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PERSONAL WORK

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PERSONAL WORK

By

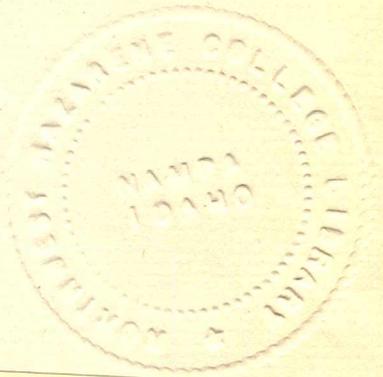
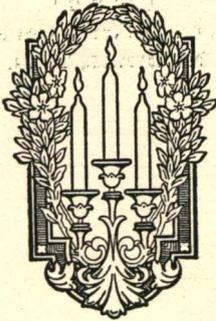
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"Be instant in season, out of
season . . . exhort with all long-
suffering . . . watch thou in all
things, . . . make full proof of
thy ministry."

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A PSALM OF THE HELPERS

*"The ways of the world are full of haste and turmoil:
I will sing of the tribe of helpers who travel in peace.*

*He that turneth from the road to rescue another,
Turneth toward his goal:
He shall arrive in due time by the foot-path of mercy,
God will be his guide.*

*He that taketh up the burden of the fainting,
Lighteneth his own load:
The Almighty will put his arms underneath him,
He shall lean upon the Lord.*

*He that speaketh comfortable words to mourners,
Healeth his own heart:
In his time of grief they will return to remembrance,
God will use them for balm.*

*He that careth for the sick and wounded,
Watcheth not alone:
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is the Lord.*

*Blessed is the way of the helpers:
The compassions of the Christ."*

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A FRATERNAL FOREWORD

BY PRESIDENT IRA LANDRITH, D.D., LL.D.



ONE of the cleverest of modern religious journalists, the late Dr. William C. Gray, of Chicago, once said, "He is a very poor preacher who cannot preach better than he practices." But the author of this volume is not only not a poor preacher, but he practices what he preaches. Like our Master, whom he unselfishly serves, he goes about doing good; and obeying the behest of that Master, he goes even out into the highways and hedges and constrains men and women to come in to the feast the Lord hath spread. He daily does personal work, not alone by inviting the ungodly to accept Christ, but by Christlike ministries of mercy and love to the bodies, minds and souls of God's poor, and therefore our poor. We delight to listen to the preacher who first lives his sermons, and then delivers them.

These pages bear abundant testimony to the vigor and virility of the author's convictions. He believes, or he definitely disbelieves, things, and he does not merely have notions about them. If the thoughtful reader happens to be also a man who has "a head of his own," he will find more than one utterance in this volume with which he cannot agree. But what of that? Nothing, except the satisfaction of knowing that the writer, like the reader, is neither willing nor able to be content with ready-to-wear ideas; and that the writer has set the reader to thinking, and it is better to think even combatively than not to think your own thoughts at all. Ready-made opinions are as ill-fitting to everybody as "hand-me-down" clothes are to most men, and much less useful.

Our author is discussing the most important, the most profitable, and yet, apparently, the most unwelcome enterprise in the world—the sublime business of leading lost

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individuals out of the dark into the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. Christ came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost—lost men, lost cities, lost nations, a lost world; but every soul that through this seeking He finds, must become also a seeker and a savior in the name and power of the Savior, if the atonement is ever to be fully efficient. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it abundantly," is the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself as to his mission to the world. He must have meant that the purpose of His coming was to bring to His people all the life there is that is worth having, spiritual, physical, mental, social; but we cannot insure this life to those whose birthright it is, the whole multitude of the "Whosoever will," unless you and I and every other son and daughter of the Father shall bring the lifeless to the feet of the Life-giver. At least we must roll away the stone.

It is to impress, as they do pointedly and powerfully, the duty, the joy, and the method of doing this hand-picking of the fruit of the Spirit, that these chapters were written. The fault will not be the book's nor the author's, nor the Holy Spirit's, who is ready to use them both for our edification and for our inspiration to intelligent zeal for the salvation of souls, if the reader does not become a personal worker, filled with the ecstasy of the great hope—

"Perchance in Heaven some day to me
Some blessed saint will come and say,
'All hail, beloved! but for thee
My soul to death had fallen a prey';
And Oh, what rapture in the thought,
One soul to Heaven to have brought!"

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WHY NEEDED

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*"The night lies dark upon the earth—
And we have light;
So many have to grope their way—
And we have sight.*

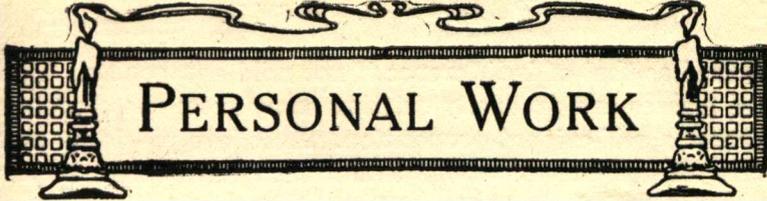
*One path is theirs and ours—
Of sin and care—
But we are borne along,
And they their burden bear.*

*Foot-sore, heart-weary, they
Upon their way,
Mute in their sorrow, while
We kneel and pray.*

*Glad are they of a stone
On which to rest,
While we lie pillowed on
The Father's breast."*

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PERSONAL WORK

Chapter I.

WHY NEEDED.

*"See the world rush blindly on?
See its sorrow, hear its groan.
It is waiting thus in sin
For the true disciple's touch."*

Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4:35.

The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.—Luke 10:2.

THE field is the world." It would be a liberal estimate to say that out of its 1,800,000,000 inhabitants, not one in a hundred attended church last Sabbath. Even in religious centers, church attendance is decreasing. According to a statement of the Earl of Shaftsbury, not more than two per cent of the English working men attend any place of worship. In our own country, we think the ratio would be higher, but there is an alarming decline here. Sixty-five per cent of the population of the United States belong to no church. For six successive years the Wesleyan Church in England decreased in membership. Less than fifty would be the average night attendance at one of the large churches of this city. Four out of five persons in a great city like London never darken a church door, and the prevailing attitude of the working class toward the church could be charac-

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terized as that of indifference if not mild antagonism. That the masses are gradually drifting away from the church is almost a self-evident proposition. A college president says that all the denominations in America have failed to win the big-headed mechanic. Why this failure?

Tampering with the Scriptures has had no little to do with it. Skepticism in many subtle forms has masqueraded under the guise of higher criticism, new theology and kindred phenomena until the people hardly know what to believe. The pulpit, dedicated to the preaching of the Word, often betrays this solemn trust and wanders off into the dubious paths of subtle philosophies and science, falsely so called. We heard S. Parkes Cadman say that one of the worst disfigurements on the face of the church had been her attitude toward science, and there is no doubt much that is true in this statement; for we have not forgotten what Copernicus and other kindred spirits suffered at the hands of a narrow, intolerant priesthood, but the same speaker betrayed the drift of his thought by criticising Luther for considering the Bible an infallible book. Lyman Abott lecturing preachers at a leading theological institution, said that we learned of God through men, that the sacrificial system instituted by Moses was unnecessary, and that he had borrowed it from the surrounding nations, notwithstanding these statements were in direct antagonism to Scriptural teaching. Why should such a teacher be engaged by a school for preachers. Not long since a bright English woman from India called us severely to task for venturing to criticize R. J. Campbell's utterances. The tone of her letter indicated that our failure to agree with Mr. Campbell was due either to our narrowness of spirit or ignorance, when the facts are that there is hardly a fundamental principle of theology that Mr. Campbell in some way does not challenge. A professor in a theological department of one of the largest institutions in the South in lecturing his class said that when Christ attributed the Mosaic authorship to

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the Pentateuch that he either was humoring a popular tradition or that he did not know any better, and a young lady in a Bible training school endeavoring to account for the strange phenomena of the Burning Bush, said that perhaps it was late in the evening and that Moses just saw the intense light of the evening sun reflected on the bush from the backside of the desert.

Need we wonder that the faith of many is being shaken in the Book when leaders in religious thought will talk this way? Some years ago *The Cosmopolitan* published an article embodying statements taken from nearly two hundred different class-rooms connected with the colleges of this country. The drift of these utterances was a thrust at the home, the church, the Bible and God. Only a few weeks ago the Associated Press Dispatches brought us a caustic criticism on several of our leading universities. Their student body was charged with a very large degree of gross immorality.

A public school-teacher of this city sometime ago appealed to us for advice as to what to do when those whose duty it is to visit the school came around and lectured the children with a thrust here and there at the authenticity and genuineness of the Scriptures.

We live in a heady age. People are wise in their own conceits. Some consider it smart to sneer at the old-fashioned notions and doctrines of the church. It is really disgusting to hear some of these novices who haven't one tithe of the knowledge of the old men of the church, talk of modern scholarship in such a pompous way. There is a measure of truth in evolution as a method. A horse evolves from a colt. A hog evolves from a pig, and a hen evolves from a chicken, but to push this theory so far as to account for the origin of the species is unscriptural. Paul in his epistle to the Romans bases his argument for the necessity of an atonement on the fall of man, and if the Darwinian theory of the origin of man is true, the great apostle predicates the

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doctrine of justification by faith upon a myth. However, all this kind of stuff is being served over the counters of the schools of the country and is passing for the products of advanced scholarship. Every stroke at the Bible only weakens the public conscience. The Wall Street Journal was right when it attributed the vast increase in rascality, bankers stealing the money and skipping off to Canada, and crime of all sort rampant, to a failure of the church to preach retributive justice. Nothing less than a Sinai and Calvary message will stem the tide of corruption. No mutilated Bible will meet the demands. The enemy has fired a big gun when he has succeeded in emasculating the Scriptures so that they will lose their note of authority and take rank only with other great books, for after summing up all the other causes for the present strong tide of worldliness which is beating in upon the church, ignorance of the Scriptures, and a consequent failure to live in the power of the same is the root of all the trouble.

