thousands of Hollanders fled to England. Among them was a family named Spurgeon, known in their homeland for their piety and courage. Two branches of this family settled in England -- one in Norfolk, and the other in Essex. The subject of this study belonged to the Essex branch. These people did not escape persecution entirely, even in England, as the Established Church was bitter against the nonconformists. Dissenters were not allowed to assemble; and for this offense Job Spurgeon was arrested for righteousness' sake, and finally sentenced to prison. Job Spurgeon was serving his fifteen years in the Chalmersford jail about the same time John Bunyan was in the Bedford jail, and for the same offense.

This gives us a glimpse of the ancestry of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who was a son belonging to such a family. He was one of seventeen children, and was born June 19, 1834, in the little village of Kelvedon, Essex County, England. The grandfather of C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. James Spurgeon, was a minister of the Independent Church, and was one of the most pronounced evangelistic preachers of his day. Then when we remember that the boyhood of Charles H. Spurgeon was spent under the spiritual tuition of such a man, we get some explanation of his ideals in later life. In this parsonage he was given lessons of a wise and intelligent family; the grandchild was not spoiled, and foretokens of his greatness were evident, even in his childhood. After the death of his grandmother, which brought a sorrow to the child's life from which he did not recover for many years, he returned to his own home, and was but one in a large group of children. However, he would assemble the smaller ones for his congregation, and preach to them.

There were many interesting events in the child life of Spurgeon; one which is worth passing on. His grandfather had many friends among the Independent and Church of England ministers, who were welcome visitors at Stareborne. Once little Charles was on the knee of Rev. Kniel, who was visiting at the time. Placing his hand on the child's head, he remarked: "I have a strange premonition that this boy will preach the Gospel, and when he preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he

surely will some day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing--

**"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."**

His prophecy came true, and when Spurgeon went to London and preached in the pulpit once occupied by Rowland Hill, he gave out the hymn suggested so many years before by the man of God.

The conversion of any great man is interesting. Mr. Spurgeon had been rigidly taught in righteousness, but the age of fifteen found him unconverted, and the burden of sin weighing down his soul. He attended preaching here and there, but could find no help. He tried to settle down with the assurance that he had never been immoral; and observed strictly the highest standards; but this gave him no comfort. He next tried good works, seeking always to find some mission of charity; but his soul still groped in darkness. One Sunday he started to church, and was over: taken by a heavy snowstorm, and he turned into a side street, where was located the obscure "Artillery Primitive Methodist Church." The minister failed to appear; at length an ungainly, awkward fellow entered the pulpit, who resembled "a shoemaker, tailor, or something of the sort." He took a text: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved." About all there was in the rambling exhortation was -- "Look, Look to Jesus." Then, as if directing his words to young Spurgeon, he said: "Young man, you are in trouble, and you will never get out until you look to Jesus." Pointing upward, he shouted: "Look! Look! Look!" Then and there the floodgates of light broke in upon Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and it was like the heart' warming of John Wesley, it marked the beginning of the career of the greatest Gospel preacher of the nineteenth century.

Young Spurgeon attended school but a short time at Newmarket. In 1850 he went to Cambridge, where he joined a flourishing Baptist Church, although his father was a Congregational minister. He at once became active in teaching a class, and gained a reputation for story-telling. He was invited to address the whole school, and, step by step, was led into the ministry. His first preaching was in and around Cambridge; but he finally was called to a pastorate at Waterback, and his youth, his originality, and sincerity drew large congregations to the unpretentious chapel. He was heard by an officer of the New Park Street Church, London, that was then without a pastor. His appearance in London, dressed in country garb, created no little critical comment; however, when he delivered two sermons, there was a strong demand for his call to be pastor. By and by, he was called to this church, and the youthful appearance, the personality, the force of his Gospel messages created a sensation. The church seated twelve hundred, and in less than one month, the house was packed.

