

From Death
To Life



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FROM DEATH TO LIFE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

ANNA W. PROSSER
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PREFACE.

(To First Edition.)



HIS simple record of my life has been written under many difficulties, in the midst of pressing duties, and with such frequent interruptions and long delays that my heart almost shrinks from sending it forth to meet the eye of a critical public.

But as it does not seem likely that any opportunity will offer at present to revise it, I issue it, at the request of many friends, followed by the earnest prayer that God may graciously overrule its faults for the advancement of His truth and for the glory of His name.

Buffalo, March 9, 1901.

ANNA W. PROSSER.

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INTRODUCTION.

(To Second Edition.)



ENDER, sacred memories flood my soul as I write by request, an introduction to this book by my beloved friend and co-worker, Miss Anna W. Prosser. Miss Prosser's remarkable healing occurred before my own; but I had not heard of it until after the Lord had marvelously raised me from my dying bed. Miss Prosser had been standing alone up to that time. My healing greatly encouraged her to give positive and definite testimony about her own healing, and also to take an advanced step in service for the Lord. My first public work after my healing was in connection with a Temperance Mission in Buffalo, where Miss Prosser and I together led an evening meeting each week. From this little beginning, our ministry greatly enlarged as we were enabled (she a Presbyterian, and I an Episcopalian) to cast ourselves upon the Lord and to trust His Spirit to give us utterance.

It was my privilege to be with her a good deal of the time when she was united to her father again after the tragic death of his second wife, and I saw her as she ministered so tenderly to her aged and afflicted parent, and lived her beautiful, consecrated life before him. I was with her much again after that home had once more been closed upon her, and could truly say that the Lord's grace never failed. Whether she abounded or was abased, Christ was always her exceeding great reward. It was

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especially good to see her in the midst of her Bible class of laboring men, converts in the mission to which I have before referred. Many of these had been marvellously saved from very sinful lives, and some of them still had a very rough exterior, but God's great blessing was upon them, and their devotion to Miss Prosser and gentleness in her presence, was very marked.

Wonderful times of sweet and holy fellowship in the Lord were ours, and the tenderest love always remained between us up to the time of her death, which occurred in 1902. Meanwhile because of my marriage, and the removal of my work to California, I was not privileged to be with her during her last illness and Home-going. While visiting the East about a year before her death, she told me of a strange premonition which she had had that her work on earth was nearly finished.

I praise God for my intimate acquaintance with this precious child of God, and it is a joy to anticipate a glad reunion with her in the Father's Home above.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY
(nee Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y.)

Beulah Heights, California,
October, 1911.

I.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.



IN THE city of Albany, N. Y., Oct. 15th, 1846, a tiny baby girl, weighing just four-and-a-half pounds, opened her eyes upon this sinful, sorrowing world. So frail and puny and flickering was this little life that her parents had scarcely any hope of ever raising her. That frail little babe was the writer. As far back as I can recollect, I was surrounded by the most tender and loving care in a luxurious home, with almost my slightest wish anticipated. Being the youngest of four children and perhaps also because of the feebleness mentioned, I was the acknowledged pet and idol of the family.

Naturally of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive temperament, I trembled beneath even an unkind look, as the aeolian harp when stirred by the lightest breeze. If it had not been my lot to fall into such loving arms, evidently I should have sunk into an early grave. But, although surrounded by every comfort and enjoyment which wealth and indulgent parents could give, I can recall when not more than four years of age feeling heavy-hearted and sad sometimes because of the one great lack in my home, for some one (I have never known who) had told me the story of Jesus and had taught me to kneel at night and repeat the sweet childish prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep," and I used to ponder it over in my little mind and wonder why no one in the house seemed to love Jesus, or talk about Him, and why they so very rarely went to

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church as I had seen our neighbors do. And I can recall how, being very tired and sleepy one night, I tumbled into my little cot without saying my usual prayer, and all the next day I felt condemned and troubled, and finally when night came I tremblingly asked my mother if she thought God would forgive me if I would then say it twice! She smilingly replied that she was sure He would, and so, after thus relieving my burdened conscience, I climbed into my snowy bed with a sense of infinite relief. Oh! how easily I could then have been led to Christ while my little heart was so tender, if there had been any one to care for my soul! But alas! no one did care. The whole family were engrossed in fashion and worldly pursuits, my father being a man of great business ability, whose one all-engrossing thought was his rapidly increasing fortune, and my mother, though in her girlhood a member of the Baptist church, was now a complete backslider, perhaps influenced by my father's infidel views. The older children, (a brother and two sisters) being reared in such an ungodly atmosphere, naturally drifted with the current and were soon whirled away by the gay and fashionable society of the city. Though so young it was always a trial to me to hear the subject of religion spoken of lightly and irreverently, and Christian people ridiculed, as they often were in my home; though I am glad to say that my father never joined in any such conversations, always treating the religious convictions of others with respect.

Right here let me say to any ungodly parents who may read these lines, that it will be a terrible day for you if you meet the children whom God has given you, at the judgment of the Great White Throne unsaved

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and they charge you with their doom! It will ring in your ears through all eternity if you hear them say, "If you had loved and served God, you could easily have turned my childish feet into the narrow way, but now I have stumbled over you down into hell!" How solemn the responsibility to bring immortal souls into the world to train either for endless joy or woe! How priceless the opportunities to lead the noble boy or the lovely girl growing up at your side into a consecrated Christian life! Who can even conceive of the outcome of one such life? Its influence may be felt to earth's remotest bounds. Eternity alone will reveal all the stars won and the sheaves gathered by one such beautiful life of self-denying service.

And to Christian parents I would say, you will have reason to praise God throughout eternity if, from the time when your little ones are old enough to know right from wrong, you faithfully talk and pray with them, and, by early winning their confidence, lead them to turn to you with all their little troubles and sins in order that you may wisely train them for God and heaven. Frances Havergal, when but four years of age, had deep religious convictions which she dared not breathe to any in her family, heart-hungerings after God which no one suspected, and I am convinced that such is the case with many young children whose tender aspirations are stifled for want of an appreciative friend to whom they can open their little hearts. I knew a strikingly beautiful child of three years who was evidently, at that age, converted to God through the faithful teaching of a Christian aunt who did for her what her unsaved parents failed to do. As she lay upon her death bed choking with the diphtheria she raised her radiant dark eyes to her father's face and beckoned with her hand;

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he bent his ear to her lips and heard her gasp these most precious words: "Papa, I see the angels!" and immediately the bright messengers bore her ransomed spirit away! Think you those parents can ever forget that triumphant testimony? Oh! what an unanswerable argument to the ranting infidel is the dying testimony of one such innocent child! The seraphic smile which lit up her face as she lay in her rose-strewn casket can never be forgotten by those who lingered around it, seemingly unable to tear themselves away from the lovely vision.

How little my parents dreamed of the heart-longings of the reserved, sensitive child playing about their house! How little they dreamed of all the thorny road over which her young feet must walk ere she found those longings satisfied! At about the age of six years, my mother, who had become a cripple soon after my birth and suffered from a contracted limb, decided to go to the Hot Springs in Arkansas, and I was sent, together with one of my sisters, to Lewiston, N. Y., to spend a year with a dear aunt who had always felt a deep interest in us. I remember standing at the window with a sense of utter desolation as I watched my dear mother going on her crutches to the carriage which awaited her and which was to convey her most of the way on her long journey, as there were no railroads at that time in that part of Arkansas. She was accompanied by my father, oldest sister, and faithful William and Norah, the coachman and chambermaid who served in our family thirteen and sixteen years each. My heart was bursting, almost, with grief; but had she not urged me to be a brave little girl and not cry and thus make it harder for her to go? And so I resolutely choked down the tears by a tremendous effort, though

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as the carriage bore her away out of my sight my pent-up grief found relief in a violent fit of weeping. It seemed to me that the world was indeed but a barren waste.

After spending a year with my aunt, who proved all that the tenderest mother could have been, my father sold the home in Albany and we moved to the city of Buffalo where we were joined by my dear mother who was but little improved by her long absence. My father now built an elegant suburban residence, and from this time our house became the center of one continual round of balls, card parties, amateur theatricals and other worldly amusements; and in this atmosphere of luxurious ease and selfishness my life developed into that of a heartless society coquette; its highest aim that of being more exquisitely attired than my young lady companions and of having a greater number of suitors at my feet. My reading consisted of the most sensational and exciting novels of the day, which greatly tended to demoralize and to spur me on in the feverish race which I was pursuing. Alas! what a sandy foundation for character building! False and frivolous myself, I did not look for truth or integrity in my associates, although they moved in what the world calls "best society." I knew the world was hollow and its promises were lies, and yet I rushed madly on, seeking its pleasures and its applause. It was not only during the winter season, but also when summer came, even during the hottest weather I often was found in the ball room dancing the entire night at some fashionable watering place. Many a time during the gay winter season I have returned to my home at four o'clock in the morning with my feet so swollen from constant dancing that I have actually been compelled to walk from the carriage to the

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house on my heels, supported by my sister's arm! What pitiable slaves the votaries of fashion are! What will the harvest be from this "sowing to the flesh?"

This incessant round of dissipation, added to the rich night suppers, the unhealthful mode of dress, and the nervous strain consequent upon thus continually turning night into day, soon began to make terrible inroads upon my frail body and naturally excitable brain. At last I could only keep my place in the ranks by the support of tonics and stimulants, and how well I can recall the desperate attempts to conceal my rapidly failing health, and the words of my friends spurring me on when they saw me hesitating about accepting this or that invitation to balls and parties: "Oh," they would say, "you'll be all right after you get there, you will forget all about yourself after you get on the floor." And so on and on I went with a dark foreboding hanging over me, but unable to resist the charm of the entrancing music, the light, the exquisite flowers, the beautiful faces, the gorgeous dresses of the ball room, the fascination of the theatre, the opera, the card party and the many subtle snares of a fashionable life.

But do not imagine, dear reader, that there were no serious moments in my life at this period. Sometimes after reaching my room, exhausted and almost fainting after the incessant dancing of the night, the thought would force itself upon me, "Is this the best that life has to offer me? If death were to come in the midst of this, could any one say that his life had been the better for my influence or example?" And on one occasion when two of my young companions were suddenly called away by death, I was filled with terror and would not attend the funeral of

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either, lest I should be brought face to face with the solemn question of the judgment and eternity. During all these years but three persons had ever approached me on the subject of my soul's salvation. The first appeal occurred when I was ten or twelve years of age. One of my classmates who was my inseparable playmate had been converted, and out of the joy and fulness of her heart wrote me a little note, so tender and loving, telling me of her happiness and peace and urging me to give my heart to Christ and my life to His service. How this inoffensive little note stung me to the quick! In my indignation I quickly destroyed it and inwardly resolved never to speak to her or play with her again; and so the dear child was shunned from that day and all her loving advances spurned, and I chose for my playmates those whom I fancied would never in any way allude to the subject of salvation. Oh! how often in later years, after hearing of her death (which occurred in her early womanhood) I have reproached myself for thus ill-treating her, and have hoped that if departed saints can look down upon these earthly scenes, she might be permitted to see how the proud will which so scorned her message had at last broken at the foot of the cross of Calvary!

The second appeal was as follows: When fourteen years of age I began to feel ashamed of the fact that I had never attended Sabbath school and was almost as ignorant of the Bible as if I had been reared in a heathen land. There was a family Bible in my house containing a record of the births, marriages and deaths in our family, but I had never seen a single member of the household reading it and do not recall ever having read a chapter in it myself. On this account, I concluded to join a class of

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young girls in the Sunday school of a Presbyterian church which we sometimes attended. One Sunday our teacher, who was a very godly woman, talked with us most earnestly, with tears, regarding our personal salvation, and many were touched and were soon after this converted and united with the church. She asked me if I thought that I was a Christian but I answered evasively, and she, evidently seeing how greatly the subject annoyed me, never mentioned it to me again.

The years rolled on, and at sixteen years of age my parents decided to send me off to boarding school where the "finishing touches" might be given to a very superficial education. For although I had had the very best advantages of education offered me, I wasted so much of my time in amusements and novel reading that I had only a smattering of the various studies pursued in the Seminary which I attended for eight years. Accordingly I was sent to New Haven, Conn., to what proved to be a model boarding school in every respect, as far as education is concerned. Here I was compelled to study, and, being placed under the most rigid discipline, I made rapid progress in all my studies and also in both vocal and instrumental music, of which I was passionately fond. Indeed music was my idol, and I fully intended to devote my life to it, having been told by my teachers that I had extraordinary talent and could, without doubt, excel both as a pianist and soprano singer, with proper training. This heaven-born gift I desired to cultivate solely for the applause of the world and I applied myself very faithfully to this as well as all my studies during the entire year. My roommates were wild, frivolous girls like myself, and aside from the fact that I was compelled to attend church

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once every Sunday and morning prayers at the school, I was brought under no religious influence while there. By the time the year ended, impatient under the restraints of the school, I announced my intention to go to a more fashionable, larger school in New York City, where I was obliged to speak French continually and where as I imagined I would have better musical advantages, and get a peep, too, at New York life. My ever indulgent parents consented, though in this they made indeed a serious mistake. The year passed in this school was merely a waste of money and time aside from my musical studies which I faithfully pursued, simply because I loved them too well to do otherwise. Upon the close of the year my music teacher told me that I had made greater progress in one year than any pupil that he ever had taught and urged me very earnestly to return another year, which I refused to do as I was anxious to enter upon the gay "society" life which awaited me at home, and this I did as soon as I reached there and would have been still pursuing that butterfly existence at the present day, but for the afflicting hand of my God which most mercifully interposed.

I come now to the third appeal regarding my soul's salvation. When twenty years of age I went to visit a friend in Providence, R. I., where, in the midst of a winter of gay festivities, I was again compelled to face the subject so dreaded by receiving a letter from a young lady friend who told me that a revival had broken out in the church which we attended in Buffalo and a number of my class had been converted and were going to unite with the church at the following communion service, and she tenderly said that she was sure that I was not wholly insensible to the claims of Christ and begged me to hasten home

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with the determination to join the company who would publicly confess Christ on the first Sunday of the following month. And she added that she was heartily ashamed of the poor example which she, as a professing Christian, had set me and asked me to forgive the levity and carelessness of her life. After reading this long and very touching letter, I sat in my room some time in deep thought.

II.

A WRONG STEP.

“If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.” (Rom. 8:9.)



OR THE first time in my life I was now ready to give the subject of my soul's salvation candid and earnest consideration, so far as I was able in my ignorance to do. I knew that I was a sinner, a load of guilt rested heavily upon me. I knew that I had long resisted the Spirit's strivings, and I was afraid of God, death and the judg-

ment. I had for years, Jonah-like, tried in vain to flee from His presence and to stifle the convictions of my need. I did despise a coward and a hypocrite. I wanted in some way to be freed from the unrest and sense of condemnation which filled my soul, and I supposed that an outward profession of religion, baptism, joining the church, partaking of the Lord's Supper, faithful attendance at the prayer meeting and other services of the church, would quiet my troubled conscience and bring the peace which I craved. Never had it even dawned upon my mind that there must be an inward renewing and an outward separation from the world. I had never read "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in Him." (1 John 2:15.) I did not even know enough about the Bible to understand that, if I would search it, I would therein find the way to salvation made plain! The young people in the church, which I attended, who professed to have been converted were,

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to all outward appearance, living precisely such a life as my own; I constantly met them in my rounds of gaiety and worldly folly and therefore, naturally enough, inferred that, as they were allowed to continue in this life unreproved, there would be nothing more expected of me. If I had understood that God required the first place in my heart's love and service and that to be a Christian involved entire self-renunciation, crucifixion to the world and a lowly walk with Jesus in the way of holiness never for one moment would I have consented to take the step, for I idolized the world and had not the faintest intention of leaving it. But I wanted to do something which would free me from the load of sin which was resting upon me. And so with no further light, with not a particle of inward change, I was baptized (or rather sprinkled) and accepted as a member of the church soon after returning home, together with many others, young and old. I was not hypocritical in this act, but acting up to what light I had. I did believe, in a misty way, in the existence of a God, in a heaven for the righteous and a hell for the wicked, but I had no more conception of the plan of salvation than if I had been reared in a heathen land.

I desire to add here, that though I believe the pastor of the church to have been a good man and, apparently, anxious for souls, I tremble to think of what his responsibility will be when called to give an account of his stewardship, for allowing me to enter the communion of his church utterly self-deceived (as he could not avoid seeing that I was) and by his silence endorsing the sinful life in which I was engaged, never even alluding to it in any way or showing me the absolute necessity of the new birth. And not only this; as he saw and knew

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that my course of life remained unchanged, but that I went steadily on in all the whirl of fashion and gaiety precisely the same as before professing conversion, he never reproved me or warned me of my perilous condition. I believe that he himself knew the way of salvation and was himself saved, but I also firmly believe that but for the infinite mercy of God, I should have sunk into hell and my blood would have been required at this "idle shepherd's" hands.

Alas! I fear that my father's wealth and position in society blinded this dear man's eye to his duty to myself and my family. Like many others, he had not the moral courage to fearlessly proclaim the truth and leave the consequences with God. This sad experience and my narrow escape from eternal ruin have caused me to feel very deeply my responsibility to God in dealing with hardened sinners as well as with repentant souls seeking salvation, to faithfully show them from the Word of God their need of a heart belief in the Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning blood poured out upon the cross for the remission of sins, and an entire separation of heart and life unto Him and His service.

It is of the greatest importance that men should be shown first of all that they are sinners both by nature and by practice, and that however moral the outward life may be, the heart, God says, "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17:9) and the Holy Spirit has come into the world to "reprove (convince) of sin. . . . of sin (said Jesus) because they believe not on Me." (John 16:8-9.) The first chapter of Romans, which we have been accustomed to think is a picture of the heathen world only, is also, dear reader, a picture of your heart and mine

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by nature. You may feel disposed to indignantly refute this assertion, but would not you and I be to-day precisely what the poor heathen are, sunken in superstition and degradation, even to the level of the brutes, if we had not, in the mercy of God, been surrounded by the restraints of civilization and of the Gospel? If we had been wholly left to the natural bent of our own heart as they have been, would we not illustrate as strikingly as they do the plain declaration of God's word that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications," etc.? (Matt. 15:19.)

Not until men have given evidence by their lives and have the inward witness of the Holy Spirit that they have been born again should they be allowed to take upon them the solemn vows of the church or be found at the table of the Lord. I am ashamed to say that the Superintendent of the Sabbath School which I attended asked me to take charge of a class of girls (knowing what my spiritual condition was) and I consented. I can truly say that there was not a child in my class so ignorant of the Scriptures as her teacher! I had never even had the stories of the Bible (which children so much love to hear) taught to me, and I had simply nothing to set before these lambs entrusted to my care. Being wholly occupied with worldly pleasures, I had neither time nor desire for the study of the lesson and never even a thought entered my mind of my responsibility to God for the souls of my class. Should these lines reach the eye of an unsaved Sunday school teacher, my advice to you is to step down and out until clearly saved yourself and fully awake to the solemn responsibility of your charge, and never then to dare to look into the upturned faces of your precious class with-

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out great prayer and faithful preparation of the lesson. I am indeed covered with confusion and shame as I recall those wasted years and the presumption of the Superintendent who placed me in so serious a position. I knew no better, but verily thought that I was doing God service, but I am persuaded that he was without excuse.

When the day arrived in which I was to join the church I ventured timidly to tell one of my sisters of my intention. I had not told the family because I feared their opposition. Most of them went to the church and, on returning, what was my surprise and emotion when my father came to me in the hall and, laying his hand kindly upon my head, said: "My daughter, you need not have feared to tell me of your intention, I should have raised no objection. I hope your connection with the church may prove a help to you through life!" Choking with tears I could make no reply. I am glad to-day to recall those tender words, but oh! if he or any one in my home had only been able to take me by the hand at that time and lead me to the cross! For I did indeed honestly desire to be true and supposed that I had now done all that God required. But, dear reader, you can judge of the amount of light received from the following incident.

Just two months from this time we all received invitations to attend a grand reception and ball, to be given for President Grant at Niagara Falls, as he was then traveling through this part of the country and had stopped to visit the Falls. It being considered a great honor (in worldly parlance) to be a guest at this reception, I was anxious to go, but I was at once confronted with the fact that, as the ball was to run till midnight on Saturday evening, our party would not return home till

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Monday, and this would compel me to absent myself from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper which was to be administered on the coming Sabbath. Here began a struggle in my mind. Seeing my hesitation, my sister said:—"Why surely you are not thinking of staying home? You may never have another such opportunity; it is going to be the great affair of the season;" and she pointed to my beautiful ball dress of white and delicate rose pink silk, fresh from the dressmaker's hands, which lay spread out upon the bed with my jewels, laces and kids near it. "Can you resist that?" she said. One glance and my weak heart yielded. I said, "I must go." But what a miserable ball it was! While the members of the church at home were gathering about the Lord's table the next morning, I, with a gay party of worldlings, sat on the piazza of the hotel talking of the last novel or the last flirtation with a vain attempt to appear interested and happy.

Such was my condemnation over this that I went to my pastor as soon as I reached home and confessed to him my sorrow for what I had done, to which he simply replied that he trusted I would learn a lesson from it, and that it would never occur again. What an opportunity he then had to reprove me and to show me from the Word the "high and holy calling" of the Christian! But alas! he did not avail himself of it, and I pursued my course as before, with the exception of the fact that I never again allowed any worldly amusement to keep me from any of the church services. Not long after this, while in the midst of my gay career I was suddenly stricken down with a violent congestive chill which lasted for an hour and left me so prostrated that the gardener was called to carry me upstairs in his arms to my room. From this time

A WRONG STEP

began a wretched period of invalidism lasting for about ten years. One disease after another settled upon me until only my lungs remained untouched.

In order that any dear sufferers who may read this book may know at least some of the particulars of my case and, above all, that God may be glorified for all that He wrought in my subsequent miraculous healing I shall be obliged to write very plainly but I trust that I shall not be considered indelicate in so doing. "To the pure all things are pure." I feel also a desire to contradict the statements of some who have declared that my troubles were only imaginary, saying, "there was nothing the matter with her, only nervousness." Right here I wish to say that no one who has ever suffered from complete prostration of the nervous system will ever be heard making such a remark, and those who have not experienced it know not of what they speak. A careful, studious physician once made the following remark: "I wonder if people who cry, 'only nervousness,' know anything about how their bodies are made! Do they know that there is not a spot in our bodies large enough to put the point of a needle where we do not find a nerve? When we speak of the nervous system having become prostrated it is equivalent to saying that the whole man is down." Perhaps it is because medical science has never yet discovered any thing which can reach nervous diseases that some physicians speak so lightly of them. Surely we all know that nervous prostration, if long continued, often leads to paralysis and insanity, and it is the height of folly to call those conditions imaginary. So called "Christian Science" (it is verily neither Christianity nor Science) may prate about "the delusions of mortal mind" and try to convince us that there is no such

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thing as matter and that "there is neither a personal God, a personal man nor a personal devil," but I am quite convinced that if one of its adherents were to be called to endure one-fourth of the suffering which I have passed through he would no longer consider his body a myth, to say the least, and would also be forever convinced of the existence of the devil!

To speak plainly, then, regarding my condition through those long, weary years I would say that while skating one evening when a school girl I fell backwards, striking with terrible force on the end of the spine and back of the head which undoubtedly gave rise to the extreme sensitiveness of the spine from which I now suffered; there was a serious complication of uterine troubles which of itself confined me to my bed for two years; in addition to this the stomach became so irritated that often even a piece of dry bread or cracker would throw me into such distress that I would gasp for breath and the windows would be thrown open and some one obliged to fan me continually until at last I lay back on the pillow exhausted. There were also chronic troubles with the kidneys and bowels, and internal tumors which subjected me to a surgical operation too excruciating to describe and which was as useless as it was horrible. On account of the action of my heart no anesthetics were administered during this operation and I was thus obliged to pass through the exquisite torture keenly alive to every pang. Oh, if I had only known Jesus the Great Physician at that time, what suffering I could have been spared!

The kidney trouble, as well as all the others combined, so affected the brain that the faintest excitement of any kind would cause sinking spells when the limbs would be-

A WRONG STEP

come so cold that I have had the skin actually rubbed off in places with a hair mitten in the hands of my nurse, and I could scarcely feel that she was even touching me! Frequently three persons would be rubbing me at once; one at my head and two at my feet. On account of the congested condition of the brain and the extreme nervous prostration which set in, no one was allowed to enter my room excepting those who had constantly attended me. My dearest friends were excluded; even my own sister, who was then married and living in New York, came home four different times with the hope of seeing me, but they did not even dare to let me know that she was in the house. Dear friends and relatives died and I knew nothing of it until years afterward. Several times I sank so low that the door-bell was muffled, and no one allowed to speak above a whisper in the house, within my hearing which was painfully acute. My life hung trembling in the balance again and again. God alone knows the anguish both of body and mind through which I passed.

A physician from Indiana came to the city and hearing of my condition called at the house and diagnosed my case. Although for a time, through his prescriptions, which were the most powerful nervines and tonics known to the medical profession, I was enabled to go about once more, I was soon prostrated in my bed again, and from that relapse I never rallied for five long years. During the ten years of invalidism nine different physicians were employed. Some of them were, I believe, really interested in my welfare and recovery and did the very best they knew, and I, in return, placed the most complete confidence in each one and carefully followed the advice given, at the same time exerting all my will power to regain my health.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

My dear father spared no expense but allowed me the care of the best of nurses and spent thousands of dollars upon my case, traveling with me (when able to be moved) and resorting to every possible means for my restoration. Oh, how often I have heard him pacing the floor at night in too much anxiety to sleep, when the family would gather around my bed trying to give me relief; and it was not the least of my miseries when I reflected that those I loved best were constantly weighted down with sorrow and care, and not a ray of joy ever entered their lives on account of my condition. Added to this was the mental anguish of an unsundered will, which was inwardly battling against thus being shut out from all my young companions and especially at being thwarted in my pet project of perfecting myself in my idolized music. It was a bitter cup, indeed.

We had been reared in such an atmosphere of love in our family that each felt very deeply the other's sorrow. This sweet unity was truly remarkable in a family without Christ. I must confess that I have never seen it surpassed, indeed equalled, in any Christian household. I do not remember that there ever occurred a jar or contention of any kind between the children in our family circle. This tender affection caused me to maintain a cheerful and patient exterior so that I should not add to the sorrow which I knew was crushing their hearts, by giving way to outbursts of grief over my lot. My tears were shed in secret. Alas! that I should be obliged to say that none of those tears came from a repentant heart! For, strange as it may seem, in spite of all those years of severe discipline, my only desire was to regain my health in order to go straight on with my old life of worldly amusement and

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sin. At last the day came when my faithful and kind physician, who had been treating me for nearly three years, stood beside my bed, and, looking sadly down at me as I lay moaning with unspeakable suffering, shook his head and struggling to conceal his emotion went downstairs to my parents and said: "I can do no more. If you wish to take her away out of town, or try something else, do so. Any thing rather than see her there as she is; but," he said, "my opinion is that she has but a few weeks to live."

My dear parents, almost distracted with grief, now resolved to take me to Avon Springs to a clairvoyant who was said to be making many remarkable cures. Accordingly I was laid upon a mattress and my parents, nurse and doctor accompanied me, and took me to a little cottage near the water cure. I can recall seeing my beloved mother standing at the door of the car on the journey asking the people to shut it quietly on account of the agony which it caused me whenever it was slammed, and of the feeling of utter despair in my heart as the train whirled me on, I scarcely knew or cared where. For over a year I remained at this place, rallying for a time under the remedies given, but in the meantime realizing something of the horrible influences of spiritualism which surrounded me, and heartily despising it, although so far from the truth myself. While here I was again given a terrible relapse by a fright received by two insane patients who were there. One of them strayed into my room one day, and the other, rushing past my cottage soon after, threw a large stone at the window, which so filled me with terror that for days I lay trembling, with all my window shades drawn down, and I am

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sure never would have raised them again had not these poor unfortunates been removed from the place.

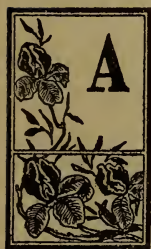
About this time my mother who had stood by me all these long years with a devotion which only a true mother can show, suddenly fell at her post, being taken with pneumonia and in three days passed away. Somehow, with that strange intuition which the sick often show, I knew, by narrowly scanning the faces of those around me, that she was very low and I plead with my father to take me to the city of R. to the home of my cousins who, I felt sure, would befriend me at such a time. To this he at once consented and so I was once more hurriedly placed upon a bed and laid in the train which swiftly bore me away to new scenes.

Not until several days after my dear, faithful mother had been laid in her grave did my cousin venture to tell me of her death. Although my heart was wrung with sorrow, it was still a satisfaction to me to think that her anxiety and suffering over my wretched condition were at an end. I can only trust that in her last days she turned unto the Lord. Dear young friend, prize and value your mother while she is spared to you; smooth the way for her aged feet, remember how many weary steps they have taken for you when you were a helpless babe, how often your head was pillowed on her true, loving breast, how she stood by you when others were impatient and irritated with your sins and follies, and oh! I beg of you to let her see, by every gentle and tender attention which you can show her, that you truly love and appreciate her more than any earthly friend. The bitter tears which you will shed over her grave and the tributes of love which you offer then will come too late.

III.

SAVED AND HEALED.

“Bless the Lord, oh my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.” Ps. 103:1-2.



AFTER spending another year and six months under the care of a magnetic physician, though somewhat benefited, I again sank into such a suffering condition that for the first time I wished for death, being utterly disheartened and weary with the long struggle for health. Here my dear sister, from whom I had been separated so many years, came and rented a house in the city in order to be near me, and, realizing that I had exhausted all remedies and was indeed beyond human help, told me of a Christian woman of whom she had heard who took the sick into her own home and taught and prayed with them, and that many had there been restored without any medicine whatever. Upon hearing this I laughed satirically and regarded it as the most fanatical and nonsensical thing I had ever heard, and said that as far as prayer was concerned I presumed I could pray where I was, and need not go to anyone's house. But as my sister told me of those who had been brought to this woman, on beds, from long distances, in precisely the same condition as myself, and in a few days or weeks had returned home well and rejoicing, I felt a little more inclined to listen, and when she suggested going to see her and stating my

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case, I languidly assented, inwardly wondering what strange kind of a creature she would find her to be, and too heart-sick with the repeated raising and dashing of my hopes to care ever to place confidence in any who might offer me health again.

My spiritual state at that time was even more deplorable than when I was taken into the church, for as the years had gone by I had drifted into Unitarianism, and did not care to hear or think of Jesus and His sacrifice for sin. However, the thought of facing death was terrible, and down deep in my soul I began to long for some one to come to me who could show me how to get rid of the great load of sin which rested so heavily upon me, in order that I might be ready and willing to die. Therefore when my sister returned after her call and said she had found her very lovely and winning in manner, and, from the conversation, judged her to be an earnest Christian woman, I concluded to ask her to call and see me, with the secret hope that she might say something which would show me how to make my peace with God and prepare for death, for I had not a shadow of hope that she could help me physically; indeed my distress of mind was such that I scarcely gave my body a thought.

She came. A very plain, elderly woman with great, searching, dark eyes which seemed to discern my inmost thoughts. I quailed beneath her gaze and yet longed to have her near me. She asked me nothing of my symptoms but began to speak to me of Jesus, of His power and willingness to save from all sin and also to heal all our diseases. She told me that if I wished to come to her house for a time for instruction, she was willing to take me on the condition that I would come without my nurse

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or any member of my family, and yield implicit obedience to her. This I thought it impossible to do, as I had for five years been dependent upon my nurse, and the idea of going to the home of a stranger entirely alone, filled me with fear. However, after she had called upon me for a few days my heart was so won by her sweet earnestness and loving words that I decided, after a great struggle, to go, and to go alone.