But how about the social outlook? Is it no brighter? Well, there are some encouraging features. The large amount of attention that is now being given to sociological problems is doing much to better social conditions on certain lines, and for all this we should be profoundly grateful, but after sociology has exhausted herself, it will still be found, as Bishop McConnell says, that the great difficulty lies in the fact "that the slums are in the people rather than the people in the slums." We live in a day when people "sit down to eat and rise up to play." It costs more to amuse people now than is spent for all the schools and churches; that is, more money is devoted to amusements than is given for both education and religion. This is rather a startling statement, and when we first saw it we hesitated to believe it. It hardly seems credible, and yet it is true. During the past ten years the cheap theater in the form of picture shows has come to the front. They are crowding their way into the very heart of the business

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centers of our city and are having an immense patronage, and while there is no doubt much displayed by them that is educational and not immoral, take them as a whole they popularize theater-going in general and their trend is worldly, while ever and anon their exhibitions are positively immoral. We can remember the time when theater-going for church members was considered out of the question, but now there is but little attention paid to the deliverance of the church on this subject. It would hardly be an extravagant statement to say that the majority of those who wear the name of Christ in our cities attend, not the picture shows merely, but the old-fashioned theaters with all their demoralizing effects.

* This
was in
1914

The social habits of the wealthier classes are widening the chasm between capital and labor, the extravagances of the rich in contrast with the self-denials of the poor only feed socialistic fires and constitute the stock in trade of much labor oratory. The man who built a palatial residence in Boston and then failed to invite his brother to the housewarming because he was too poor to move in that circle, is only an illustration of the illusion of so-called high society. The craze to keep up with the procession necessitates driving at a Jehu rate of speed, hence the frequent commercial crashes, the rapid increase of divorces, the alarming laxity with regard to chastity licenses the adulterer to walk the street with unblushing cheek while sin, slimy and loathsome, assumes a thousand forms and crawls through the home. Puppies nursed while babies are slain. Dress often assumes such a form as to constitute the strongest appeal to lust.

Helen Hunt Jackson says: "The age, alas, has lighter grown," and we have seen no better summing up of its flippancy and lack of depth than in the following paragraph from the great English preacher, W. L. Watkinson:

"The lack of seriousness in the nation strikes even those who do not at all consider things from a religious standpoint. Much has recently occurred to make us pause, yet

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in the very midst of calamities and humiliations the most popular of our poets have to scourge us for our extreme thoughtlessness. We have seen in other nations the terrible consequences of light heartedness and heedlessness, yet we are fast drinking in their spirit and following in their steps. Political economists assure us that our commercial supremacy is jeopardized and unless we initiate a more patient and thorough education our star will set; yet the music-hall renders evening classes insignificant, and the recreations of the people must not be interfered with. Philosophers are insisting that national welfare and progress depend upon laws of self-sacrifice; but the general response to the arguments and appeals of these great thinkers is the most radical and manifold self-indulgence that this land ever knew. Our statesmen warn us that unless we attend more closely and seriously to the affairs and defense of our nation the gem set in the silver sea will be stolen or spoiled; but we listen only for a moment, and the band strikes up. The Puritan element—the element of seriousness, reverence, and earnestness—is obviously waning. A game of football excites the masses more than the immi- nence or the loss of a serious battle. Cycling, golf, and tennis destroy for tens of thousands the sanctity of the holy day; indeed, that day is now openly desecrated by disgraceful carnivals which would have shocked the men who created our civilization. Free libraries exist chiefly for the circulation of fiction lighter than foam. The race course is the national promenade, every third man buried in a sporting newspaper. The circus, the theater, and all kinds of entertainments monopolize inordinate attention. The flip- pant temper of the public is everywhere manifest. Out- rageous vice alarms us, but surely this prevalence of a gay heedlessness is no less to be deprecated. When the allies entered Paris after Waterloo, the audience in one of the great theaters insisted upon the closing of the doors, because the rattle of artillery over the pavement interrupted the en-

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joyment of the play; in a similar spirit of levity this generation yields itself to trifles light as air, and superciliously shuts out the disturbing signs which are at the door."

Neither is the outlook any better when we turn to the commercial world. Here we find the clash of conflicting interests, so violent at times as to culminate in riot and blood shed. While the cost of living has nearly doubled during the past quarter of a century, there has been nothing like a corresponding increase in wages. Many have grown rich at the expense of the poor, and while it would be folly to attribute all the pauperism of the country to the oppression of capital, yet no candid investigator can deny the fact that the complexities of our modern civilization render it more and more difficult for the working man to provide his family with the necessities, much less the luxuries of life.

In the tenement districts of our great cities, pauperism has reached such a state of degradation as to eclipse anything known to antiquity. Think of a room not more than 10x12 feet in dimensions occupied by eighteen people, men, women, children, black and white all living together. Imagine, if you can, forty-five people sleeping in a single room. Seven families all crowded into one room and as many as fifty-eight babies in one tenement. No wonder that in one of the worst sections of New York, the death rate of children reached the enormous rate of 75 per cent. When it is remembered that many of those who are responsible for such conditions are prominent churchmen, is there any occasion for surprise that the breach between the church and the working man continues to widen every year? The notable author and churchman, Canon Farrar, said that not three per cent of the working class of London were regular or even occasional communicants. More and more that large number of people known as the laboring classes are coming to think of the church as standing in with the rich in their oppressions of the poor. To be sure, this is not the only cause of alienation. The one reason above all others is that

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"men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Nevertheless, a calm, dispassionate view of the situation, without being duped with the false optimism of the day, nor prejudiced by pessimistic wails, compels us to acknowledge that the abuses and contortions of Christianity as represented by many capitalists who, though prominent in ecclesiastical counsels, yet pay starvation prices to their employees, are responsible to a considerable extent for the present estrangement of the masses. When women make cheap overcoats at four cents apiece and knee pants at sixteen cents a dozen pairs, they are not apt to want to go to their employers' churches on Sabbath days.

Think of women making twelve shirts for seventy-five cents and furnishing their own thread, and children working twelve hours a day for \$1.00 a week. It is said that the average annual income of the richest one hundred Americans could not be less than twelve to fifteen hundred thousand dollars each, and two hundred thousand persons control 70 per cent of the national wealth; that is, 3-10 of 1 per cent of the population controls 7-10 of the wealth. There are eleven thousand people worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty million dollars each in New York City, and yet 2-3 of the population live in tenement houses, some of which are not fit for stables. The industrial problem looms up into gigantic proportions.

The exponents of the new theology may talk their colorless optimism as much as they please and decry against alarmist and chronic kickers in general, but the fact remains that there is a titanic struggle on in which the interest of one class is arrayed against that of another, and that the blowing up of buildings and other riotous outbreaks are only "coming events casting their shadows before," unless there can be a righteous adjustment of these differences. A mother stood out on the curbstone shivering, with her baby in her arms, while a \$50,000 ball was in progress at the Del Monico. A passerby investigated and found that

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the starving babe had frozen to death. There were many people amid that whirl of dissipation who would have gladly supplied the need of this starving mother, but the state of affairs that brings about such a condition is the thing to remedy. Croesus, whose wealth was estimated at \$8,000,000.00 was, comparatively speaking, a poor person, measured by the wealth of our Morgans and Rockefellers.

We do not agree with Chas. Kingsley in saying that, "If the Christian church was what she ought to be, and could be, for a single day, the world would be converted before "nightfall," for there lived on this earth at one time an absolutely perfect character, and yet many rejected and ultimately crucified Him. Nevertheless, if the church was filled with the Spirit of God she would come forth "as clear as the sun, as fair as the moon and as terrible as an army with banners."

Someone has said that we have not gained in power but in things. We are drifting toward an educated paganism, or a cultivated heathenism, and the widespread hearing that is being given to such heresies as the New Theology, New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy and other revivals and rehabiliments of Hindu philosophy, mixed with other kindred phenomena substantiates the statement. During the past century, the increase in the heathen was numerically seventy times greater than that of the converts to Christianity and at this rate we never could convert the world. However, the Bible does not promise that the world will be converted in this age, but it does command a world-wide proclamation of the Gospel, to be followed by a gathering out of the people who shall be filled with the Spirit and so disciplined as to show forth the praises of His glory in the ages to come.

Surely this brief survey of the situation is sufficient to show the impotency of many of the boasted methods of the religious propagandist of this day. Big churches, big choirs, big preachers, big meetings, teams of various kinds travel-

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ing over the country, all may have their place and accomplish much good, but the problem of how to reach the masses still stares us in the face, and remains unsolved until the church is so awakened that the Andrews will go after the Peters and the disciples, as of old, go everywhere preaching the Word. This multitude of non-church goers must be first interested and won by the personal touch.

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DETERMINE TO DO IT

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*"O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From Thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.*

*This, too, I pray;
That from this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent,
Not to be pleased, but to please.*

*And if I may
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art,
Not to be loved, but to love."*



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Chapter II.

DETERMINE TO DO IT.

*"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank
Creation's blot, creation's blank."*

Go ye . . . and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Ecclesiastes 9:10.

MOST people are agreed that personal work ought to be done, and in a general way will indicate that they feel they ought to be doing more than they are, but there is the lack of anything like a determined, persistent purpose to do it. The conviction is not deep enough to result in such a strong will-force as to overcome all obstacles. Much indifference is due to the fact that people have not *looked* upon the fields. They have a kind of a hazy, indefinite idea of the needs of the field, but it has never gripped them. There was an explosion in a mine. A crowd of people rushed together, organized a relief party and began to dig for the entombed miners. There was a man standing carelessly by. He had made no effort to assist until some one said to him, "Your brother is down there." "My brother," he exclaimed, and seized his pick and went to work. If we could only be brought to see that our brother is there, how different would be our attitude!