What happened? Just what always happens; ministers and Friars poured out such a tirade of criticism and persecution, as would have discouraged a less braver

soul. He did in London what had not been done before, and he must pay the penalty of ministerial jealousy. They berated his ignorance, his pulpit manners, his lack of ministerial culture. Through it all, he went on, preaching to his capacity house; they tried to slander his character, but the Lord delivered and blessed him.

The storm finally blew over, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon stood in this pulpit the best advertised, the most talked about, of any preacher in England. Thus began the career of this prince of preachers. The church was being enlarged, and the congregation met in Exeter Hall; then they were forced to go to Royal Surrey Garden Music Hall, seating ten thousand. So it went on until a new tabernacle was built, and the first service was held there March, 1861. At the age of twenty-seven, he was preaching to thousands, and on through a long life of over thirty years, he was without a peer, the world's greatest preacher. His voluminous writings were sermons, notes, and helps for preachers. He founded no great institution; he was pre-eminently a preacher. His career and reputation never waned. Not only was Spurgeon a minister of God with a burning message for lost men; but he was a man with the keenest appreciation of the ludicrous things of life. His wit and repertoire was inexhaustible and spontaneous. For example, "A preacher," says he, "inviting men to come to the Master: ' come unto me, all ye that labour, etc.,' with fists clinched, and wrath oozing from his countenance." "Think of a sermon on perfect love, shaking the fist, and pounding the pulpit, and roaring like a lion." Once when Mr. Spurgeon was being nursed back to health on the shores of the ocean, and riding in a wheel chair, his attendant said to him: "Reverend, what are the waves saying?" "Let us spray," he replied. No better judge of human nature ever occupied a place of prominence; he knew men -- knew their weaknesses and values. The nineteenth century produced no greater spirit than Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He died January 31, 1892; truly a great prophet of God.

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26 -- J. HUDSON TAYLOR

The subject of this sketch is not so well known as many of the heralds of faith stud/ed in our previous chapters; only those who have kept in close touch with religious movements in general, and the missionary fields in particular, have any but a vague knowledge of Hudson Taylor. For actual results in a benighted land, without the back of a missionary board, or any other human resources, the work of this man ranks above any since Apostolic days. Church missionary activities have touched along the sea coast of the vast empire of China, doing very little except in those places; but this man pushed far back to the interior, hundreds, and even thousands of miles from the frontiers of Western civilization. Livingstone spent the major part of his life in darkest Africa, and left but little behind, except the map of an undiscovered country; but this man planted the life-saving stations of the Cross, well-equipped and organized, in a vast region unknown to the rest of Christendom.

Just what George Muller was in the home-land, doing the extraordinary and the seemingly impossible, but always in touch with sympathetic life and human fellowship, Hudson Taylor was in China, labouring far away from all Christian associations, except that which he gathered about him. Like Muller, he began by believing God, and trusting Him for all needs. The name of this man, though for many years gone to his heavenly reward, is yet like sweet incense to those who seek to know and trust God. Since the days of Paul, no man deserves a more honoured place in God's "Who's Who," as listed in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; for truly, he subdued kingdoms, and wrought righteousness by faith. Hudson Taylor represented God in the "regions beyond," and had no home base wherewith to get supplies; he communicated with the Mission Board of the skies, where funds never run low, and where those who live by faith are never disappointed.

Our encyclopedias, some of them standard, have long lists of Taylors, from every walk of life: the discoverer of some insect, or gas combination, or medical formula, but Hudson Taylor, one of God's superior noblemen, has been overlooked -- gets no mention. In the long list of "Taylor" celebrities, the subject of this sketch should be placed at the top, even though one of them being a president of the United States. The world has always been blind to her real benefactors, Imperial Rome never knew that a Man was in her midst, whose life would be shaping destinies millenniums after the Forum and the Coliseum had crumbled; that a prisoner in and about Nero's prisons was a personality more eternal than the Eternal City.