I felt a mysterious something about her which I had never recognized in anyone before, a power which made me tremble when she would draw her chair near my bed and fix her loving eyes upon me. I made one desperate effort to convince her that I was a Christian, telling her of my church membership, class in Sabbath school, etc. But one look of gentle, loving reproach, although she made me no reply, closed my lips forever on that subject. Somehow it flashed over me that she had probed me through and through, and knew just what a poor miserable sham it all was, the "form of godliness but denying the power thereof," (2 Tim. 3:5) and at that very moment with a sinking heart I saw every prop, which my self-righteousness had reared, knocked from beneath me, and, under the mighty convincing power of the Holy Spirit, for the first time in my life saw myself a helpless, perishing sinner, and all "my righteousness as filthy rags." It was not because she told me that such was my condition, but the more she talked with me the more I realized that she knew God and I did not, and the quiet influence of her beautiful life seemed to overwhelm me with a crushing sense of the vileness and corruption of my own heart. I dared not tell her this, but each interview only served to give me clearer views of my iniquity in the sight of

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God, and it was this revelation of my deep need and longing for salvation which caused me to decide to go to her house and to go alone. As I had been in terror of being left alone even for five minutes at a time, this was indeed a bold step to take, but I was now thoroughly aroused and cared very little what might come to my body if I could only know that my sins were forgiven. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Is. 57:21.)

Accordingly I parted with my father, sister and nurse, and was driven to the home of my faithful teacher and friend, where I was carried up the stairs in the arms of the driver and laid upon the bed in a plain little room, rigidly plain, without a picture on the wall or the tiniest ornament of any kind. Day by day in this quiet room I listened to God's holy word and blessed messages, given, I believe, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, as it always seemed the very thing needed at that particular time, until the day came when with a bursting heart I begged that I might be left alone for a time as I could bear no more. Prostrating myself before God I cried unto Him for forgiveness, humbly confessing all the sins and follies of the past, all the outward profession and inward corruption, and praying that for Jesus' sake He would have mercy upon me, and blot out all the past. My sins rose up mountains high before me and I was tempted to feel as if there could be no salvation for such a rebel as I, but I praise God that I pressed my suit with desperate earnestness, pleading the promises (for I was now for the first time reading and meditating upon the Bible) until at last at the foot of the cross the light broke in upon my soul, like the dawning of the morning after a dark and weary night. There I beheld Jesus as an all-sufficient Savior,

SAVED AND HEALED

and felt that I could trust Him with my weak suffering body as well as my soul. I had nowhere else to go, the arm of flesh had indeed failed me, and as I read of His mercy and grace in so tenderly welcoming the sick ones who came to Him when on earth, my trembling heart was encouraged to place my case in His hands for physical healing; for whenever I opened my Bible my eyes fell upon some such sweet words as these: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole," and other kindred passages. And a child-like trust sprang up in place of the human reasonings which had formerly undertaken to overthrow God's Word, so that I now received every word in it from cover to cover with the most unquestioning faith, a position from which I do praise God the philosophies and sophistries of men, and all the fine arguments of the devil have never been able to drive me.

It is indeed a source of great thanksgiving that in these "perilous times" when materialism and "higher criticism" are stalking through the land, the precious faith in God's Word of those early days of my conversion has never been undermined. Every promise which I found was marked and appropriated as my very own, and, as I meditated upon them, I was convinced that what the wonder-working Jesus had wrought when on the earth He was able and willing to do now. Therefore I cried to Him from the depths of my soul, telling Him that if He would in mercy heal my body, I would devote my entire life to His service, following where He might lead me even to the ends of the earth.

At this point such a yearning desire took possession of me to be of some use in His vineyard, that I told Him I would take the humblest little corner, gladly doing

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anything and going anywhere, if He would put upon me so great an honor as to make me a co-worker with Himself. It did seem that when I had brought my all, it was little enough in view of the great things He had done for me. From the moment that I accepted Christ, the mask was lifted from this deceitful, glittering world, and in the twinkling of an eye I realized that I was "crucified to the world and the world unto me," (Gal. 6:14) and I abhorred its tinsel and vain show, its pleasures, flatteries and all its glory as heartily as I had once adored it all. There was no struggle over this separation but a joyful sense of emancipation from beneath a galling yoke, and deep thankfulness that I had my eyes now opened to see this world as God sees it. Blessed be His name that Jesus "gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present evil world." (Gal. 1:4.)

How I despised myself for having been its tool and dupe so many long years! How those wasted years now passed before me and brought the bitter tears of remorse as I reflected what they might have been for Jesus! And how I longed to warn those who were near and dear, especially my own family, to beware of the pitfalls into which my young feet had fallen, and to seek the Savior whom they had so long despised. I wished that I might go forth and sound the praises of Him who had snatched me from the horrible pit and placed my feet upon the Rock of Ages. Especially was my heart drawn out for my dear father who was investigating spiritualism with the hope of finding something which would convince him that there is a life beyond the grave. It seemed that I could take him by the hand and lead him at once to the Savior, if I could but see him and

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pour out my heart before him, telling him of the satisfying portion which I had found.

Gradually the light dawned upon me more and more, and by the time ten days had elapsed I had gained in strength sufficiently to walk down the stairs for the first time in about five years, out into the street about a block and back up the stairs, with some assistance, to my room. As I went forth, I thought the very trees bent to salute me, and the little birds sang hallelujahs to God! Every tiny blade of grass and every opening flower on that glorious Spring morning seemed to me to be joining in an anthem of praise, and my heart swelled with such adoring love and gratitude as I can never describe. It was joy unspeakable, more than I could contain.

Each day from that time I increased my walk, gaining steadily in strength, though often so exceedingly tried with aching muscles and excited nerves that the tears would start while on the street, and I would be obliged to sit down on the nearest door step or in some store nearly fainting from exhaustion, but after looking to God for help, strength would be given to proceed on my way. In the meantime, I scarcely dared even think that I was getting well. It seemed too good to be true. Several weeks elapsed before I ventured to write home of my wonderful improvement lest I should raise their hopes only to dash them again to the earth.

As I pressed on, stepping out on the promises day by day, one by one the terrible diseases which had so long held me captive disappeared, though not without many sharp tests of my faith, and some days in which I could not see that I was making any headway at all. Some may ask why the healing was not instantaneous as in apostolic

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days? I cannot tell. Of one thing I am sure; it was none the less a Divine work because of being gradual. Everything I did, every step I took, was in prayer. Sometimes upon coming in from my long walks, faint and hungry, I would see my plate filled with the very things which it had distressed me most to eat for many years. I knew that I was expected to eat what was set before me without fear. None but God ever knew the inward struggles many times over my meals, often choking down the tears with the food, with the dread which would seize me of the suffering likely to follow. At such times I could do nothing but throw myself on the mercy of God, and tell Him that He knew that I had not the power to digest that particular kind of food, and that He must somehow cause it to digest, and I would trust Him to do it. "To the praise of the glory of His grace" I want to say that He always appeared in my behalf, and to my unspeakable joy I soon found that I could eat anything in the way of plain, nourishing food which anyone in health could eat. After a few weeks I was able to walk three miles a day without injury, and but little fatigue.

For the encouragement of those who are seeking healing but whose faith is sorely tried, I wish to speak of some of the difficulties through which I pressed, that you may not faint because of the heaviness of the way. Such was the weakness of my head on account of the terrible suffering from congestion of the brain, and the long years of nervous prostration, that for many weeks I was compelled to confine my walks to the most quiet streets I could find, on account of the sensitiveness of the brain to noise and confusion. Venturing into the main business street one day, I found myself so completely overwhelmed with the

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crowds hurrying past me that unless I had kept my eyes fixed every moment on the side-walk, and at the same time cried mightily to God for help, I should have fallen. With greatest difficulty I regained the house, resting often on the way, and praying with every breath. After recovering a little from this effort I determined that I would take that same walk every day until I had gained the victory over this weakness, if it took six months to accomplish it. Accordingly I pressed on leaning on the arm of Jesus, and claiming victory in His Name. Occasionally I would raise my eyes as I pressed through the crowds, and it would seem that I should be swept away. But my Heavenly Father knew the frailty of His trembling child, and heard her cry and guided her safely through, day by day, and, finally, after six weeks of persistent efforts, I was able to go in and out of the largest stores, and through the most crowded streets quietly and without any ill effects.

I believe that if I had been immediately healed, I should have missed many valuable lessons in the patience of faith, and many experiences which have since proved a great help to others. I should never have discovered, experimentally, the nature of faith if I had not thus proved in my own case that it is "the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. 11:1.) I have since heard many relate their experiences of physical healing, but I have yet to find one who passed over a more rugged road than I. But for an overcoming, and often exceedingly venturesome faith, I should have been overwhelmed by the enemy and sunk into an early grave.

At last the day came when I was told that the Lord would have me return to my home. Now this was the one

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thing which I had determined I would never do. The thought of ever entering that house again where I had passed through such suffering, (for I had been moved from room to room all over the entire house,) and, above all, where I must see my mother's vacant chair, and a housekeeper taking her place in the charge of the home, seemed to me unbearable. I positively refused to go. In everything else I had been pliable, no matter how hard the task which I was asked to perform; but this I thought would simply throw me back into a fatal relapse. The day was passed in tears and the night in anguish, but in vain were all my entreaties. I was told that I could no longer remain where I was, for God had clearly shown that the time had come for me to take up my duties in my own home, and let my light shine there for Christ. A sharp struggle ended in a surrendered will, and I started on the train for my home, (from which I had been absent nearly three years) accompanied by a cousin. The journey was passed in silence, I continuing every moment in prayer. As we drew near the city and into the depot, it seemed that my heart would leap out of my breast, and when I beheld my father waiting to receive me, I could only weep in silence in his arms.

As the carriage rolled up the familiar streets, I still fortified myself with prayer, and when we reached the house, just as I stepped out of the carriage, the dear Lord came to my help with a passage of Scripture, which indeed filled me with new life and courage. It was this: "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!" (Ps. 90:1.) Like a flash it was shown me that if He was my dwelling place, I could live anywhere! The effect of this was electrical. Running up to the stoop with a step

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as light as a child's I met the inmates of the house who stood weeping around, gazing at me in astonishment, and then up to the long flight of stairs to my room. So quietly and steadily was I held by my blessed Lord's own hand that I shed not a single tear, but lay quietly down upon the bed and after a gentle sleep arose and went down to dinner. All this so affected my father that he ate his dinner mingled with his tears, gazing at me as if he could scarcely believe that it was really I. It was almost like seeing one raised from the grave. Hallelujah! what a Savior! "His Name shall be called Wonderful." (Is. 9:6.)

IV.

SOWING THE SEED.



HAD told the Lord that I would faithfully witness for Him as my Savior and Healer wherever I went, and so the day after reaching home I gathered courage to ask my father if he would allow me to have morning worship in our home. I had already told him my experience, as well as all who were in the house. He had not the heart to refuse me anything at such a time as this, and so gave his consent. There was no one to conduct the service but myself, and I had never as yet offered an audible prayer. Trembling violently I took my post, and praying inwardly for guidance as to the portion to read, took down the long neglected family Bible from the bookcase, and read amid my tears the blessed message given. Feeling it an impossibility to pray, I took an Episcopal prayer book belonging to the housekeeper and read each morning the prayer for the day; and this simple service the dear Lord accepted and blessed, as it was the best His feeble child could do.

No one ever came to the house, no matter how unbelieving, and went away without hearing my experience; some stared in astonishment, others smiled incredulously, others wept and believed, some said that my mind was unbalanced on the subject of religion, but day by day the seed was sown "beside all waters," often with many tears.

In the meantime I gained steadily in strength until after a few weeks I had increased twenty-five pounds in weight;

SOWING THE SEED

but my head still remained too weak to endure attending church much, or joining in any public Christian work. One day a letter came asking me to come to Long Island to help one who was in trouble, and I wished to go but as the weather was then extremely hot my father urged me not to go, fearing that I should be overcome by the heat which would undoubtedly be still greater there. He said I might lose my life by it. Perplexed to know my duty, as I went up the stairs, these words were spoken as if by an audible voice: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." I immediately packed my trunk, telling my father of the passage given, and that I had nothing to fear. A delightful shower cooled the air and during the entire month of my absence there was not one warm day.

And it proved a very great blessing to me as I there met a godly man who had been wonderfully healed through the prayers of Dr. Cullis of Boston, and who enlightened me greatly regarding the subject of faith. I listened with great joy to his experience, and then asked why it was that the work of healing was not as yet complete in my case. He told me that I had failed to consider the work completely done, by faith, but was evidently looking forward to a future answer to my prayers. This all seemed very misty to me but I determined to take this stand, and went to my room only to be tempted the entire night by the devil's taunts, telling me that I did not dare to declare the work perfectly done, that it would be a lie, etc., etc. And so I tossed upon my bed in a hand-to-hand fight with him until morning, and arose jaded and miserable, feeling worse than for many months past. I resolutely held my ground, however, telling all who inquired as to my health,

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that I was "every whit whole." Strange to say, the brother did not give me any Scripture to stand on and I did not ask for any, but after continuing for three days, thus reckoning my healing complete by faith, and finding myself growing steadily worse, I said, as I was dragging myself wearily through the streets of Brooklyn: "Now what authority had he to tell me to take this position? Is there any Scripture foundation for it?" At that instant these words were brought forcibly to my mind by the Holy Spirit, and I could not have told where in the Bible they were to be found: "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Immediately my mind was illuminated to see that the verb "receive" was in the present tense, and that therefore I had not been praying according to the command of Jesus, while I was looking for a future answer to my prayer. This filled me with such joy that I went on my way with a light, elastic step, feeling that God had indeed spoken to me and had so placed my feet now upon the solid rock of His own truth, that nothing could ever again overthrow me.

This was a great victory gained, and one for which I have ever praised God, and will throughout eternity. From that day I was able to claim deliverance from the weakness of my brain, fully believing that I received it then and there, and gained so rapidly in strength that I was an astonishment to my family when I reached my home. Thus was the message "he that loseth his life for My sake shall save it" verified in my willingness to lose my life, if need be, for the good of others, and thus obeying God He placed one in my way who led me out into

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truth which has been a bulwark to my soul through life. Praise His Name!

A short time after my return home I was invited to attend a meeting at the W. C. T. U. mission, just opened in the lower part of Main Street. I consented to go, not dreaming what my eyes would behold. When we went in I saw six or seven ladies sitting in line at the head of the meeting, and we were seated among them. The audience, which filled the hall completely, was composed of men and boys of all ages with hard, desperate, and some of them—despairing faces, such faces as I had never seen or ever dreamed of before. The sight filled me with trembling and dismay. One glance, and seeing so many eyes fixed upon me, I fixed my own upon the floor, and never raised them again the entire evening, inwardly wishing every moment that I was at home, and determining that if I once got safely out of that room, no one would ever catch me there again! I fancied that a riot or a fight must surely break out before the meeting closed, and it seemed to me that it would never end. I looked upon the leader and the women assisting her as something supernatural, their coolness and presence of mind in the midst of such a crowd of ex-criminals, drunkards and gamblers astonished me greatly; and their liberty in speaking and in prayer was equally amazing, as up to that time I had never heard a woman speak in public, not even on a lecture platform. Altogether it was like stepping into a new world. I reached home greatly relieved, feeling as if I had had a narrow escape from something terrible, I scarcely knew what.

After a week or two had elapsed, however, and I had time to think quietly over the scenes of that evening, my

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interest became much aroused, and when the same friend called again and invited me to come down to the Mission once more, I decided to venture again hoping that I might in some way be of use, though I could not imagine how. As the meeting passed off in a very orderly way my fears were soon allayed, and when my friend asked me as we drove home that night if I would not like to give them one evening a week down there, I said: "I would, but what could I do?" She replied: "Couldn't you lead the singing?" "Yes," I said, "and I will gladly do that or help in any way I can." For had I not told Jesus that I would joyfully take any little corner He would condescend to give me if He would only let me do something to show my love for Him?

Naturally, I had all my life felt drawn towards the poor, oppressed and down-trodden ones, and, as a child, invariably chose for my playmates some plain, unattractive child from a vastly different station in life, someone unnoticed in school by the wealthy and "upper ten" girls, much to the disgust of my family who were full of aristocratic ideas. I had always had also a longing to alleviate the distresses of the poor and needy, and admired those who gave their lives to the service of their less fortunate fellow beings. Consequently, I fell in line very quickly with the noble women of the W. C. T. U., and took my place in the ranks with keen delight.

As I listened to the testimonies and addresses of these dear sisters, from time to time, I began to wonder why I, too, could not pour out my heart in testimony and prayer as freely as they, for I realized that I had had a more wonderful experience than any of them, having been healed as well as saved by the power of God. But when

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I desired to rise to testify, I seemed to be bound down to my chair and was helpless to stir. After repeated efforts I at last succeeded in reading a few verses one evening, but trembled so that my knees smote together and I was thrown into such nervous excitement, that I tossed on my bed the entire night without a particle of sleep, and each succeeding attempt only added to my sufferings until I felt myself the veriest slave to fear and longed to be free like the workers I saw about me. Waiting upon God to know the cause of this bondage, I found, to my astonishment, that it arose from pride and a miserable self-consciousness which wished to be noticed and applauded. I saw that I desired to speak as well as Sister N. or Sister G., and that it was because I constantly thought of myself and how I appeared, that I was thus bound. This humiliating discovery brought me on my face before God, and I begged Him that henceforth I might "see no man save Jesus only," that I might be so occupied with Him that I would wholly forget self and my audience also, when I arose, that thus I might glorify Him and be used of Him in leading poor sinners to His cross. He answered that prayer and from that day led me rapidly out and on into most blessed and successful service. In a few short months I was placed in charge of a meeting and though obliged to write what I wished to say (for a few weeks,) I soon saw that there was no real liberty in this and threw my manuscript aside, trusting the Holy Spirit to bring to my mind what He would have me say.

The poor slaves of strong drink and of every kind of sin soon began to crowd about me, and a hand-to-hand work with the hardest sinners now began, which proved far more helpful to me than any theological training which

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I could possibly have had, a discipline which fitted me for work among all classes of people, old or young, ignorant or educated. Many were the bitter disappointments over those whom I believed true, but here and there a jewel was rescued from the miry clay, and my joy over one such was akin to that among the angels in heaven.

About this time I met for the first time my beloved and tried friend Carrie Judd (now Mrs. Geo. Montgomery,) who had been miraculously raised from a dying bed in answer to prayer, and, naturally, we sprang at once into the closest fellowship and a sweet affection born of God. Having stood alone in the city up to this time contending for the truth of Divine healing, it was indeed a joy and strength to have this sweet little friend daily at my side in the Master's work.

Strange as it may seem, I never was permitted to enter any class for Bible study during these first years of service, but daily alone in my room I searched the Word, praying for light as I read, unconsciously doing the very best thing which I could have done, i. e., looking out the references and marginal notes all the way. This daily study of the Word was so hateful to the devil, that he strove in every possible way to prevent it by sending all sorts of interruptions, and by adroitly persuading me to defer my reading until night; then when night would come insinuating that I was too tired, and could not fix my mind upon it, etc., etc.

Our housekeeper having died, I was left in charge of the house, which was of immense size and immediately filled up with relatives, as soon as it was known that I had the charge of it. I stood alone in their midst, the only witness for Christ, feeling deeply the pressure of unbelief

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around me. While trying to manage house, servants and my mission work as well, I was attacked by a very painful malady which caused me often to walk my room in secret, wringing my hands with pain. All eyes were upon me and I did so want to glorify God in my body before them, but after many days, when I could no longer endure the pain, I was forced to tell of my suffering, much to my chagrin, and to ask that my supper might be brought to my room as I was unable to go downstairs. Far into the night I wept before God pleading the promises, and with all my soul reminding Him as David did of old, "They will say unto me, where is now thy God?" and how, unless He would heal me speedily, my testimony among them would seem but an idle tale and reproach thus be brought upon the cause so dear to my heart. Never in my Christian experience have I had an eye more single to His glory. My own suffering was scarcely thought of, but oh! to prove the faithfulness of my God in that unbelieving house! Suddenly I felt I could ask no more and arose from my knees, all pain gone and slept peacefully the entire night. In the morning, to my unbounded joy, I found myself absolutely healed, not a vestige of the disease remaining! I at once told the particulars to all the family, my father included, which visibly affected them all, none being able to say aught against it.

Soon after, a dancing party was proposed to be given in honor of one of the young girls visiting at the house. This sent me to my closet in great prayer for courage to take a stand against it, even though it would be a seeming discourtesy on my part and would, I knew, bring the wrath of some upon my head. Glory to the Name of Jesus, He did fill me with a holy boldness and enabled

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me to so speak to them, with tears, of the sin of worldliness and to so firmly refuse, while in charge of the house, to allow anything of the kind in it, that, though the young girl was indignant and spoke most vehemently against me to the others, one of the family said to her: "You shall not be allowed to say anything against her in my presence, I only wish from my heart I was as true a Christian myself; she has something which I know nothing of!" To which another replied: "Neither will I allow a word to be said against her, I respect her for being so true to her convictions." When this conversation was repeated to me, I flew to my room with tears of joy, and praised God from an overflowing heart. For it was indeed quite a test of obedience and loyalty to Christ for one yet but a babe in the way. Oh! for a church filled with Nehemiahs to meet every invitation of the tempter with the noble answer: "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down!" (Neh. 6:3.)

As I now look back upon these scenes, I wish that I had had still greater courage and faith to push the battle, for if I had, it may be that God would have then given me everyone of the souls of my much loved relatives under the same roof with me. This has been a weakness all through life which has often caused me great regret. The fear of doing or saying too much lest I should drive those whom I wished to help entirely away, I can now see, has been a snare of the devil into which I have too readily fallen. Men may hate us for it for a time, but we should never stop short of doing and saying all that God requires, and we have no right to relax our hold on any case until God has clearly said: "It is enough." Many fail here through unwillingness to wait upon God until

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He has revealed unto them His will. The unsundered will shirks the cross, and says: "Lord, is there not some easier way?" Although two of the loved ones then under the sound of my voice arê now in the silent grave, and I have reason to hope that with their dying breath they turned unto God, how many years of sin and sorrow unspeakable they might have escaped and what a blessed work each might have done for God, if I had only followed after them untiringly with my entreaties and tears until I saw them safe within the Fold! Truly "the fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be set on high." (Prov. 29:25 marg.) Oh may He grant me grace henceforth to be a "faithful and wise steward" over all committed to my trust!

While in the midst of this busy life I was suddenly brought to face a severe trial which fell like a thunderbolt upon my head. My one constant cry to God had been that my father might be kept from falling into the snare of Spiritualism, which I clearly saw from the Word of God was of Satanic origin. Being a deep thinker, his restless mind was continually striving to peer into the mysteries both of the present and the future life, and as he was unwilling to bring God into the scene or to accept His written Word, he strove to find in spiritualism tangible proof of the immortality of the soul; for, like all others, the idea that man at death must perish like the brute, was abhorrent to him.

Fancy, then, my almost overwhelming grief when I was told by a kind friend (who tried to break the news gently) that he had for ten days been secretly married to a young woman known as a spiritualist medium! For an instant my brain reeled, but quickly turning and throwing

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myself upon God, I was enabled to receive it quietly without saying "What doest Thou?" It seemed indeed a strange answer to all my prayers and I saw black, threatening clouds gathering over my home, and stormy waves whirling me out—I knew not whither. But oh, thank God, I was able by His amazing grace to prove to my distracted sisters and brother, as well as all the relatives who mourned over this fatal step, that the Eternal God was my refuge, and underneath me were the Everlasting Arms. For, although some actually took to their beds prostrated under the shock of this news, I went on my way quietly, still trusting in the God whose mysterious dealings I could not trace. At that time the promises were indeed my stay. I was also much comforted by the following grand old poem written by Cowper, at a very dark time in his life :

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

V.

FIERY TRIALS.

“Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rather rejoice, for as much as ye are made partakers of Christ’s sufferings.” (1 Peter 4:12.)



AFTER much prayer I decided to meet my dear father and his child wife (her age was twenty-three and his was seventy) lovingly without a word of reproof, and went at once to my home to arrange everything for their reception. In the meantime the beloved aunt, with whom I had spent a year in my childhood, and one of my sisters were raised up by the dear Lord to go to my father, unknown to me, and plead with him to make over a portion of his property to me at once, fearing that unless I was provided for then, I would be likely to be left without anything to live upon in case of his death. To this he consented, his wife signing the papers without any outward objection, whatever she may have felt in her heart. Astonished and deeply touched by this unlooked-for proof of the tender care of my God, I fell upon my knees and spreading the papers out before Him I solemnly dedicated the money to Him and to His service, praising Him for all His wonderful mercy towards me, His feeble child. At this time, I besought Him that whatever trials He might see fit to call me to pass through in the home He would grant me one request, that I might be spared the humiliation and anguish of having spiritualist manifestations or seances

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at the house, for it seemed to me that it would deprive me of my reason, if compelled to live in such an atmosphere. He mercifully answered that prayer. I felt no liberty to leave home, but wished to remain and strive to lead both my father and his beautiful, but misguided wife into the light of the Gospel of Christ.

A year passed amid much conflict of soul, with no outward jar, but an undercurrent of dark plotting to wean my father from me by false reports of which I afterwards learned. Under a smiling exterior, this cruel work of deception was carried on during the entire year, especially in connection with my mission work which was cordially detested by them both, as, in spite of all my explanations, they were determined to think evil of it and that my motives, in going there, were not what I professed. In the meantime our old and trusty servants were, in a fit of caprice, discharged, and others substituted who dared not show me any favors under penalty of losing their positions, so that gradually my place in the home became that of a stranger, and one whose best motives were looked upon with suspicion. This often drove me to my closet with bitter tears as I saw my father's love thus alienated, and that he was willing to listen to all sorts of idle tales concerning his child who was daily beseeching the Throne of Grace for his salvation, and who witnessed his downward course with unspeakable grief.

At last there came a crisis. My father became more and more opposed to my work, and refused to allow any of the poor and the needy for whom I was laboring to come even to our door to consult with me in any way, and as it was now impossible for me to carry on the work of God any longer in peace, I determined to lay the matter

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before them both and say that if this opposition continued, I felt that I must go where I could obey God and pursue the work committed into my hands as He might lead me. How my heart thumped and fairly pounded in my breast as I went to their room where they sat together before the fire, and, as gently as possible, spoke to them of the blessed work among the fallen and the outcast, which lay so near my heart. I thought of Paul before Agrippa and Bernice, as I stood before them and saw conviction and guilt stamped upon their faces, and felt that they, like Agrippa, could have said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." With a heart melting with love and sorrow, I asked that I might have their answer before retiring, and left the room. After a few hours, (which seemed like days) my father came to me and said that I might go on with the work if I chose, but that none of the cases would ever be permitted to come to the house. These cases were the converts of the Mission who sometimes wished to see me regarding needed employment or for counsel and help, and I felt as tender over them as a mother over her first-born child. Realizing that there was nothing before me but thickening plots and that I was indeed most unwelcome in the house, I replied that it would be best for me, I believed, to leave and find a home elsewhere.

The following day in an unguarded moment while speaking to one in the house of the situation, confidentially —(and up to that moment no ear but that of my God had ever heard a word of complaint,) the conversation was listened to by an ear bent over the register above, and the long pent-up storm burst forth upon my head. White with rage the wretched woman cried: "I will now give you just twenty-four hours to get out of the house." To

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this I replied that I had been her truest friend, and had tried to lead her to Christ, as she knew, and that I had but one thing to regret during all the year we had lived together, and that was the conversation which she had overheard, which it would have been wiser to have left unsaid.

All this excitement so affected my health that I was not able to leave at once as I would gladly have done, but for a week was confined to my room with only my Bible for a companion; and there alone with God the battle was fought and won. My beautiful home was laid upon the altar—my father committed into God's hands, and the determination made to seek a boarding place as soon as my strength would permit. In the meantime my meals were brought up by the maid, and set down in absolute silence, day by day. As the end of the week drew near, I heard loud orders given by my father's wife to her, downstairs, to no longer make my bed nor wait upon me in any way. That night, well-nigh crushed and worn out with weeping, I laid my head upon my pillow with my precious Bible clasped to my breast; it seemed like a living friend and carried me through that last sad night in my dear old home, as nothing else could possibly have done.

With the morning light I gathered strength to commence packing. Every little trinket of my childhood's happy days, every book, picture, ornament, in fact all my possessions were packed away, while the hot tears fell upon them as I laid them in the trunk. I might have written to the absent members of my family of all that I was passing through, and they would gladly have come to my help but this I well knew would only add fuel to the flame, and it seemed in my frail physical condition that I

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could bear no more excitement. When my father saw that I was actually about to leave, he urged me to reconsider the matter and offered me a large sum of money if I would go to New York to live with my married sister, rather than look for a boarding place anywhere in the city. He also again urged me to abandon my mission work, saying that he feared I would ruin my reputation going down into such a degraded place so much, and, besides all that, he had learned that already some considered me insane on the subject of religion! To which I replied: "Father, I know that my highest earthly duty is to you, but there is one still higher, and if those two duties conflict I must choose the higher." I also said that I could not leave the city, as the work to which God had called me lay here, adding that I felt sure He would take care of my reputation while I obeyed and served Him. I said, too, that the day would yet come when he would bitterly regret the stand he had taken. I did not allude to the treatment I had received.

I must not omit to add that a few days previous to this, a lady whom I had met at Avon Springs, but who was really a stranger to me, called to see me, and with a sweet delicacy of feeling which I can never forget said that she had heard that I would like to find a boarding place, and without asking any questions whatever, went on to say gently: "My mother and I have two rooms on the third floor which, for the sake of having you with us, we will rent at a great reduction. We are in deepest sympathy with you and the work which you are engaged in, and I can assure you we would feel it an honor to have you in our home. You can carry on your work precisely as you wish, and we will be glad to assist you in it in any way we can."

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How kind of my Heavenly Father to thus open a door for me with His own dear hand! I was thus saved from the anxiety and weariness of searching all over the city, and led where He knew that the work which He had placed in my hands would be rapidly advanced, and my own sore heart so comforted and cheered! Before she left the house I had agreed to take the rooms.

Feeling the persecution unbearable and that I must by some means obtain some sleep, or I should not be able to keep on my feet, I went to a near neighbor, a Christian woman, and asked if I could spend the night at her house, saying as little as possible of what had occurred. I was warmly welcomed and treated with such sweet and gentle consideration, that it was like a cup of cold water to a fainting traveller in the desert. She will in nowise lose her reward. Sleep was mercifully given to my exhausted body, and, with a grateful heart, on the following morning I took the early train for Lewiston, where I knew a warm welcome always awaited me at the home of my beloved aunt, who had promised my dying mother that she would stand by and befriend me while she lived, whatever might come. Here I remained for six weeks until the rooms I had engaged were ready for me, in the meantime reading and praying with both my aunt and uncle, and rejoicing in seeing them turn to God. Spiritualism had made terrible inroads in their home also, but in answer to my agonized prayer it was forever abandoned, and I believe that both passed away trusting in Christ.

At last the day came when I must move into my new home among strangers. My trunks were still at my father's house. With a Christian friend on one side and my dear sister on the other, I left the luxurious home of

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my childhood with its luscious fruits and lovely flowers, its velvet lawns and majestic shade trees, and walked quietly out to the carriage without a tremor or a tear. The battle had been fought and won. I now seemed upheld by a mighty, unseen Hand. My poor father, pale as death, went out to the carriage with me; I kissed him and was rapidly whirled away. Oh, my adorable Savior! It was all for Thee! Was it not just a little taste of Thine own bitter cup?

“And He hath said, How beautiful the feet!
The feet so weary, travel-stained, and worn—
The feet that humbly, patiently have borne
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.

“The feet not hasting on with winged might,
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;
So lowly, and so human, they must go
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

“With weary human feet He, day by day,
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;
And every step is chronicled above
His servants take to follow in His Way.”

VI.
NEW SCENES.



UCH a kind, sympathetic greeting awaited me at the boarding house, that my heart was deeply touched. I was shown to two small rooms on the third floor which were to serve as a sitting-room and bedroom, which I speedily arranged to look as cheery as possible, and after a busy day of settling in my new quarters, laid my weary head upon my pillow and fell into a peaceful, dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake until aroused by the ringing of the rising bell in the morning.

The house was located within walking distance of the Mission, and as my new-found friends, true to their promise, gave me absolute liberty to receive as many of the poor and needy, as well as young converts, at my room as I wished, my work now began in earnest. All classes and ages flocked to my little sitting-room for conversation, prayer and religious instruction; and no matter how vile and sunken in sin, nor how filthy their clothing, they were freely admitted and made welcome by the dear family who had so kindly taken me in. It was most touching to see how my blessed Lord moved upon the hearts of all in the house, so that from the cook in the kitchen to the head of the family, one seemed to vie with the other in kind attentions to me, and in giving both money and clothing to the poor men struggling up out of the depths of sin who were without means, home, or friends, and whom I was striving to lead to Christ.