We need what the old fathers called a "burden for souls" such as caused Whitfield to exclaim, "Give me souls or take my soul." Matthew Henry said, "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul for Christ than mountains of silver and gold for myself;" and Doddridge said, "I long for the conviction of souls more than for anything besides." John Welch would get out of bed on cold winter nights and throw his Scotch robe around him and pour out his soul in fervent prayer, exclaiming, "I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with them;" and the sainted Brainerd, who literally burned out with zeal, cried out, "I care not where I live nor what hardships I endure so that I may gain souls for Christ." There is an alarming absence of the groan in much of our modern ministry. It has been our privilege to hear a number of bright, and very interesting addresses to ministers from talented men during the past few years, and if we were to make any criticism it would be the absence of that thing that would send the preachers to their knees. There was no groan. The Calvary message must be preached in the spirit of Calvary else it becomes a mere professionalism. Judged by this rule, how much of our work is but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal?"

The needs are appalling. The fields are still white unto the harvest, and the laborers are few. The Lord is seeking avenues through which He can reach these neglected ones. He wants to use your eyes to see the need, your ears to hear the call, your feet to go on His errands, and your hands through which to work. He wants your heart through which to love. In other words He wants the whole man yielded to Him that the life of Christ may be lived over again in you. Yonder is a man that needs to be touched, but God wants you to touch him. Yonder is a man who needs to be loved, but God wants to pour His love through you. Yonder is a man who needs to be saved, but God wants to save him through you. He reaches one man

through another man. That is the divine plan. Here is a great company to be reached. Who will volunteer to be a channel through whom God can pour Himself into the people.

It is not a call merely for preachers. It is for all. The preacher has his specific duties, but this work of witnessing and serving comes to all who follow Jesus. Not merely the gifted, but the man with one talent needs to be enlisted. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and prove me herewith saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out such a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it." Usefulness does not depend upon large gifts, but upon faithfulness to what we have. You can make your usefulness felt around the world if your life is wholly lived unto God. The day is ripe with opportunity to touch somebody in a helpful way.

Personal work is one thing that all can do. All cannot sing, neither can all preach, but all can offer the cup of salvation to others. Some excel in those qualities that make the personal touch impressive, but all can do something. Those who are the recipients of any blessing must pass it on to others, or else its effect is dwarfed in their own lives. It is as those wonderful things of salvation are told to others that they are kept fresh and virile in our own experience. There is this remarkable fact with regard to the things of grace. Every time they are proclaimed they become clearer to our own vision and faith is intensified. When an application was made to charter the first board of missions in the Massachusetts legislature, a member opposed it on the ground that we did not have any religion to export, whereupon a wiser man replied, "Religion is one of those things that the more we export the more we import."

Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest, and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare

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which has been discovered for them. Shall we who have found honey in the rock Christ Jesus be less considerate of our fellow-men than wasps are of their fellow insects?

If there were no other benefits accruing from personal work, other than that to the personal worker himself, we would be well repaid for every effort. The late Bishop Marvin gave as the secret of a very successful pastorate in St. Louis, "the power of responsibility to bind men over to good behavior." That is, everybody was given something to do and the consciousness of this bestowment was a restraint against wrong conduct. Likewise keeping busy in ministering to others acts as a safeguard for the worker. We knew a very devout woman who was given to melancholia, but she said, "Every time that I feel these gloomy shadows coming I immediately put on my bonnet and find relief in going out to serve others worse off than myself. Sick people have been known to get well nursing others. Their attention is so absorbed in looking after somebody else that they forget to brood over their own ills and nature has time to recover.

A. J. Gordon said that the church is dying of respectability, and we might add, for want of exercise. The joy of ministering to others is one of the sweetest delights that can come to a human heart. One of the curious questioners, of whom we see many, approached his pastor to know where heaven was. The minister was one of that practical sort who did not have much patience with curious speculations to the neglect of duties lying right at the door. He replied, "I will tell you where you will find the answer to your question. Go home, put a sack of flour, a ham of meat, sugar, lard, and other such commissaries as a destitute family need, into your wagon and drive down to that neighbors who has been sick for two weeks with typhoid fever and unload these things for the benefit of his family, then go in and kneel down and pray God's blessing upon them all, and your question will be answered." The story goes that the parish-

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ioner did as directed and returned with an exultant spirit, exclaiming, I have found out where heaven is.

A life lived for God is the largest and richest investment possible. The glory of a life lived for others is only realized by those noble souls who give themselves unto the Lord. An obscure woman whose life had been restricted to a very small place learned in a missionary service that she could have part in the great movement of world-wide evangelization. She at once invested. It was only a small thing that she could do, but sometime afterwards in relating the enlargement of soul that had come to her through this wider vision, she said that it had brought an enrichment, a depth, a breadth into her life such as she had never before known.

The unused talent, tied up in napkins and hid away is cursing the church. People are starving in their own souls because of this self-centeredness, and the world at large is suffering great loss on account of it. There is enough latent force within the church to evangelize the world within the next ten years if it could only all be used. There are tongues silent who might speak the glories of grace beyond the utterance of any angel. There are hands idle that could, under the touch of the Spirit, bring to pass mighty things. There are eyes blinded that anointed by the salve of the skies could peer into the glories of redemption so as to enrapture others with the story. There are ears closed that touched by the divine finger could be opened to hear things that no one else has heard, but this vast unused force has clogged the stream of the activity of the church, and has so checked her progress as to largely paralyze her efficiency.

Doing personal work will reach folks that otherwise would not be reached. Everyone holds the key to somebody else's heart. You have fingers to touch people that nobody else has. When Margaret Bottome, the President of the King's Daughters, was converted, she had a friend whom she regarded as a stronger character than she was herself and

she reasoned thus: "If I continue to associate with the young woman, I am in danger of being pulled back into the world and I will go and tell her frankly the step I have taken and that we must separate." She did this, but the young woman replied, to the great delight of her friend, but I will go with you in the service of the Lord.

When C. H. Yatman was holding a meeting in San Francisco, a lady came to him and requested that he pray for her husband. Do you pray for him, replied Mr. Yatman? Oh, yes, she exclaimed, I pray for him. But do you pray out so that he can hear you? No, I cannot do that, she replied. Oh well, said the blunt Scotchman, I will not pray a word for your husband until you promise to go home and get down in your knees and pray aloud so that he can hear you. She finally agreed. The next night her husband went to bed just like sinners do without any prayer, but she knelt down by his side and you can imagine how she prayed. She poured out her pent-up anguish in impassioned petition. He could not stand such a stirring appeal. He sprang out of bed, took her in his arms and said, "Why, my dear, I would have been a Christian ten years ago if you had gone after me in this earnest way." And so he would.

There are homes all over the land with unsaved members who could thus be reached if people would lay aside their timidity and deal frankly with them. There are sons waiting for their mothers; brothers waiting for their sisters; neighbors waiting for neighbor; friend, for friend, and so on. Tied up, restrained by the inactivity of those who ought to bring them to Jesus. There are buttons in this great machinery of soul-saving that preachers can never press. They are waiting for fingers that are in closer touch.

It is said that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and this is true in a more realistic sense than any of us realize. We dwell unmoved in the midst of heartrending conditions because we do not know that they exist. Only let people mix among others and see things as

they are and how soon would there be a protest against the present drift of things.

Jack London before writing his powerful realistic book describing the slums of London, donned the garb of a tramp and went from place to place, living in the heart of slumdom so that he could know for himself just what such life was, then he wrote with a pen dripping with impassioned energy: "Yonder is a silver-haired, sweet-faced old woman who lives within two blocks of the redlight district, but that dark sea of wrecked humanity has never been on her prayer list. Why? She does not know anything about it. Let her make a few visits there and get into the heart of the thing and the awful facts realized will put a groan into her soul and bring such an enlargement of her prayer life that she will be a different woman.

Those who visit among the poverty stricken will have stirrings of soul that will be voiced in personal activities such as others know nothing about. The personal worker comes in touch with the friendless girl trying to maintain her respectability on starvation wages; with the country boy who has come to town to make his start in the world and has no better surroundings than those afforded by a cheap boarding house, while his feet are exposed to the numberless snares lying in wait for him in a corrupt city.

Those who mingle yearly among all classes in order to touch them for God, have a vision of life from every standpoint and they will be stirred to the very core while others ignorant of the situation will pass heedlessly on. Years ago one of the great San Francisco dailies in order to know just how the insane asylum was being conducted had a reporter go down near Stockton and play the part of a crazy fisherman. His queer ways soon led to his arrest for insanity and consequent confinement in the asylum. This gave him the opportunity he wanted and he soon sent forth to the world a description of things within those walls that never could have been found in any other way. The church must do

personal work in order to keep in touch with the heartrending needs of the people.

It must not be left to preachers. In the first place, they could not do it all, and in the second place, a great many of them will neglect their duty and not do it. Five out of seven of the sermons preached in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England are preached by local preachers, persons who do not rely upon the church for support, but gladly on Sabbath days and on other occasions minister free of charge. There must be a great deal more of this kind of work done if the masses are to be reached. There are many places that the preachers cannot touch, and the laymen must be aroused to their responsibility in this matter.

Take, for instance, the church at Carr's Lane, Birmingham, England, from which J. H. Jowett came to New York. Need we wonder at the marvelous growth of that church when we remember that eight deaconesses, besides all the other workers are going continually in and out of the homes of that great city getting in closer touch with the people and serving as so many cables to draw them to the church?

Campbell Morgan said something like this: "You need not credit me for filling this church, but give the praise to the twenty faithful deaconesses who are going everywhere in search of lost souls." When Nehemiah was building the wall, the people had a mind to work, and that same spirit to-day would increase the working capacity of the church one hundred fold and it would not take long to evangelize the world.

The command is to "Go to every creature." Not merely those who come to church, but all, and there can be no excuse for disobeying these marching orders. The Master did not say, go if you have time, or go if you have certain gifts, or go if the people are responsive, or go to a certain sect, but He said, "Go ye to every creature." It is not a question of being highly gifted or of not knowing how, but it is a question of obedience. Coming down to a final analysis

of the situation, the chief reason why people are not doing personal work is a worldly spirit. Chas. M. Alexander contends that if people are not doing personal work, it is because of sin in their lives, and this is true so far as the sin of neglect is concerned. Sins of omission may be as hurtful as sins of commission.