Hudson Taylor was born May 21, 1832, at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, the son of a pious drug-clerk, who was a Methodist local preacher. This child had a royal heritage, in that his grandfather and great-grandfather had been faithful ministers connected with John Wesley, giving to the character of this lad the spiritual impact of three generations of the evangelical righteousness; therefore, he was the resultant of the divine law of cause and effect. As a child, he was delicate, and gave little promise of a mature manhood; but before he was born, the pious young parents dedicated him to God for service -- he was a child of promise.

Hudson's school career did not begin until he was eleven; then he passed in the classes, and in outdoor sports as a mediocre; attracted no attention whatever. Before he was thirteen, he was forced to give up school and help his father in the drug store. At the age of fifteen he secured a position in a bank of Barnsley; but often having to work late at night, under a flickering gas light, caused his eyes to become inflamed, and he was forced to give up this position. The associations of the school and bank caused him to drift from the pious moorings of his childhood; but at the age of seventeen, while enjoying a vacation at home, he came upon a leaflet, The Finished Work of Christ, and this message brought his soul out of darkness into light. His conversion was so genuine, and the new life so real, that he very soon began to hear "the sound of a going," as it were, calling him to life service. The call at first was indistinct, as to what and where, but he heard the call.

Speaking of his conversion and call to service, he says: "When I made an unreserved consecration, I put my all on the altar, and a deep solemnity filled my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted; God became real and blessed. The consciousness that I was not my own took full possession of me. I felt in the presence of God. I was entering into a covenant with the Almighty. Something said: 'Your prayer is answered, and the conditions are accepted.' From that time the conviction never left me that I was called to China." Here was an unknown drug clerk with a clear call, with preparation, and without means. It was an epoch, but the way out was obscured. A youth of eighteen, and a mighty empire vision; and an empire closed for millenniums against strangers, and a Scotch lad hearing, as if audibly: "Go for me to China."

He went, for advice, to his pastor, but got little or no encouragement. He sought, however, to strengthen both his mind and his body, believing that he must have both at their best some time. He got some Chinese characters and began to study them. A co-worker of Robert Morrison had said the task of learning the Chinese language required "bodies of iron, lungs of brass, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of Apostles, memories of angels, and lives like Methuselah." But this did not discourage him; after a few weeks he had learned several hundred of the characters, but could not pronounce them.

Young Taylor had carefully studied the medicines he had prepared, and understood most of the simple remedies. He secured a place at Hull, England, where he was assistant to a busy doctor. All the time, at leisure moments, he studied his Bible and missionary literature; and, by chance, came in contact with the "penniless George Muller," who wrought marvels by faith alone. Then and there, Hudson Taylor decided that if George Muller could do this at home, he could do it by the same faith in China. Ministers, returned missionaries, and friends alike, saw nothing in Taylor's aspirations but wild, unreasonable dreams. Yet the Voice kept saying: "Go for me to China." He began to study economy, and endure hardships by going to cheaper quarters, and actually boarding himself, while at Hull. His evenings were spent in study, and his Sundays visiting the sick, and preaching. His absentminded doctor often forgot to pay him his salary, and his first lessons of faith began here; he determined to tell no one his needs but God, even when he owed his landlady for room rent. He determined to never deviate from this rule.

Hudson Taylor waited for an open door to China. The Chinese Evangelical Society offered to defray his expenses, both to prepare, as did also his father; but to accept would be depending upon the "arm of flesh," which he had vowed he would never do. He left Hull and went to London, and finally entered a hospital, where he made a living and continued his medical studies. While in London he suffered a physical breakdown, and was told by the doctors he could live for a short time. This was a further test of his faith, and when he laid the matter before the

Lord, was marvellously healed. This experience further assured him that God intended him to go to China.