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Never during all the time spent in this boarding house, did I receive so much as a look of disapproval from any inmate, but, on the contrary, every possible encouragement in the work given me to do. This afforded great comfort to my bleeding heart. For looks of coldness and suspicion, I now had smiles of loving sympathy, and the most implicit confidence placed in all that I did and said. I am sure I could not have found a house in the city where my work would have been more favored in every way. Certainly very few boarders would have remained where poor, wretched beings, often covered with vermin, were allowed to come and go continually, unless they were themselves interested and engaged in the work, which these persons were not.

I dwell upon this to show how sweetly the Lord provides for those who trust and obey Him. When I left my home, in a sense, I left like Abraham "not knowing whither I went," but willing to meet even greater persecutions, if need be, in the place appointed; but lo! He led me forth "into green pastures and beside still waters" and in one week's time so completely weaned my heart from the lovely home I had left, that I could walk by it (which I did a few days afterward) and look upon it as unmoved as if I had never lived in it! Marvelous grace! And although all my life accustomed to fine horses and carriages which were always at my disposal, and many servants to minister to my slightest wish, also to a table loaded with the luscious fruits and fresh vegetables from our own garden, I can truly say that I never saw the time when I missed any of these things, but was contented and happy and grateful to be permitted to go on with the Master's work in peace.

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The only cloud in my life was the thought of my dear father left under such evil influences in his old age, and other members of my family in distant cities still without Christ. Compelled occasionally to go to the house to collect interest due me, I was met with freezing coldness and disdain, even as if I were the very "offscouring of the earth," which served to open the wound afresh, but only filled me with pitying love in return. The Spirit of Jesus within me constantly prayed "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

It was during this year that I first heard of a little meeting held on Friday afternoons at a certain Methodist church called a "meeting for the promotion of holiness," and a dear brother much interested in that subject invited me to attend. I had heard of the experience of holiness or sanctification sometime before leaving home, and in so remarkable a way, that I feel it will be for the glory of God to relate the particulars just here.

One summer day in the providence of God, (not by chance) I was left entirely alone in the house for the day. Such a thing had never occurred before in my life, as both servants were never allowed to be absent at the same time. But it was all divinely ordered on this particular day. Up to this time I had experienced in my own soul the struggles between the flesh and the Spirit, common to all merely justified souls. I was pressing hard after God, and eagerly stepping out into all the light as rapidly as it was revealed, but, having no one to instruct me in "the deep things of God," I had never as yet heard the subject of sanctification mentioned, neither had I seen in the Word of God my full privilege in Christ, or clearly understood all that had been purchased for me on the Cross. I was

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yet a babe in the way, though intensely in earnest, and truly a hungry soul. I could not comprehend why, in spite of all my deep desire to please God in all things, I would still occasionally come under the power of sin, momentarily; and though I always confessed to God with true repentance, still the complete victory was not gained. I was amazed at these defeats, and pressed on with renewed watchfulness but only to stumble again and again until on this very day of which I have just spoken, I had come to a place of desperation, and after all had left the house, I threw myself on the lounge in a fit of weeping, almost tempted to charge God with unfaithfulness, and wondering if there was anyone in the whole great city who could give me the help I needed. I could not have defined, myself, what it was that I did need, but oh! how sore my heart was, and how perplexed and discouraged! I said within myself: "If the salvation of Christ cannot do more for me than this, it is a failure!" And yet the mere idea of entertaining that thought, for one moment, was so unspeakably distressing to me, that I was well-nigh distracted. What should I do? Where and to whom could I go? I thought of my pastor, but felt instinctively that, though he was a good man, true and upright, yet he could not help me at this point. Something seemed to tell me that I would find him in the same position as myself. (This was not the pastor who had baptized and received me into the church.)

While thus mourning and weeping in much anguish of mind, I heard a quick step coming up the walk, and, peeping through the closed blinds saw a man rapidly advancing towards the house, humming softly a snatch of a tune as he came. I hesitated about answering the bell, feeling a

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little timid about opening the door lest he should discover that I was alone in the house. But, after looking through the screen door and perceiving a kind, pleasant face smiling at me, I felt reassured and inquired his errand. He said he was looking for clocks to repair, and asked if there were any in the house that needed mending. Like a flash it came to my mind that there was the French clock on the mantel in the sitting-room which was out of order, and told him he might come in and look at it. While he examined it, a strange presentiment seized me that he had come for a double purpose and that he was about to say something wonderful, I scarcely knew what! I began to tremble with emotion. Presently he said that he would be obliged to take the works home, and then, still lingering, went to the table and picked up a Catholic book which had been lent to my father's wife. I hastened to explain that I was not a Catholic, whereupon he smilingly replied: "It doesn't make so much difference what we are, if we only lead a holy life." A holy life! How those words thrilled my soul!

He then took a testament out of his pocket and commenced to read from the third chapter of first John. When he came to the words: "He that abideth in Him (Christ) sinneth not," I listened with wonder and great joy. Was it then possible to so abide in Him, as to be kept from sin? My unknown visitor read on, explaining as he went, and closed with his own experience of sanctification, which was a most thrilling one. As he talked I wept and wondered, and felt that he was as truly a messenger sent to me that very day of God, as if an angel from heaven had appeared before me. He had never seen or heard of me, knew nothing of my longings and yet was thus wonder-

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fully led of the Spirit to unfold to me the very thing which I most hungered to hear!

Can you doubt, dear reader, that this interview was ordered of the Lord, and that He removed everyone from the house so that our conversation and prayer should not be interrupted? Oh He does indeed count our tears and witness our struggles, and comes to our deliverance in His own wonderful time and way. After a while I gathered courage to tell him of my experience of salvation and healing, and my present longings, to which he replied: "My sister, if you have been able thus to trust Him for your body, surely you can for your soul;" then kneeling he prayed with me long and earnestly, committing me to the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, and took his leave, saying that he would bring me some helpful books to read in a few days. This was the first I had ever heard of the doctrine of sanctification, and the interview proved a crisis in my life. After he left I walked the house like one in a dream, and finally went to my room and fell on my knees, renewing my consecration; and seeking for light from the Word I opened to these words: "I will betroth thee unto Me forever, yea I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." (Hosea 2:19-20.) These glorious words were but imperfectly comprehended then, but I believed they were for me and would yet be fulfilled, and a deep joy filled my soul to know that Christ had purchased a full and complete salvation for me, such as I had never heard or conceived of before, and I was determined to seek Him until this work was wrought in my own soul.

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The books promised were brought a few days later, and proved very helpful and encouraging. They were "The Life of John Fletcher," and "The Life of Hester Ann Rogers." In these two saintly souls I saw a type of piety which filled me with still stronger desires to press on after all that Christ had been made of God unto me, assured that, as He is "no respecter of persons," He was willing to do for me what He had done for them. I was in this attitude of expectation, entirely convinced as to the truth of the doctrine though not clear as to the way, when the invitation to attend the afternoon "holiness meeting" above mentioned was given me. This I gladly accepted and found there a little company of godly people, mostly women, whose testimonies of full salvation thrilled my soul. The meeting was led by the Pastor who truly gave us the "finest of the wheat." It was while attending these meetings that I was enabled to step out by simple faith, and receive Jesus as my complete Savior. I was helped into the light by a few earnest words spoken to me personally by the Pastor who said: "It is just to trust Jesus to keep you from sin moment by moment; you have only to take one step at a time. Surely you can fully trust Him to keep you for this minute, can you not, and then for the next?" At this I let go of every doubt and fear, and entered upon a simple, blessed life of trust, filled with a joy and peace I had never known before.

Soon after, I determined to change my church relations, as my soul obtained very little food in the fashionable church to which I belonged, and having once heard full salvation preached, I could never be satisfied with anything short of it. After much prayer I removed my membership to the Methodist church, in which the holiness

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meeting was held, whose Pastor was indeed filled with the Holy Ghost. Here I obtained some advantages which women are not afforded in some denominations, i. e., liberty to speak or pray as led by the Spirit; and found both the class meeting and prayer meeting, as well as the preaching services, real means of grace. Thus, planted in good soil and under powerful preaching continually, my soul made rapid strides in grace and the year flew by, crowded with blessed work for Christ, and with rich experiences of His saving power.

The part of my work which I most enjoyed was a Bible class of laboring men which I had been led to gather together in the Mission. This was my first attempt at teaching, and as I was thus far only self-taught in the Word, it seemed to me almost like presumption to act as teacher to others. But I dared not disobey, consequently I called together six men among the converts at the Mission, and invited them to meet me on Saturday evening to study the Word. They came, dressed in their best attire and listened with evident interest, but I passed a night of sore temptation, the enemy assuring me that they could see how little I knew of the Bible, and that they would never come again, etc. Most of the night was passed in weeping and prayer. They continued coming, however, and the numbers increased until finally there were frequently from fifty to sixty men in the class which had then been moved to the house of one of the members.

Shortly after my conversion I saw from the Word that we are commanded when we make a feast to call the poor, the maimed, the blind, for they cannot recompense us, rather than our friends, brethren, kinsmen or rich neighbors, lest they also bid us again, and a recompense be

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made us, (see Luke 14:12-14) so that I dared no longer make such feasts as I had formerly done. Each Christmas these dear men of my class were invited to as sumptuous a feast as my purse would afford. The entire evening was passed at the table exchanging gifts, witnessing and singing for Jesus, and praising Him for His wonderful salvation. It was an inspiring sight, as they all sat about the table, neatly dressed (for after giving up their sinful habits, God always prospered them in temporal things,) and with faces beaming with joy and love; a sight never to be forgotten!

One Christmas Eve we assembled for our annual feast, and when supper was ended as we sat singing some of our favorite hymns, such a melting influence of the Spirit came upon us that we were constrained to kneel in prayer. As one after another led in prayer, suddenly a cry, more like a wail than anything else, rose above all the other voices. By this time the Spirit had so fallen upon us that all were praying or praising God aloud, but far above all rose this one thrilling cry: "Oh! God have mercy upon me!" After listening for some time, the Lord said to me "Go and lay your hand upon his head;" so I went over to that corner whence the cries proceeded, and a wonderful sight met my gaze. There, not kneeling but fairly crouching in the corner by the table was a man, the very picture of terror, trembling like an aspen leaf, the perspiration standing out in great beads upon his brow, his whole frame shaking with sobs as he cried out: "Oh God, save me from this pit just yawning at my feet!"

I looked upon him in amazement, never had I seen such conviction of sin as this before, and I never have since. It was a lame man who had been professing conversion for

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some time in the class, but whom I had always doubted. Finally I gained his attention and gave him some of the promises, but as his anguish continued I thought within myself: "This man is bound by the devil so that he cannot get free." Laying my hand upon his head, I asked in the name of Jesus that the devil might be rebuked and driven from him. In a few moments his cries ceased and he broke out singing: "Hallelujah! 'tis done;" etc., and suddenly sprang to his feet and, leaping up in the air, he came down with a force which shook the room. The men looked on with astonishment and some began to reprove him, but he continued leaping and shouting, saying: "Why boys, just see me walk, I'm healed, I'm healed, and I'm saved, Glory to God!" We then remembered that he had walked with a cane for a year, and the difficulty which he had in mounting the stairs that very evening, and here he was leaping on that foot, with tears of joy running down his face!

I then saw that God had done for him more than I had asked, or at least more than I had realized that my prayer involved. I did not then understand as I now do, that to cast the devil out of one in the name of Jesus, will set the captive free in body as well as soul! The Holy Spirit indited my prayer according to the will and mind of God, and the answer came swiftly, delivering the entire man. He went about with a glowing face shaking hands with all in the room saying: "What a Savior! but oh! how I've crucified Him!" At midnight I, accompanied by my lady assistant, withdrew, leaving them all standing in a group with the healed man in the centre, all praising God with a loud voice, singing one hymn of praise after another, with shining faces, fairly radiant with joy,—a scene for a

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painter. When their meeting closed, the healed man left his cane behind him as a memento, and ran lightly down the stairs without assistance.

After continuing in this work for several years, I was led to open a Mission of my own in the slums, my class all deciding to go with me and assist in the work. Finding that the Canal Street Mission was about to be vacated, we concluded to take it, paying all that we could towards rent, etc., and trusting in God to supply any deficiency. Accordingly the hall was fitted up nicely and made to look as bright and attractive as possible, and appropriately dedicated, the large audience crowding both hall and sidewalk, reaching even to the opposite side of the street.

Here in the midst of the wild revelry on every hand, the coarse songs of the drunkard, the shouting of the dancers whirling madly on night after night in the brothels and "dives," the hollow, reckless laughter sounding often like that of a maniac, we stood in the Mission door and sang our sweetest songs of Jesus and His love. And the terrible procession marched by continually, brazen women of all ages, painted and gaudily attired, shamelessly beckoning into their vile dens the wretched men and boys who, like silly flies, were easily caught in the net spread for their feet. Oh! the unspeakable horrors of Canal Street, and the surrounding neighborhood! Saloons, gambling dens and brothels in one unbroken line, and our one little light-house shining alone in the midst of the breakers. Surely nothing save the very love and patience of Jesus can enable the worker to stand year after year in these horrible cesspools of iniquity and faint not. How heart-rending to see the little children running in and out of these haunts with pails of beer, familiar with every shade

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of vice and crime, their faces already old and hardened with sin! These little ones we quickly gathered into a Sunday School and Temperance Band, and every night in the year our friendly lights and cheerful songs invited the wanderer in. Eternity alone will reveal the sheaves gathered.

With my lady helpers I went from house to house giving out tracts, singing, praying and reading the Word of God, always received with respect and often with tears of penitence by the wretched inmates. The sights and sounds and sickening smells which greeted us as we climbed rickety, creaking stairs day by day in this house-to-house visitation, often so weighed down my spirit and exhausted my body, that, but for a living faith in God, I should not have been able to either eat or sleep after reaching my home. But, thank God! Mission work has its bright as well as its discouraging side. It was good to see my faithful men standing by so heroically in the thickest of the fight, and to watch their steady growth in grace and increasing love for the Word; and then, too, we here and there caught a fish in our net which caused us joy such as the angels know. And our meetings were oftentimes of such spiritual power that we were melted into tears of thankfulness over our rich privilege in being permitted to shine for Jesus in so dark and barren a spot.

One terrible winter night, I wended my way through the blinding storm across the "terrace" alone, scarcely expecting to find a person in the hall, but anxious to stand at my post, at all events. That night a poor sailor, seventy years of age, found Christ. A year from that time he returned to the city and gave a glowing testimony, having walked faithfully on in the light during that time. At-

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tempting to reach my home that night the snow lay on an even level, not a person or a vehicle having ventured out; the wind blew at a terrific rate and it was almost impossible to stand against it. I was obliged to wade in snow to my knees for some distance before reaching a car, but was fairly pulled along by one of the men of my class, and finally reached the house well-nigh exhausted. But the thought of having rescued one precious soul caused me to lay my weary body down that night with a joy and satisfaction which quickly banished from my mind all thought of the exposure and toil endured. "The love of Christ constraineth us." It is pitiable to see even among so-called consecrated Christians how few there are who will brave a rain or snow storm even for Jesus' sake and His perishing sheep. Oh, for a church all on fire with a holy zeal, His zeal, for precious souls! Do we not read in 1 Cor. 13:8, that "love never faileth"?

My work in the Mission seemed to be almost wholly for men. And such men! Blear-eyed, coarse, besotted and vicious, and often with such desperate faces that I used really to wonder at myself, that I had no fear of them. Sometimes, however, we found in our audiences men, young and old, of gentle breeding, fine intellect and excellent education, who had fallen through strong drink or gambling, until they had been cast off by family and friends, and, rushing recklessly on, had swiftly been whirled by the resistless current of evil into Canal Street. And Mission workers who have travelled in many lands say that they have never discovered any spot so vile. One evening while inviting sinners forward to the penitent bench at the W. C. T. U., among those who came I noticed a handsome boy, about nineteen years of age, with coal

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black hair and eyes, pale and haggard, who stood with the tears literally pouring down his face. As I passed into the inquiry room at the close of the meeting, I found him there awaiting me. His story was told amid many sobs and tears. A runaway boy, who, impatient of restraint, had left kind parents, an excellent home, and all who loved him and wandered about, "spending his substance in riotous living," until he found himself in a Southern city where he was stricken with yellow fever, and lay unconscious for many days. Weak and miserable, he finally made his way to this city, and the loving Savior whom he had so despised, led him into our meeting. That night, confessing all the bitter past, he sought and found pardon at the Cross, and after regaining strength and getting decently clothed, I had the joy of seeing him off on the train for his dear old home, where loving hearts awaited the long-lost child.

One afternoon I was asked to go to the City Hospital to see a poor fallen girl who had broken her limb, and had been confined to her room for some time. Upon visiting her and inquiring gently as to her early home, I found that she had come from a respectable family in the city of S., but having been betrayed under promise of marriage, she ran away from home to conceal her shame, and for three years her family had obtained no clue to her whereabouts. After many visits, reading the Scriptures and praying with her, she was led to Christ, and finally, with many fears and forebodings, consented that I should write her broken-hearted mother of her repentance and conversion, and beg that she might be allowed to return to her home. The answer quickly came, warm from a true mother's loving heart, bidding her to come at once, and

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telling of the welcome which awaited her, assuring her that her four brothers sent word to her, that if she would come she should never hear a word of reproach from them, nor any allusion to the past. As I read these tender words to her, the poor girl wept aloud. It was more than she had dared to hope for; such love completely melted her heart. The following day found us both on the train for S. As we neared the city, her courage nearly failed, but one look at the face of the kind brother who met us at the station reassured her, and soon amid mingled smiles and tears she was in her mother's arms. And the angels must have struck their harps anew that night, over this poor prodigal's return. How can I find words to describe my joy over this touching scene? Glory to the Lamb, whose blood washes whiter than snow! I trust I shall meet that dear ransomed one among His "Jewels" when He comes.

Before leaving the subject of city mission work I wish to add that I had been deeply stirred regarding the temperance question several years before my conversion. Among the young men who frequently called at our house was one in whom all had entire confidence as an exemplary Christian.

At that time my father was in the habit of making wine every year from the currants which grew in our garden, and offering a glass, as a mere act of courtesy, to callers who came to the house. On New Year day, also, he followed the universal custom of offering it with refreshments. One summer evening after playing croquet with the young man mentioned above, wine and cake were served and he passed his glass to be filled a second time.

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A few days later, one of his relatives called and told me the astounding news that he had been drinking heavily for a long time, but that the family had endeavored to conceal it from his friends, until now his employer had decided to discharge him as he had again been found intoxicated in the office and he considered his case a hopeless one and could bear with him no longer. She said that she had no doubt that the wine which had been offered him at our house that evening had again awakened the appetite which he was desperately struggling against, and that on his way home he had gone into a saloon as the result of it. He had contrived to keep sober when coming to our house from time to time, so that no trace of liquor had ever been discovered about him, and this was indeed a great surprise to us all. And my hand had held out the tempting glass to this struggling soul!

I was filled with horror and remorse, and that hour resolved that I would never offer another glass of anything intoxicating to any human being while I lived. And I never have. My mother had always taken a noble stand regarding the balls and parties which were given in our home, refusing to allow wine on the table, (for which she was often ridiculed) and it was now decided to banish it entirely on New Year day and all other occasions.

I have always felt that I might myself have become ensnared by this subtle foe and have acquired an appetite for wines and liquors if I had not defied the orders of a physician who advised an eggnog, with whisky, between each meal and sherry wine with my dinner. That advice was followed until I realized that my head was in a continual fever, nerves even more excited than before he came and appetite gone; above all I awoke to the fact that if, for

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any reason, my glass of sherry was forgotten at dinner I missed it and was evidently becoming fond of it. I shall always have reason to praise God for courage given me to throw all stimulants out of the window with the determination never to taste liquors of any kind again for medicinal purposes or any other.

After my conversion and entering upon mission work I, with the rest of the workers associated with me for the sake of our influence over others, signed the total abstinence pledge which included wine, beer and cider. That pledge has indeed been most sacredly kept and will be, by the grace of God, while life shall last. Some Christian people consider the use of sweet cider quite harmless and freely indulge in it but I wish to say long experience in Gospel temperance work has entirely convinced me that it but awakens a desire for something stronger, that it is but a stepping stone to hard cider and then on down through the awful catalogue which ends in ruin of soul and body eternally.

Oh dear, dear friends, why can we not keep on the safe side of the line? Would that I could cry out in trumpet tones against the infernal traffic in liquor (for such indeed it is), tones which might reach the uttermost ends of the earth! "Hell hath enlarged herself" with the helpless victims who have been swept away by this frightful tide of iniquity. I have found the pledge useful only in the case of those who have not the appetite as yet formed, and would advise all such, both old and young, to sign it in order that their position may be clearly defined and also that they may continually exert an influence over those whom they meet who are just beginning to venture on dangerous ground and could then be persuaded to pledge

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themselves to total abstinence before becoming bound by chains of appetite, perhaps never to be broken. Many who are not as yet willing to accept Christ may thus be at least prevented from becoming drunkards and save both their families and themselves untold shame and misery. But I am persuaded that there is absolutely nothing in this wide world to offer the drunkard but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."

Among the many exciting scenes of those days, I will mention one trip which I was called to take into the country ten miles from the city of L., to carry on revival meetings during the illness of the pastor of a Methodist church. Though engaged in evangelistic work at the time in my own church, after receiving several letters and telegrams, and meeting each with a refusal, I finally was visited by one of the Official Board, sent in by the congregation with an urgent plea to come to their help; I decided to go. The weather was ten degrees below zero, with a terrible gale blowing, drifting the snow which was falling rapidly and making it very dangerous to venture on the train. My friends all besought me not to think of going until the storm had abated; but after looking to God in prayer, thinking of the seeking souls waiting for some helpful hand to lead them into the light, the revival fire burning and no Shepherd to lead the wandering sheep into the Fold, and fearing that if I were to delay, the interest might die out, I told the Christian brother who had come for me, that I would take the morning train the next day, he agreeing to have a covered sleigh awaiting me at L., to take me to the town where I was expected.

The storm was raging still more furiously with a lower

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temperature when I started for the station, but I was enveloped in furs from head to foot, with a hot brick for my feet, and, looking constantly to God for His protecting care, I reached L. in safety, and found the covered sleigh awaiting me as promised. The gentleman who had come for me went on ahead in his cutter, with his horse blanket over his head, so that only his eyes peered out in the storm. After riding for a few miles the violent pitching around of the sleigh over drifts, and in and out of pitch-holes, made me exceedingly sea-sick. The curtains were all drawn down tightly lest the wind should blow the sleigh over, and I could not make the driver hear me. Lifting my heart to God I said: "Now Lord show forth Thine Almighty power by removing this sickness this very moment," and immediately a strange warmth and new life rushed through my whole body, followed by a peculiar feeling like an overturning of something in the stomach, and that was the end of the nausea. Praise His Name! Suddenly I heard the driver shouting and the sleigh stopped, one of the curtains was lifted and the driver and my friend with faces purple with the cold looked in at me anxiously. "I will not risk my horses, to say nothing of your life and my own by going another step," said the driver, "the road will be still worse between here and N. and we would sink in the drifts with this double sleigh. You will be obliged to get out and go into this house and stay until to-morrow or next day, when the road is opened up and the storm over." My friend said he felt that he could get through with his cutter if I dared brave the cold and go along with him, but I concluded to stop at the house and send on word to the church where I could be found when they could send for me.

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I was most ungraciously received by the lady in the house who seemed to feel my presence a great annoyance, which of course added to my desire to reach my destination as quickly as possible. After having some dinner I went to the tiny room assigned me, and sat down to consider the situation. "Why can I not ask the Lord to cause the storm to cease?" I thought. "Would it not be for His glory that I should meet my appointment, and that His work should not be delayed?" I felt sure that there would be some at the church in spite of the storm. Falling on my knees I asked in simple, child-like faith that God might at once cause the temperature to rise, and the blizzard to cease, so that before evening the friends at N. might be able to send for me, reminding Him that when He rebuked the storm-tossed sea of Galilee, "immediately there was a great calm," and begged that for His own glory, and the advancement of His cause, He would now interpose in my behalf. Dear reader, I had no more than risen from my knees and gone to the window than I saw that it had ceased snowing, the sun had burst through the clouds, and the wind had entirely ceased!

"Tis the very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus,
Oh, praise His Name! He's just the same,
The very same Jesus."

This glorious answer to prayer filled me with adoring love—I cannot say wonder, for I fully expected Him to do precisely what I asked.

In the course of the afternoon, hearing sleigh-bells, I looked out and lo! there was a two-seated sleigh driven by an elderly gentleman, and a man going on ahead with a shovel clearing the path for the horse. Yes! they were

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coming for me, so bundling myself well, and bidding adieu to my cross-grained hostess I joyfully sprang into the sleigh and found that the temperature also had so abated (as I had asked) that, although in an open sleigh, I did not even require my veil over my face any of the way! Reaching N. in time for supper, I was ushered into a parlor where a beautiful bright fire, flowering plants and singing birds bade me welcome, and not only met my appointment on time in the evening, but found a church completely filled with eager listeners, and from that night a mighty revival broke out in which I continued working for many weeks, with audiences which packed the church to overflowing, and many professed saving faith in the Lord Jesus. Thus will God meet and honor an obedient faith which surmounts every obstacle at His call.

One afternoon I was summoned into the parlor to see my father, whom I found in a state of great excitement, deathly pale and trembling so that his teeth chattered together. He brought me the astonishing news that his wife had gone to New York to visit a friend, and a telegram had come announcing her death; he knew no particulars, but was hastening to the train to go for her remains. He asked me if I would go up to the house and take charge of it until after the funeral, and hurried away. On arriving at the house I found everything in disorder with two slatterly servants in charge (the old faithful ones had been discharged for no reason whatever), and for two days found enough to do to make it presentable for the funeral. When my father arrived, I met him at the station and learned that the poor girl who had been my enemy had come to a terrible end, having thrown herself either off of the roof or out of the window on the stone

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pavement below, and was picked up dead! Her back and both limbs were broken, but neither face nor hands were in the least bruised, and she was even more beautiful in death than in life. As I stood beside her casket, tears of pity and Divine love rolled down my cheeks that one so young and beautiful should have come to so sad a fate. How thankful I now felt that no unkind word had ever been spoken to her by me, and that, by the grace of God, no feelings of revenge or enmity towards her had ever filled my heart. How often Jesus would have gathered her but she would not!

The day after the funeral, my poor father, worn with excitement and grief, called me to him and with a voice trembling with emotion said: "My daughter, if you feel that you can be happy here, I would like to have you remain and take charge of the house. You may hire such servants as you wish, and pay them what you think best; you may have any of your friends whom you wish to visit you"—and then he added, struggling with his tears—"and if you want to continue in the work in which you are engaged, I am willing that you should do so!" How wonderful it all seemed! I thought of Joseph, lifted from the pit to the throne. From this house I had been driven just one year ago this very week, regarded as a stranger and an outcast; now I was recalled and everything laid at my feet! It seemed a plain Christian duty to remain, as my father was nearly blind and had no one to minister to him in his old age. Accordingly I bade farewell to the much loved friends at the boarding house, and was soon delightfully settled once more in my dear old home.

Learn from all this, dear unsaved one, whose eye may fall upon this page, how terrible the end of those who

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serve "the god of this world," the devil, (2 Cor. 4:4.) See also how the Lord Jesus will sooner or later vindicate His own. It is a dangerous thing to mock at and oppose His anointed ones. I now began to redouble my efforts to lead my father to the cross, but being constantly repulsed I went on my way in silence, striving to perform every duty faithful as unto the Lord. In the meantime His work prospered in my hands, though not as I longed to see it. I still lacked "the anointing which abideth" and knew not how to obtain it; though at times conscious of the power of the Holy Ghost upon me, there was not the full victory over sin which it was my privilege to enjoy. True, my experience was far in advance of my early Christian life, and was in the main a victorious one, but still I sighed for an unction and power in service, which as yet I did not possess.

VII.

A LESSON ON COMMITTAL.



AS THE work proceeded in my men's class the wives and sisters of the members began to drop in, and finally I decided to allow any women to join it who wished to do so. One Sunday afternoon I noticed among the visitors a young girl who appeared, from her dress and bearing, to have come from a respectable family, and who had evidently come in with a friend simply out of curiosity to see the work.

She proved to be not only unsaved but also a hopeless invalid, being a victim of that terrible disease epilepsy, as well as organic heart disease, and several other serious difficulties. In fact, she was a physical wreck; and though so young, life offered nothing to her save constant suffering of body and mind. She was deathly pale, of slender build, her weight not exceeding ninety pounds. Being very kindly received she continued coming, and frequently called at my rooms also to see me. I discovered her to be the sister of a young man who had been saved a short time before at a service which I held in a certain church in this city, and it was through his advice that she was led to come to my class, he feeling sure that she would be welcome there, though liable to fall any moment in one of the fearful spasms to which she was subject.

Now, if there was one thing in the world which, more than any other, struck absolute terror to my heart, it was to see any one in an attack of this kind, and as she fre-

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quently was thus overcome by the power of Satan while in the meetings I began to question the will of God in the matter. My deep sympathy for her in her great affliction caused me to shrink from asking her to leave our meetings, especially as she now seemed to be seeking the Lord. Alone in my room I knelt and said: "Dear Lord, no matter what I suffer over this case if there is any thing I can do to help her, any thing which Thou wilt have me do, show it to me by sending her here to-day." Before I had risen from my knees there came a knock at my door; upon opening it, to my astonishment, there she stood! From that time I could no longer question as to my duty in the matter, and allowed her to come and go as freely as she liked, striving constantly to lead her to Jesus for salvation and healing.

Not long after this I was shown that the Lord would have me go to housekeeping and take in some one, I knew not whom, who needed my help. When shown that it was this afflicted one of whom I write, such a conflict began in my soul as my pen fails to describe. I could not believe that God would lay this burden upon me in addition to the heavy work in the slums and in the churches and also my large correspondence, many callers, etc. I felt that to undertake it would surely prostrate me completely in my bed. It was not death I feared, but I did indeed dread returning to the hopeless invalidism of the past, and I could see nothing else before me. Indeed it seemed to me that to live in continual terror would soon deprive me of reason itself.

In the midst of the struggle I was taken alarmingly ill and removed to the "Faith Rest" of my friend Carrie Judd. My friends settled the house which I had rented

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and moved me into it, and for seven long months I was laid aside from all service and many doubted that I would ever resume my work. In the meantime I learned the all-important lesson of committal. Before moving into the house, while too weak almost to think, believing that God had stricken me because of my rebellious will, I told Him I would go forward, cost what it might, but although the will had surrendered I had yet to learn how to absolutely commit this perplexing case into God's hands and leave it there.

For many terrible weeks I was on the alert day and night watching every symptom and in constant dread lest she should be seized with a spasm, often leaning on my elbow or sitting up in the bed at night listening to her breathing, until finally, worn out with anxiety, I cried out to God and told Him that I was neither her healer nor her keeper and that I knew He did not want me under such a load, but that I would then and there commit her into His hands, once and forever, and roll all responsibility upon Him. From that moment I could indeed say with David: "I called upon the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears!" (Ps. 34:4.) Oh! that all God's dear children understood this blessed truth that whatever we really do commit into His hands passes that very instant out of our hands, and, believing that to be the case, we enter into sweet and abiding rest about the matter; for we read in Psalms 37:5, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass," or (R. V.) "He worketh."

Thus we see that God can work gloriously when unhindered by our works, and is as willing as He is able to undertake the case committed into His care and all responsi-

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bility attending it when He sees that we not only "commit" but "trust also in Him" to perfect that which He has begun. Perfect trust is the inevitable consequence of real committal. Thereby we may know that the matter has actually been placed in His hands by the peace which fills our hearts. If there is still the least trace of uneasiness or anxiety remaining, it is proof positive that the committal has never been complete, or that Satan is tempting us to again take the management into our own feeble hands by causing us to doubt that "God worketh," which He surely is doing and will continue to do if we will let Him. Remember that He asks us to do but two things—"commit" and "trust"—and that He does not add works. No, praise God, He says "He worketh." Is not that enough?

We must be very definite and persistent in this act of committal. If we find our minds are still disturbed go again and again to God with it; if necessary, every hour in the day, until the burden is entirely rolled upon His shoulders, (see marginal rendering of the text) once and forever, positively promising that you will gladly leave it there, and never, never grieve Him by another anxious thought concerning it. This can be done or He would not command it, for He does not mock His children, and it must be done if you would glorify Him and also know His perfect peace. Never can I cease to praise Him that this all-important lesson was taught me even though at so great a cost. I have thus far met but few of the followers of Christ who seem to have learned it.