The Master said, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men," and those who walk in the spirit will have the personal touch. So the question resolves itself finally to one of obedience and every command carries with it an enabling promise, so that no one can have a justifiable reason for failing to do personal work. The fact is, people can succeed if they will. The same indomitable will laid upon God's altar for this work, as is necessary for success in other lines, guarantees success in this also.

When Benjamin Franklin opened his printing establishment in Philadelphia he was so very poor that when his only competitor in the town visited his humble quarters he pointed to a loaf of bread lying on the shelf and said if you can live any cheaper than I can, you will run me out, otherwise I will stay. He stayed and among the results we are still getting the *Saturday Evening Post*.

When Miss Alcott was moved to write she sent one of the early publications of her pen to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The editor wrote kindly to the young school marm, advising her to not venture into the uncertain paths of literature, but to stick to her school-room. She replied, "I will write and I will write for the *Atlantic Monthly*," and the time came when the editor was glad, very glad, to have an article from this gifted authoress.

Another celebrated author when a youth spoke to his father about choosing literature as his field of labor. The old gentleman replied, "My son, in literature one must either be a beggar or a king." "Ah," he replied, "then I will be a king." He wrote ten books and failed, he wrote ten more books and failed, wrote ten more and failed, wrote nine

more and failed, and then wrote the fortieth one and got upon his throne. These people were determined to succeed and nothing daunted by the difficulties they toiled on until they did.

When Hannibal came to that lofty pile of dirt and rock that had so long impeded the march of armies, he cut his way through and plundered the fairest plains of Italy. When Napoleon Bonaparte met the same difficulty he said, "We will go through," and through he went, and was soon thundering on the rear of Austria's astonished and frightened hosts.

James Gordon Bennett started the *New York Herald* with a couple of barrels in a cellar and a plank resting on each end, and that covered with type; but he kept on until he established one of the greatest newspapers of the world. The historian, Prescott, while in college became nearly blind; but nothing daunted he tugged away at his books and the plastering of the room in which he studied was worn by his frequent striking it as he walked to and fro engaged in profound thought. Angelo slept in the same bed with three helpers, so poor was he, and chiseled away with the uplifted gaze until his neck stiffened under the long strain, but he succeeded; and should we who are entrusted with the gravest responsibility ever committed to mortals sit idly by and under this childish plea, or that foolish pretext, allow these golden opportunities to pass thoughtlessly by and thus betray the greatest trust ever committed to human beings? Nay, verily, in the face of such appalling need it would be criminal to keep silent. Gird up the loins of your mind, lay yourselves as a living sacrifice upon the altar. Trust the Lord to cleanse, use and keep the vessel thus set apart to Him and go forth amidst earth's toiling, sinning, suffering, dying multitudes to be a winner of souls, determined through the grace of God that in spite of all hindrances personal or otherwise, or even Satanic that you will be a personal worker.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

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*"Lord, when we pray, 'Thy kingdom come!'
Then fold our hands without a care
For souls whom Thou hast died to save,
We do but mock Thee with our prayer.*

*Thou could'st have sent an angel band
To call Thine erring children home;
And thus through heavenly ministries
On earth Thy kingdom might have come.*

*But since to human hands like ours
Thou hast committed work divine,
Shall not our eager hearts make haste
To join their feeble powers with Thine?*

*To word and work shall not our hands
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?"*

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Chapter III.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

*"Slightest actions often meet the sorest needs,
For the world wants daily little kindly deeds;
O, what care and sorrow you may help remove
With your song and courage, sympathy and love."*

And he put forth *his* hand and touched him.—Luke 5:13.

And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength.—Acts 3:7.

And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands.—II Kings 4:34.

AND He reached forth His hand and touchd Him." The Master ministered oftentimes without the physical touch, and yet its use in His ministry is significant. C. H. Parkhurst says that God and one man can make any other religion, but it requires God and two men to make Christianity. One through whom He could touch the other. We are not partial to statements of this kind. We don't know what God could or could not do, but the very common-place truth that the Master uses folks to reach other folks is too Scriptural to need any argument. Preaching the gospel to every creature necessitates a personal ministry. Elisha's staff on the dead boy was not enough. He stretched himself upon the lad before the Spirit returned. Really our work does not amount to much until we do put ourselves into it. Unless a

man's soul goes out at his fingers his work does not amount to much: unless his spirit is in his words they will be empty. Jeremy Taylor says that when God would save a man he does it by way of a man, and this is corroborated in the case of Saul who, though unhorsed, a penitent, on the Damascus road, was sent to the home of Ananias, where there was a man who would tell him what to do. There are many Sauls standing at the door of the Ananias's today waiting for the messages that the Master would have them hear. What an opportunity Ananias would have missed if he had been unfaithful that day, and what a loss it would have been to the Christian Church if there had not been some one to lead this gifted young Hebrew into the light.

Passing by a prominent corner of our city we saw a former Governor of the State out shaking hands with the people. He was one of the boys that afternoon and was attracting no little attention. What did he want? To be United States Senator and he was too good a politician to expect to be elected without he got in *touch* with the people.

After saying all that can be said in favor of the ministry, whom we believe as a body to be good men earnestly desiring the salvation of the people, it yet remains that many of them have been pressed by serving tables so that they are out of touch with the throbbing heart of humanity. As a mayor of this city, who himself was an active church member, once said to us, "Something seems to have settled down on the ministry so that they don't reach the people." More than two centuries ago Richard Baxter wrote, "The work of the church is exceedingly retarded by unworthy retiredness." The criticism made on theological seminaries is that they unfit rather than equip the ministry, and the most far-seeing folks in the churches have felt that there was truth in the complaint and have earnestly undertaken to correct this fault. The various brotherhoods and kindred organizations of the laity all tend to the

remedying of this evil, and in so far as they will touch people for God they are to be commended.

All these social schemes that propose to mollify earthly wounds and heal all her woes without the gospel are, to put it mildly, a Utopian dream, or to make a bold statement, the wildest fancy. Truman Osmond won the gifted De Witt Talmage by going to his father's house and while seated with the family around the old-fashioned hearthstone telling in the most winsome manner the parable of the lost sheep, until the lad's heart was so touched by his tender ministry that he accepted the good Shepherd as his Savior and consecrated his life to God. It was the personal touch that won this earnest youth. When the humble artisan laid his hand upon the shoulder of John B. Gough and asked him to come to the meeting of the Washingtonians and sign the temperance pledge, he little knew that he was helping to emancipate from the thralldom of drink the one who was to be one of the most gifted sons that the temperance cause ever had, and when young Gough, still trembling on the verge of delirium tremens from excessive drink, walked up to the desk, signed his name to the pledge and went forth to hold vast multitudes spell-bound by his marvelous eloquence, the touch of plain Joel Stratton was still being felt. We heard Father Yager, as he was familiarly and reverently called, say in a sermon preached at Visalia, California, that when he was four years old, his mother took him into her bedchamber and had him kneel beside her and placing her hand upon his head, she poured out her soul to God for her boy. Not long afterwards this mother passed on to her reward, but the old minister said, "More than seventy years have passed since that hour, but I still feel the pressure of that hand upon my head as she closed her prayer and looked up toward heaven exclaiming, "I know that God will keep this boy." Young Yager went West, got mixed up with mining camps, wild stockmen and Westerners of all types, yet he

never used tobacco, drank liquor, gambled or indulged in any of the other vices so common among the youths of that day. The touch of that sainted hand was still upon his brow.

There is something in personal work that gets close to people. They take it for granted that the minister is talking often professionally and as a friend of mine puts it, "he is paid to do that," and the truth doesn't come home to them like it does through personal appeal. Gov. Wm. B. Washburn made habitual visits at least once a week to the homes of the poor in his village, talking to them about their eternal interests and in various ways interesting them in the great work of salvation, and among the results was a good Bible class that he organized. It is a well known fact that Gladstone, busy as he was with the cares and responsibilities of a great nation, found time to talk and pray with a wayward boy, to make a weekly visit to the drunkard that was trying to reform and to read the Bible to an old street-sweeper in an attic.

Gipsy Smith will never forget the time when Ira D. Sankey, driving through the little Gypsy village, when the great preacher was but a boy, laid his hand upon him and spoke to him about the things of God. The estranged masses can be won by the personal touch of holy men and women. Many of them can be brought to believe in Christianity and to accept its sublime truths for themselves when the Master is thus seen in His people. Alas, how many have stumbled and fallen away into outer darkness in the face of such poor representatives of Christianity as the most of us are. When the Chinaman was asked as to the gospel, he replied that he had seen it, and then when further interrogated he said, in the person of a certain Christian. And this accords with the words of the great Apostle when he said, "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men." When Robert McCall went over to Paris to fill an appointment for a friend, it was during the revolu-

tion of 1848, and groups of excited men were standing around on the street corners gesticulating wildly and talking fiercely, he passed quietly among them, knowing just French enough to say to them quietly, but tenderly, "Jesus loves you." He little thought that it would be the beginning of a ministry of the personal touch among that vain, frivolous, godless people that would result in the establishment of more than one hundred centers for the preaching of the gospel, and when he was called up higher, the McCall Mission had spread throughout the entire nation. Humble places they were, usually some plain building like a business house opening right out on the street at the door of which stood tactful and devout workers inviting the people in. Many are the incidents that might be related of the triumphs of the gospel as it was thus propagated with such a large element of the personal touch. Ministers used to discuss in their Monday morning meetings the vexed problem of how to reach the masses. Many of these good men had preached the preceding Sabbath to only a handful of people and it was to them, from a personal standpoint, a very vital question. We thought then, and the experience of added years has led us to think even more positively, that the only way to reach the masses is to go where they are, to be one among them, to get in close touch with them. Just the other day we were reading of a young man who painted the picture of a mother and child in abject want. Before he had finished his soul was so stirred with a God-given resolve to devote his life to the uplifting of earth's suffering millions that he said, "I'll not paint pictures any longer, but I'll go where the need is the greatest and get underneath it for the salvation of the people and so he went to Africa. His name was Tucker, and the Uganda Mission, where the Lord used him so mightily, stands today as a monument of what may be achieved by a God-anointed man who will yield himself as a living sacrifice to be offered on the altar of a needy world. Alas, there

has been too much painting of the need and not enough giving to supply it. There are plenty of folks who will describe in eloquent language the need of a sin-stricken population, but they too often stop with the word-painting. There is no consequent pouring out of the life to meet the need. Someone asked Quentin Hogg when he was showing a friend around over the Polytechnic Institution what it would cost to establish such an institution, and he replied dryly, "Only that somebody should give his life. Perhaps you remember in the story of Uncle Tom's cabin, the maiden lady who came from the North to do mission work among the negroes. Little Topsey was an incorrigible sinner and besides she had an odor about her that this elegant lady did not fancy and for a while she endeavored to win her to Christ by keeping her at a distance, but she ultimately discovered that if she was to be instrumental in the redemption of this truant waif she would have to get close to her. The personal touch would have to be used.