Another bold step was refusing to accept aid from the society, under whose auspices he had agreed to serve. Their activities were confined to the Treaty Ports, and Taylor yearned for untouched regions. On September 19, 1853, the sailing vessel Dunfries left Liverpool for Shanghai, China; his mother was present and bade him a loving farewell. Scarcely had they lifted anchor before the equinoxial storm broke upon them, and for twelve days they were driven from coast to coast in the Irish Sea. The captain shouted that only God could save them; but this Scripture came to the brave young hero: "Call upon me in the day of trouble." In a short time they put out into the open sea, and sailed on and on, until March 1, 1854, they dropped anchor at Woosung, China, after a voyage of nearly six months.

The struggle then began, and of such a character as he had never dreamed. Sickness, revolutions, race prejudice, bandits, thieves, and evil suspicions. For years this battle against odds continued; it seemed as if he would never be able to gain a footing. Four years of hardships and failures; then a great blessing came into his life, in the person of Miss Maria Dyer, the niece of an English gentleman. This happened to be "love at first sight," and on January 20, 1858, they were married, and Taylor believed, as in all his other steps, this one also was of the Lord. Each felt that God had given the union His richest blessing; and while circumstances and environments were adverse, His Providence was guiding their destiny. Fifty years afterwards he wrote of it: "We sat side by side on the sofa, her hand clasped in mine; the fervour of love never cooled for a moment, it has not cooled yet." In July, 1870, this faithful companion fell on sleep, and was buried at Chinkiang, beside their children who had gone on before her.

We wish now to give a brief summary of what Hudson Taylor accomplished, beginning alone in the great interior of the great "Sleeping Empire." Though confronted by wars, riots, and deaths among the missionaries, shortage of funds, and every other obstruction, the mission had grown to such proportions that it was evident that God was keeping his hand upon the work. In 1880, there were seventy stations, superintended by as many missionaries -- the results of twenty-six years. The work grew until the demand was imperative for more labourers and equipment.

At the close of this year Mr. Taylor and his co-workers began asking God for seventy more missionaries within three years, and before the close of the year 1883 their faith was rewarded, and more than seventy new workers were on the field. Then it grew each month; so much so, that an experienced man was placed over every district. In 1887, their faith grew until they asked for one hundred missionaries, and funds for their support; before Christmas of that year, the one hundred new missionaries arrived.

Mr. Taylor was then induced to visit America by Mr. Moody, and at Northfield he addressed a great throng, and as a result of those addresses, China Inland

Mission Societies were organized in many places throughout America and Canada, Scotland, and Sweden. One lone man landed in China in 1854, without means, frail in body, with neither college, seminary, nor medical degrees, and in the year 1922, through sixty-eight years of toil and waiting on God, the China Inland Mission was able to report to the world the following data: one thousand and eighty-three missionaries; one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight paid Chinese helpers. Then there were nearly two thousand voluntary Chinese workers; there were two hundred and fifty-one stations, and over sixteen hundred and thirty-three chapels, eleven hospitals, and one hundred dispensaries. Four hundred and eighty-four schools for the natives, and besides all these facilities there was a school for the accommodation of three hundred children of missionaries. What about the actual accessions to the Church in all this: nearly one hundred thousand baptisms.

Since Apostolic days, there has been no such record of the labours of one man in all history; we are appalled in the presence of such achievements. In the year 1904, Mr. Taylor was saddened by the death of his second wife, who also had proven a helpmeet of the Lord. In 1905, he became anxious again to see China, as he was then in America; therefore, his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, and his wife accompanied the old hero back to the land of his consecration. A wonderful ovation greeted him at every station along the way, out into the centre of the Empire. He was given a reception at Chang-Sha, Hunan Province, which is the very centre of the great interior of China. This was late in the evening, June 3, 1905, and after speaking and shaking hands with the friends, he retired to his room. When his son's wife found him, shortly afterwards, he was nearing the end, and before sunset his soul ascended to the Christ whom he had loved and served from the day of his conversion to the close of his marvellous career.

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THE END