No sooner had I thus laid my burden down, than—true to His word—God undertook the case and completely healed her of all her diseases! And not only that but she was saved and led into His service and continues to this

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day an untiring and successful worker in the vineyard. Just here, for the encouragement of those who have long prayed and labored in vain over unsaved friends, let me give you another illustration of "committal" by relating an incident which a friend related to me.

A mother had for many years prayed over a hardened, dissipated son, addicted to strong drink, but to no avail. When almost in despair, she was told to commit his case into God's hands once and forever, fully believing that in His own time and way he would be saved, even although she might not live to witness the blessed change. And she was also assured that if she would really do this she would from that moment be entirely restful and happy about him and her prayers would change to praise, no matter what his conduct might be. This she did and entered into rest about him. "We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. 4:3.) It seemed that her son rushed on in his mad career more wildly than ever before, but her peace flowed like a river. Not long after, this loving mother lay upon her death bed; the wretched young man was so intoxicated that he was unable to attend her funeral. Some expected that her death would surely sober him and cause him to halt and consider his ways. But not so. On he went, sinking lower and lower in every form of vice, when suddenly he was arrested by the mighty convicting power of the Holy Spirit, gloriously saved and became a devoted minister of the Gospel. Commit, trust, rest!

While living in this house I was summoned to the bedside of my father, who was very ill and given up by his physician. God alone knows what fervent prayers arose continually from my heart as I sat beside his death bed and thought of the offers of mercy rejected throughout

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the life which was fast ebbing away. Once only he regained consciousness during my stay, but I grasped the opportunity to speak to him of his approaching end and once more to beseech him to accept of Christ as his only hope of salvation, breathing in his ear the words, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." As the end drew near, in answer, I believe, to my agonized cry, I was given these most comforting words: "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city." (Heb. 11:16.) This was accompanied by such a joy in my soul that it seemed like glad wedding bells ringing within me; thus I trust that God made known to me that my dear father, who at one time a few years before his death acknowledged that he was seeking light and was praying for himself, was in the last moments of his life led to behold the Lamb of God, slain for sinners, and passed away trusting in Him alone.

Surely the many prayers offered for him by his youngest child as well as by a host of her interested Christian friends were not lost. At one time when special united prayer was ascending for him from consecrated hearts in various cities and towns, it was remarkable to see the effect produced upon his mind and conscience. It was at this very time to which I have alluded above that he said to one of my friends, "I am convinced that you possess something which I have not. I wish you would tell me where you obtained such faith and how I may find it." Upon overhearing these words I felt as if I must die of joy. But I have always blamed myself that I did not at this time when the Spirit of God was so striving with him

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manifest more courage and continually press home the truth of the Gospel upon him in spite of every opposing influence or however often repulsed, until the stubborn will had yielded at Calvary's cross. Thus his closing years might have been spent for God. Oh! for a holy boldness in following after our unsaved friends night and day until we see them safe within the Fold!

Not long after my father's death my mind was much concerned regarding the subject of baptism. I had several times been approached upon this subject in the past, especially after attending a Convention at Old Orchard Beach, where I had not only a marked experience concerning Divine Healing but also quite as remarkable an experience regarding baptism. While on the camp ground one day a lady came to me in much distress of mind and said: "I want to ask your advice. I have been in darkness for two years and I believe it is because I did not obey God when He showed me the light upon baptism. Now what would you do if in my place? There will be a baptismal service on Sunday and a large number will be immersed in the ocean. Shall I go forward with them?"

Much astonished by this plain question and with no little embarrassment I replied: "Why, if I were in your place and had received such light as you say, I should most assuredly go forward in obedience on Sunday afternoon. I am sure that you will have no rest until you do!" She thanked me warmly and said she would certainly do so, and passed on. "How strange!" I thought, "that she should come to me, a perfect stranger, and ask for advice when I have never been immersed myself!" I felt very uncomfortable. When Sunday came I was stand-

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ing in the crowd on the sea shore when an evangelist approached me and abruptly said: "Sister, have you ever attended your own funeral?" I knew that he alluded to burial with Christ in baptism, but not being ready to squarely face the subject made an evasive answer. He bowed and walked away.

My discomfort was still further increased when among the large number who came forward, arrayed in baptismal robes, I beheld my dear friend Carrie Judd, who, though reared in the Episcopal Church, had for many years been convinced, as she said, of the truth of baptism by immersion. I longed to go with them but allowed the time to pass, thinking that when I reached my home I would search the subject for myself, and, if convinced, would obey. Now, I had already had my attention called to it several times before this, but was annoyed by it and thought it quite immaterial, invariably telling those who pressed it upon me that I considered the baptism of the Spirit the all-important thing.

A short time previous to this a brother in the ministry called to see me, one whom I believed to be a very godly man and whose counsel I valued. In the course of the conversation he remarked that he had just had the joy of baptizing his daughter by immersion. As he was a Wesleyan I was much impressed at this announcement and replied: "By immersion! Do you believe in that form of baptism?" "I do, indeed," he said, adding with great earnestness, "I could never sprinkle a few drops of water on a person's head and call that a symbol of burial with Christ." I made no reply, but his words followed me for many days and troubled me much; in fact they seemed to me unanswerable, as indeed they were. Therefore the

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experience related above at Old Orchard Beach deeply stirred my soul, and soon after returning home I seated myself one day in my room with the determination to search the Scriptures on this subject with an unprejudiced mind, depending solely on the Holy Spirit to show me what the spiritual significance of baptism really is as revealed in God's Word.

All commentaries were set aside and all preconceived ideas, and as an honest seeker after truth I commenced with the baptism of Jesus and followed the subject through the New Testament, and long before I had reached the Epistles I was convinced that there is no warrant in the Scriptures for baptizing infants, but that we are clearly shown that it is an ordinance following repentance and conversion. And after reading Romans 6:2-6 and Col. 2:12 the light streamed in upon my soul and I saw with noonday clearness that baptism symbolizes the glorious experience of death and resurrection with Christ and never in any instance do we see it representing the outpouring of the Holy Spirit as some teach. I also saw that, as such is the case, it is of the utmost importance that we observe it by the only form which can symbolize those two great truths, viz., the immersion or burial of the entire body beneath the water and the rising from it as from the grave of sin and self "in newness of life." What could be plainer than the following passages? "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory (power) of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall

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be also in the likeness of His resurrection." (Rom. 6:3-4.) "Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead." (Col. 2:12.)

It was the example of our Lord, the practice of the early church and has deep and blessed significance, therefore what right have we to substitute some other and easier way, and, withal, a meaningless one? Dear reader, will you candidly search this subject for yourself in the Word of God, if you have not already done so? And, having done so, will you obey? After having seen this truth in the Scriptures a friend handed me an excellent tract on the subject which only confirmed my faith (if indeed it needed any confirmation) and I also saw that in Rotherham's literal translation of the New Testament the word baptism is everywhere rendered "immerse," as, for instance, "Then came Jesus to John the Immerser to be immersed of him," "Repent and be immersed every one of you for the remission of your sins," etc., etc. Much more might be said here with reference to this important truth but I hasten on.

I am sorry to say that, although entirely convinced, I continued to postpone the matter of my own baptism until over a year had elapsed, and then was pressed into obedience in the following manner: A Christian brother and wife came to spend a week at the house and finding that I had not yet recovered strength to resume work since giving up the Canal Street Mission, inquired of the Lord as to the cause of my continued feebleness, and asked that it might be revealed unto me. About an hour after this prayer He came to me with these searching words: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which

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I say?" Instantly the Spirit whispered, "Your baptism!" Trembling and weeping, I cried, "Lord, I will go forward now if Thou wilt give me strength." Accordingly arrangements were made for my baptism to take place the following Sunday evening at the First Free Baptist Church, and in the meantime several others were convinced of the truth through my efforts, among them the dear girl whom I had taken into my home, and were buried with Christ in the baptismal waters at the same time.

A heavenly peace rested upon me both before and after my baptism such as perfect union with Christ and perfect obedience to God's commands alone can bring, and, shortly after, my health was sufficiently restored to return to active service in the vineyard.

An unbelieving friend once said to me, "Why is it that the churches do not cease using wine at the communion table when the sight and smell of it are often such a temptation to the weak? Why not use water instead?" "For two reasons," I replied. "Water could never symbolize blood and wine does; and, again, for the all-important reason that Jesus commanded the use of wine, and we have no right to substitute something else which we may imagine would do as well." Precisely so with regard to the mode of baptism. How dare we say that either sprinkling or pouring will do as well as the manner commanded and also observed by the Lord Jesus Christ? If we are to observe ordinances at all, why not employ the symbols commanded in God's Word and which fittingly represent the spiritual truths which He would have us manifest before the world? If we offer in their stead some man-made invention can we expect Him to accept

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such service? Surely He will say to all such presumptuous ones (Does the term sound harsh?) "Obedience is better than sacrifice." Baptism by immersion (and nothing else can be called such) shows to the world that I am saved through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for my offenses and raised again for my justification. It is "the Gospel of the grace of God" in symbol and by it I testify that I now reckon myself "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" as commanded to do in His Word. No man has any right to substitute any other form in its place nor to spiritualize it away. It is binding upon all, as the following passage proves: "Repent and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." If by this Peter meant to say the baptism of the Holy Ghost (as some teach) instead of water, the passage would read thus: "Be baptized with the Holy Ghost . . . and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost!" Reader, let Him "guide you into all truth."

VIII.

MY PENTECOST.



HERE is a great deal of teaching in these days on the subject of holiness or sanctification, and hundreds of dear believers flock around the altars in our churches and camp-meetings, and also fairly besiege the Throne of Grace in their closets "with strong cryings and tears" seeking for the "fulness of blessing." But alas! how very few really receive what they ask! How many come up to the very borders of the promised land and yet never enter in! And the great soul-hunger goes on, and still they listen to teaching and exhortations on the subject, and ever and anon they are seen again prostrated at the altar, groaning, seeking and praying, till in despair of ever receiving what they seek, they conclude that if there is any reality in the experiences which they hear from others, that it cannot be for them, and so turn wearily back to the old unsatisfying life of sinning and repenting, of doubts and fears, feeling that death alone can bring them the deliverance for which they sigh. The great secret of the failure of many lies in the fact that they are taught to seek for experience or an emotion, a blessing instead of a Person, the third Person of the adorable Trinity, the blessed Holy Spirit.

And, again, though they may have been shown that it is the Holy Spirit whom they need, yet they fail to apprehend the all-important fact that He is to be received by simple faith. By that I mean to say that they expect to

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feel an overwhelming joy, or see some glorious vision, or hear a voice speaking to them, or, it may be, have such a "weight of glory" settle down upon them as to be prostrated to the earth by its tremendous power. In short, they make the common and fatal mistake of desiring to see and feel before they will believe that He has come. It is the mistake which I myself made and which resulted as follows: I had for several years been walking in the way of holiness and realized that I was kept day by day from known sin, but I was not entirely satisfied, because, from lack of knowledge, I was continually seeking what I termed the "baptism of power," to fit me, as I supposed, for service, and not perceiving any new or extraordinary manifestations I became much exercised on the subject, and in this frame of mind attended a certain Holiness camp-meeting for the purpose of obtaining more light. I was there taught that this much coveted blessing could only be obtained by faith, so I arose, in company with many others, in one of the meetings and publicly stated that I would then and there receive the Holy Ghost by faith, and surrender myself unreservedly to be led and taught and used by Him as He saw fit. But, strangely enough, although I had for many years clearly understood the nature of faith, that it is "the evidence of things not seen," yet when I came to this most important step of my life I fell into the trap so cunningly set by the enemy of my soul, and determined that I would never believe that the Holy Ghost had come until I had some manifestation of which I would be as vividly conscious as the one hundred and twenty were on the day of Pentecost.

I was thus dictating to God as to how He should deal with me, but was not aware of it then. I went on with my

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work, constantly looking for some overwhelming joy or some peculiar manifestation, which, of course, never came. How thankful I am now that the dear Lord dealt with me in such faithfulness! For I can see with the light which I now have that had He appeared to me in "a rushing mighty wind," or, as my heart so eagerly clamored for, it would have been most disastrous to my soul's welfare, for I should have rested continually on that peculiar blessing instead of in Him! Finally, several years ago, in the spring of 1890, I became so distressed in mind over this matter that life became at times a burden. The more I read and heard of the experiences of others who had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost the more my hunger increased. Then followed weeks of weeping and crying out "with groanings which could not be uttered," after this gift of all gifts. How I abhorred myself and sank in utter self-abasement at His feet, declaring that I could never lead another meeting nor perform any service for Him again until I knew that He had come in His fulness to abide in my heart. How I finally asked God if He was delaying because He dared not trust me with such a gift, so priceless, so precious, as the dear Holy Spirit! Perhaps (I reasoned) He saw that I would become "exalted above measure" with spiritual pride!

Just at this juncture I was invited to attend a convention of believers at Western Springs, near Chicago, and was clearly led to do so. Upon reaching the ground I heard an animated discussion going on at dinner concerning the sermon of the morning, which had been on the subject of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and was told that there would be five addresses by the same speaker on that subject. At this news my heart, which was truly

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sick with "hope deferred," leaped within me for joy, and I hastened at once to the tent and listened—God only knows how eagerly—to every word which fell from the leader's lips. As he proceeded, however, to assure us that we must take our eyes off of all manifestations at once and by a simple act of faith receive the Holy Ghost, my distress and perplexity increased and my disappointment knew no bounds, for I wanted and expected to hear of rapturous experiences, and this seemed to be pointing me back to the same old stand I had taken years before and which had never borne any satisfactory results, I thought, in my life. Much depressed and well-nigh in despair, I spoke to the leader at the close of the meeting in regard to my aching, hungry heart, but the more he urged me to settle the matter by receiving the Holy Spirit then and there by simple faith, the more my will rose in strong rebellion against what seemed to me most unscriptural teaching. "For," said I, "did not Jesus say 'I will manifest Myself unto you'; and did not those in the upper room on the day of Pentecost know that the Spirit had come by the most marvelous manifestations of His presence and power?" To which he replied very kindly and pityingly, seeing my great distress, "True, but is it not just possible that you may be mistaken as to the manner in which He will come to you?" I said, "No, indeed, for all the experiences I have ever read, and the biographies of the saints, show that they all have passed through similar glorious experiences and I could never be satisfied with anything short of this." Then, with a burst of tears, I abruptly rushed out of the tent and from that hour cordially wished that he would leave the ground, and so expressed myself to many, declaring that his teach-

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ings were doing more harm than good. However, in my heart I could but feel that he spoke "with authority" and with the most intense earnestness, and as one who knew whereof he spake. This occurred on Saturday.

The conflict in my soul continued until Monday morning, until a dear sister, who had passed through a long and similar struggle and had come out into great liberty and peace, came to my room, truly sent of God, hoping to help me out of my anguish and perplexity. I am sure the Lord gave her just the very words, and the only words which could possibly have led me into the light, and for this I shall praise Him through all eternity. She said at once: "I see just where you stand; *you are separating the fruits of the Spirit from the Spirit Himself!* You desire to see His fruits in your life before you admit Him into your heart. Can't you see that if you will let Him in He will bring all His fruits with Him and will Himself be in you all that you can possibly need from day to day?" Separating the fruits of the Spirit from the Spirit Himself! A faint ray of light penetrated my mind. Yes, I could but admit that this was precisely what I had been doing. I had been seeking power for service, joy, etc., and I now began to see that what I needed was the Holy Ghost Himself. Then she showed me how I must receive Him by faith alone, and assured me that I would at once enter into perfect rest with regard to the matter of manifestations, leaving that wholly in His hands and being willing to wait any length of time—His time—to manifest Himself or witness to His incoming as He chose. Then, seeing me falter and hesitate about again taking this step out into the dark, she said these never-to-be-forgotten words: "Can't you trust His love?" I saw at once that

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if I would but trust this precious Friend He would surely work in me all that I desired. And so, melting into tears, I replied, "I can!" We knelt together, and with many sobs I told Him I was completely tired out and I would gladly receive Him in the dark by faith, and wait, if need be, till the end of my life, for any emotion or manifestation He saw fit to give.

This was indeed a complete yielding of my will, which had been firmly set like adamant against receiving Him in any other way than that which I believed necessary. I humbly confessed to Him that I had thought that I knew a great deal about the Pentecostal baptism, but that now I saw that I knew nothing at all. (I did, indeed, feel like a complete know-nothing.) I said: "I give up all my own ideas and opinions, and I do here and now receive the Holy Ghost by simple faith and yield up my entire being to Him to possess and fill."

No sooner had I uttered these words than a heavenly calm settled down upon my poor, storm-tossed soul. I thought of how Jesus arose when the little boat in which He was sleeping was rocking and pitching with the tempest and cried: "Peace! be still!" My spirit had been long in a furnace of desire, and torn with conflicting hopes and fears until I was well-nigh in despair. Now I seemed to be sinking down, down, into a fathomless ocean of rest, even "the peace of God which passeth understanding." I understood as never before the Apostle's words, "We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. 4:3.) A holy hush seemed to pervade the house and the camp-ground. Oh! such wonderful, wonderful, stillness everywhere! No joy, no ecstasy, but a deep conviction that the matter was settled, and forever. The whole in-

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terview did not last over half an hour ; but, beloved reader, it proved to be my Pentecost !

Are you surprised, disappointed? Let me tell you that from that moment on June 23d, 1890, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, I knew that my prayer was answered and that the Holy Ghost had taken entire possession of my spirit, soul and body. This was the "assurance of faith." I could not have been any more sure if I had been prostrated to the earth by His almighty power and had seen "things not lawful to be uttered."

The first thing I was led to do was to go to the brother whose teachings I had so misunderstood and confess to him that I now saw that he was right and I was all wrong and testified to him that I was now filled with the Spirit and perfectly at rest. I was afterwards much touched to learn that he and a little band of anointed ones had assembled to pray for me while this interview in my room was in progress.

Immediately after dinner a friend came to me and said, "I think the Lord would have you lead the meeting this afternoon." There was not a moment to prepare, not even to look for a chapter or a verse, but I dared not refuse. It was a meeting composed of ministers, evangelists and Christian workers, and ordinarily I would have felt that I must have considerable time for preparation, but believing that the indwelling Spirit would now be equal to any emergency in my life I went to the platform and arose to my feet not knowing what the Lord would have me say. I was led to relate the experience through which I had been passing, and as all present knew of my great anguish of mind they listened with keenest interest and when I had

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finished shouts of "Hallelujah" and "Glory to God" rent the air.

A day or two later, as I sauntered about the campground, quiet and happy, suddenly there came to my soul a most exquisite, precious manifestation of the Spirit! Remember that I had told Him I was willing to wait until the end of life, if need be, for any manifestation or witness of His indwelling, and so when He saw that my will was indeed completely laid down about it I was only kept waiting for two days! Praise His Name forever! No words could describe it, but it was like the fluttering of wings around and within and over me, and then with a thrill of holy ecstasy through my entire being, I had the consciousness that the Spirit, like a pure and holy Dove, nestled down into my heart as if with a sense of sweet content that at last He had found a resting place there to go out no more forever. And the words of Jesus at once rushed to my mind, "He shall abide with you forever." Forever! How that word stretched out and out into the ages of eternity! I stood for a few moments with bated breath fearing to stir lest I should lose some sweet, whispered word, and then went softly to my room. And that was all. How different from the "rushing, mighty wind" which I had so long anticipated! I then remembered that He came also to Elijah in the "still small voice," not in the fire or in the whirlwind, and that John the Baptist saw Him descending upon the Lord Jesus "like a Dove," and surely no more lovely and gentle symbol could have been found. I can never recall this without melting into tears, nor can I ever cease to praise Him for coming just as He did, in His own sweet way.

From this time He began speaking to me as never be-

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fore, according to the promise of Jesus, "He shall bring to your remembrance whatever I have said unto you" (John 14:26.) I think it was the following day that He whispered these precious words: "The love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost." And I had been crying out for the fulness of love as if it were something apart from *Him!* I saw now that in receiving Him I had received the God of love.

I also was astonished at the change manifested at once in my body. The heat was so intense during all the Convention that several left the Camp Ground unable to endure it and went to their homes. The thermometer stood at 105 degrees, and near that, day after day, and ordinarily I would have suffered greatly from it but I can truly testify that I was so upborne above the body and everything of earth that I was scarcely even conscious of the heat though I heard others complaining greatly and saw them leaving the grounds. I was upheld in the same manner on the trip home and on other long and tedious trips during the summer, although naturally a most miserable traveller and always avoiding long journeys in every possible way.

Soon after reaching home the Spirit revealed to me that the spiritual state into which He had now brought me was akin to that of a little toddling child, clinging to its father's hand in simple dependence, moment by moment, to be led and cared for and supported every step of the way. This sweet revelation was accompanied by a sense of lovely guilelessness and again the words of Jesus came to me: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18:3.) I

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am convinced that the further we advance in the Divine life the more simple and humble we shall become.

My anxiety as to the matter of power for service was now forever at an end. I saw that the Holy Ghost Himself, would be my power day by day, quite equal to any service to which He called me, and I had simply to "trust and obey" Him as I went, just to let Him speak, pray and sing through me as He saw fit. In John 7:38 Jesus says, "He that believeth on Me . . . out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit." Glorious promise to the thirsty soul! Such, dear reader, I have found Him to be, not only the "well of water" mentioned in John 4:14 springing up within me unto everlasting life, but rivers of life and power (a far deeper experience) flowing forth out of my inmost being, refreshing and quickening other thirsty, needy souls around me, both by voice and pen. Praise God for such a precious, tender Comforter, such a reliable Guide, such an infallible Teacher, such an exhaustless Niagara from which we can continually drink deep draughts of love, joy and strength until we are satisfied day by day.

For some time after thus receiving Him I wanted to tell every one about Him, I wanted to talk continually about the Holy Ghost, and I did. But gradually it dawned upon me that in this I was running on ahead of my Teacher, and that He had not come for any such purpose, but (mark this, dear reader) that He had come for the one great purpose of magnifying Christ! "He shall not speak of Himself." (John 16:13.) "He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto you." (v. 14.) "He shall testify of Me." (John 15:26.) "He shall . . . bring all things to your remembrance

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whatsoever I have said unto you." (John 14:26.) Oh! I praise God the Father for sending the Spirit to reveal the Son! First He reveals the Son to us and then in us, as we read in 1 Cor. 12:3, "No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost," and in Gal. 1:15-16 ". . . It pleased God to reveal His Son in me."

Let us take heed lest we rob the Lord Jesus Christ of the glory due to His Name by constantly exalting the Holy Ghost. We will give Him His proper place as Comforter, Teacher and Guide, and worship and adore Him as one with the Father and the Son, but if wholly surrendered to Him we shall find Him ever pointing us to Jesus and giving us new and fresh revelations of Him. We shall also find that He will continually "testify" through our lips of Him in public and in private wherever we go. There are some teachers at the present time who speak of being "married to the Holy Ghost," etc. Is this Scriptural? No, Jesus is the Lover and Bridegroom of our souls, "the fairest among ten thousand, . . . yea, He is altogether lovely," and we are not led of the Spirit in our testimony if our mouths are not filled with the praises of Jesus and of His finished work.

I once heard a brother in the ministry give the following exquisite illustration of this truth. He said he went once to the observatory at Washington, and describing the wondrous beauty of the heavenly bodies as viewed through the immense telescope, he said his mind was occupied not so much with the telescope as with the star which it revealed and brought near, adding these beautiful words: "Now the Holy Spirit is my Telescope, but Jesus is my STAR!" I rejoice to say that I have proved this to be true. The Spirit has enthroned Jesus as King in my heart

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and fixed my eyes with ever increasing adoration upon Him. Thus gazing we are "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. 3:18.)

I soon had ample opportunity to test the power of God to keep in sweet peace even in the midst of the bitterest trials. I had no sooner resumed my work than Satan appeared upon the scene and flung some arrows at me in the shape of lying and scandalous tongues, thinking thus to drive me from my post in confusion and shame and thus silence my testimony which already God was greatly using. The character of the accusations was such as would naturally cause keenest suffering to any pure-minded woman, but, praise be unto God forever! I was held as by an unseen hand every moment in perfect serenity, so much so, that I was a wonder to myself.

When friends advised me to take some measures to defend or avenge myself the Spirit whispered: "When He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed His cause (margin) to Him that judgeth righteously. . ." (1 Pet. 2:23) and I was able to praise Him for permitting me thus to "know the fellowship of His sufferings." In the midst of it all I was suddenly one day filled with a holy joy amounting to ecstasy, unlike anything I had ever known. Upon inquiring of the Lord its meaning in a time of such persecution, He said:—"Joy in the Holy Ghost," (Rom. 14:17) and here again I was reminded that in receiving the Spirit in His fulness I had received His fruits; for this was not my joy, at all, but His own wonderful, *Divine* joy—"That My joy may remain in you," said Jesus. It welled up within me like an oasis in the desert and filled me with

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hallelujahs and praises to God. I did not need to make an effort to "count it all joy" when I fell into this temptation, or time of testing, for it was spontaneous. I really could not have helped it if I had tried. I had sometimes wondered if I really could bear with sweetness an attack upon my character if it should ever come; now when this vile thing from the pit (it could not have been viler) arose against me, it really seemed that it did not even touch me but that the venomous dart pierced the breast of Jesus who stood between me and it, and instead of the least desire to avenge myself or even to go to the guilty soul who had started the report, to reprove or argue, or bring to justice, my heart was filled with pitying love—the love of God—for that soul.

This experience was a sweet proof that the fruits of the Spirit are manifested in us all along the way as we go, according to our need and the victory gained brought me up to higher vantage ground than ever before. I cannot leave this precious subject without speaking of the blessing which has attended my ministry and the new light which has beamed upon the Word since I received my Pentecost. And still there's more to follow.

To the Triune God be all glory and praise!

IX.

HEALING PURCHASED BY THE BLOOD.

“Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.” Matt. 8:17.



UP TO this time I had been often called to visit the sick and always went cheerfully and told my experience, and strove to lead the sufferer to look to Christ for healing, but I was never quite certain as to whether it was the will of God to heal them or not, believing it to be His will to heal only certain cases, those designed for a special work, perhaps. So it was often a trial to me to go when sent for lest I should raise the hopes of some in vain. While attending a Convention at Old Orchard Beach, I heard all who spoke upon the subject of Divine Healing, teaching that it was a part of Christ's redemptive work upon the cross. They were prominent ministers of the Gospel, and evangelists from all parts of the country. "Can all these men and women, so deeply taught of God, be wrong in this respect?" I queried. I had heretofore reasoned against this teaching of healing in the atonement, and honestly thought that I was doing God service.

In one of the cottages there was a brother holding conversational meetings, and, being present one afternoon, I listened for some time to the questions and answers, and finally concluded that I would ask him if he believed that Jesus bore our sicknesses, in the same sense that He bore our sins? I inwardly hoped that he would say that he did not. But he replied: "Most assuredly." Whereupon I

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undertook by quite a lengthy process of reasoning to convince him that he was wrong. He listened very quietly and humbly until I had finished, and with one brief sentence gave the death blow to all my fine reasonings and human opinions. He said: "The Bible says so, doesn't it, sister?" "Y-e-s," I said, hesitatingly, as the passage, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," came quickly to my mind. "The Bible says so! Is not that enough?" whispered the blessed Spirit. "Do you not take that very same position when dealing with souls on any other subject? Do you not urge them to believe simply because God says thus and so in His Word?" Thus was I put to confusion by the one simple question evidently given that dear man of God by the Holy Spirit.

Overcome with emotion I hurriedly left the meeting, and going up to my room I prostrated myself before God, determined that I would not leave the room until this subject, so long contended against in the past, was clearly settled in my mind. Now I had often been told by Greek scholars, that the word "bare" in the passage quoted above (Matt. 8.17) is the same in the Greek, as the word "bare" in 1 Peter 2:24, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," referring of course to the blessed work of substitution wrought on Calvary's cross in our behalf. And yet I had, like many others, refused to believe it because I could not understand it; that is, I argued that if Jesus bore our sicknesses in the same sense that He bore our sins, we should never die, as the atonement would avail to the end for the body as well as the soul. This arose from the supposition that the believer must necessarily enter the next world through the gateway of sickness, and as I had never even conceived it a possi-

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bility that the Christian should pass out of the body in triumph over disease, living to a ripe old age and falling asleep in Jesus, I was really an honest doubter on the subject of healing in the atonement. If anyone had asked me what the passage did mean I could not have answered, but I had a vague idea that it might mean that He sympathized with our sicknesses, and then, too, He might in some way have "taken" the sicknesses of those whom He healed when on earth, by the laying on of hands.

I must confess that I was in a fog with regard to the whole thing, I simply did not want to believe that my sicknesses were nailed to the tree, because I could not explain how or why it was so. Believing that many of my readers are in the same state of mind, and that others may be prejudiced against this important doctrine for the simple reason that it has never been clearly explained to them in the Scriptures, I write this experience of my own struggles in this direction with the hope that many may as the result of it, "search the Scriptures" like the Bereans of old to see whether these things are so. I had also been taught that Isaiah 53:4 should be translated thus: "Surely He hath borne our sicknesses and carried our pains," and had seen in the Revised Version the word "griefs" throughout the entire chapter rendered in the margin "sicknesses." (Heb.) As I bowed before God the words flashed through my mind recorded in 1 John 5:10: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son," and I was obliged most humbly to confess and ask forgiveness, that I had refused to believe the record which God has given us of His Son as the Bearer of our sicknesses

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as well as of our sins, and had thus made God a liar, for surely this is a part of the *record*, is it not?

No sooner had I made this confession than I was brought face to face with a very sharp, pointed question from which I could not turn aside. He said: "Will you believe what I say, or will you not?" With my finger upon Matt. 8:17 I said: "Lord, this is what Thou hast said to me; that Jesus Christ bore my sicknesses and infirmities, and now I do believe it, simply because Thou hast declared it. I do now rest upon Thy Word rather than my own reasonings about it, and although I do not yet understand it, I do with all my heart receive it, and from this time forth I will teach it to others, as Thou shalt bid me, for the remainder of my days. And now, Lord, let the light in." As I uttered these words while bowing low at His feet, such a view was given me of Jesus bearing not only my sins, but my sicknesses upon Calvary's cross, that I was melted to tears and could only pour forth my praises for such a wonderful redemption.

On my way home from the seashore, I stopped to visit friends in two different cities, and was requested in each place to speak on the subject of Divine Healing. Satan whispered: "You won't dare to declare healing in the atonement." I said I would declare precisely what God gave me, and found as soon as I had opened my mouth in the first meeting that I was led to the foundation stone of this blessed truth deep and strong in the blood shedding of the Lord Jesus Christ. When about starting for the meeting the Spirit said: "Take the anointing oil." I had hitherto felt that an "elder" (Jas. 5:14) must necessarily be a man, but being quite sure that God had spoken I rather tremblingly obeyed, and was so blest in thus min-

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istering in His name that many suffering ones came to me for prayer, and laying on of the hands (Mark 16:18.) and about fifty were anointed with oil for the healing of their diseases.

As I went on giving forth this truth it became more and more clear to my understanding, and from time to time, as the years have come and gone, it has been a joy to witness sick ones coming to the cross for healing (for there the "record" will surely lead one) often of incurable diseases, and going on their way rejoicing and glorifying God.

For the benefit of any who may desire fuller light upon this subject, I would add that it would be well to examine the Scriptures concerning the connection of Satan with disease.

I presume that you clearly understand that Satan brought sin into the world, and that he is the mighty adversary of our souls and will be until the King comes and casts him into the lake of fire. But perhaps you do not yet see that he is also the author of disease, and that he flings his "fiery darts" quite as frequently and with as much malignity at our bodies as our spirits.

But consider a moment. When man fell, through listening to the Tempter's plausible reasonings, he was not only cut off from God spiritually, but mentally and physically as well. The whole man went down. From the moment he fell into Satan's hands through disobedience to God, he began to die. (Gen. 2:17, margin) "Dying, thou shalt die." The seeds of disease and death then took root in his body which had been created "in the likeness of God," fair, and sound, and beautiful. Separated from God, who alone is the source of spiritual and physical health, he be-

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came corrupt at the very centre of his being, and from that day brought forth sin, disease and death.