The story of that young Englishman who had gone over to India and lived among the natives like one of them, wedding himself to poverty and enduring hardships that he might come into the closest touch with them and thus reveal the spirit of the Master whom he was preaching, is one of the most thrilling stories of what is being done for the saving of the heathen. James Gilmour, living the lonely life that he lived amid the Mongolians, sleeping in their tents with them while everything was frozen outside, living daily as they lived, submitting to all the inconveniences and hardships of this pioneer life, all in order that he might know them and they might know him, and, best of all, that they might know his Christ, is a vivid illustration of what can be accomplished by a personal touch. Alone did we say? Yes, alone, so far as humanity was concerned, but not alone in the deeper sense of the word, for the Master walked by his side and graciously comforted him, cheering him along his pilgrim march until the eventide came and he passed on into the beyond.

When the Master would redeem a lost world He did not remain in heaven on His glorious throne, but veiling Himself in humanity in order that he might get in the closest touch with us, He condescended to become a little babe, to grow up in poverty, to live among a people who misunderstood him, to be the founder and propagator of a religion that awakened the most bitter antagonism, and ultimately put to death in as ignominious a manner as devilish ingenuity could invent, all for the purpose, we would repeat, to be as close as possible to the heart of an alienated and wicked race. All through the Old Testament Scriptures, as the angel of the covenant, He was reaching forth His hand and touching the world in its sorest need and during His personal ministry the grim want, the appealing need, the poverty both of body and soul of the shepherdless multitude touched His omnipotent heart, and moved with a feeling of compassion He would reach forth His hand and touch them and pour out His life for them, and ever since, just to the extent that He has been incarnated in His church through the Spirit, does her touch become effective.

Alas, alas that those who claim to be His representatives on the earth should so far have forgotten the power of His example that they have separated themselves from, rather than going down amid, the surging masses of a stricken and long suffering people to win them to Christ.

"The parish priest
Of Austerlitz
Climbed up a high church steeple
To be near God.
So that he might hand
His word down to the people.
And in sermon script
He daily wrote,
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down
On his people's heads,
Two times, one day in seven,
In His wrath
God said

Come down and die
And he cried from the steeple
Where art thou, Lord?
Down here among My people."
"Poor sad humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Stands back with bleeding feet
By the weary round it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught
And that remaineth still
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

The good Samaritan did not offer to pay the landlord to give the sufferer further care until he had rendered all the service in his power. It was the personal touch and sacrifice that it involved on the part of this man who belonged to what was considered an outcast people that constitutes the charm of this inimitable parable. The Master's command has been reversed. The church says "come"—the Master said "go." Go where? Go where the people are. Down amid the slums, in the dives, in saloons, in gambling places. Go into the great mercantile establishments and manufacturing centers. Go into the halls of legislation, go into the offices of professional men. Go amid the homes of the rich, go everywhere touching the people for Christ. The printers on Printers' Row in Boston said that the sun always seemed to shine brighter after Phillips Brooks walked down the street. Why? Because of the great luminous presence that he shed abroad, filled by the Spirit and directed as he was. All the settlement projects, every social scheme that has for its object the betterment of the race deserves support, but whenever any of these things are offered as a substitute for the gospel they should be promptly set aside. Merely living in the slums and showing the people how to keep house and behave themselves socially will fall far short of bringing the people to God. Go among them and live among them? Yes, but let it be a

life lived in the power of the Spirit of the Christ who loved us and gave Himself for us. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." This kind of a life will shine away the darkness, this kind of strength will break the chains Satan has forged, this kind of a touch will be used by the master to open the eyes of those whom the god of this world has blinded, and this kind of a spirit will bring men to repentance and to God. The story of the Christian Chinaman who went to live in the leper colony merely for the purpose of being close to them and winning them to Christ is just a bit of real Christianity, and the man who wanted to be chained to the galleys that he might declare the unsearchable riches of Christ to his fellow-slaves is another illustration of the spirit of Him who gave Himself for us. It is hard at first for heathen nations to believe in the unselfishness of the missionaries. Sympathy is a thing so utterly lacking with the people of the East that they cannot understand the motive that inspires folks to leave comfortable homes and come to them with such a spirit of self-denial, but when their confidence is won a long step has been taken in the direction of bringing them to Christ. Measureless is the power of this personal touch, and the Master still, as in the olden time, through His children here and there, is reaching forth His hand and touching earth's suffering ones. But, oh, that this number might be increased a thousand-fold and then what added help would come to a world needy, so needy, and what larger glory would be given to the Christ who still yearns with boundless love over the erring sons and daughters of a fallen race. "He reached forth His hand and touched them."

THE DOOR-STEP MISSION.

The London Christian published an article titled, "My-Door-Step Mission." Few of us realize the importance of even the momentary greetings that pass at our door-steps.

Too often we are in great haste to get rid of folks rather than to bless them. There are few so unlearned or poor but that they could conduct a thriving mission at their door-step. In these days, when people are continually on the move, rushing hither and thither, the knock is often heard at the humblest doors and various classes of humanity are to be dealt with there. It is the most neglected of all ministries. Few of us have thought anything about it. Most of us are not much concerned with regard to the folks who are continually coming and going. It is accepted as a matter of course and often looked at as a nuisance—something that we must put up with and endure with as little strain on ourselves as possible; whereas the mission at the door may be a powerful agency felt around the universe in its glorious ministry. If we will heed the following suggestions, many will leave our doors richer than when they came.

Think. Consider your fellowmen, their sorrows, their joys, their trials, their pain, their sin. See in each crossing of your pathway an opportunity to say or do something that will help them along the way. Be on the lookout for opportunities and when the door bell rings, you may say, as the old monk did when the bell rang at the convent gate: "The Master hath come and calleth for thee."

Greet people cordially. Smiles are not so expensive but what the poorest of us can keep a full supply on hand, and do you know they are far more priceless than gold? Many of us have fallen into the habit of going to the door with a disturbed look, and by our very manner saying to the caller: "What are you disturbing me for?" How often have we been greeted with a countenance that seemed to say, "Tell your business quickly, stranger; you are intruding on my time, and I do not want to be bothered with you." Yes, there are trials even in the door-step mission. All kinds of frauds, bums, beggars, peddlers, solicitors, collectors, gossip neighbors and devout friends knock at the door, but

every one of them should have a kindly greeting; and yet we, in our thoughtlessness, forget the far-reaching impression of even a momentary glance or one sympathetic word of kindly help. These are reckoned among the little things, but they go a long ways toward enriching the life. Remember that when people come to your door it is an opportunity for you to shine upon them the love of God. If every reader of these lines would from this moment determine to answer the door bell with a pleasant, cordial greeting, great would be the results.

Use the moment well. No ministry requires more tact, patience or love. Ordinarily who cares much for the stranger? He is intruding on your time and you get rid of him as quickly as you can, but not so with men and women who have the Spirit of Christ. They see in the individual before them an opportunity for doing good. The kindly word is spoken, an exhortation dropped here and there, maybe the giving of a tract, an invitation to church, a "God bless you," or a momentary prayer, just as the occasion demands. The trembling lip and the tear-bedewed eye will often be seen in a brief meeting like this. Not the boring of people in compelling them to stay and talk and all that kind of thing, but the quiet, unobtrusive, Christlike ministry of touching people with such love that the worst of them will be impelled heavenward. Sometimes it will be only a bit of information given in the name of the Lord; again just a kindly word or a bit of assistance given to some needy one. The greatest need is not material things, but a lift Godward. What tales a door-step could tell, for even a momentary meeting there is fraught with eternal destinies. Greet every one with a silent petition. Break the alabaster box of kindness on the heads of all whom you meet. There will be some Judas standing by who will upbraid you for your kindness, but it is not wasted. When our hearts are full of love for our fellowmen, we will find numberless ways to help them, and the word at the door will be one of the avenues of blessing.

Those who conduct the door-step mission will find a marked increase in their spiritual force. The monotony of daily duties will be brightened with these momentary ministries at the door. That door-step mission will be a kind of an inlet from the mighty sea of God, and your own heart will be strangely warmed and blessed as you thus touch others. A brother's need will find quick response in your own bosom, and when you are thus faithful the Lord will send all classes to get help from you. Ah, what a throne the door-step mission may be, dispensing blessings in every direction! "Do you know Mr. So-and-So?" "Well, I can't say that I know him exactly. I have had no long acquaintance, but just met him at his door; but his spirit was so kind and he was so courteous that he won my heart and I have longed for a better acquaintance." "How about Mrs. So-and-So?" "Well, I know but little about her, except that I called at her home one day and she snapped me off in a very unceremonious way and sent me away feeling as if I had been stung by a hornet." How quickly those whose business sends them from one door-step to another learn where they will have a pleasant greeting. There are some who growl, bulldog-like, when you come near them.