Have we not many times charged our loving Heavenly Father with much of the misery which Satan is the author of? He has been from the first a mischievous, destructive spirit, ever bent on stirring up strife and confusion in the bodies and spirits of men as well as in the natural world. "God," on the other hand, "is not the author of confusion, but of peace," (1 Cor. 14:33) and it is a comforting and most inspiring thought that He is back of and beyond all that Satan can do, and for His own dear children causes even his most diabolical schemes to work out eventually for good. (Rom. 8:28.) Look at the case of Job. Was not all his suffering, both physical and mental, purely Satanic? (Job. 1:6-19; 2:3-7.) But through his affliction he was led to see the "Ransom" for sin and sickness, and humbling himself in the dust before God, was not only healed in body—"his flesh becoming fresher than a child's"—but sanctified, and finally more favored of God than ever before.

Then when the blessed Redeemer, whom Job saw by faith, came into the world and entered upon his ministry of salvation and healing, we read that "He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." (Acts 10:38.) If their diseases were the work of God and for His glory, how would He have dared to rebuke them (the diseases) as He invariably did? He "came to do the Father's will," not to thwart it. He "came to set the captives free" (of Satan) in spirit, soul and body, and to bring the whole man back into the union with God and completeness in Him, which he had lost through Adam's fall. He visited Peter's mother-in-law

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and finding her in a burning fever He "rebuked" it, and she was at once delivered. But what was it that He rebuked? The fever or the one who had maliciously put it upon her? Did He rebuke a thing or an *intelligence*? Manifestly the latter. She was "oppressed of the devil," and, rebuking him, he fled in confusion before his almighty Conqueror, as, praise God! he always does and must; and the sufferer being set free from his deadly clutch was once more in health. Jesus always encouraged the good and rebuked the evil, did He not? Hence we see that He considered that fever an evil put upon her by Satan, not "a blessing sent by God," as many—even some ministers of the Gospel—would like us to believe when sickness comes upon us! Surely Jesus could not, and never did interfere with the work of God. In Luke 13:1-2 we see Him graciously and tenderly "calling unto Him" a poor woman which had "a spirit of infirmity eighteen years." What "spirit" was this? Surely not the blessed Spirit of God! He is a life-giving Spirit, and we read that "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." But this poor woman was bound as if by iron bands "and could in no wise lift herself up." The moment our compassionate Savior beheld her, He spoke the word of power and set her free. "Woman!" He said, "thou art loosed from thine infirmity." What thrilling words! And then He laid His hands of healing upon her, and she was instantly made straight. This also was a case of "oppression," not possession. When remonstrated with, He plainly declared she had been "bound by Satan" and that she *ought* to be loosed! When my attention was first called to the significance of that little word "ought" in this connection, my heart leaped for joy. As "a daughter of Abraham" she

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had no right to be "bound," but as an heir to the promise, through Christ, she had not only the privilege but the indisputable right to assert her claim to complete salvation, entire deliverance from Satan's power over body, soul or spirit. Oh! that all dear sufferers who read these lines might clearly see that they "ought" not to remain bound by Satan's malignant hand another hour, no! not another moment! What else can we gather from this declaration of our Lord than that it is our duty to be free? When we say "I ought to do" this or that, do we not mean that we consider it a binding duty to do that thing? Oh, praise God for such a Redeemer! No wonder that dear captive "glorified God," when she thus suddenly escaped like a bird from the "snare of the fowler." We can just fancy her hastening out of that synagogue erect and strong and running with flying feet to tell the good news to her family and friends. What a revelation it must have been to her as well as all who heard the words of Jesus that day, that it was Satan who had thus afflicted her for eighteen long years. She had undoubtedly supposed all along that it was her Father's hand and that she must bow in submission to His will, bitter though it was to creep through life thus crippled and suffering. In Matt. 12:22 we see a poor man, both blind and dumb, brought to Jesus. Either one of these afflictions one would think hard enough to bear, but to be unable either to see or speak must be an affliction indeed. Now what was the cause of this? The Holy Spirit tells us that he was "possessed of a devil," a demoniac (marg.). As soon as this vile, tormenting spirit which had closed his eyes and bound his tongue was cast out, immediately "he both spake and saw."

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Again we see in Matt. 9:32-33, a dumb man "possessed with a devil," which, when cast out, left his tongue loosened. And in Matt. 17:14-21, we see one tormented indeed. His disease is termed epilepsy in the Revised Version, and such it must have been, judging from the symptoms, which Mark gives more in detail (chap. 9:17), where we read that he had "a dumb spirit" which often seized him, tearing him and dashing him to the floor, into the fire and into the water, causing him to foam at the mouth and gnash his teeth, and through this severe handling, both mind and body were sinking, so that he was pining away. Matthew says he was a "lunatic," a frequent result of this terrible disease. Could a God whose name is Love thus torment one of His helpless creatures? The disciples on this occasion were powerless through unbelief and disobedience, but Jesus said: "Bring him unto Me." The moment the demon within him saw Jesus, his Conqueror, the almighty Savior, he threw his wretched victim on the ground, foaming and writhing in agony. Upon the poor distracted father declaring his faith, our glorious Redeemer (who was soon to conquer Satan and all his hosts upon the Cross) rebuked the foul demon thus: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him and enter no more into him." (Mark 9:25.) Praise God, the afflicted one was, after one more struggle, delivered of the demon, and though so exhausted with the conflict that he appeared to be dead, when Jesus took him by the hand, he arose, and Matthew says, "He was cured from that hour." Consider what a terrible work one demon had wrought in that body; he had closed the ears, bound the tongue and deprived him of his rea-

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son! No wonder Satan is called the "Prince of darkness"; his work is dark enough.

I believe that the view taken by Mrs. Dora Dudley of this matter of disease is a correct one, viz: that all sickness is either the oppression or possession of the devil. He either flings his fiery darts from without, or actually takes possession of the mind, the nerves or some particular organ of the body. In the case of Mary Magdalene, seven demons had taken possession, and when cast out she became a meek and lowly follower of her Lord, and had the unspeakable joy of being the first to behold Him and to hear His tender loving voice after He had risen from the dead.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any candid student of the Scriptures that demons have the power to torment, and even to possess the bodies and minds of men to-day precisely as when Jesus was upon the earth. If not, then why did He in His parting command just before His ascension utter these words: "These signs shall follow them that believe; in My name ye shall cast out devils"? (Mark 16:17.) Many instances of demoniac possession have come under my own observation, some of whom realized their condition, and at times cried out to be set free. "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ!" His almighty name proves as powerful to-day as ever in the past, and some of us realize the significance of the verse so often thoughtlessly sung:

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In earth or sea, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall
And devils fear and fly."

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John Wesley relates a thrilling encounter with a poor girl violently tormented, whom he found rolling on the floor, tearing her hair, screaming loudly and going from one terrible convulsion into another. When he entered the room the demon within her cried out: "Field preacher! field preacher!" mocking and laughing derisively until (as he confessed afterward) his blood ran cold and his very knees smote together, strong man as he was, and he actually hurried out of the house in confusion and dismay. After great prayer, however, and claiming a mighty anointing of the Holy Ghost, he determined to return and face the defiant demon, and in the name of Jesus cast him out; which he did, claiming the promise above quoted, with the glorious result that the tormented one was perfectly delivered, converted to God and healed in body. Glory to His name! None knows His power better than Satan and his demons; they also know and hate with a bitter hatred those who are living close enough to Jesus and are sufficiently filled with His Spirit to have power to cast them out. Was it not enough to make Paul shout for joy to hear what the evil spirit said to the exorcists (mediums) who had tried to cast him out: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" (Acts 19:15.) Yes, indeed, they had reason to know Paul and to tremble in his presence and flee before him wherever he went. So they will to-day, before those who are clean and filled with the Holy Ghost, and have full faith in Jesus' name.

The man in the tombs was possessed by a legion of unclean spirits. (Mark 5:2.) So terrific was their hold upon his nerves that he had become violently insane. Chains of iron could not bind him, for in his satanic fury he would break them as if they were threads. Night and

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day he raved and cried out, and cut and beat himself with stones. But lo! at the word of Jesus—whom they immediately recognized as “the Son of the Most High God”—they came out, and, entering into the swine, these naturally stupid and sluggish creatures at once became as violent as the man whom the demons had possessed, and rushed headlong into the sea to their own destruction. And what of the man? Behold him now decently “clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus!” The Revised Version reads: “even him that had the legion!” Oh how my heart swells with praise as I gaze upon this scene! The once wild and furious lunatic, now so gentle and quiet, sitting meekly at the feet of his Savior and Healer, looking up into His heavenly face with adoration and gratitude unspeakable. What a trophy of grace! What a gem for Jesus’ crown! Dear reader, as thou readest these words, fall down with me and worship this wonderful Jesus and say, “Is anything too hard for the Lord?” Hallelujah! Can you not see how as soon as the evil spirit of destruction goes out, the blessed Dove, the Holy Spirit of health and harmony, comes in and fills the void?

Let us consider for a moment Paul’s “thorn in the flesh.” (2 Cor. 12:7.) There is a difference of opinion regarding this, but if it was some affliction in body (as seems probable) then we have still another proof that sickness is Satan’s work, as he states that it was “a messenger of Satan to buffet him.” See in connection with this Gal. 4:13-15 where he speaks of his “infirmity” as a “temptation in the flesh.” All temptation, of course, proceeds from Satan. “God tempteth no man.” (James 1:13.) Although deliverance was not at once granted to

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Paul, God's all-sufficient grace lifted him above it, so his work was not hindered. Evidently when the needed lesson was learned the "thorn" was removed.

As Jesus "came to destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8), and to deliver his captives (Luke 4:18), and to perfectly do the Father's will (Heb. 10:7), therefore when we read in Matt. 8:16, that "He healed all that were sick," we see that He was manifesting the love and compassion of our Father, whose will is that all His children should be "complete in Him."

Disease (lack of ease) in spirit, soul or body is Satan's work, but "In Me," said Jesus, "ye shall have peace" (ease). Oh that the dear suffering children of God everywhere might be enlightened by the Holy Spirit to see that they are tormented of the devil and no longer be "ignorant of his devices." Let me assure you, dear friends, that he is a very real personage, and if you will only face him squarely and in the name of Jesus rebuke him, pointing him to the blood which has redeemed you, not only from all sin, but also all sickness (Mat. 8:17), he will flee from you and his foul diseases with him.

Will you not believe what God says about it? He says "Resist the devil and he will flee from you!" Dear, dear sufferer, he certainly will. Perhaps not always without a conflict, and it may be at times fierce and long, but consider two more promises given for our comfort. After commanding us to put on the "whole armour of God," we read: "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." (Revised Version.) It seems to me that that shield is the name of Jesus, which, if held up resolutely and perseveringly between you and Satan or any of his

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demons, will surely force him to retreat in dismay. How can he withstand that name? He may for a while, "roar like a lion," and try to make it appear that he has the field and will never leave it, and your efforts may seem to you so feeble and utterly useless against such a foe that you may be tempted to give up. But no! A thousand times no! All depends upon your exercising a firm faith in the power of Jesus' name and letting the enemy know that you do not fear him, that you understand him perfectly, and his cunning tricks, and do not propose to yield one inch until you come off triumphant. A friend once said to me when I was passing through a sharp conflict both in spirit and body: "This conflict is not between you and Satan, it is between Jesus and Satan!" New courage filled my soul. "Ah," I thought, "if it is between Jesus and Satan, I know very well how it is coming out!"

In conclusion, read Rom. 8:37-39, and let us exalt the Name which is above every name, now and evermore.

X.

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(CONCLUDED.)



AS WE have clearly seen in the foregoing chapter that sickness is a part of the curse of the broken law, let us now consider the true remedy as revealed in God's Word. In Deut. 28:15 ". . . If thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes which I command thee this day; all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee. (vs. 21-22.) The Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee . . . the Lord shall smite thee with a consumption and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning. . . . (vs. 27-28.) The Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt and with the emerods, and with the scab, and with the itch whereof thou canst not be healed. (vs. 59-61.) Then the Lord will make thy plagues wonderful and the plagues of thy seed, even great plagues and of long continuance, and of sore sicknesses and of long continuance. Moreover He will bring upon thee all the diseases of Egypt which thou wast afraid of; and they shall cleave unto thee. Also every sickness and every plague which is not written in the book of this law, them will the Lord bring upon thee until thou be destroyed." Here we see sickness distinctly called a "curse."

Turning from this sad picture, our hearts are filled with praise and adoration as we read in Gal. 3:13, "Christ hath

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redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written: Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree." Do we not here also, as in other passages previously quoted, see our Redeemer bearing our sicknesses as well as our sins in His own body on the tree? Thus He has redeemed, brought us out from under the curse of the broken law by being made a curse for us, consequently the believer in Jesus has quite as much right to claim deliverance from sickness as from sin, and it seems to me that, clearly apprehending this truth, and standing firmly upon it, he may expect to live unto a ripe old age and fall asleep in Jesus when his work is done, delivered from Satan's power and the agonies of disease and death even unto the end.

Before accepting this truth I stumbled for a long time over the fact that some whom I had known, who professed faith in Christ as their Healer, died of various diseases in apparent defeat, but when pressed by the Spirit to answer the searching question as to whether I would believe His word or not, I could only say: "Let God be true and every man a liar," and I saw how wrong it was for me to doubt His inspired Word, simply because this man or that woman had failed to lay hold upon it with a vital, appropriating faith. Miss Havergal says,

"They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true."

In some cases where the sick have been prayed for and all the means commanded in the Scriptures have been used, though the life has not been prolonged, the disease has been rebuked, suffering has ceased, and they have then departed in peace and glorious triumph, their work on earth evidently completed and they themselves con-

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scious that their time had come to go. This at one time seemed to me to be a failure, now it seems to me to be as great a victory as when the sick one is raised from his bed in health and strength, and the healing power of God made apparent to all. Viewing it in this light we see that the atonement of Christ does avail for sickness as well as sin even unto the end, where there is unwavering faith in the precious blood that "cleanseth from all sin," and "healeth all our diseases."

We should not allow ourselves to speculate in this matter as to where there is perfect faith in a given case, for God alone knows the heart and sometimes where there may have seemed to the looker-on to be perfect faith, there may perhaps have been some hidden sin unconfessed, some unforgiving spirit, or some obstacle in the way so that the Holy Spirit could not work freely in power; healing as He longed to do. Oh, beloved, do let us believe our God at any cost! The redemptive work of Christ covers our diseases, and His healing power will be manifested where all needful conditions are met, in His own time and way.

It is important that we should clearly understand from what has been said above, that it is the will of God to heal His children when afflicted in body, as that will has been revealed by the death of His dear Son upon Calvary's cross, who there redeemed us from all of Satan's power. Therefore when sickness comes upon us we do not need to say, "Lord, heal me if it be Thy will," but confidently and with holy boldness to say, "Lord, I claim deliverance from this sickness as one of Thy redeemed ones, in the name and through the blood of Jesus Christ, who took my infirmities and bore my sickness upon the tree."

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Surely that which Jesus bore in my stead should not rest upon me.

While speaking on this subject at one time later on, I had occasion to refer to Heb. 9:12, "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." In an instant the glorious truth burst upon me that as believers in Jesus' finished work, we are really eternally healed! Forever separated from our sicknesses as well as our sins by that dear cross on which Jesus paid all our debt, and set us free "once for all." Thrilled from head to foot by the power of the Spirit as this matchless truth entered my heart I could only shout for joy, and many of the audience with me, over the blessed discovery of our eternal redemption from all of Satan's powers. Truly he may tempt and try us, and will repeatedly do so—with both sickness and sin, but how can he overthrow us or really put upon us what Christ has forever borne away?

Believing steadily that I am eternally redeemed both from sickness and "all iniquity," I shall continually praise God that such is the case, and it will be unto me according to my faith. I shall believe God's truth rather than Satan's lie. Circumstances, symptoms and feelings may seem contradictory and perplexing, but with this mighty boulder of God's Word under our feet what have we to fear? Eternally healed! Hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain, dear believer, for you and for me! Glory in the highest!

Now can you not see more clearly than ever before that we have authority from the Scripture to declare ourselves absolutely healed of all our diseases, once for all, through

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the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ? Did you wait to feel that your sins were forgiven and blotted out before you would believe it? Surely not. You rested your hope of salvation solely on God's Word, and, believing that you were forgiven and accepted for Jesus' sake, the Holy Spirit soon witnessed to your sonship, and you were filled with joy and peace. Precisely thus accept the truth of your healing accomplished long ago on Calvary's cross, and in God's own time (perhaps very quickly) the evidence of your senses will be added to that of your faith. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. 11:1.)

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more could He say than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

This blessed truth of healing through the blood was on one occasion illustrated in my own experience in the following manner: I was confined to my room with influenza, and was suddenly awakened early one morning with the words: "The blood, the blood is all my plea," and shown that I must present the precious blood of Jesus to the Father, as the only ground of my faith and my claim for healing. Never having heard the words before, I asked a friend if she knew of any hymn or poem containing them? She replied that she was not quite sure, but was inclined to think that there was such a hymn. That afternoon, being unable to lead the usual Sunday meeting held at my house, I requested an evangelist, then in town, to do so. What was my amazement, when the service opened, to hear the words of a hymn wafted up

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the stairs which was sung with great energy by the audience,

“The blood, the blood is all my plea
Hallelujah! it cleanseth me.”

It was started by the leader in entire ignorance of the Voice which had spoken to me that very morning, and was quite as astonishing to him as to myself when the circumstance was related! Within a few days three other hymns relating to the blood were brought to my mind thus by the Holy Spirit, only one of which I can now recall:

“How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!”

Thus in this sweet and wonderful way I was really cleansed and healed through the life-giving messages conveyed to my soul by four lovely, Spirit-filled hymns about the blood of Jesus. This especially touched my heart then and has several times since, that God should thus come to me through the instrumentality of music, as it seemed so tenderly to assure me that He had not forgotten the idolized music of the world which I had forsaken for His sake, and that He wished me to understand what He could make pure and spiritual songs become to me all through life. And far beyond this was the “soul-reviving view” given me anew of the healing power of the blood. As the result of it I arose and went forth into the cold, piercing air although still coughing heavily, and every trace of the disease was by the next morning cleansed away.

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"All hail atoning blood!
All hail redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of Christ our Lord
Our strength and righteousness."

About this time an incident occurred which I relate in the hope that the power of our God may be made manifest and the faith of all who read may be strengthened in Him. At the close of a service one Sunday afternoon where I had been speaking, a gentleman stepped up to me and with much emotion said, "I have two sisters living with me who have been bed-ridden for two years, and the physicians can do nothing for them. Could you come and see them? And do you think there is any possibility that they might be healed?" "I will come to see them," I said, "and I believe most assuredly that they can be healed." Arrangements were made that I should call as soon as the Lord made plain. In the meantime helpful tracts were sent to the house to be read to them as they might have strength to bear.

Some time elapsed—two weeks or more—before I was permitted to go. I found the afflicted ones lying in rooms opening into each other, one (whose name was Jessie) had suffered from curvature of the spine from early childhood, and had also organic heart disease. Her physician had told her that if she ever ventured to bear her weight upon her feet again she would be paralyzed. The other, (named Jennie) from constant care and anxiety over Jessie, had gradually failed until her condition was quite as critical as that of her sister. There was no power to digest food, so that she seemed to be slowly starving from lack of nourishment. She was also afflicted with neuralgia and other troubles, and unable even to be propped up

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in the bed. After making three visits upon them, I started out one morning to go to their house, and on the way the Holy Spirit said to me: "Take the anointing oil." As I passed a drug store, I went in and purchased a small bottle of olive oil. The moment I entered the house Jennie said, "We were just saying that we feel we ought not to postpone being anointed another day!" When I told her how the Lord had spoken to me on the way, we rejoiced together. How beautiful to be "led of the Spirit"! Jennie was so very low that I felt there must be no excitement, so that as I anointed her I could only breathe a whispered prayer. There was no one present in the room. Taking her by both hands I said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ arise!" Instantly she arose and walked across the room to the easy chair which I had placed for her, with a quilt in it to wrap about her. For several hours she continued sitting upright, feeling no weariness, until at 6 o'clock her brother came home from his work, and to his amazement beheld her sitting at the window entirely healed! She never returned to her bed an invalid. From that hour she ate her meals with the family, taking such food as the others ate without any ill effects, and rapidly gaining in strength.

Several days elapsed before I was led there again and the enemy tempted me sorely most of the time, saying that I had done a wild thing and would be the means of her death. When I started to go over, one morning, he taunted me and tried to fill me with fears that I would find her laid out in death. Reaching the house I peeped timidly into the room where she had so long lain, and lo! the bed was neatly made, and I heard her voice from the next room. Entering, I found her dressed, looking in

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excellent health, sitting on the foot of Jessie's bed, talking earnestly with her of the power of Jesus to heal! Glorious sight! My heart overflowed with praise. We went out together for a walk, and the astonished neighbors greeted her, and the little children followed after us with exclamations of surprise and gladness. The following Sunday she walked to her own church, and in the afternoon down to my own meeting and back, a distance of several miles, and continues up to the present time (now about ten years) in health.

After returning from our walk Jessie called me to her room and said, "It does seem that the time has come for me to rise." Accordingly I anointed her, laying on hands as usual in Jesus' name. Her sister-in-law and two sisters, Jennie and Agnes, were present. Slowly she arose and sat for a moment on the side of the bed with such a glorified face, that we were filled with awe as we gazed upon her. Then with some assistance she walked to her chair, glorifying God. At her request we tried to sing the doxology amidst our tears of joy, and then all knelt about her chair and poured out our hearts in prayer and praise. Her recovery, though not as rapid as that of her sister, was so evidently of God that not even the most skeptical could question it. And although the spine was never straightened, yet she was given excellent health, something which, as she said, she had never before in her life known. It was indeed a touching sight to behold these two healed ones going about the city arm in arm with faces beaming with joy, calling on the suffering and needy, distributing tracts and testifying constantly to the mighty work wrought in their bodies by the Great Physician.

Such was the blessing which came upon the whole

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family through this visitation of the Lord Jesus to their home, and such the consciousness of His presence there that they stated that it seemed like a little heaven on earth. But dear Jessie's work was soon accomplished. In about six months after her healing she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus with no apparent suffering whatever, and waits with all the ransomed for "the crowning day" to come. She had been ailing somewhat with what seemed to be La Grippe, but in answer to prayer was relieved from all pain, and took her flight to be "forever with the Lord." Her passing away was so sweet that none could mourn. The presence and peace of God so filled the house that one could truly say in this case, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." (Ec. 7:1.) The funeral was unlike any that I ever attended. Such a holy peace, and even joy, shone in the face of every member of the family that it was like a benediction to enter the house. No tears were shed. It was all so calm and sweet, just as such occasions should be when one has passed on before us into the glory.

When will the people of God learn this? Why should we be clad in black, and covered with crape and every symbol of gloom at such a time, when one we love has escaped from the toils and trials of this sorrowing, sinful world and been ushered by the holy angels into bliss unspeakable? Why should we not be filled with praise and even exultant joy over their glorious victory? I am sure dear friends, that we shall be, if we really believe that which we claim that we do, as to the state of the blessed dead, and are wholly in the will of God. I met a Christian woman once who told me that she stood beside the casket of her only child, with her heart swelling with

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praise, and at the funeral was so filled with the glory of God that she could not refrain from rising and addressing the friends who were assembled, exhorting the unsaved, and testifying to all present of the peace and joy which filled her heart as something of the radiance of the glory in which her darling was basking shone in upon her soul, lifting her above all thought of personal loss, and causing her not only to submit, but truly rejoice in the will of her God.

Soon after the healing of the two sisters, I received a most touching little note from the family enclosing a check for \$50.00, as a thank offering for the blessed work which God had wrought in their midst, and expressing the wish that it might be used to take me to Old Orchard Beach Convention, which they had learned that I greatly desired to attend. All praise to the name of our wonder-working Jesus forever!

“The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our bed of pain;
We touch Him in Life’s throng and press,
And we are whole again.”

Just a word, before leaving this important subject, to ministers of the Gospel, who may be disposed to doubt or even to cavil at the truth of Divine Healing. A prayerful, unprejudiced investigation of the matter will bring light, and possibly the following comments of men of world-wide renown, both for scholarship and for piety, may encourage some to bestow upon the subject that consideration which these mighty men of God have felt that it merited. With regard to healing as a part of the atoning work of Christ upon the cross, the noted Methodist commentator, Dr. D. D. Whedon, says of Matt. 8:17, “‘Him-

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self took our infirmities and bare our sickness': Sickness, mortality, temporal death are as truly a part of the great penalty of sin, as the very pains of hell itself. All these were borne by the Savior in the form of atoning sufferings upon the cross. It was by this substitutional suffering in our stead that the man Christ Jesus was entitled to redeem us from hell and relieve us from the earthly part of our woes. *He healed sickness, therefore, by bearing even it in His own body on the tree.*" In Tyerman's Life of John Wesley we read: . . . "There is nothing in either the Old Testament or the New, which teaches that miracles were to be confined within the limits of the Apostolic age, or that God hath in any way precluded Himself from working miracles in any kind or degree, in any age to the end of time." Also on James 5: 14 he says, "'Anointing him with oil.' This was the whole process of physic in the Christian church till it (the gift of healing) was lost through unbelief. Indeed it seems to have been designed to remain always." Again Whedon says, "This power, we doubt not, still exists in the church were it faithfully exerted." Bengel says, regarding the anointing oil, "This was the highest medical order in the church. O happy simplicity interrupted or lost through unbelief!"

XI.

MY SUBURBAN HOME.



ABOUT a year and a half after the death of my father's second wife I was told that he again contemplated marriage. After attending the marriage ceremony, which was celebrated at the house of a Roman Catholic priest, I again sought rooms in a Christian boarding house in the city, feeling that as my father would now have some one to do his reading and writing for him, I would not be needed. Sometime after this, being cordially invited to return home, I gladly consented and remained there for about two years, after which several years were spent in boarding, and then in keeping house in rented houses as before stated.

During this time while busily engaged, as ever, in Christian work, tidings reached me that my much loved sister who had been the constant companion and delight of my youth, and over whom I had often wept and prayed, was lying at the point of death in a hospital in Toronto, where she had undergone a severe surgical operation. This was followed by a telegram announcing her death. As the remains were to be taken to New York I went at once, entirely alone, on this sad errand, none of the other relatives being so situated that they could accompany me. Upon arriving, I learned that she had written to all the family bidding them farewell (myself included) before going to the hospital, feeling that she would not be likely to survive the operation, asking forgiveness of each for

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anything she had ever said or done to grieve them, and expressing her readiness to go. For some reason her letter to me never reached me, evidently misdirected in the excitement and suffering of the moment, and thus I was deprived of the comfort which her last words might have given to my wounded heart. Her sufferings had been so great, that I was advised by the nurses in attendance not to look upon her face.

As I returned to my home accompanied by her remains in the baggage car, I praised God for His marvelous grace which alone can sustain in such an hour. My soul was held in perfect quietness, trusting in the merciful Savior to whom I believe she turned in her last hours for pardon and salvation. But oh! how often would He have gathered her, even from her earliest childhood, but she would not! How I had striven, both with pen and voice, to persuade her to yield her heart to Him, and her life (which might have been so useful) to His service! But in vain. Had she been willing to listen to those appeals, she might have known His great salvation both for soul and body, and been spared to a ripe old age, "bringing her sheaves with her." It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me to feel that I shall meet her when Jesus comes to waken those who fell asleep in Him. But oh! dear reader, I beseech you to take heed that you lose not your "full reward," by delaying the matter of your soul's salvation until the last hours or moments of your life. Of this subject of "Rewards" I shall speak more fully later on. So sweetly was I sustained at this time, that I was able to conduct my usual services the Sunday following this event with perfect serenity, although the news had been so very sudden and would ordinarily have given me a

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great shock. How blessed to lean thus upon "the Everlasting Arms!" How heavenly the peace with which He fills the mind which is stayed on Him! Oh that all who read these lines may be brought to realize it!

At this time I was laboring in the Christian Alliance of which I had the charge for five years in this city, and while in the midst of my labors there, several friends advised me to provide a home for myself, as so much money seemed to be thrown away in rent. I had for some time felt that this would be advisable, and began to look about for a house. Soon I discovered a new house just completed, beautifully decorated and with every convenience, it seemed, that heart could desire. How charming it was! As I went from room to room and beheld with what exquisite taste it was fitted up, a great desire sprang up in my heart to possess it; all the old love of the beautiful which had been so fostered in my youth, surged through my whole being and the tears really came to my eyes as I thought of my lovely childhood's home, and for the first time in all the long years which had elapsed since I left its doors, my heart ached over its loss. I compared it mentally with the poor, dilapidated house which I had been renting for four years, and the tempter adroitly whispered: "You were never intended for such poor and plain surroundings, and such a hard life of toil. You would just fit into this house; take it." Oh how I wanted it! I said to the owner: "I will take the refusal of this house for three days." He consented and I returned to my humble home, and prayed for guidance. It was given in the following way: the next evening I went to prayer meeting in the Free Methodist church quite near us, thinking I would ask the pastor who had proved a very

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kind friend in the past, and whose counsel I greatly valued to pray for me regarding my choice of a house. It was early and no one had yet arrived. As I sat alone, still looking to God, I was led to pick up a hymn book which lay on the table, and, opening it, my eyes fell at once upon a hymn which went like an arrow through my heart, and I knew that God had spoken and tenderly rebuked (oh so tenderly) his erring child. I cannot now recall the words, but the verse began with "Precious worker," and went on somewhat in this way: Are you now, after all the blessings I have showered upon you, more than making up to you all that you forsook for My sake, are you now after all these blessed years of service going to return to "the beggarly elements of the world"? Will you not walk on with Me? The dear Savior seemed to be just beside me looking into my eyes with a grave sweetness which I cannot describe. It was a look of mingled love, disappointment and reproof.

I was too deeply affected to remain to the prayer meeting, but hastened home to pour out my heart in my own closet before God both in prayer and praise, prayer for pardon that I had allowed the enemy to tempt me with the false glamour and glitter of the world which had crucified my Lord, and to which I had supposed I was forever dead; praise that He had so lovingly and graciously reproofed me, and caused me to halt just where I was, before taking another step in that dangerous path. I could never have believed that it would be possible for me to sigh for the luxuries of life again, and yet I can thank God to-day for the fresh lesson learned of the vanity of earthly things, through this temptation and also of my Savior's tender, watchful care. More than ever I despised

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“the things of the world,” and still more gladly turned my back upon them, and waited at His feet to hear His voice as to what He would have me do.

The following Sunday while sitting in the same church waiting for the service to begin, still looking for guidance, I opened to the following passage, (Prov. 24:27) “Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards thou shalt *build* thine house.” Judging from this that God would have me build rather than buy a house, I immediately made preparations to do so, purchasing a lot in Kenmore, a new suburb of the city, and building a simple little cottage upon it for a sum less than half of what the beautiful city house would have cost. Shortly after moving into it, my dear old friend Carrie Judd (now Mrs. Geo. Montgomery,) with her husband and mother came at my request to dedicate it to the Lord. Mr. Montgomery was asked to read a chapter from the Word, and, praying for guidance, he opened to these words: “This is the house of the Lord!” Awed and melted down before Him we bowed together in prayer, and the sweet little home was sacredly set apart unto His use in whatever way He might see fit. “Now,” thought I, “after all my wanderings God has given me a little spot which I can call home. Here He would have me spend the closing years of my life in peace and quietness; He has not forgotten the dear home of my childhood which I left for His sake, and now He has given me this precious little nook for my very own for the remainder of my days.” And every day of my life I praised Him for it, with a heart swelling with gratitude and love. Many kind friends assisted in furnishing it, and, when com-

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pletely settled, it was indeed most inviting and sweet, and, above all, filled with the presence of God.

Many difficulties awaited me in carrying on the work of God in the city, which was six miles distant, for as yet there were neither pavements nor street cars, and sometimes we (two women alone) came in and out late at night over dangerous roads, and facing storms which would have caused stouter hearts than ours to quail, and would reach the house well-nigh exhausted and too excited to sleep. But in the midst of these trials the precious seed of the Gospel was being sown in the village of Kenmore also, and brought forth a glorious harvest, in two young hearts being dedicated wholly to God, healed in body, sanctified in spirit and led out to the foreign field, one to Africa, the other to China. A weekly meeting was opened in my house for Bible study, which was largely attended even through the hottest summer evenings. I was also privileged to teach the Young Ladies' Bible Class in the M. E. Sunday school for several months, and through these various channels and by much personal conversation, the deeper truths, I trust, found lodgment in many hearts.

Soon after moving to Kenmore, the Holy Spirit began dealing with me with regard to the subject of foreign missions. My attention had been called only to perishing souls in my own city and land during all the years of my Christian life, and as I now look back over those busy years I can recall hearing but one missionary sermon preached in the church of which I was a member! I recollect, however, attending a very precious Convention held by the W. F. M. S., and was much impressed by the spirit of consecration manifested by the godly women present;

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and I have no doubt if any person filled with the Spirit had approached me at that time on the subject of the appalling condition of the heathen, and had pressed home upon me with any degree of solemnity, a sense of my responsibility for these perishing millions, my heart would have melted, and my conscience (which from the very hour of conversion had become exceedingly tender) would have at once awakened to see my duty, as well as privilege, in regard to them.

How much broader, fuller, and more Christ-like my life would have been! And how many sheaves from all earth's darkened lands, I might have gathered to lay at Jesus' feet when He comes! But alas! no such messenger ever came to me, and in my anxiety for souls around me, I was too much occupied with my own sphere of labor to ever give even a passing thought to or prayer for the great throbbing heart of the heathen world, "lying in the wicked one" in midnight darkness, ignorance and woe. If any one in those days had asked me to expound John 3:16, I fear that in my heart, if not in so many words, I should have said: "God so loved the United States of America etc.," for that was about as broad a view as I then took of the "world" for which He gave His only begotten Son. Never for one moment did I realize that I, personally, would be held responsible, up to my ability, for the evangelization of the world.

I do not attempt to excuse myself, for I knew God and closely studied His Word, and I could have informed myself if I had chosen, as to the condition of the heathen nations of the earth; but oh! what account will some of our ministers of the Gospel render when the Master comes? Why are not their souls on fire for the evangelization of

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the whole wide world for which Jesus shed His blood? "Like priest, like people!" Why are they not educating their flock to see their solemn responsibility, and leading them forth in the narrow way of holiness and self-denial to a life of joyful obedience to God's commands? How searching His words in Rom. 8:9,—“If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His!” And what did the Spirit of Christ lead Him to do? “To taste death for every man!” and this in order that every man might hear, believe, and be saved. How have the ministers of the Gospel and churches at large obeyed His very last command before His ascension? “Go ye, therefore, and teach (or make disciples of) all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.” (Matt. 28:19-20,) and as Mark records it: (Ch. 16:15.) “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?”

Alas! how must the loving yearning heart of Jesus bleed as He looks down upon a selfish, ease-loving church, occupied with fairs, festivals, and merry making, unmindful of the vast army tramping down to the grave in heathen darkness! I praise Him for leading me at last among a people where John 3:16 was preached and believed, and where the needs of the dark, unevangelized nations of the earth were continually talked of, prayed over, and labored for. Under such preaching my eyes were finally directed beyond the narrow boundary of the city or even country in which I lived, and in the midst of such self-denial and generous giving as I had never seen or heard of before, my heart soon awakened and I began to look around me and say: “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

I was soon shown that the giving of money did not, by

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any means, cover my responsibilities, but that Jesus would have me pray and work as earnestly at this end of the line as if really on the field, and do all in my power to arouse others to see their duty and privilege in this regard. For a long time I had felt that I ought to organize a Missionary Band in connection with my work, but I was so ignorant of the world in which I live, that I hesitated and trembled to undertake it. At last I shut myself in my little "study" one day alone with God, and said: "Now, dear Lord, I will go forward, but *how shall I begin?*"

At that moment I was led to take up my tract box, hoping to find something which would aid me, and soon came to a leaflet headed: "How to start Mission Bands and Auxiliaries," which I hailed with joy. But the first sentence in it went through my heart like an arrow; it was this: "Begin with yourself!" Falling on my knees I said: "Amen, Lord, I will!" Then pouring out my heart before Him, I confessed the narrowness of the past, and the dear Holy Spirit breathed through me a prayer which I pray that He may also breathe through you, my reader, this very day if He has not already done so. It was this: "Oh, God, give to me now the very view of the heathen world which Jesus has, and lay all the burden of those souls upon me, which Thou seest I am able to bear."

Oh if I could tell you, dear reader, how He answered that prayer! I was overwhelmed with the sight, and could only lie on my face before Him with tears and "groanings which could not be uttered." Such waves of love and pity rolled over me, it seemed that I could give my very life for those poor benighted souls. How I wondered (and have ever since) at the dullness, slowness, and selfishness of my past Christian life! How I marvelled

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at the apathy and indifference of many in the ministry, and in the church which He has called to be His bride! The promise was made Him to do what I could and all that He would enable me by His grace to do, for the remainder of my days, to advance the cause of missions all over the world.

The Band was organized, every opportunity embraced to study the condition of the various nations of the earth, and the more I read and prayed, the more the fire burned in my soul. When the time arrived for the first public meeting of the Band, I could scarcely speak for weeping; the Spirit of God fell upon the place, and such blessing rested upon us from that time forward that we were soon able to support a missionary at \$250.00 a year; many were aroused and enlightened, and who can tell where its influence will end?

When we learn what vigorous Christians the heathen make, their devotion, self-denial, and faithfulness—even to martyrdom—for Jesus' sake, it is enough to cause us to hang our heads for very shame over the thousands of fashionable, worldly-minded professors of Christianity in our land; and even the lives of the most devoted ones among us will scarcely bear comparison with them. A converted Hottentot said: "What pity it is, what sin it is that you have so many years got that heavenly bread, and hold it for yourselves; not to give one little bit, one crumb to the poor heathen! There are so many millions of heathen and you could depend upon it, you should not have less because you gave, but the Lord Jesus would give His blessing and you should have the more."

O, beloved, do not meet these words which I am writing with the foolish, worn-out excuse which we so contin-

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ually hear : We have all we can do to attend to the heathen at home ! It is true there is a great work to be done at home, but must we not obey God and do both ? "This ought ye to have done and not have left the other undone." Can you, for one moment, compare the need in our own land with the nearly one thousand millions in heathen lands who have never yet so much as heard the name of Jesus, to say nothing of the wondrous story of His dying love for them ? Oh, ye who have listened to that story all your lives from softly cushioned pews, and have accepted, perhaps, this loving Savior and heard Him say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," are you willing that the poor, sinful wretched heathen should have at least one chance to hear what has been preached and sung, and told to you from your very cradle ? "Yes," you may say, "of course I am willing they should hear, but I don't feel the interest in the foreign work, so it must be the Lord wants me to give and work for missions at home."

Listen ! will you this very night before going to rest—nay, this very hour while reading these words, tell the Lord that you do not feel any interest in the heathen and ask Him to awaken you ? Then will you begin to read and inform yourself regarding their real condition, to pray for them daily, and ask Him what He would have you do for them ? Will you make a consecration now which takes in the world ? Will you say "Anywhere with Jesus," and be ready to go yourself, or send your son or daughter—cheerfully, joyfully, to the rescue of these helpless ones ? Whatever the need may be at home, no one can look the facts squarely in the face without acknowledging that the need in foreign fields is incomparably greater. Why not go, give, and send where both labor and money, will tell

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infinitely more in five years time than in fifteen years at home? Why not go where "the fields are white unto the harvest," but where, as yet, no laborer has ever set his foot? Paul had the true missionary spirit when he said: "Yea, so have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation; but, as it is written, To whom He was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand." Rom. 15:20-21.

It is an amazing thing to see the churches multiplying in our cities and towns, until it is no uncommon sight to see three large costly churches within one block! Two out of those three should have been planted in heathen lands. Our sects and societies are increasing instead of decreasing ("a consummation devoutly to be wished") and ministers, evangelists, and Christian workers are fairly elbowing each other, and, alas! in many cases, contending with one another with a most unholy zeal and ambition.

Oh, is it not a sight to make even the angels in heaven weep, when millions of idolaters, blindly groping after God, are bowing down to senseless things which their own hands have made? Can a mother read, unmoved of the anguish of the heathen mother's heart as she offers her darling babe as a sacrifice to the gods, or strangles the baby girl which she has brought into the world because of the sneers and contempt with which the helpless little one is greeted on every hand? Can she read of the barbarous custom of foot-binding in China, child marriage in India, disgraced, and ostracised widowhood, woman held down by cruelty, ignorance, and superstition until she is regarded with but little more consideration than the beasts

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of the field, the blood-curdling accounts of the slave trade in Africa, the dense darkness and despair of papal lands, and not feel a longing arise in her heart to send the saving, refining and elevating influences of the Gospel to these poor, oppressed ones for whom Jesus died?

None but Christ can deliver them, nothing, nothing but the name of Jesus can cast the devil out of the fair lands where he has so long reigned supreme. Nothing but the power of His name can liberate the witch doctor, the soothsayer, the fakir, the wretched devotee from Satan's terrible snare. Education will not do it, civilization will not do it—though they may become stepping stones for the Gospel, but the world is perishing for the true water of Life, the real Bread from heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you go with flying feet and breathe His name—His life-giving name into the ear of these dying multitudes? Will you settle the matter at once with God as to His will concerning your future work? And if He says "go" will you obey? But if He says "stay" will you ask Him to keep the same fire burning in your heart as if you were actually on the field? If so, by constant prayer, by giving, by instructing others, by lending your missionary books and papers, in short by giving *yourself* while at home at this all important work of the world's evangelization, you will share in the missionary's glorious reward.

A Christian woman recently had a significant dream. She thought the Lord Jesus had come, and was at her door. She ran to meet him, but what was her dismay to find that He had been in her parlor and gathered together the beautiful but useless things with which it was decorated, and piled them in a heap on one side of the room; and on the opposite side was a long row of starv-

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ing heathen children stretching out their hands for help! She was afraid to meet His eye, and as she stood trembling and ashamed before Him, He said kindly: "You will be saved, but you will not have an abundant entrance." Alas! she had been "tried in the balances and found wanting." Beloved, may God grant that you and I may be able to say to Him when He comes, "I am pure from the blood of all men!" Hear the word of the Lord: "When I say unto the wicked, O, wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand." Ez. 38:8.

XII.

IN THE FURNACE.



THE MOST heart-wrenching trial of all my life occurred during the third year of my residence in Kenmore, during which it did seem that I should be entirely overwhelmed in body and soul. The nature of this trial was such that it is impossible for me to relate the particulars in print, and unless all the details could be given it would be

likely to be greatly misunderstood and thus become a stumbling block in the way of many. Suffice it to say that it was one of Satan's most fiery darts, a deadly arrow flung at me, it would seem, from the very pit. At one time for many days my life hung, as it were, by a mere thread and not only faith in God but even God Himself seemed a myth, a time of such unutterable, exquisite torture of body and mind that I shrink from even faintly alluding to it. Oh! it was a cruel thrust! It was my Gethsemane. Every nerve quivers at the mere mention of it, but although so black and so mysterious and I may never be able to explain it in this life, thank God I can say,

“Some time, up there we'll understand.”

And I do praise Him for permitting it all, for out of the awful darkness came two gleams of heavenly light, two visions of my blessed Saviour which will ever bring sweetest comfort, yea rapture to my soul. In the middle of the night when death seemed rapidly approaching, suddenly there appeared to my spiritual vision a tall, majes-

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tic form standing beside my bed which I at once knew to be my Lord. The face was not revealed but I was conscious that He looked calmly down upon me and uttered these thrilling words: "The Son of God"! The majesty and strength of that utterance and the sense of Divine protection which it afforded me can never be described. It was as if He had appeared in the midst of an awful battlefield standing among a legion of demons, as if to say: "My child, I understand it all, I am here." Then He vanished from my view! Oh wonderful, glorious Son of God! I will ever praise Thee for thus manifesting Thyself to Thy sinking child in her hour of sorest need.

Again, a few weeks later, when convalescent and sitting upon the piazza in great weakness one morning, heart sore and weary because of the heaviness of the way and because of His inexplicable dealings with me, while listening to a friend reading an article on "The cleft of the rock," suddenly the heavens opened above me and—oh! most precious revelation!—I was shown that I was hidden away in Jesus' wounded side! I saw no form, I heard no voice, but He was there in the heavenlies and I, poor, storm-tossed child, was nestling close in His riven side, a part of His very life! Hallelujah to His name forever! Oh! how my soul o'erflows with adoring love and joy and praise whenever I recall it, and as I write these lines the tears rush to my eyes as I think of the exquisite tenderness, the rapture of that moment. Never while memory lasts can it fade from my view. The vision faded in a moment like the one which preceded it, but my Saviour knows that it is forever stamped upon my soul. Did not my cloud of inky blackness have a silver-ray, a golden lining? I would joyfully have spread my wings and flown away to

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His breast that very moment, and several times since, but alas! how true it is, as I recently heard a brother in the ministry say:—"Between the vision and the fulfillment must come suffering." And so the journey was resumed, the daily cross lifted once more, and still my feet are pressing on "after the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus."

Not long after this experience I was called to leave the work, in which I had long been engaged and which had been very dear to my heart, under most trying circumstances and for some months was engaged in general evangelistic work. In the midst of this I was most unexpectedly called to close my house for the fall and winter and rent a house in the city for seven months. This was so contrary to my own desire and plan, that for a week a sharp conflict raged within my soul, but being clearly shown that God was calling for this self-denial on my part that I might be a help and comfort to one in affliction I went forward, though with a sinking heart, being very feeble in body and seemingly more in need of my own quiet home than at any time before. The cottage which I had rented proved to be completely filled with vermin which it was impossible to exterminate and in many ways it proved a winter of trial and affliction during which my heart often turned longingly to the peaceful home I had left. But God was moving on.

After getting settled in my new quarters I began to look about me to see what I could do for God, and saw that He would have me announce a Bible Reading for the following Sunday afternoon in the parlor of the house. I did so, having no idea what the character of the meeting would be. The rooms were filled, and the power of God

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attended the service to such an extent that I was led to announce another meeting for the next week and so on, from week to week, the interest in the meantime becoming more and more intense until it seemed like a continuous revival. Sinners were saved, believers sanctified, suffering ones healed, and finally as the month of May drew near and the time of the rental of the house expired and of our return to Kenmore, a protracted meeting was announced for the closing Sunday which ran for five hours and was indeed a fitting close to the wonderful services of the winter. A friend offered her parlors for the meeting until I could see what God would have me do with it for it was evident to all that He would have it continue. It soon became uncomfortably crowded, and I began to consider renting either a hall or a church, and while thinking it over as I lay awake one night I prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit as to where He would have the Sunday meeting held. Suddenly a voice said with startling distinctness: "Take a house"! I knew in the depths of my soul that God had spoken. Trembling and astonished, sleep fled from my eyes, for the mere mention of the word "house" suggested to my mind a never-to-be-forgotten incident which occurred several years before this while visiting at a certain Faith Home at the sea shore which I must pause to relate.

At that time I believe that the Lord showed me that I would yet be called upon to open a similar Home and enter upon a life of faith, but the thought was so distressing to me that I strove to banish it from my mind. At the Home where I was visiting, Gospel meetings were held weekly, and for the month that I was there I do not recall a single meeting where some one did not testify with

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regard to forsaking all to follow Christ and going forth by faith like the apostles of old "without purse or scrip," etc. This invariably caused a strange fluttering and sinking at my heart and a fear lest I too should be called into a similar path.

One quiet Sunday afternoon while waiting upon God to know His will, He said:—"Take your Bible and go down by the sea." I obeyed, and seating myself in the sand I looked up to God with all my heart and said:—"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," asking for some message from His word which would reveal to me His will concerning my property a subject about which my mind had been much exercised since my arrival. Feeling deeply the solemnity of the moment my heart beat high as I opened the Bible with closed eyes and, upon opening them, looked down upon the following searching words:—"If thou wilt be perfect, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me." (Mat. 19:21.) For a few moments I felt stunned; it did seem hard. It was not that my heart was set upon my possessions for I had been giving freely on every hand in the work of the Lord and with great joy, but I never could have dreamed that I would be actually called to forsake all and left to depend solely upon God for the necessities of life. It did seem that there could not be one more unfit for such a life of faith in every way. As I started to go back to the cottage I indeed felt a sense of loneliness and desolation sweeping over me as if I was already stripped of everything and thrown upon a heartless world. At that moment the sweet words of "I'm a child of the King" were brought forcibly to my mind (by the dear Holy

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Spirit, I am sure), and comforted and strengthened somewhat, I went on my way.

From that day I have felt that I would be some day called to enter upon a life of faith. On the day of the dedication of my house Mrs. Montgomery said to me suddenly:—"Have you ever felt that God was calling you to open a Faith Home?" Upon my replying rather evasively, she said: "Well, I am quite sure He is. I have felt very much impressed about it." My heart sank but I said nothing.

Now, dear reader, you can judge something of my feelings when God spoke to me in the midnight hour and said "Take a house"! In a moment the situation broke upon me. It meant a Faith Home, (that much dreaded thing!) and the Sunday meeting would be held there. In the morning I went forth in the neighborhood where the meeting had been held in search of a house, supposing that it must necessarily be located near where the little flock resided. Let me beg you to learn a most important lesson (as I have done) from the great mistake which I now made in the matter of guidance which I will relate in the following chapter.

XIII.

A THREE-FOLD GUIDANCE.

“And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.” Jer. 30:21. “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye.” Ps. 32:8.



STRANGE to relate, though I spent many weeks praying and searching for a suitable house, it never entered my mind to ask God to lead me to the very house which *He* would have me take. Or, rather, I should say, it never occurred to me to ask Him to show me what part of the city the house was in! Therefore much time and strength

were spent and carfare, also, very needlessly going to and fro, guided only by my own human reasonings. Finally I discovered a new brick house in the locality of the meeting, large and with all modern conveniences and the owner said that as I wished it for Christian work I could have it for \$18.00 per month. On the west side of the city it would have rented undoubtedly for \$30.00. Much delighted, I told him I would take the refusal of the house for three days.

Then the conflict began. As I waited upon God, hours at a time, to learn if this was His choice, not a sound broke the stillness, not a ray of light could I see. The third day was drawing to a close and still no light. Much distressed I cried: “But, Lord, why can’t I have that house? It is

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just what I need, and then, too, it is so cheap, and just the very locality for the people. Oh! do speak to me, Lord! Say something, either 'yes' or 'no' before the man comes for his answer." Only silence. My head became so weary and confused and my spirit so burdened and perplexed that by the time the man arrived it seemed unbearable. I seemed to be losing such an excellent opportunity, and I could give no reason for refusing his offer, yet I dared not take so important a step without a direct command from God. As I went down the stairs I could only say, "Well, Lord, what can I do? I will open my mouth and Thou must fill it." After meeting the young man, with a kind of desperation I opened my mouth and this was what the Lord put into it: "I do not feel that I can take your house." Much disappointed he replied: "What fault do you find in it? Does not the price suit you?" "It is all that I could desire," I said, "but all I can say to you is this: perhaps you are not a Christian man and may not at all understand me, but after great prayer and waiting upon God I do not get any light upon taking it. That is the only reason I can give." Looking down very gravely he said: "I am not a Christian but I have a Christian mother, and I think I understand what you mean." After a little further conversation he arose to go, kindly wishing me success in my undertaking, and I returned to my room feeling as if a mountain had been lifted from my shoulders, and thought, as I threw myself into a chair with a sigh of relief, that a quiet voice (His voice) said: "I have something better for you." Immediately my mind was strongly drawn over towards the west side of the city a long distance from where I was then located, but of this I said nothing to any one at the time, feeling that it would

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be looked upon as a delusion. Weeks rolled by and as I received no further command from God I began to feel that the whole thing was only a trick of the enemy to lure me into a very trying work for which I was in no way fitted and which would only end in confusion and reproach upon the cause.

So I tried to go on with my work, but alas! the blessed anointing, which had rested constantly upon me in the meetings, disappeared to a great extent; the interest waned, and my precious meeting seemed to have become a load and a drag upon me, and I had no peace night or day. After a time I could endure it no longer, and again began praying about a house, and said publicly in the meeting that it seemed I should be obliged to go forward, as I could get no rest. Just as this juncture I had a very remarkable dream, which was undoubtedly given of the Lord. I had been constantly praying for such sure and clear guidance, either by a dream, or through the Word, or by the voice of the Spirit, that I could never, never doubt that God had led me to the house which He wished me to have. And so He answered, not only by a dream, but also in two other ways. One Friday night I dreamed that a short, fleshy woman came to me, and, pointing three times most emphatically in a certain locality on the West Side of the city, said to me, "There, right there, is where I believe the Lord wants the house." And, as she spoke, fire broke out in every window and door of a house which appeared before me. This, I thought, was the glory of God, and it filled me with great joy, a thrill of power going through my frame from head to foot. I said to the woman, "Why, how remarkable! That is the very locality towards which my mind has been directed." And

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indeed it was, but I had said nothing about it to anyone.

When the dream came to my mind, the next day, while in prayer, I knew it was of God, and at once set out to look through the locality indicated, but could settle upon nothing. The next night in prayer I said, "Lord, I will take such and such a house to-morrow, unless you tell me to the contrary." Instantly the same blessed Voice said, "Fargo Avenue, near Connecticut!" This was in the locality shown in the dream! Wondering and trembling I went forth, praying all the way. When I reached Fargo Avenue I walked slowly down both sides of the block near Connecticut Street, but not a house for rent could I see. Discovering one for sale, I went in, but could make nothing out of it, and in the meantime left my umbrella behind me. After walking on some distance, feeling utterly sick at heart, I thought, "Well, I am just being made a fool of by the devil," and felt like sitting down on some stoop near by and crying for about an hour. Just then I missed my umbrella, and retraced my steps wearily to go after it. On the way back a lady approached me, walking rapidly, and said, "Isn't this Miss Prosser?" I said, "It is." She said, "I used to see you often in Carrie Judd's meeting years ago." After chatting awhile I told her my errand and said mournfully, "I thought the Lord said 'Fargo Avenue, near Connecticut Street,' but there is nothing here for rent." "Why yes, there is," she replied, "Didn't you see it? The notice is on a small card hanging inside the window. And it is the very house occupied by Carrie Judd for her first Faith Home! Look at it!" and she pointed to a house just three doors from Connecticut on Fargo!

Dear reader, such a flood of joy, of tenderness, of ador-

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ing love, rushed over my soul as I took in at a glance the house once used and consecrated by the prayers of my precious, old-time friend, that I felt as if I should sink to the earth. I really did not know whether to laugh, cry, jump, or shout, but I wanted to do a little of each! How good of my dear Heavenly Father to thus lead so wonderfully His feeble, trembling child to the very house once occupied by one whom He had so signally used and blessed, and one so dear to my heart! It seemed indeed like following in her very footsteps. Oh, it was so sweetly significant, so tender, so precious! I ran with eager feet after the umbrella which had been the means in God's hands of meeting with the unknown friend, and then went to the owner, told my wonderful story, and secured the house. Soon after this the Lord showed me that I would dedicate it on my fiftieth birthday, and so it proved, for on Thursday evening, October 15th, the occasion of my fiftieth birthday, we had our dedication service, and it was a time never to be forgotten. The dear people were so happy that many were weeping with joy. Mrs. E. V. Baker of Elim Home, Rochester, addressed the meeting, and delighted us all with an account of the wonderful growth of her work of faith there, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Parsons, pastor of the Hudson Street Baptist Church of this city, with a most helpful address on the full Gospel, and I tried to tell, in the midst of my tears, of the weak, puny little baby who arrived in this world fifty years ago, and tipped the scales at four and a half pounds, and of the wonderful conversion and healing, and steppings in the Lord up to the present time. After which dear Mrs. Baker and Mr. Parsons laid hands upon my head in prayer, thus setting me apart in faith

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to the work which the Home would involve. Then followed the dedication of the house itself, and the service closed with the anointing of a dear young girl who desired healing.

Several excellent donations came in during the day, both in furniture and money, and altogether it was a red-letter day in the life of one who feels herself unworthy of the least of God's countless mercies. Glory to His Name!

I would say with regard to this most wonderful three-fold guidance which, wherever related, has filled the hearts of God's people with overflowing praise, that it was preceded by at least three months of almost constant prayer, and it was indeed a time of deep heart searching and renewed consecration of myself and all of my earthly store to God. At times as I looked around me at the dear little cottage home which my heart strings had unconsciously twined so closely about, and realized that it was evidently the plan of God that I should go forth leaving it behind me and step out in an unknown and untried path, perhaps never to return, faith and courage nearly failed. It was so different from what I had hoped. Sometimes it seemed so unreal, like a troubled dream, and I thought it could not be that God would demand of me such a sacrifice. As the time drew near for the opening of the Faith Home, I realized that although my will had yielded to the will of God in the matter, and for the second time in my life I had laid my home upon the altar, yet there had not at any time been a *joyful* surrender, and I knew that nothing short of that would satisfy His heart or restore to me His abiding peace. One thing in regard to the new Home had seemed utterly impossible for me to do. I felt that

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I could open the Home and that faith would be given me to trust for the necessary funds to carry it on, but that I should wish to place a matron over it, I could never consent to live in it myself. In fact a friend long experienced in such a life had earnestly advised me not to undertake to live in such a Home, saying that I would be pulled this way and that by the sick ones coming and going, who would hang upon me continually, almost sapping my very life, and that I could seldom count upon an hour that I could call my own for meditation, study or prayer, therefore it would be wiser for me to remain outside and visit the Home daily as occasion might require. This I firmly determined to do. But, to my astonishment, as I looked to God about it, I was shown that I could not walk in light given to another but that He had His own plan and light for me, and I could get no permission to remain outside the Home. To this also I said, "Yes, Lord," but with a sinking heart and a dread indescribable. Finally crying out that He would fill me with a spirit of joyful obedience, He just poured such a sweet love of His will, and such a glad acquiescence into my heart that with happy tears streaming down my face I said: "Yes, Lord, I can, I can do it and I will. Thou knowest the path that I take. Thou wilt temper the wind for me and not lay upon me greater burdens than I can bear. Thy will be done." Up to the day when we were to leave Kenmore, I had not been shown whether He would have me take all my furniture with me or not, or what was to be done with the cottage, so that after the moving van arrived, I could only go forward trusting in the guidance of the Spirit from one moment to the next, and as I received no command to the contrary, the house was emptied of all furniture,

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the key turned in the door and we walked quietly out, not venturing to look behind us for a farewell glance. As the car drew near to our new home my soul was filled with such joy, that I could scarcely refrain from shouting aloud.

“I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than to walk alone by sight.”

Soon after entering my new home and getting settled I was shown that God would have me open a Missionary Training School, in connection with the work where young men and women who had not the means nor time to attend a Bible Institute out of town, might study in evening classes and become fitted for Christian work either at home or abroad as He might call. This was more than I had asked or thought, and seemed like the realization of my heart's deepest desire, for as the years had gone by my love and pity for the poor heathen had steadily increased and the thought that I might be the means of awakening and sending out Spirit-filled young men and women who should carry the precious Gospel to the ends of the earth filled me with joy and praise almost unspeakable. Accordingly the adult classes were opened and, soon after, several juvenile mission bands also were started by Miss Olive Plumstell, and thus a missionary fire was started which has never died out up to the present time. This has indeed proved the most important and, praise God, the most successful work, by far, which has ever been committed to my trust. It was almost as truly a leap of faith in opening it, as if I had actually stepped out without means, for at the time when called to it, my property was seriously involved and my affairs had been placed

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in an attorney's hands who gave me but little encouragement as to the outcome. I had a little money on hand but it was soon swallowed up in the heavy expenses of the city house.

This financial trial which began while living in Kenmore, would once have well-nigh overwhelmed me with anxious care, but, to the glory of God, be it said that my peace was undisturbed and I can testify that not a sleepless night was passed, nor a tear shed, on account of it. If my Father's will to take it from me, my heart could say, Amen. While the matter was pending, I was led to subscribe \$100 in a missionary band of which I was a member at that time. While all in the meeting were kneeling in prayer I was looking to God to know how much He would have me subscribe for the coming year. I could then count on just fifty cents a week which came to me from one music scholar, but I felt sure that God was training me in the way of faith and that He wished me to launch out upon the promises and pledge as much as ever before, if not more. I was a little startled when the answer came, "Say \$100." But I recalled how a sister of my acquaintance had made a similar pledge of \$500 by faith and God had wonderfully met her in it, even sending more than that amount, and so after a fight with the adversary over it, I arose from my knees and announced to the audience that the dear Lord was going to let me give \$100 for missions during the coming year. This was hailed with great joy by the people and was an incentive to others to pledge much larger sums than ever before. I had no sooner reached home than Satan commenced sneering at and taunting me, saying, "Where do you expect that even one dollar of it is coming from?"

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This, I think, caused me to feel that I must make some effort, personally, to earn at least a portion of the money, and I concluded to take the agency for a very spiritual book which I thought would prove a blessing to all who might purchase it, and the proceeds could be devoted towards the amount pledged. As I went from house to house among my neighbors and friends, explaining my object, nearly every one took the book, but in my busy life, I had but little time to devote to it and the close of the year found me lacking about \$12.00 of the needed amount. In the meantime my needs had been fully supplied by the dear Lord, by the Holy Spirit stirring first one then another to send to my necessities. The first amount came while I was engaged in fasting and prayer, in the form of a check for \$50.00 from one, quite a stranger to me, who had heard of my financial troubles. Soon after this, another was moved to offer me the loan of \$100, saying that if ever able to return it I could do so, but, if not, he would be satisfied. Another friend kindly put \$10.00 in my hand on one occasion, and thus I was shown the loving hand of my Father stretched out in my behalf throughout the year. When any money came in I took out one-tenth for my mission fund but, as I was about to relate, when the day drew near in which the treasurer was to call upon me for the amount pledged, I was still lacking a considerable sum. During the whole year I had been held in perfect quietness concerning it, confidently expecting that God would meet it, but I must confess that I was much distressed when I found that I had but one day left and nothing coming in, and for an hour or two wrestled in prayer upon my face before God in anguish of mind lest I should come short of His glory,

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which I felt I should do if I were to lack one cent of the amount promised when the time came. Satan assailed my soul now with many "I told you so's" and cunning arguments, and reminded me of the fact that all Kenmore, and many in Buffalo, were looking on with critical eyes and that I would simply appear a fool before them all.

It was indeed a battleground and somehow I realized at the time that all my future life hinged upon the outcome, that if God failed me now I would never be able to trust Him for money again, and had He not shown me at the seashore that He would eventually call me to such a life of utter dependence upon Him that I would be compelled to trust Him for my daily bread? It seemed at last that my faith rose to such a holy boldness that I told Him that He dared not fail me, His Word was at stake, His glory, and I had pledged the money in simple obedience and done my part all the year so far as I knew. Now I claimed and expected that every cent of it should be in my hands when the treasurer called the following day.

Before night \$70.00 came in from two different friends who had owed me money for a long time, one of whom was not able to pay, and the other would not. On that very day the Lord enabled one to pay me and made the other do so. The latter knew nothing of my pledge. Then there was another scene in my study! Again, on my face before God, I said, "Lord, I can't say anything! You know how glad and thankful I am." Then, as I grew very still before Him, He said, "My child, can you not see that you did not need to work so hard to help Me out? Have I not sent you to-day more than you have earned with your book through the entire year?" And oh, how tenderly He reproved me and showed me that His eye

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had been upon that little mission box every moment of the time, and that though He had borne with me in my foolish zeal and had even inclined people to buy the book, He would have shown me "a more excellent way" at the very outset, if I had asked Him. Never can I forget the hour then spent softly weeping for joy at His blessed feet, so thankful for the lesson learned and for His faithfulness towards His stumbling child. All glory be to His name forever! When the treasurer called the next morning I met him at the door not only with one hundred dollars but with a testimony which sent him on his way rejoicing.

Thus you can see, dear reader, how I was being trained in the school of Christ for the life of trust into which He has since called me.

"And now I have thrown myself recklessly out
Like a chip on the stream of His infinite will,
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And I just let my God His dear purpose fulfil."

XIV.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.



HAVING received such clear guidance regarding the opening of the new home, I felt that I must claim guidance equally unmistakable as to what was to be done to the old one. Much time was spent in prayer concerning it—often several hours at a time—and yet an entire year or more went by without any answer from God.