That door-step ministry—get ready for it, take it up and do not be discouraged at apparent failures. Keep at it, for practice makes perfect. It may become the gate of heaven to some weary, discouraged brother. Let us all pause right here and determine, by the grace of God, that these brief interviews which are coming so often to all our doors, shall be made the occasion for bestowing a blessing. We can all conduct a mission of this kind, and among the great variety of missions now in operation we plead for the founding of the one at the door-step. May He who touched all who came to Him in such a kindly spirit grant that we may go and do likewise.

HOW TO BEGIN

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*"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.*

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*O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.*

*O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.*

*O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart."*



Chapter IV.

HOW TO BEGIN.

*“Go forth from the secret Presence
With the overflowing heart,
List to every cry of pain
With a loving, helping hand.”*

Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.—Matt. 4:19.

He first findeth his own brother Simon And he brought him to Jesus.—John 1:41, 42.

ANDREW never parleyed about how to reach Simon, but simply went and brought him to Jesus. The best way in the world to begin is to begin. Rotherham's translation of the Master's words to the woman who anointed Him was, "What she had she used." Her gifts may not have been large or varied, but out of a heart full of the most ardent devotion she poured what she had, and it won from the heart of Jesus an encomium that will ring down through the church as long as time will last. Begin with what you have. It may be only the five loaves and two fishes, such as the lad possessed. It may seem so little for such a great multitude, but when it is all yielded to the Lord it will be wonderfully multiplied. One Sabbath afternoon there sat in the congregation just in front of us a woman with an anxious look upon her face. At the close of the service we inquired the cause and she replied that she wanted power to go out and speak on the street, and

we said to her, Sister, you have a mistaken notion about power. What you need this afternoon is power to sit here and hear me preach, and when the time comes to go on the street, if you are in the will of God, He will gird you with strength; but the Lord is not going to give you power to speak on the street when you are sitting in church.

Sophie had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the Heavenly Father seemed to say:

"Sophie, stop; where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Where are you now?"

"In America, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then the Father said: "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."

"And who above them?"

"Why, some Switzers."

"Who in the rear?"

"Italians."

"And a block away?"

"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to these people about My Son? Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen, when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their own souls?"

Don't try to be anybody else, but consecrate to God your own talent and the power will be forthcoming, for whatever He calls you to do. Some people have a strange idea of power. As G. D. Watson says:

✓ "So many Christians have a vague, fantastic notion of spiritual power, as of a galvanic shock, instead of a deep, humble energy in the heart to go right on doing God's will.

"Sometime ago a good brother went to the chapel to make a fire and light the lamps for a religious meeting. In a few minutes there came a brother who was always harping on power, mighty power, and if we had the power, how the devil would tremble, and such like expressions. At the same time this man that always harped on power was noted for being lazy and stingy, and shirking the plain humble duties of life. So the other brother replied: 'God has given us already the power to go ahead and do His will, and what special power do you need just now except the power to make these fires and light these lamps and sweep out the house? Then, when the meeting begins, if we are right with God, we shall have the power to sing, to pray, to testify, to talk to souls, to rejoice in God and go right on doing God's will.'

"But the other man was too lazy to make a fire in the stove, but wanted some strange galvanic shock to come in on him that would make him yell and jump over the benches and frighten the neighbors, make a big splurge, and show what a tremendous religion he had. These two men illustrate the different notions that people have of power.

"There are some people who bellow like a bull for power, and are utterly good for nothing to God or man, either in their homes or in the church. The highest power is to love our enemies, and to give our prayers, our money, our tears, and our lives to Jesus and the saving of souls, and to humbly endure all things."

Perhaps you may make mistakes, but who hasn't? The man who never makes a mistake, as a rule, is a man who has never done anything. Seek the Lord for guidance. He will show you your work. It will hardly be in an audible voice, nor marked out before you just like a railroad track; but there will be a drift or bias in your soul, a certain bent in your spirit that tells you that is the thing you ought to do, an inner feeling of oughtness, a gentle whisper within, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

There are many kinds of personal work. There are many ways to reach men. All are not called to the same particular kind of work, neither are all equally gifted, but there are none more insignificant, none more obscure than the lad who had that that was used to feed the hungry multitude in the olden time. Matthew Simpson, of whom there was none more eloquent in all the Church, said that he had just begun to talk as a boy and he was surprised later on to hear the people call such humble efforts sermons. The secret was this: he poured out what the Lord gave him in such an impassioned way that the people could not be other than deeply impressed. He began.

When Spurgeon was a lad he was asked to accompany a young man to a meeting, and naturally he supposed his companion had been appointed for that work. As they approached the place his companion said: "Charles, you will have to preach." "Why, no," exclaimed the young man, "I haven't thought about it." "If there is any preaching done, you will have to do it," replied his companion. When they reached the farmhouse there was nothing else for young Spurgeon to do than just what everybody else ought to do—do his best. Announcing his text—"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious"—he poured out his heart upon the people until they were so deeply impressed that they marveled at how such a sermon could come from only a youth, and one old lady peered out from under her bonnet and said: "How old are you?"

Begin enthusiastically. That is one of the secrets of success. It is hard to do much with a discouraged man. This is one reason why young Moody succeeded so well. He was full of a God-given enthusiasm. He could barely read as he had had only meager advantages, but he loved God and souls and while clerking in a shoe store in Chicago, he found ample time to outdo all others in personal work. To him the need was an appeal. The thousands of little children running around through the alleys of that rapidly

growing city touched his heart profoundly. He saw at a glance that these children could be won to God with proper effort. He did not sit down and dream about it. He did not spend hours brooding over difficulties, but he went at it. At first he was too ignorant to teach, but he was humble enough and willing enough to bring in classes for others until he had sufficiently won the confidence of the superintendent for him to allow him to gather up a class for himself. As he rode up and down the alleys and byways his little pony was literally covered with boys that he picked up here and there. Some sat before him and some behind him, while some hung on to the mane and others to the horse's tail, and in this way he landed his pupils. A picture taken when the class was first formed and then one taken sometime afterwards, when the gospel had begun its work of transforming, showed a marked contrast.

Moody was awkward in speech. His grammatical errors were many, and he was like Bud Robinson, who said, he never professed grammar, but religion. People tried to discourage him and urged him not to endeavor to speak in public, but he was determined to do the best he possibly could. Less courageous souls would have given up the struggle, but he looked up to his God rather than to his failures and went ahead. Full of the loftiest enthusiasm he ere long had a large Sunday school of his own. He never aspired at being anything great. He had no ambition to lord it over somebody else's heritage, but was consumed with a burning passion to do his utmost in bringing the wanderers home to God. Had he never become famous, he would have continued on with the same indefatigable enthusiasm. Enthusiasm goes a long ways.

A stranger dropped into a church and listened a few minutes to a man speak. He was so far in the rear that he could not understand a word that was uttered, but turning to a gentleman at his side he gave the address his most enthusiastic indorsement. But, replied his auditor,

we cannot understand a word he says. Yes, yes, he exclaimed, but just see how he says it. It was the lofty enthusiasm of the address that touched him. Some people undertake personal work about like a man would go to be shot. There is not much more inspiration in their face than there is in a side of leather. Their voice has a sepulcher whine and there is an apologetic tone that disgusts people. Christians have the best thing in the world and they have no occasion to be ashamed of it, and it is a privilege to have the opportunity to tell others about it. The old lawyer was right when, after hearing a young preacher on the Sabbath, he said to him: "Young man, if I had a boy studying law here with me and he did not show more interest in a petty case in a magistrate's court than you did yesterday in preaching to those immortal souls, I would turn him off. I wouldn't have such a person around me."

Approach people as if you expect them to be glad that you are doing so. Give them the great facts of the gospel with as much eagerness as you would hand them hidden treasure. Put your soul into it. Let your very spirit go out into your words and move them. Beware of that maudlin, fawning, hypocritical spirit that sometimes unfortunately crops out in Christian workers. For instance, when a minister arises to speak his introductory remark is something like this: "Brethren, I don't feel that I can say anything that will do you any good." If just at that instant some parishoner would exclaim, "Well, then sit down," it might be a striking eye-opener. If a man hasn't anything worth hearing, he ought not to impose upon the people by trying to make them listen. Believe that you have something worth hearing. You are the bearer of the best news that was ever proclaimed throughout this universe. A choir of angels was detailed from the skies to come down and sing its praises to a body of affrighted shepherds. It is good news of great joy which shall be to all men.

Be bold. Someone has said that the modern church is lacking in initiative and boldness of undertaking. This is true. Boldness is not some loud-mouthed, coarse-faced, egotistical thing, but it is a certain attitude of spirit born with an assurance that you are sent of God, and this gives a tone of authority that compels a hearing. Not assumed authority. Forced leadership repels people. Ezekiel was assured that although the people might not yield and be obedient to his message, yet they should know that a prophet had been in their midst. The church must have this tone of authority, and does it not come from contact with Him who spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes and Pharisees? There is all the difference in the message of the Divinely credentialed man and the whimperings of an ecclesiastical time-server. The one has the lightning of the skies and the other the flickering candle of human authority. Boldness is peculiarly linked with gentleness and meekness. The most successful workers have found their strength in quietness and confidence. They are not running over the country asserting themselves, but as heaven's appointed evangelists they are pouring forth that glad song of redemption.

Certain individuals of the baser sort have an idea that roughness is essential to effectiveness. They are like an old physician that one of our parishoners had. She said that frequently the first thing he did after entering the room was to swear. We were never able to understand just how his profanity added anything in her sight to his efficiency. But there are people of that kind. They will tell you with such an air of confidence that doctor So and So is the very best physician in all the country, if you could only find him sober. It seems that his good qualities are magnified by shining through the lurid glare of his dissipation.

We have known evangelists to behave in a congregation very much like a bull would in a china shop. They order

people to get up and sit down and go out in a rude, boisterous, offensive manner; and some sentimental people at once foolishly imagine that they must wear earmarks like this if they succeed. Even earnest men have been responsible for a lot of foolish things done by weaklings who assay to imitate them. These copyists haven't seen enough to know that these great men have succeeded not because of these faults, but in spite of them. We have known young men to order everybody in the altar to throw up their hands and pray because they had heard some noted evangelist make that request.

A young man went to hear Sam Jones, and the great preacher happened to have one of his characteristic moods on that day and he poured out on the people, as was his custom, a wonderful mixture of denunciation, ridicule, humor and pathos. When he got through nearly every one had been skinned. The young man said to himself: "I see where I have failed. I haven't done enough talking like that." And so he went back to his pulpit and endeavored to imitate the evangelist, and after having abused his astonished and enraged audience so long, he said to them, as Jones had said, "Now if you don't like it, Bud, there is the door; get up and get," when to his utter astonishment and indescribable humiliation they all got up and he was left, not exactly to waste his fragrance upon the desert air, but to close with a no more enthusiastic audience than empty pews.

Would to God that modern evangelism would learn that coarseness has no vital connection with strength and that boldness is not wedded to rudeness. That gentleness of touch, refinement of spirit, loftiness of courage, nobility of effort, and the largest success can harmonize with the most Christ-like character. In speaking on this subject a friend told us of a young man who came into his store, slapped one of the clerks on the shoulder and said to him: "Did you know you are going to hell?" Such rudeness of approach

so angered the young man that he turned on him with a word akin to an oath. The Master was the model, the very essence of boldness, beautifully wedded to those rare graces of humility and meekness. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Some think the personal worker should deal only with his own sex and age; but it would not do to make this a rule. There are instances in which this would not be best. Sanctified common sense is a good criterion in all instances of this kind. There are wicked men who take advantage of the guilelessness of young women workers and have sometimes thereby lured them to their ruin. Some years ago there was a book written which sounded a very distinct note of alarm with regard to these vultures that camp around mission halls. It is not only true of men, but vicious women also make a rendezvous of such places and lie in wait for the earnest but unsuspecting young man. However, if there are too many cautions thrown around those who do personal work, they are in danger of being oppressed with morbid fear and crippled in their work. The wise thing to do is to conduct yourself always as becometh those who profess Godliness and leave the results with God.

The question is often asked, What can I do? Where shall I begin? The answer would vary according to the gifts and opportunities of the questioner. There are many, many ways to touch people for God. We have a friend who keeps her pockets full of tracts. She has an impressive personality and a tactfulness of approach and a gentleness of touch that wins. The distribution of good literature is always an open field. It may be gathered up and sent to the poor and those who are able may be induced to buy. Ministering to the sick is always a *need*, and affords excellent training for those engaged therein. Keeping the children while some overworked mother goes to church, gathering the little ones in off the street and teaching them the word of God, visiting in the homes, speaking a word for

the Master to the passerby, work in the prisons, poorhouses, asylums; in fact, there is no limit to the opportunities that are offered.

While the Crimean war was going on Dean Stanley and Carlyle were taking a walk together. The conversation naturally turned on the gloominess of the situation. Stanley asked Carlyle what he would suggest should be done, and the great thinker replied: "Doing whatsoever thy hands find to do heartily. Do it with all thy might." And those who wish to accomplish the most in this life would do well to heed this exhortation of the apostle, and do it as unto the Lord.

There is great power in testimony. All Christians are called to witness for the Lord, and common place as it may seem, a testimony that comes from anointed lips never loses its impressiveness. Witnessing is one department of Christian work from which none are debarred. The opportunities will be continually occurring and the privilege of testifying to the riches of grace is priceless. Inviting people to the services is not an unimportant thing. Many have been reached through a simple beginning like this. They must hear the gospel if it is to effect them. Begin now, the Spirit will lead. Enter the first door, and there you will find the Lord ready to bless.

A bit of tact will keep the door from being slammed in your face. The door bell is rung so often by peddlers and agents of various kinds that some people lose patience and are not always as courteous as they might be to the stranger at the door; but if the minister will say something like this, "I am in charge of a certain church and I thought I would drop by a moment and invite you to attend," he will usually be asked in, but if not he can deliver his message at the door, closing with a brief prayer and be gone, not having stayed more than two or three minutes. We drop into places like this and the following is a sample of some conversations we have had with non-church goers:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Well, no, you could hardly call me a Christian. I used to go to church before I was married, but since the baby came and has been such a care, and then Henry works late Saturday night, and we don't get up in time to get off Sunday mornings, and we cannot take baby out at night and we have no way to leave him. We have just got out of the habit of going."

"Was your mother a Christian?"

"Oh, yes, my mother was one of the best women I ever knew."

"Well, sister, you ought to live so you would meet her again and it would be a great mistake for you not to make your home like she made hers. The best thing you can do for that child is to so live before it that when you come to pass away you will die like your mother did."

With trembling lips she replied, "That's so. I told Henry the other night we ought to change our ways and go to church. Neither one of us was raised this way. We did go to church a few times when we first came to the city, but everybody was so cold and distant and it was so unlike the old home church where we were raised that we did not feel like going back any more."

"Well you and your husband come to church next Sunday and you shall have a hearty welcome and you will want to come again." Then we dropped on our knees and prayed a short, earnest prayer that God would answer the prayer of the mother in glory, sanctify the early training, and so awaken the father and mother that they would begin at once to make a Christian home and finally all be united in heaven, for Christ's sake, Amen. As we said "good-bye" a tear bedewed cheek and trembling voice betrayed the pent up emotion within, and we knew that the Spirit had touched her heart and that it would not be long before she and her husband would be seen at church, and if properly looked after would be won for Christ.

In passing a young man on the street, a kind tap on the

shoulder, a thoughtful word as to his spiritual interest, maybe a prayer breathed in the spirit, as you walk along, seals it to his conversion. Is it that palefaced consumptive lying yonder on his cot panting for breath? A quiet entrance, a tender prayer, perhaps a hymn of praise, and then on to touch somebody else. Perhaps the next home is some busy mother with a half dozen children clinging around her. She needs encouragement and it can be given in a few moments and she is left with a new vision of life and a new purpose in her heart. The next stop is where there is a sick man, an unbeliever. He greets you coldly and is not especially glad to see you. He is afraid you are going to bore him about religion, but he is soon won by your kindly manner and gentle spirit. Gradually you approach the citadel of his heart until you have an opportunity to pray. It is all so informal, and naturally it does not occur to him to object. He is glad to have it. You get your work in through the prayer and as you turn to bid him adieu he grips your hands and holds on to it and says, "I am glad you came. Come again." Your next visit is to a man in prison and you talk so hopefully through the bars that his courage is revived and he feels like beginning life again. Your pathway then leads to a hovel of a poor widow who washes for a living. Her form is stooped. Her head is adorned with a few scattered locks of white, her face has been plowed with grief. As you stand by her tub and talk cheerfully to her of heaven and God, her heart warms and there is a strange light comes over her face and she tells you if it were not for that hope, she doesn't know how she could have stood it as long as she has. You sing softly a few verses of some old hymn like, "How Firm a Foundation," then commend her to God and leave her thinking of that city whose builder and maker is God, and of Him who is the fairest that fills the heavenly train.

The hand of duty points next to the palace on the hill. It is not so easy to enter these places, but with a prayer on your lips you press the button, a servant meets you at the

door, you send up your card, the lady of the house comes down—a silver-haired woman comes to the door and invites you into the parlor. The conversation takes a religious turn. Her only boy was accidentally drowned a few years ago and the spacious rooms, to her, have such an air of loneliness. Her heart is broken and she is pining away with grief. You tell her of Him who giveth songs in the night and causeth His own to rejoice even in tribulation, and as you talk of the One who brings His beloved to the banqueting chamber and whose banner over them is love, of a hiding place from life's tempests, of a rest on the bosom of God, of a companionship so exquisite that it will compensate for the loss of all others, of a destiny so glorious, of a purpose so lofty that it will invest all life with a kingly touch and earth will then only become a vestibule to heaven. As you sit there and talk of that glorious day when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, when every tomb shall give up its occupant and death itself shall be destroyed, and when the stars shall peep down upon a world without a tear, a sorrow, a grave, or a sin in it, her heart will be deeply stirred. Tell her that,

“You can find a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful tomorrow,
Of sunshine after rain.
A whispered promise stealing
Over every broken string.”

The next call is in a home where there are four maiden sisters. The welcome is super-abundant, they all talk at the same time, and the problem is, how to get in a word. The skillful strategist can occasionally interject a monosyllable and then call for prayer, at which time he has the field and can pour out his heart as he bears the needs of the home up to the Throne, then up and be gone. A block farther on is a man who has been sorely tried. Innumerable sorrows have come into his home. He is almost ashamed to look you in the face, and he sometimes wonders if every-

body doesn't despise him. Stop, shake hands with him cordially and with tears in your voice bid him "Be of good cheer," that there is something yet to live for, that the past may be redeemed, that his home may yet be a citadel of purity and strength. Kneel down and pray to that end and the probabilities are that he will be in church at the next meeting.

Only a little farther down the street you pass a blacksmith's shop, the man is holding a mule's hind foot on his knee. He puts it down, feels complimented that the preacher would deign to come into his humble place. After a hearty handshake he urges you to be seated. But you say, "No, brother, you are busy here and I don't wish to hinder you in your work. I just wanted the privilege of shaking hands with you and saying, 'The Lord bless you,' and then a few words artfully spoken and a little prayer as you stand over the anvil and another workingman is won from the crowd of non-church goers.

It is now getting rather late to call, only time for one more brief visit. Where shall it be? Oh, just over there is a little babe that has been for weeks pining-away like a summer flower. You glide in gently, and talk so kindly to the worn out mother that she wishes you had come sooner. The visit is like a ray of light from the celestial city. The prayer so full of yearning for the father, mother, and little one brings all up to the bosom of God, and that night when the husband comes home the wife tells him that a man of God has been in their midst. That home will never be the same again and ere long after the baby is gone, two serious faced people wend their way to the church to hear that man talk and pray who talked and prayed so at the bedside of their little darling.