This was very perplexing and, I have no doubt, placed me in an absurd light before many who were looking on, unable to understand the step which I had taken. To leave a comfortable home on which there was no incumbrance, and move into a city house which involved such expense was indeed peculiar in their eyes, but when they beheld my house standing closed over a year, many, I presume, looked upon the whole thing as the gravest mistake which I had ever made. Finally a day came when I felt that God was drawing near and was about to speak to me concerning the matter. An interested friend kindly joined me in prayer and together we laid it before God precisely as I had done so many times before. This was the request: "Shall the house in Kenmore be sold, rented, exchanged for city property, or kept for some kind of Christian work?" Asking for a plain answer either from the written Word or by the voice of the Spirit, I opened my Bible and my eyes fell upon these words: "*And they shall not sell of it neither exchange, nor alienate the first fruits of the land, for it is holy unto the Lord.*" (Ezekiel

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48:14.) Surely I could ask for nothing plainer! Oh how blessed to wait for the Spirit's guiding hand in all things! I then asked that, if it was best for me to rent it, a Christian tenant who would take good care of it might be sent speedily. Within a week such a man applied and took possession of the house. I write these particulars in order that friends of this work may understand why I do not sell my house as I have now reached the place where my own means which have been most cheerfully used for the support of this Home and Training School are about exhausted, and the question would naturally arise why I do not either return there or dispose of the property and use the money for my own support and to carry on the school. I could not live in Kenmore and continue this work as the distance is far too great, and I dare not sell or exchange the house without a clear command from God, after having received so plain a message from Him regarding it. My hope has been that it might be used for an orphanage or in some way as a branch of the city work, especially as He so forcibly reminded me that it is a dedicated house.

For the first three years the sick were coming and going continually and many dear sufferers have here learned how to take the Lord Jesus as the Healer of body as well as soul and returned to their homes rejoicing in "the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." Some very serious cases of melancholia, which must certainly have resulted in entire insanity, have been delivered from Satan's clutches and are to-day happy and engaged in active service in the vineyard. Some have received their sight. One dear brother in the ministry who had long worn glasses was instantly healed, laid aside his glasses and has never needed them since; another was blind in

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one eye and afflicted with bronchial trouble. He called one day for anointing and prayer and on his way home discovered to his great joy that the sight was perfectly restored to the eye which had been blind for years. Many cases might be mentioned of healing in answer to prayer, both of guests in the Home and the sick in other towns who have written to us requesting prayer. To God alone be all the glory. Before leaving this subject I will refer to one or two experiences of healing through which I have myself passed since opening the Home, for I can assure you, dear reader, that Satan has raved and roared at times over the work of the Holy Ghost wrought here and the signs and wonders attending the Word; and he has verily tried on several occasions to take my life or to lay me aside on a bed of helplessness if nothing more. An attack of colic and inflammation of the bladder left me in such a prostrated condition that for many weeks I feebly crept about the house in a most wretched state of body and mind. Other difficulties set in, accompanied by such an onslaught of Satan spiritually as I had never experienced before. During these long weeks of suffering I was cheered on, when nearly fainting by the way, by precious hymns and messages from God given me from time to time. I was wakened one morning early by the following words spoken as if in my ear:—

“Oh watch, and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day
And help Divine implore.”

This ringing battle cry spurred me on afresh when so weary of the conflict that I had besought Him to take me home. I saw that, instead of starting out each morning in

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mere endurance of His will, He, the great Captain of my salvation, was calling me to follow Him into the thickest of the fray and day by day to buckle on "the whole armor of God" afresh. Thus He would "fulfill the work of faith with power" until He called me to exchange the cross for the crown. This patience or perseverance of faith seems to me to be a lesson daily to be learned in the school of Christ. But alas! we are so apt to grow faint-hearted and discouraged after resisting the devil in hand-to-hand conflict for a few days or weeks. During this time of great trial in spirit and body I was given a faint glimpse of what our blessed Lord endured during forty long days and nights of constant exposure to the fierce temptation of Satan, and at its close we are told that he only "departed from Him for a season." How many such terrific onslaughts His pure soul endured (for our sakes) during His life on earth in the flesh, we are not told. No wonder the Word tells us to "consider Him . . . lest we be wearied and faint in our minds." Then again when about to throw myself on my bed one afternoon to rest, the Spirit said with startling distinctness; "Read." "What shall I read, Lord"? I inquired. "Your hymn book," was the reply. Holding the book in my hand unopened I again asked "Where"? As distinctly as before the answer came—"No. 24"! On turning to that number I found the following thrilling hymn on the Holy Spirit by Faber, one which I had never before read:—

"He comes! He comes! that mighty Breath,
New being to impart,
His uncreated freshness fills
Each consecrated heart!"

As I was daily looking to Him to quicken my body anew

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by the Spirit, nothing could have comforted and revived my hopes as this glorious hymn did on that weary afternoon. "His uncreated freshness"! Yes, He is "the Eternal Spirit" (Heb. 9:14) and will indeed manifest His fresh life through our entire being from moment to moment, like the blessed well of water springing up into everlasting life" which Jesus said He should be within us. (Jo. 4:14.) From that day I began to look more confidently for the quickening of my body by the "mighty Breath" whom He had thus assured me should impart "new being" unto me; carefully watching the way as I stepped on with Him and spending much time in a waiting attitude before Him. But I was called to pass through still greater weakness before deliverance came. There came a day of such exhaustion and testing that I felt I could hold out no longer. I craved the cooling juice of an orange and one was handed me but I had not even strength to hold it to my lips and squeeze the juice from it. That night God spoke (as He always does in our great extremity, in some way. Bless His Name!) and gently wakening me He gave me the following precious verse of a hymn which I had sung a few times but had never memorized:—

"Weary of my self-deceiving,
Then His truth broke like a flood;
I go onward just believing,
Trusting in my Saviour's blood.
Now the waters wild are sleeping,
Jesus speaks, the tempest stills,
And a holy peace comes creeping
Like the sunlight down the hills."

Wondering much at this, I lay awake trying to think of the name of this hymn and what its significance was to me

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at that time. My heart bounded with joy when I learned in the morning that the name was "Present Victory"! At our morning worship the Bible opened to the "Bread of Life" chapter, John 6, and we were led to talk long on vs. 53-56. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood," etc., and with it Eph. 5:30, "We are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones." This conversation I well remember continued from 9 A. M. until 2 P. M. There was at that time a young lady stopping at the house whom the Lord had healed of heart disease years ago through my instrumentality and whom He had now sent in turn to greatly strengthen my own faith. I had often longed to more fully comprehend those wonderful words mentioned above and had prayed that if it were indeed true that I could take by faith, the very body of Christ and if I am actually bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh, He might reveal it to me, but I did not dream that He would lead me over so rough a path to answer my prayer!

Oh! if we only understood Him better! As we two women sat thus talking long and earnestly over these "deep things of God," as in the case of the two walking to Emmaus, "Jesus Himself drew near" unto us. Not that there was any special manifestation of His presence, but by His wondrous grace He enabled me then and there to say very quietly and by simple faith:—"Well, as the Word says so, I will step out on it even though I do not understand it at all, and declare it is true." Then kneeling down I told Him in a few words that I believed I was a member of His glorified body, of His flesh and of His bones, and that therefore the work which was before me to do I could do easily in Him, and that it would really be Jesus doing, walking, teaching, playing the organ, singing,

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that in some mysterious way, (I knew not how) I was so brought into union with His body offered, broken and risen for me that I could say in a deeper sense than ever before:—"I live and yet not I," but this is the body of Christ. And therefore it must be complete. We arose from our knees and I did not realize any particular change but went quietly through the day determined that on the following day (which was the Sabbath) I would go forward with all my duties without a fear, knowing that Jesus would be equal to all and would actually do them all. It had been said to me: "When Satan sees that he can no longer make you fear, he will flee." The duties before me the next day if I were in my usual health would be these:—A Gospel meeting in the Home commencing at 3:30 and always running until 6:30, sometimes later. In this meeting I must play the organ, lead the singing (and we sing a great deal), give a Bible reading, followed by a testimony meeting, then barely have time to take supper and go at once down into the slums to the Rescue Mission to lead a meeting there, reaching home after ten o'clock. As I was still suffering physically as much as before, save the quieting of the nerves of which I spoke, it did look like a wild thing to undertake, in fact a simple impossibility. Satan sneered and said: "Do you think you are going to prepare two Bible readings in the morning and do all that work besides?" When the day came I inquired of the Lord first of all if He wished me to take both meetings, and if so, what should I speak upon in the afternoon? He gently said:—"Leave that all with Me." How delightfully restful! Nothing to do but let *Him* do! Then I inquired regarding the evening meeting at the Mission, and was shown that I would find what I

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required in a book of my Bible Readings just at my hand on my desk. It opened to a reading on repentance which proved just what was needed. Afternoon found me laboring with seekers after the service till 7 o'clock. Satan whispered:—"Better be careful! Aren't you doing too much?" A momentary tremor seized me but I said:—"This is the body of Jesus, and it is He who is doing all this in me." A hasty lunch and we were off for the mission. All the way I said: "It is not I but Christ, and He is equal to this trip." To the praise of His grace be it said that I went through the meeting with ease, came home and retired at 10:30 without a trace, even, of weariness and slept peacefully all night.

Upon awakening in the morning I found to my unbounded joy that I was completely healed! How, or when, I never knew! The "Mighty Breath" had in His own mysterious way silently worked and removed every trace of disease in my body, and I felt that the Holy Spirit had indeed imparted "new being" as He had sweetly promised to do. "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise"! Oh! that I could find words to tell how my soul exulted in this glorious victory and how much sweeter it seemed from the fact that it had been won on one of the most terrific battle grounds of my Christian experience.

On another occasion when "la grippe" was epidemic in our city I was taken with a severe attack of it, which, in spite of the prayers of many friends, continued for several weeks. Twice during the attack, Satan aimed his fiery darts at my brain, and such a pressure came upon the top of the head and such a horror of great darkness settled down upon me, that it did indeed seem if it had continued

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much longer my reason would have fled. At these times the presence of Satan and his attendant demons was terribly real, they seemed to be pressing upon me and around me on all sides, and my soul was filled with an indescribable terror and dismay. Calling for a friend who was rooming with me to lay her hands upon my head I at once began inwardly rebuking the enemy, not daring to let anyone know of what I was passing through. Such a sense of utter helplessness came upon me that I seemed entirely powerless before the foe, and could only feebly utter the name of Jesus and beg for His mercy. At last it struck me that I must hold up "the shield of faith," and I knew no better shield than His almighty name, so I held up my right hand as if it were a shield high above my head, and continually bade the enemy depart in the name of Jesus, which I placed between my head and the "fiery darts" which seemed flying all about me. When I could no longer hold up my arm I supported it with the left hand, calling also on the Holy Spirit to lift up a standard against the foe according to His promise. "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Margin, "put him to flight.")

For about an hour the conflict continued, when suddenly it was as if dense clouds of inky blackness parted just over my head and rolled swiftly away, and the blessed Spirit of God fell gently upon me with His own heavenly peace and rest, the room filled with His presence and I sank at once into a sweet, refreshing sleep. My recovery from this attack of grippe was as follows: While at the Faith Home of Mrs. E. V. Baker in Rochester, where I had been taken by friends hoping to receive bene-

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fit, my attention was directed one evening to a magazine lying upon my table which had been loaned by one of the inmates of the house. It opened in my hand to the following words, in an article by Andrew Murray on "The Triumph of the Cross:" "The Prince of this world is now cast out. He no longer has power to hold in bondage those who long for deliverance. He now only rules over those who consent to be his slaves! There is now a perfect deliverance for all who yield themselves to Christ and His cross; having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." (Col. 2:15.) This did indeed bring new and precious light, the fact that Satan could hold me captive no longer than I would consent to allow him! And while meditating upon these words before retiring, it came to me very forcibly that I should summon three friends who were in the House to come to my room at once, and join me in taking a mighty stand against the "powers" which were still binding me.

While waiting for them to assemble, I was again led to another book upon the table ("The School of Prayer," by the same author) and opening to the remarkable chapter on "The Will of God," I read on and on with increasing wonder and delight. There I saw as never before that as God had revealed to me in His word, that healing is His will for His children, He would have my will rise to meet His own and coincide with it in my deliverance, and that His thought in saying to the impotent man at the pool "*Wilt* thou be made whole?" was not so much an inquiry as to the wish or desire of the man as it was regarding his will in the matter. That is, it was as if He had said: "Can your will rise to claim deliverance? What are you

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determined to have?" This last message from God to me (for such it surely was) coming in connection with the one above recorded, profoundly stirred my soul. I saw that I was "consenting" to wear the yoke of sickness which Satan had laid upon me, by not rising with all my might to meet the will of God which was deliverance in Christ Jesus. A kind of indignation seized me that I should thus continue bound and fettered and under the enemy's heel, and a determination that by the grace of God I would then and there be free. The friends came to my room as requested, and I read to them the precious words which had just been given to me. Together we knelt and with a holy boldness I once more asserted my redemption rights ("ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound," etc.) and pointing the enemy and all his hosts to the blood which redeemed me from all his power on Calvary's cross, I shouted my deliverance at the top of my voice, at the same time rebuking and commanding him to depart in the name of Jesus in no uncertain tones, and every moment my faith increased and rose to meet God's "good, perfect and acceptable will" for me until I could say that I would take nothing short of it, and that it was accomplished in my body at that very moment. The next day I returned to my home without fear though the thermometer registered below zero, and there had been such a severe storm that even those in the most rugged health would not think of traveling if it could possibly be avoided.

Reaching home in safety I had no sooner retired for the night, than every one of the evil symptoms returned! Not at all dismayed I continued to declare my liberty, and in about five minutes they had all disappeared. Although during this illness, I had often been relieved of pain

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through the kind ministries of faithful friends, and much benefitted by their prayers, yet the victory was not won until I was enabled, through the precious truth revealed directly to my heart by God Himself, to rise to face the foe and fight the battle through. Dear reader, "be not unwise but understanding what the will of the Lord is." (Eph. 5:17.) As I look back over these varied experiences, I marvel at the different phases of truth presented to my mind on these various occasions, and can but glorify God for them all. Once it was the blood of Jesus presented to the Father as my only plea for healing; once it was His risen and glorified body of which I was shown that I was a part; again it was the will of God with which I must coincide. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee;
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free."

XV.

THE DEATH OF SELF.



ANY precious blessings have come into my life in Peniel Home, but for none will I have greater reason to praise my God than for the experience which I am about to relate. Never can I cease to glorify Him for sending to this city a dear sister Evangelist from England, who did indeed bring with her such a flood of light upon certain portions of the Word as no other teacher had hitherto done. I had believed, as the majority of teachers upon full salvation do, that self is only conquered by our daily dying to it, and I had heard so much of the "daily dying" theory taught by really spiritual people, that I fear I had accepted it without first prayerfully searching the Word for myself, to see if it was scriptural. Like all of the children of God who desire to lead a holy life, I was much distressed if ever the least appearance of "self" was manifested either openly or inwardly in my life, and did indeed feel that it was a hateful thing in God's eyes, as such it was becoming more and more in my own; and I had about settled down with the belief that the daily dying to sin and "self" was such a subtle thing that it must be carefully watched and prayed over day by day. One day the sister of whom I speak said to me very quietly, "God says, 'Ye are *dead*,'" pointing to Col. 3:3, and added, "It is a fact, it is a *fact*." In an instant the Holy Spirit (in whom she most absolutely trusts to illuminate the Word as she gives it forth) flashed glorious light upon the passage, and

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I saw that the believer is as truly dead to "self"—that hideous monster—as he is to his transgressions, his inbred sin and his sicknesses through the finished work of Christ. I saw that it was not a figure of speech, as I had supposed, but an accomplished fact long ago upon Calvary's cross, and that I must believe it because God says so, apart from feelings or emotion of any kind. I saw that when Jesus went to the cross He took me, myself, there and nailed me there, spirit, soul and body, with Him. I saw, as never before, what the nature was which He took upon Him, as we read: "He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham" (Heb.2: 16). I saw by the illumination of the Holy Ghost as clearly as the noon-day that my depraved, fallen, carnal nature (the self-life) and yours, dear reader, positively expired there just as truly as Jesus did; that when God says, "Ye are dead," He certainly means your very self, the wretched "I" which has been your worst enemy, your most subtle foe; simply because you would not believe that plain statement in God's Word that you are dead. He does not say that by constant prayer and watchfulness you may become so, by "daily" dying, but He does most emphatically say that you *are* actually and forever dead! Oh, what a narrow conception we have of the finished work of Christ! Could it be a finished work if it had left me with the same carnal nature with which I was born? And what is the carnal nature if it is not "self"? Oh, pause a moment and think how the spotless One, the Holy Son of God, stooped to make Himself "of no reputation," and was made of a woman (fallen like ourselves), made under the law, and went to Calvary an accursed thing, that He might redeem us from all the curse which fell upon the entire man,

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spirit, soul and body, when Adam went down, and which was transferred to our Jesus, our Surety, the innocent Lamb of God! Yes, "He was made a curse" (Gal. 3:13) that He might redeem us from every vestige of that old accursed self, the fleshly nature, "the old man."

But what next? Blessed be God, He was not left upon the cross, but was buried in the grave, and I was actually buried with Him, and oh, what a source of satisfaction to know that I, that detestable "I" never came up again! Ah, no; it was not the "old man" who came up when Jesus arose from that grave in which He was held a prisoner for me, but the new "I" the new, absolutely new creature, or "creation" as the margin renders it. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation; old things are passed away; behold! ALL things are become new." (2 Cor. 5:17.) The "old man" was left in the grave, and out of his ashes came up the pure, clean, "new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. 4:24.) A new creation indeed!

As this magnificent truth broke upon me, a strange sensation came upon me, difficult to describe, as if I were then and there separated from myself, from something which has been as burdensome at times as "the body of death" mentioned in Rom. 7:24, from which the "wretched man" cries out in anguish to be set free. Perhaps some may not know that it was an ancient custom to punish a murderer by compelling him to go about with the corpse of the one whom he had killed fastened to his back. And to this loathsome, decaying thing Paul compares "the old man," the carnal nature, which, in Rom. 6:6 he triumphantly declares is "*destroyed*," not kept under, nor dying daily, but "crucified." In verse 10 of the same chapter

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we read, "For in that He died He died unto sin once." (Greek, "once for all.") That is, He died unto our old fallen nature, and we died with Him, and in verse 9 we are told that "He dieth no more," therefore neither do we! Accordingly we are commanded in verse 11 to reckon ourselves also dead indeed (actually) unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and thus to yield ourselves unto Him, as those that are alive from the dead. (v. 13.) Every whit alive, "even as He." Praise His name forever! "If ye then be risen with Christ (and, if a believer, you are) seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. For ye are dead, and your life (your new, risen life) is hid with Christ in God." (Col. 3:2-3). Happy place! So secure, so peaceful, so victorious! For has He not risen far above all principality and power and might and dominion? (Eph. 1:21.) And has He not assured us that God has not only "raised us up together" but that He has "made us sit together in heavenly places (or the heavenlies) in Christ Jesus?" Now a word with regard to the reckoning which God commands us to do. I am sometimes amazed to hear Christians say, "I said so and so *only* by faith." This does betray great ignorance of the nature of faith, and Satan would be only too rejoiced to keep us in such ignorance throughout our lives. But, beloved, faith is not a flimsy cobweb. What we really say we claim by faith we actually have; and so when we are told to "reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God" it is the reckoning of faith, and when we reckon self dead and we in the new creation hid sweetly and forever away with Christ in God, it is also the reckoning of faith which rests upon His eternal, unchangeable Word, and, like Him, "calleth those

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things which be not (seemingly) as though they were." And does God call anything true which is not true? No, a thousand times no! And when He makes to me this unspeakably glorious declaration that I am a new creation (because I am born from above) and that all the old things pertaining to my past life are positively passed away and I, myself, the old "I" with them, do I take an unsafe position—as some assert—because I "reckon" it to be so? Nay, rather, I glorify God as Abraham did, for "he staggered not through unbelief, but was strong in faith giving glory to God."

"Let us reckon, reckon, reckon,
Let us reckon rather than feel,
Let us be true to the reckoning
And He will make it real."

A friend came in one day, and with a heart filled with praise, I told her the good news that she was dead, and her life was now "hid with Christ in God." "Oh!" she exclaimed, smiling through her tears, "Can it be possible? It is too good to be true. Won't self come to life again every few days?" And when assured that this was impossible as long as she continued to "believe the record," she laughed aloud and clapped her hands for joy, saying: "Why, I am attending my own funeral." Now with regard to this important question which at once arises in every mind as soon as the death of self is presented, viz: "Will it not rise and trouble us again?" Satan will surely do his best to drive us from our strong position, and will tempt us with the same old feelings over and over again, trying to make us doubt God's Word, which assures us that we are dead. He will try to make God out a liar, as

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he did in Eve's case, and has been doing ever since. But instantly declare more firmly that you are dead, and that Christ alone liveth within. Tell him those feelings belong to that old buried corpse (as they certainly do) and have no part whatever in the new man which has risen and ascended with Christ. O dear, struggling, honest soul, is it not a relief to know that you may, after believing this glorious truth, put all those old, troublesome things over on Satan, where they belong, and from whom they emanate? Is it not blessed to know that they positively do now come from the foe without, and may be regarded as his lying tricks? Maintain the position of a risen one by simple faith, and complete victory is yours day by day. Is not this knowledge sufficient to fill our mouths with His praises all the day long? So many dear ones have been discouraged when tempted with the old feelings of anger, pride, impatience, etc., etc., and have said wearily: "Ah! it is evident I am not dead yet." But beware of even thinking that, and never let Satan hear you say it. Every thing hinges on your steadfastly believing God's word, and as you continue believing, so it will be unto you, every step of the way. Refuse to recognize the unholy tempers as being still within you, and praise God even when the fiery darts are flying all about you that you are "more than conqueror," as He assures you in His Word. Thus "resist the devil" by crying, "It is written," even as our Savior did, "and He will flee from you" (Jas. 4:7). You may "suffer, being tempted," as He did, but the victory will be all the sweeter, and God will be glorified.

Then, too, with regard to our physical life we see here the very core of the precious truth of Divine health or the risen Christ for the body. How different this supernatural

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life is from a patching up or healing of our body! It is something infinitely higher and more enduring. It is the "new man" indwelt by the Triune God! Hallelujah! If, after accepting the fact of your death and resurrection with Christ, you are tempted with symptoms of disease, pursue the same course as in the matter of sin, i. e., refuse to "give place to the devil," as God commands. (Eph. 4: 27.) And continue to praise Him that you are a new creature in Christ Jesus, and that your sicknesses having been nailed to His cross, have no longer any part in you who have been redeemed by His blood. In many cases sickness is purely a manifestation of the self-life in the one afflicted; the result of an unsundered will, a disobedient walk, a hard and unforgiving spirit, or a lack of restful abiding in Christ. While we "cease from our own works" and let God work, think, pray, teach and walk in us, we are kept fresh and free from exhaustion of body or mind. His "yoke is easy" and His "burden is light;" but as soon as self-effort begins, it is always accompanied by anxious care, which soon tells fearfully upon the nervous system. How delightful, then, to be able to say with Paul: "I am (R. V. have been) crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I (not the old man, the carnal nature) but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2: 20.) No longer our own faith, even, but the faith which the Holy Spirit brings in, and which is a part of His fruit. (Gal. 5: 22.) It was a source of great satisfaction to read in a recent article by F. B. Meyer these words: "The grave of Jesus has been provided for the self-life, and in union with the risen Jesus we can live the resurrection life.

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Everything that emanates from self is under the curse of God, however pure it may seem." Just here let me pass on to you the message given me one morning as I bowed before God in the early morning watch, asking for something bright and fresh from the Word. The Holy Spirit whispered distinctly, "Ecclesiastes 3." Wondering much what it could be, I turned to the chapter, and my eye fell upon these words, "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever, nothing can be put to it; nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it that men should fear before Him." How beautifully that leads us to the cross, and to the finished work of Christ once for all! Self forever slain! Later on my attention was called to Isa. 26:13, 14, "O Lord our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us; they are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased; they shall not rise. Thou hast visited and destroyed them and made all their memory to perish!" Blessed assurance indeed! Self so extinct that the memory of it has perished. Glory be to God our Father forever for planning such a scheme of redemption, and may Jesus our Savior be forever adored for offering Himself so willingly to be the channel through which that plan should be carried out, and glory be to the Holy Ghost for coming to abide in the redeemed and purified temple (our whole being) and there to make real in us the death and resurrection of Christ! For, beloved reader, it is of no use for you to assent to the truth that you are dead and risen unless you definitely then receive the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God the Father, "whom (said Jesus) I will send to you from the Father," to come and fill the new man with His presence, and entirely possess the house. He can do this when the old usurper "self" is cast out, never to return. He will then

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place Jesus on the throne within you, for there will be no rival there to dispute His sway any more, and "He will make the place of His feet glorious," and will shine forth in His beauty through you wherever you go. Then whatsoever you do "will prosper" (Ps. 1:3), because it will really be God doing, and getting glory unto Himself through His Son Jesus Christ, and through the Holy Ghost. O, my Father, may Thy Spirit illuminate all who shall read these lines for the glory of Thy Name!

"Dead to fashion, lust and pride,
Dead! with my Jesus crucified;
Dead to the vain world's praise or blame,
And glorying only in Christ's name;

Dead to every plan of mine—
I take the leading all divine;
Dead to earthly gain or loss—
Henceforth for Christ I bear the cross;

Dead to self-life and inbred sin—
My Savior reigns supreme within;
Safe in the highway travelling on,
To dwell where my great Captain's gone,

My soul mounts up on wings sublime
Beyond the boundaries of time;
Travelling the way my Savior trod—
Dead! and my life is hid in God."

XVI.

THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

“Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye to meet Him.”
(Matt. 25:6.)



S I recall the two years spent in the humble cottage on North Division street it fills my heart with praise to realize how much of God's Word, while there, was opened to my understanding. Among other things I was led to examine the subject of the second coming of Christ. Various tracts and leaflets regarding it had been sent to me from time to time but I had always laid them aside, not on account of any prejudice on the subject (as is the case with far too many) but from lack of time and opportunity to give it such careful consideration as it demanded before accepting either post or pre-millennial views. When such opportunity was given I sat down with the book entitled "Jesus is Coming," by William E. Blackstone, and first of all examined the chart or diagram which it contains, then with Bible in hand looked up every reference in the entire book from beginning to end. It is a book which can only be profitably read in that way. The result was that I was entirely convinced of the truth of the personal and pre-millennial coming of Christ and I cannot see how it is possible for any unbiased mind open to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to carefully and prayerfully search the Scriptures in the manner mentioned above without coming to the same conclusion. Surely language could not be plainer than the following:—"This same

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Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall also come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11.) How did He go?

No believer will deny that He ascended with the same body which was taken down from the cross, bearing the same blessed nail prints in hands and feet and marks of the spear in wounded side. "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have." (Lu. 24:39, Jo. 20:27.) And as to the objection that He has already come by the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, can any Bible student point to a single passage where when speaking of the Holy Spirit, Jesus said "I"? "And if I go away I will come again and receive you unto Myself." (Jo. 14:2.) When referring to the third person of the Trinity He invariably designated Him as the "Comforter," "Spirit of truth," "Holy Ghost," etc., giving Him, as these objectors fail to do, the honor and recognition due unto Him as a distinct personality. Then, too, with regard to the teaching that the world will be converted before Jesus comes, His own words teach us precisely the reverse. The picture of the condition of the world at the time of His coming could not be blacker than it is, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." (Lu. 17:26-30.) If at His coming He is to find the world saved, these are indeed strange illustrations for our Lord to use to convince us of that fact. It is needless to add that these passages point to the terrible judgments of God rather than

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His salvation. But it is not my purpose to strive to prove the truth of this doctrine at this time, space forbids. I would urge my readers to search the Scriptures regarding it for themselves with the aid of Mr. Blackstone's book or something equally helpful, and having once apprehended the truth of the pre-millennial coming of Christ, and its imminence, to commence to live in the light of it day by day. But I wish to view it now from the aspect of its practical bearing upon our lives. Let us consider for a time the mystical union between the church and her Lord, the heart preparation needful to become the Bride of Christ, for such the church is called in the Word of God. In Malachi 3:2 we read: "But who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's sope." John the Revelator saw Him "with eyes as a flame of fire" and heard Him say: "I am He which searcheth the heart and trieth the reins and I will give unto every one of you according unto your works."

These burning searching eyes of Jesus are the fire which will test your works and mine, dear believer, at His judgment seat "in the air," for at this judgment seat only believers will appear to be judged, not for their sins, already judged upon the cross and nailed there, but for their service. In 2 Cor. 3:12-15 we read: "Now if any man build upon this foundation (Christ) gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be

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saved yet so as by fire," i. e. barely. We see here that it is not so much the *amount* of work which we do for Christ as the *quality* of it. In other words it is a matter of motives. Only the works wrought under the direction of the Holy Spirit and springing from the one motive which alone animates the sanctified heart, the glory of God, will prove indestructible, will stand the fire of His inspection and receive "a full reward." (2 Jo. 8.) Beloved, can you abide that day and "stand when He appeareth?" I believe that only the Bride will receive a full reward and occupy the throne with Christ. By this I mean that from the passages describing the character of the Bride it seems to me that she will be composed of the inner circle within the church made up of the sanctified ones who will be found when He comes not only cleansed from all unrighteousness" (1 Jo. 1:9) but "filled (Greek 'to the overflow') with the Spirit." (Eph. 5:18.) My experience has been, as I have gone about in evangelistic work, that there are little groups here and there in all the churches who are really hungering after full salvation, who have never yet received the Spirit in sanctifying power but who could easily be led out into the sweet rest of faith, the "Beulah land" of love. But alas! with many of these dear unsatisfied ones the same miserable experience of sinning and repenting must continue on till the end of life for lack of a hand to help them into that land in which there is "no scarceness."

An earnest Christian sister attended a meeting which I was conducting in which the sweet union of the Bride and the Bridegroom was explained from the Scriptures and all were exhorted to enter that blessed life. She listened in astonishment and rising to testify said: "I want all that

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God has for me, and if there is such an experience as we have heard of here to-day I desire it. I have never heard it mentioned before." And yet she had been for many years a Christian and a regular attendant of church services. She is only one of many, perhaps hundreds, of similar cases. The promise is, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled" and undoubtedly there are many such hungry ones who are, and perhaps have long been seeking the fulness of the Spirit who do not understand the steps necessary to be taken on their part in order to receive the promise and it may be are under the preaching of a pastor who is no farther on in the Divine life than themselves. In Eph. 5:25-27 we read that "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Here we see that for this very purpose Jesus Christ suffered and died that He might purchase unto Himself a spotless Bride. Surely then He will not turn the weakest one away who comes to Him longing to be cleansed from all sin and set free from its power. (1 Jo. 3:3.) "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." That is, every one that hopes to be "like Him" when He appears, (as the previous verse shows) comes to the blood for cleansing that he may be made pure even as Jesus is pure. Dear reader, will you tell me when you think this work of purification can be wrought? Probably some will say, "in the hour of death." Very true, it may be so. But if possible one hour

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or one moment, even, before death, why not this hour or this moment? Can you answer that question?

If you admit that there is power in the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, (1 Jo. 1:7) oh! is it not worth forsaking every earthly possession and every earthly friend, if need be, to have the inner consciousness of that blessed cleansing now? Only thus can you be fitted for His service in this life, for in 2 Ti. 2:21 we read . . . "sanctified and meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work." Only thus can you be able to meet Him with "confidence and not be ashamed before Him at His coming," and I believe only thus can you be fitted to become His Bride. Again in Rev. 19:7-8 we read of the spotlessness of the character of the Bride. "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white: (margin, bright) for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." In connection with this, compare 1 Jo. 3:7, "Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous even as He (Christ) is righteous." Notice that to the Bride is "granted" to be thus arrayed. My heart overflowed with praise when my attention was first called to the blessed significance of that word "granted." Our sanctification is "not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:9.) It is wholly the work of God, wrought in us by His wonderful grace as we in our utter helplessness and nothingness yield ourselves unto Him "as those that are alive from the dead," dedicating all our ransomed powers unto Him and His service forever and by faith receiving Him as our Saviour from inbred sin, taking the

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full deliverance as a free gift which He has purchased for us on Calvary's cross. Thus He becomes *in* us what He was there "made of God *unto* us; wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

The fine linen mentioned in the text quoted above is typical of heart purity; but the marginal rendering seems to convey the correct idea, viz: clean and bright, or as one translator gives it, "bright and pure," that is, brilliant or radiant, like the garments of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. How beautifully this compares with the passage already mentioned: "A glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing!" Yes, beloved, when the "King of glory" comes in and takes full possession of your heart, the glory life, the heavenly life begins within you and soon sends forth its beams on all around. Will you thus make yourself "ready" to become His own dear Bride by entire separation from the world and a worldly church and by receiving Him as the Lover and Bridegroom of your soul? The Bride of Christ is easily discerned by those who have eyes to see. She is composed of the separated, sanctified and Spirit-filled ones who are one with Him in thought, purpose and life, who, like Paul, have "suffered the loss of all things" for His dear sake, who have "gone forth unto Him without the camp bearing His reproach," who share His cup here and will reign with Him in His coming kingdom. Our Lord put the searching question to his disciples, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I drink of?" And they rashly replied, "We are able," but not until after Pentecost did they prove themselves willing and able to drink of that cup and to be baptized with His baptism of suffering. In Phil. 1:29 we read: "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not

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only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake." Paul prayed that He might know the fellowship of His sufferings, and Moses deliberately chose the path of suffering with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. The Bride of Christ is as separated from the world as her Lord. Listen to these words addressed to the Father in that matchless prayer before His betrayal: (Jo. 17:14) "I have given them Thy Word; and the world hath hated them because they are not of the world even as I am not of the world." Oh! dear friend, can He say that of you?

How often my heart is made heavy as I look about me and see how the professing church has locked arms with the world and how unlike she is to the church which Jesus planted and for which the apostles toiled and suffered and died! Should we not follow them as they followed Christ? Can we conceive of any higher ideal than the early church? Separated, sanctified and Spirit-filled, she went forth to battle for the Lord, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Her dependence was upon God alone for support, both spiritually and financially. The Holy Spirit was the magnet which drew men irresistibly to her altars, and there was never a thought of resorting to man-made schemes and worldly devices in order to attract or to retain her membership. For a few years after my own conversion I went forward willingly and assisted both with hands and purse in the fairs, bazaars, suppers, etc., which the church was engaged in, supposing it to be a necessary part of the church work but I was soon shown "a more excellent way" and therefore felt that God would have me withdraw from every thing of the kind and strive to show the people

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through the Scriptures His own plan for carrying on His work, viz: through the loving, self-sacrificing gifts of His own dear children. I do not wish to sit in judgment upon the many dear Christian people who do not as yet see differently and continue to engage in these methods of work from an honest purpose, for I was once quite as conscientious in doing so myself but quickly took a Scriptural position as soon as I discovered my error. I can only faithfully use voice and pen against all worldly methods devised by the church to gain money, and pray God to open the eyes of both pastors and people to see how "the spirit of the world" is pouring into the church as a result of this most undignified and unscriptural way of carrying on the work of Christ.

Beloved, the Bride is not found thus engaged, neither can she wink at these things and keep silence. Never! There is too much at stake. The fairs, festivals, donkey shows, grab bags, broom drills, amateur theatricals, etc., arranged by the church to earn money to carry on the work are stepping stones to the ball room, the gambling table, the theatre, in fact all that goes to make up the life of a man and woman of the world. And surely nothing could be plainer than 1 Jo. 2:15 where we read: "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." If the pastors of the churches would take a stand against these modern innovations and by earnest, personal effort with their flock would lead them into a wholly consecrated life, the gold and the silver which belong to Jesus would soon be laid at His feet and there would be no indebtedness, every need would be met by the blessed Lord Himself who is abundantly able to take care of any

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work which is really placed in His hands to manage, and left there. And as to the amusements of the world which many professing Christians are running after, it is evident that they have never really found Christ, for He is indeed a satisfying portion to those who know Him. Where is the man who has known His saving power and the sweetness of His love who can not sing

“Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus
I’ve lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit’s vision
Looking at the Crucified.”

Moses “esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.”

The Bride of Christ will not, can not be conformed to this world either in the inner or outer life. While there is nothing in a certain form of dress which sanctifies, yet as we walk on in the light we will surely be shown that God would have us manifest by a plain and simple attire that the fashions of the world no longer enslave us as in the past. And just here I would pause to relate a little of my own experience. Naturally fond of rich and elegant dress, I had, of course, at the time of my conversion a costly wardrobe and a great deal of very beautiful jewelry. A few weeks after my emancipation from the bondage of the world, when dressing one afternoon to go out, while in the act of putting on the various pieces of jewelry with which I had daily been decorated, I was startled and amazed by hearing a voice as if just beside me saying: “Put on rather the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.” (1 Pe. 3:4.) Like Samuel I had not as yet learned to know the voice

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of God, so wondering much at what it could mean I went on my way. But the next day while dressing, the words were repeated, and I could no longer mistake them, but feeling sure that God was speaking I laid down the ear rings which I was about to put in my ears, and one by one all the rest of my jewels, never to be worn again. "Oh!" I cried, "dear Lord, do put upon me that lovely, priceless ornament of a meek and quiet spirit! It is more to be desired than all earth's glittering gems. I can never, never again consent to wear any other." The question arose as to how I could leave off all of my rings and every other ornament without attracting the attention of my family and perhaps creating much disturbance, especially as they were the gifts of my father and sisters and were very valuable. But leaving it all with God I went forward and soon disposed of them all and put the money into the work of the Lord.

Later on I was shown that He would have me adopt a still plainer style of dress but not until brought under very deep conviction regarding it did I summon courage to obey. I had already greatly modified my manner of dress and there was such marked contrast to my former life in this respect that I had supposed that nothing more would be required. And yet there was always more or less perplexity as to how much trimming I should put on a dress or hat and how much money I could consistently spend in that way, so that there was an undercurrent of unrest in my spirit. Finally it was shown to me that I could not truthfully say that my pocket book was on the altar and that I was leading a life of self-denial while yards of needless trimming were purchased for every dress and also considerable expense upon hats and gloves which might

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be avoided and thus the work of God advanced. Aside from the appearance of conformity to the world (which I had indeed in my spirit forsaken) the matter of the use of the means entrusted to my care I felt to be a very serious one. After much prayer I decided to leave off all needless trimmings and adopt the plain dress. Satan suggested: "But you are going too far now. You will now completely alienate your family and lose what little influence you have already gained. They will be ashamed of you, and will surely feel that you are fanatical." Recognizing this voice I sat down at once and wrote to my two dear sisters of the step which I had taken, adding that I trusted they would not love me any the less on account of my desire to walk on with my Savior wherever He might lead. My tears fell upon the page as I wrote, but the letters were mailed and followed by the prayer that, if it were possible, God would prevent any estrangement arising between my much-loved sisters and myself. How beautifully He managed it all for me! Whatever they may have felt, they were never permitted to mention the subject to me in any critical or unkind way. Oh, how these frightful lions which we see on ahead of us obstructing our path, are invariably chained by the time that we reach them as we walk forward in the blessed light of God! Praise His Name! He does so kindly temper the wind for His little trembling ones as they promptly obey His voice.

The following Sunday I went to church for the first time in my new attire, and, as I had been appointed class-leader by the pastor, remained after service, as usual, to conduct the class which numbered sixty or seventy people. As I stepped forward to take my place before them, for a

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few moments I was made to feel the pressure of the cross as I beheld my pastor scanning me critically from head to foot with a look of mingled amazement, disappointment and chagrin which expressed, far more than any words could have done, his displeasure. Up to this time we had worked together in perfect harmony and fellowship and it was a grief to feel that I could not here meet his approval, but my spirit quickly soared above it all and lifting my eyes to my Father's face I was enabled to speak with unusual unction and His own heavenly peace rested upon me. Having laid aside the "weights" which had hitherto somewhat hindered my progress, I could then run the race set before me with a blessed liberty never known before. "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race which is set before us looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. 12:1-2). I have never had any reason to regret this step, but on the contrary have been increasingly convinced of the wisdom of it as the years have gone by. I have yet to hear of one woman, really filled with the Holy Ghost and much used of God, who has not at some point in her life been brought to face this question of personal adornment and to lay off the trappings of the world, in order, like Caleb, that she might "wholly follow the Lord," and show forth the beauty of holiness.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

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Yes, dear reader, the Bride of Jesus is arrayed in robes more glorious than those of Solomon, more spotless than the driven snow. But few seem willing thus to "follow on to know the Lord." But oh! faltering one who may read these lines, hear the word of the Lord. In the Song of Solomon, that most exquisite dialogue between Christ and His Bride, fitly called the "Song of Songs," we hear Him say: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." (Song 2:10-13.) Can you, oh! can you resist that appeal? It is the Bridegroom's call to the marriage altar. Behold your crucified and risen Lord holding out His nail-pierced hand to you, and, with ineffable love and sweetness beaming in His eyes, asking you to place your hand in His and yield yourself in loving surrender to become His own chosen Bride, sealed by His kiss of pardon and acceptance and separated forever unto Him alone!

If your experience has been oftentimes wintry and barren and fruitless, distracted with doubts and fears, discouraged because of lukewarmness and frequent heart wanderings, perhaps even on account of actual lapses into sin, oh! hearken now to this gracious call of Jesus, the Lover of your soul, and let Him from this time forth occupy the very throne of your heart. Then in perfect union with Him you will be ushered into the glorious spring-time here described, even the resurrection life of Christ. The "flowers" represent the perfume and sweetness of His

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indwelling presence; the singing birds the exultant joy of the Holy Ghost, His own joy which He brings at His in-coming, one of the fruits mentioned in Gal. 5:22. This heavenly singing is beautifully described in Zeph. 3:17, "He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing." Yes, He will indeed sing within you, for when you are thus His very own "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." (Is. 53:11.) Oh! beloved, will you not delight His heart by forsaking all to follow Him? Then you can truly say in the outburst of praise and joyful assurance with which the Bride replies to this blessed invitation: "My beloved is mine and I am His." Come away, then, at once from the world and its allurements, vanity and show, come away from sin and self, from every person and thing which could draw you from His close embrace and from real heart communion with Him. Out of your winter into perpetual springtime, out of your dryness into His freshness, out of your barrenness into His fruitfulness, out of your restlessness into His peace. Come away, dear child of God, come away!

Surely if His coming is to be as sudden as the lightning, as we are told, there will be no time then to obtain the readiness mentioned above. For "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye . . . we shall be changed" if upon the earth when He comes and quickly soar away to meet Him in the air and our place in the Kingdom will be in accordance with our character and service here. "One star differeth from another star in glory, so also in the resurrection of the dead." But the question now will naturally arise in some mind: What about these believers who are not thus sanctified and filled, but are justified by

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faith in Christ and therefore heirs of eternal life? Will they be left behind when He comes and obliged to pass through the horrors of the great tribulation which will then break forth upon the earth? I think not. While there is a diversity of opinion regarding this on the part of pre-millennial teachers, it seems to me with what light I have gathered on this subject up to the present time, that all believers will be taken when He appears in the heavens, for we are told that at that time "the dead in Christ shall rise first," etc. ; and all believers are in a sense "in Christ," but I do not believe that all will occupy the Bride's place by any means. There will be the Bride, her "attendants," and many guests at the wedding, but, as before stated in this chapter many will "suffer loss," God alone knows how great, although saved themselves "so as by fire."

"God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test ;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best."

Not long since I had a wondrous dream. I dreamed that I with many others had been summoned to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Before me was a very long table stretching away into the distance, I could not see the length of it as it seemed enveloped in a mist, but when the time came for us to take our seats, lo ! I was given one second to the head, which was occupied by the Lord Jesus ; I knew and felt His glorious Presence though I did not in the dream behold His form. One of His little humble ones not much known on earth, but whom I had taught and loved, sat next to me. I could not distinguish

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the others. As I took my place I seemed to sink into a little speck, as it were, so overwhelmed was I, so completely amazed at the wondrous grace of my Lord in giving me that place so near His side. I saw upon the table dishes just heaped and running over with the most luscious fruits, and costly viands of every description abounded on every side. And as for my plate it was filled again and again until I could only weep for astonishment and joy. And every moment waves of glory rolled over me mingled with such unspeakable amazement at the grace which had called *me*, the most unworthy, the chief of sinners, to such an exalted place. Would that I could describe in any measure the revelation of "the riches of His Grace" which burst upon me as I sat at His banqueting table so honored of Him who had poured His life blood out for me! I can not, dear reader. My pen refuses, language fails. I can only say that I was simply so overpowered by His grace that I seemed to be just melting away into nothingness, "lost in wonder, love and praise;" every moment getting smaller as His wondrous love poured into my being so that I could think of nothing, see and feel nothing but just grace, grace, grace! But oh! I knew in that blissful hour that I formed a part of the Bride of Christ! I can not tell which overwhelmed me most, the matchless grace of God in Christ Jesus or my own utter unworthiness of it. This lovely dream I can never forget. It was during a time of great trial and I believe was given to comfort and cheer me on my way. God grant that these few feeble words which I have written out of a heart deeply desirous for your spiritual advancement, dear reader, may incline you speedily to search the Scriptures concerning the all important subject

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of our Lord's return. For if, as the most careful and spiritual Bible students and teachers all over the world assert, the signs of the times clearly indicate that His coming is very near, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" With all the earnestness of which I am capable I would cry aloud to a worldly church to awake and shake herself from the dust and put on her beautiful garments for lo! the Bridegroom cometh! The "dust" of earth has so blinded her eyes, dulled her ears and stained her robes that she can neither see nor hear spiritual things and has no relish for the "strong meat" of the Gospel, and surely it can not be said of her that she "hath made herself ready" for the marriage supper, that she can "abide the day of His coming . . . or stand when He appeareth."

Although it is prophesied that the church at large shall become more and more lukewarm as the end of this age draws near and "the love of many shall wax cold," yet as I have before said—there are those in every church who are truly sick at heart of the apostasy all around them, who long for something better, for a real Christ, a salvation which keeps from the power of sin and which satisfies the soul; to such I appeal. What does the thought of the sudden appearing of Jesus suggest to your mind? What if He were to come to-day? Would you be glad? Pause and examine your heart ere you reply. Do you "love His appearing?" He is coming for such. Are you watching, "lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping?" To those who are not watching He will come as a thief. What consternation in that hour for those who are left behind! It seems probable that it will be to the translated ones, as Hannah Whitall Smith says, like a spiritual elopement.

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Those who are ready and watching will be caught away swiftly and silently to meet Him in the air and at that time they alone will see Him. But from many a home, here and there, loved ones who followed Him while here will be missing, to be seen no more until He comes to the earth at the end of the tribulation in the most glorious procession this world has ever beheld, attended by "ten thousand of His saints" and all the holy angels, to set up His Millennial Kingdom. Then "every eye shall see Him and they also which pierced Him and all the tribes of the earth shall mourn because of Him." In view of these tremendous truths ought we not to consecrate the few fleeting days which remain to untiring and devoted service, "warning every man and exhorting every man and so much the more as ye see the day approaching?"

When you have finished reading this chapter will you go alone before God in your closet and tell Him that you wish now to become the Bride of Jesus and ask Him for that inner cleansing and filling with His Spirit which alone can fit you to glorify Him here and to reign with Him in His Kingdom? And will you wait before Him day by day with a faith which will take no denial until you have the assurance that the work is done? If so, this book will not have been written in vain, but the writer and reader shall rejoice together as He presents us to the Father blameless in that glad day. Have you ever really thought of what the joy of Jesus will be when He thus presents us? In Jude 24 the words "with exceeding joy" are, literally translated, "leaping for joy." When the soul has thus yielded to Christ and been brought into perfect oneness with Him we read that we shall call him no longer Baali, that is "my Lord," but we may call

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Him Ishi, that is "my Husband." Precious relationship! Wonderful love! Then we do indeed know what it is to cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us. He manages all our affairs, lays all the plans for us and for our dear ones, meets our every need, provides for, nourishes, supports by His almighty arm, defends from all evil, wipes away our tears, lets us rest upon His bosom, is everything to us that the tenderest husband could be and more. But not only is the language of our heart greatly changed towards Him, but He also has a new, sweet name for us . . . Thy name shall be called Hephzibah, that is, my delight is in her. (Is. 62:4.) What heavenly comfort do these words bring! We see that it is indeed a mutual joy, and that we are as needful to the Bridegroom, in a sense, as He is to us. Perhaps you may never have seen it so; you have thought that you greatly needed Christ, but have never for a moment dreamed that you are quite as needful to Him! The dear Holy Spirit has come into the world to seek a Bride for Jesus and He is going everywhere on that blessed errand to-day; far and wide, to the uttermost parts of the earth and to all the islands of the sea, He is seeking admission to human hearts that He may woo them to forsake all to follow Jesus. He is jealous over us with a godly jealousy that He may espouse us as a chaste virgin to Christ. He continually would hold up Christ in all His loveliness before our eyes whispering to us as Abraham's servant did to Rebecca: "Wilt thou go with this man?" Beloved, art thou ready now to say "I will go?" (Gen. 24:58.)

"I've reached the land of Beulah,
The summer land of love,

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Land of the Heavenly Bridegroom,
Land of the Holy Dove;
My winter has departed,
My summer time has come,
The air is full of singing
The earth is bright with bloom.

He lets me call Him Husband,
I have Him always near,
He carries every burden,
He comforts every fear;
He calls me His beloved,
I lean upon His breast,
I've reached the land of Beulah,
The promised land of rest.

My life is all transfigured
By the sweet touch of love,
O'er all around there shineth
A glory from above;
The water of earth's pleasures
Is changed to heavenly wine,
And life like Cana's wedding
Becomes a feast divine.

I've found the fount of healing,
The spring of life divine,
It is the love of Jesus,
It is the marriage wine;
I've found the fount of pleasure,
A cup without alloy,
It is the love of Jesus,
It is the Bridegroom's joy."

XVII.

“NOT A SPARROW FALLETH.”



S I have walked on with God nothing has touched my heart more than the discovery of His care over me and His watchful eye upon me in the little things of every day life, things so tiny that it has really overwhelmed me as I have considered the amazing condescension of such a God as our God, the Lord of Hosts, the Creator of the Universe. Some of His dear people fail to recognize His hand in these tiny, apparently insignificant things and thus fail to know Him as intimately as they might and miss much of the sweetness which would otherwise fill their cup. But if, as He says, not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, why should He not be interested in every event of your life and mine, however small? On one occasion I wanted some white illusion to wear around my neck as I had been in the habit of doing for some years, but every time I was in a store and felt like purchasing it I would think of my missionary box and that I ought to save the pennies towards filling it, and so though I really did look longingly at the illusion each time I inwardly said “No, I will not get it for it really is not necessary,” and passed out of the store. This occurred at least three different times when I was out shopping. Just then a lady friend came to the Home and when looking through her trunk one day found quite a number of articles which she donated to the Home; finally coming to quite a large

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bundle, she said: "I wonder if you could make any use of that?" Opening it, to my astonishment I unrolled yard after yard of illusion, enough certainly to last me for several years! My heart gave a throb of joy, Jesus and I knew what it meant. When I told the dear friend about it the tears sprang to her eyes.

At another time I lost an important receipt and searched all over the house in vain for it. At last I knelt and said: "Dear Holy Spirit, Thou art the Great Detective; Thine eye is upon that receipt, tell me where it is." Instantly a quiet voice said: "In your handkerchief box." I hastened to my room and lo! there underneath the handkerchiefs, lay my receipt! Then I recalled putting it there for safe keeping when in a hurry one day, intending afterward to put it with all my other receipts in the box kept for that purpose. This incident filled my heart with praise and still deeper confidence in my Divine Guide than ever. The following incident, though scarcely included under the head of little things, will, I trust, serve to strengthen the faith of some who have not hitherto realized that the believer may take "every thing to God in prayer." In the summer of 1898 we were for a week visited by very intense heat in this city, beyond anything that I had ever experienced in this locality.

As the end of the week drew near it really seemed unbearable, and I became much prostrated, the blood rushing to the head and leaving the extremities cold and clammy and nearly powerless. When about sinking, the door bell rang and two dear brethren, members of my Band, came in evidently sent by God and at once joined in earnest prayer for me after which I quickly revived. But as evening came on there settled down upon us a breath-

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less sultriness which was quite as trying as the noon day sun. To sleep in the stifling rooms of the Home was not to be even thought of; we determined to remain out upon the lawn as late as possible, all night if need be, rather than enter the house again until compelled to do so. Two or three friends had dropped in and we were trying to keep our courage up by singing hymns when the thought came to me that we could and must unite in prayer that God would send us a refreshing breeze and moderate the scorching heat at once, not only on our own account, by any means, but for the sake of the multitudes of suffering ones crowded into the tenement houses of our great city as well as the vast army of working men and women compelled to labor on though fainting at their work. Accordingly we fell down before our God and cried to Him that for His mercies' sake He would immediately come to the relief of our suffering city. Never have I asked any blessing with greater confidence at my Father's hand. We had no sooner risen from our knees than I began watching for the expected breeze. Up to this time not a leaf had stirred, but that very moment there was a very perceptible movement among the trees and it rapidly increased until a strong, refreshing wind was sweeping over the city. With thankful hearts we went to our rooms and as I lay upon my bed, which had been drawn close to the window for many nights with the vain hope of catching even a faint breath of air, for hours I was too happy and grateful to sleep, but simply lay with closed eyes just revelling in the glorious breeze which swept over me from head to foot hour after hour. How it fanned my burning brow and gently cooled the feverish body, soothing and quieting me into the most delicious repose

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that I have ever known! Gradually and steadily getting cooler throughout the night it seemed to my weary frame like a veritable elixir held to the lips of some fainting traveler in the desert. It was like the purest and sweetest mountain breeze and yet not like it; it was heavenly! And the blessing to my spirit which accompanied it! I felt like a little babe resting in my Father's arms, lulled to sleep upon His breast; it did seem that His own dear hand was passing over my brow. Oh, I knew that He had heard and answered my cry of distress and how I rejoiced, not only for myself, but for others!

The following day was Sunday and there was some dread in my mind regarding the afternoon meeting as the house had not by any means cooled off yet, though there was a marked change outside, and when filled with people I knew well what it was likely to be. While in prayer I asked for something from the Lord with regard to the meeting and opened to these words: "Neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat!" This sweet promise was literally fulfilled to me that day, for the sun was not visible the entire day, the breeze of the night increased to a high wind and by the time the hour arrived for the meeting the house was delightfully cool. Surely the mercies of our God are "tender mercies" as His Word declares. Never can I forget the melting sweetness of His love which filled my heart that Sabbath day. I learned afterward that the thermometer stood at 102 degrees in the shade the previous day. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Psalm 107:8.)

Two strangers arrived to spend some time at the Home, I had not a cent in my purse and only potatoes and bread

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in the house for dinner. This did not seem a very sumptuous repast to set before my guests and I looked to God to see what I should do. Nearly dinner hour and nothing came. One of the ladies picked up a book which was for sale on our tract table. "How much is this?" she asked. "One dollar," I replied. "Well, I think I will take it, I'll go up to my room and get the money just now!" she said. I inwardly said "Praise the Lord," took the money and quickly slipped out for the articles needful for a comfortable meal. She never knew what that dollar meant to me. Many times money has come to me in answer to prayer both for missions and for my own use, sometimes from persons whom I have never seen, or, perhaps, from some one whom I had known many years ago and had almost forgotten; so that it has seemed as truly to have come from God's own hand as if it had miraculously fluttered down from the skies; for they were persons who could not by any possibility have known my need. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of these things." Every such experience has been a joyful surprise, not that I had forgotten the prayer offered, by any means, but that the answer always came at such an unexpected time and way that I have really felt like leaping for joy. For although I have never for a moment questioned that God had supplied and would supply the needs of many other workers well known and very dear to my heart, they have always seemed to me to be so much nearer to Him and so much more devoted than I that it is always fresh cause for amazement and humbling before Him when any such token of His loving care comes to me. Blessed be His Name forever, He does take note of the feeblest hand of faith stretched out to Him in

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prayer. Surely never did He send forth a more trembling child or one seemingly less fitted to carry on a work of faith than I. Deeply conscious of this fact, I have at times felt that I should not be able to endure the life of absolute dependence upon Him which I am now about to enter. The property which my father gave me at the time of his second marriage will have been all spent by the time that this book has fairly started on its journey through the world. I have determined by the grace of God never to go in debt, and never to solicit aid either for the work or for myself. So far as possible the needs shall be made known to God alone. From time to time a report of the work will be issued as He may lead, so that all may know of its progress and may assist in its enlargement by their prayers and free-will offerings as He may prompt. It was opened at His call, God grant that its light may never grow dim until Jesus comes! A few months ago I went up stairs one afternoon for a quiet hour with Him. I had for some time been praying very earnestly that He would enlarge me and the work entrusted to me. Just as I stepped into the room I was conscious of His presence and that He was about to speak to me. As I took up my Bible I said, "Lord, where shall I read?" The "still small voice" instantly replied: "Jabez!" Much surprised, I hastened down stairs again to get my Concordance not remembering just where to look for Jabez and with but a dim recollection as to who he was and what the Scripture said of him. Turning to 1 Chron: 4:10, I read these (to me) most significant words: "And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou would'st bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou would'st keep me

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from evil that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested!"

Thus wonderfully was I reminded that He had heard my cry for many months and that as He had answered Jabez so would He answer me! How I praised Him and worshipped low at His feet and marvelled at this fresh exhibition of His grace, and how often the beautiful, comprehensive prayer of Jabez has been upon my lips! And since that day I have been looking for the promised enlargement in the work. How, or in what way it will come I cannot say, but one thing, praise God, I can say, and that is that it has already come to a large extent in my own spirit through the bitter trials and close testings which have since been sent to me. As usual, I was not looking for it at all in that way, but hoped it might be through some glorious revelation of Christ, some mighty baptism of His Spirit. But no! it has been by the way of Calvary. Amen, Lord Jesus, if only Thine own sweetness has been wrung out of these bitter cups and Thy life shall be manifested through the broken vessel unto all! As for the work, although Satan has opposed since that gracious promise was given as never before since the Home opened, the work has gone steadily on and some very choice young people have here surrendered all and are now preparing for missionary work wherever they may be led, but no special enlargement has as yet appeared. It would rejoice my heart to see a Union Bible School erected, containing a chapel on the first floor, class rooms and office, and two floors above devoted to sleeping rooms for students, matron and any resident teachers, etc.; where the full Gospel might be preached and where

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worthy young people without means might be fitted for missionary work free of charge and sent quickly forth into the whitening fields. If this is God's thought for the little vine which He has planted He will bring it to pass. I do not say that it is, but that He would enlarge it in some direction I verily believe. For the spread of the blessed Gospel where it has never been heard, I have given my all, and feel it but a small sacrifice in view of the tremendous issues at stake. For who can ever estimate the work accomplished through the thousands of dollars which have been sent out to the foreign field through our "Self-denial Mission Band," the many helpless widows and orphans rescued from slow starvation in India, Africa and Armenia, placed in pleasant orphanages with the best advantages of Christian training and education and who will become, if our Lord should tarry, preachers, teachers, evangelists and Bible women among their own people? "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name (said Jesus) receiveth Me." (Matt. 18:5.)

And when I think of the many dear young people trained in the classes here who will go forth to preach Christ in His fulness both at home and abroad, of the suffering ones in body and mind who have here found complete deliverance in Him and gone out to point other weary despairing ones to the fountain of healing, of the sinners saved, backsliders reclaimed and believers sanctified, of the eager listeners, old and young, in the Monday evening Bible class and Sunday afternoon meeting, of the many noted missionaries and evangelists who have come under my roof from all parts of the country, and, indeed, of the world, bringing wonderful messages of life and

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power, when I consider the all-important work wrought in our Juvenile Bands and think of the glorious possibilities wrapped up in these precious boys and girls, some of whom have already expressed a wish to become missionaries of the cross, of the Jewish homes in our city where the light of the New Testament has for the first time entered, of the Gospel tracts in Hebrew and Yiddish scattered here and there, of the poor mothers and girls in the Jewish Mission taught to sew and read and write and instructed in the Word of God, of the little children gathered in from the streets and taught the way of salvation, I do indeed feel that I have tasted something of the "hundredfold in this life" which Jesus promised to those who forsake all for His name's sake and the Gospel's and confidently look forward to the fulfillment of the remainder of the promise—"in the world to come, life everlasting." And now, dear reader, you who have walked with me in these pages through some of the sunshine and shadows of my checkered life, may God lay both the writer and her work upon your heart sometimes in prayer as you behold her stepping forth in the coming months with trembling feet in an untried path, depending upon God alone for her own support as well as that of the work so dear to her heart. She will now know with Paul what it is "to be abased and to abound, both to be full and to be hungry, to abound and to suffer need." Oh pray that her "faith fail not" but that her eyes may be fixed continually upon Him who cares for the sparrows and hears the ravens when they cry, clasping closely the dear Hand which has thus far led her safely through many a Red Sea experience and is pledged to support her unto the end. For hath He not said, "and even to your old age I

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am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you?" (Is. 46:4.) Her sincere desire for you is, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God that your whole spirit, and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. 5:23.)

XVIII.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

(This chapter was written in June, 1911, by Miss Olive Plumstell, a foster daughter of the author.)



SINCE the foregoing pages were written, and the first edition of the book issued, the author has been called away to her heavenly home. Her labors are o'er. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

A few months after she had finished her autobiography, she felt led to attend a convention at Toronto, Canada, held by the Volunteer Movement. Almost immediately after her arrival she was suddenly taken ill, and was able to attend only three meetings during the entire ten days. She spent a few days at a Faith Home where divine healing was taught and where many had been healed, but there seemed to come a cloud over the face of the lady in charge as she prayed, and she said faith seemed to be denied her, and the feeling came over her that Anna Prosser's work was finished.

She expressed a desire to be taken home, and after a few days of rest and quiet, was about her usual work, leading her Bible classes and other meetings, but in very great weakness and exhaustion, which continued all through the summer.

One Sabbath afternoon, late in the fall, after a wonderful meeting in which great power was felt and everyone in attendance was wonderfully blessed, where several

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were converted, one lady sanctified, and a suffering one healed, she went to her room so weak and exhausted that I became much alarmed and called in our pastor who lived on the next avenue. He had taken part in the dedication of our Mission and had helped in the Bible classes, and was much used of God in the laying on of hands, many sick ones having been healed through his ministry, among them his own brother, who was healed of cancer. But he too felt quite sure from the moment he was called, that Miss Prosser would not get well, and that her work was finished.

We have reason long to remember the text she used in that last meeting just referred to, "And they came unto thee as thy people cometh and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument for they hear thy words, but they do them not. And when this cometh to pass, (lo, it will come) then shall they know a *prophet hath been with them.*" Ezek. 33:31-33.

A death-like hush fell on all who heard her voice that afternoon; there was great weeping and crying out to God; conviction settled on some whom she had long been praying for. It was her last message, though we little knew it. From that time until she passed away she became weaker and weaker. Many came and prayed for her, and while she was willing to have them offer up prayer, she felt sure God was calling her home and that her work was finished. She gave me instructions about many matters in such tender and pathetic words that

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tears were drawn from the two unsaved nurses. She invoked the richest blessings of heaven on my head, pouring out her whole soul to God that I might be fully sanctified. All the months she lay sick there went out an indescribable influence which pervaded the whole neighborhood.

Her first words at the very beginning of her illness, were: "Praise the Lord," and they were also the last words she ever uttered. In the early morning of December 20, 1902, as I entered her room I found her about to enter the realms of endless day; she turned her head as I entered the door, and placing her eyes on me said, "Praise the Lord." I sat by her bedside until seven o'clock, when her soul escaped to bliss.

The Bible her mother had given her when entering boarding school in her sixteenth year, was placed on her breast, according to her request. She was followed to the grave by more than forty of the students in her Bible class.

After her death the Lord raised up men and women of God who could teach the Word, and so the Bible classes and the Sunday services and the work in every department went right on.

Miss Prosser organized what was called a band of Self-Denial Workers. There were forty persons in it. Each member of the band supported a native preacher, teacher, or child in the foreign field, in India, Africa, China and Japan, paying from \$15 to \$45 a year for their support. We earned our money by self-denial, depriving ourselves of certain articles of food, walking instead of riding, using the tenth of our earnings, etc. A number of these little bands were established in Buffalo and in other cities.

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The work continued with much blessing until the spring of 1909, when, because of ill-health, I was obliged to close both the Mission and the Home.

No words can express either my sorrow at her departure or tell the blessing she was to me while she lived. She was all, and even more to me than a mother, and my loss can never be made up. My grief is as fresh now as when Anna Prosser passed away. The only consolation is in the resurrection, when not only my heart shall be gladdened in meeting her, but hundreds of others who have been helped heavenward through her noble example of Christian sacrifice.

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