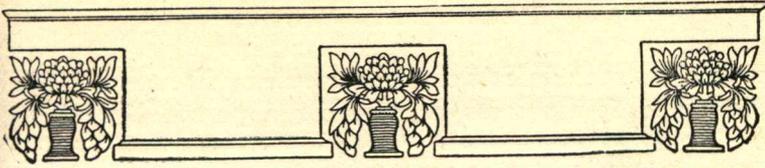
The day is ended and the faithful shepherd returns to his home with his own heart strangely warmed and fed and his mind quickened and a thousand blessings from the Master rippling like sunlit waves over his soul. Who wouldn't be such a worker?

NECESSARY EQUIPMENT

*"The day Thou gavest me
Has now returned to Thee
Bearing the deeds with which I filled each hour.
Lord of our deeds and days,
I ask Thee not for praise—
I pray for power!*

*So much I meant to do,
When the bright day was new,
So many hearts I longed to help and heal!
Now, as the splendors die
From out the western sky,
I humbly kneel.*

*Give me the power to feel
For hearts that I would heal;
Give me the power to see with sight like Thine;
But most of all, give me
The power to LOVE like Thee,
O Love Divine!*



Chapter V.

NECESSARY EQUIPMENT.

*"Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only He can tell."*

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4:6.

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—II Timothy 2:15.



CLEANLINESS of person and neatness of attire are very essential in securing a hearing. Keep your breath sweet and your person clean. Sometimes excellent people are thoughtless with regard to these matters. Perhaps they have a bad breath, which could be easily remedied, or they may be so thoughtless as to eat onions and then puff the stale odor in somebody else's face. Slovenliness of dress repels. One need not be arrayed in costly raiment. A calico dress tastefully made looks better than silk slovenly arranged. Disheveled hair, unkept nails, or clothes fitting about like a robe hung around a beanpole add nothing to one's piety, but minify their usefulness.

Give attention to the voice. Unfortunately some folks inherit a surly, bombastic, or dictatorial manner of speaking. They grate on people and give offense when none was in-

tended, but such defects can be remedied. None excel in all points and few possess as winning a personality as the young man whose manners were said to be worth \$10,000.00 a year, but it is astonishing what a radical improvement can be made, even in persons utterly lacking in personal magnetism. Many failures in business are attributable to a repulsive demeanor. The pleasing personality of William Jennings Bryan has much to do with his marvelous success. We should study to please in every way that is right. Rudeness and loudness ought never to be tolerated. We have been on the car with friends and they would discuss some deeply spiritual subject in a voice to be heard all over the car. Not long since one of our brethren was going home on the car, and there was a queer old sister who would jump up occasionally and insist on him singing, but he did not think it was time to sing. There are occasions when it is well to sing, even in such places, but not ordinarily so. In public conveyances as elsewhere others have rights which should be regarded. We had an enthusiastic brother who was full of the spirit of song to accompany us to see a dying man. He opened his mouth and sang as if he had been at a camp meeting. He meant well and enjoyed it immensely, but on visiting the sick brother again and asking him about singing, he said: "Yes, but don't bring Brother So and So, he sings too loudly." It is best to speak in subdued tones in places of sorrow and among the sick.

Be tactful. Study methods of approach. Learn how to get at folks. Sometime ago a gentleman was appointed to call upon a very wealthy man and lay before him the needs of a certain enterprise. He knew that at the longest he could only have a few minutes of this busy man's time, and therefore what he said must be condensed. He learned all about the gentleman that he could, studied his habits and disposition, and then carefully arranged what he had to say so as to require the least amount of time. We are living in a rushing age and in dealing with busy people we should

act likewise. Never bore anybody. There are occasions when such a brief call would not be appreciated. Then stay longer. In some rural districts, it may be well to stay all day.

Dwight L. Moody, from whom we quote frequently because he was a prince in personal work, was passing along the streets of Chicago when he spied two little girls playing out in front of an underground saloon. His heart was instantly moved with compassion for the children and he walked straightway down into the cellar and the barkeeper, thinking he wanted a drink, said: "What will you have?" "Those children for my Sunday school," replied Moody. "Children for your Sunday school! Do you know where you are? An infidel club meets here every Thursday night." But the tactful soul-winner knew that the time had not come for retreat, so resting his elbows on the bar he looked into the face of this father and pleaded with him earnestly in behalf of the little girls. Finally the barkeeper's heart was touched, and he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do parson. If you will come down here next Thursday night and meet the boys in a joint discussion and you win, you shall have the children, but if not, it is all off." "Agreed," exclaimed Moody. "I'll be here." Taking his departure he looked up a little crippled newsboy who could outpray a preacher and said to him: "Tommie, I want you next Thursday night." When the hour arrived, Tommie and the evangelist entered the saloon. It was full. They were sitting on whisky barrels, beer kegs, and on the counter, while heads were sticking in at the windows in expectation of a debate. Moody opened the meeting by saying: "Gentlemen, it is our custom to open our meetings with prayer. Tommie, jump up on that barrel and pray," whereupon Tommie perched himself on the barrel, turned his little white face up toward heaven, and how he did pray, and as the tears stole down his cheeks the more tender-hearted beat a retreat and finally those more rock-like subdued by the pathos and spiritual

power of the occasion, slowly retired until there were none left except the barkeeper, Moody, and the praying boy. "That will do, Tommie," exclaimed the evangelist. "I claim the children," said he, turning to the father. "They are yours according to contract," replied the father, "but it is a queer way to fight." "It is the way I win my battles," said Moody. He had instructed the little boy to not cease praying until he had prayed them all out. It was an artful piece of strategy, full of tactfulness. The man who approaches the Primitive Baptist with a denunciation of election and predestination or the man who approaches people of the Baptist persuasion by making flings against immersion may have common sense, but he is exhibiting very little of it. When you do prison work, for instance, never tell them that you thank the Lord that you have religion enough to even visit the prisons. If speaking to colored people never do so in a patronizing, apologetic manner. They don't appreciate it. It shows a lack of tact. The well-worn illustration of a barber who, with razor uplifted, looked into the face of a recumbent customer and asked him if he was ready to die, whereupon he leaped out of his chair and ran, alarmed by such a method of approach, illustrates the case well. We know a young woman whose life had been sorely blighted. She had been invited to the altar by a gentle-voiced, thoughtful woman. She was kneeling in prayer when a well-meaning young man, with a hand almost like a side of bacon and a voice like a fog horn, knelt by her and began to work in a high-pressure method, such as he had seen certain evangelists use. He had neither slapped his hand nor talked long before, trembling like an excited fawn, she whispered to the lady who invited her to the altar, "Let me go." Quivering in every muscle she arose and left the altar. It was thundering too loud for her. She needed a word of encouragement. It was a healing ministry that her bleeding heart required. The young preacher meant well, but acted foolishly. Some of us are

naturally awkward. If we go in to see the sick, we will tread on the cat's tail, knock a chair over, strike the bed with the foot or do something else equally ridiculous. There are people of this kind who are always doing the wrong thing. They do not go far enough to turn the corpse over at the funeral, but they are no wiser than the little boy whose mother had cautioned him against making any remarks about the guest who was to come for dinner that had been so unfortunate as to lose his nose. Right in the midst of the meal when everything was moving as merrily as marriage bells, the little fellow peered up into his mother's face and said so earnestly: "Mother, you told me not to say anything about the gentleman's nose, and he hasn't got any."

When a young preacher we had erysipelas in the left eye. A couple of ministers called to see us, good men they were, but each told us about somebody he had known who had died with erysipelas, and it is needless to say that their visit was not very inspiring to the patient. It is difficult to not make breaks like this sometimes. We talk so much that we are in danger of saying something foolish, but sanctified common sense, coupled with deep piety, goes a long ways toward preventing any such breaks. We were attending meetings conducted by an excellent preacher. A very quiet, humble woman arose and testified. For some reason the evangelist was not satisfied with the manner of her utterance, so he told her to throw up her hands and shout, but she had too much sense and religion to pray or shout at somebody else's call, so she kept her seat. "You haven't got the blessing," blurted the preacher, but everybody who knew her knew that she did have the blessing. Her husband was in a backslidden condition and was so enraged he wanted to whip the preacher and went for years with a grudge in his heart. It was all the result of a bit of ecclesiastical tomfoolery. The first business transaction on record is a gem from the standpoint of tact and courtesy. Abraham

and the sons of Heth behaved well that day. Study the art of approach. Cultivate a kindly utterance and an impressive address.

Every personal worker should have a clean life. The righteousness movement needs added emphasis. There are well-meaning people who are so lacking in ethical discernment that they cause others to stumble. The perfect life may be considered a thing impossible, but nothing less than this will meet the requirement that the world makes of a Christian. Study to know what the right is, and then through Divine grace do it. Poor living accounts for much barrenness in personal work. To reach others we must have their confidence. There was a local preacher traveling in the South. He was informed that there was a hotel that he would reach about the close of the day where preachers were kept free of charge, so he made his way to this inn, registered as a minister and sat around with the other guests talking just like a worldly man. When the time came to retire the landlord showed him his room. He went to bed without any prayer. Arose the next morning and behaved in the same way, and when the time came to inquire about his bill, the landlord said, "One dollar and fifty cents, sir." "One dollar and fifty cents!" he exclaimed. "Why, I understood you never charged preachers here." "No, I never charged a preacher in my life," replied the inn keeper, "but you came here looking like a sinner, talking like a sinner. I showed you to your room and you went to bed without prayer, like a sinner. You acted like a sinner through the whole night and you shall pay like a sinner."

People resent being approached on the subject of salvation by those in whom they have little confidence. They look upon it as a bit of hypocrisy and they harden under it. Schwartz, the apostolic missionary who toiled in India for nearly forty years, living a life of marked self-denial and poverty, but walking among the people with a pure heart and clean hands, so won their confidence that when trouble

would arise between the natives and the English, these heathen people who dared not trust government officials would say, "Send for Schwartz. We will treat with him. We can depend upon what he says." A well-known evangelist tells a story like this. He failed in business, turned everything over to his creditors except a palatial home, which he kept for himself and wife. Under a pressing call of the Spirit he was seeking to be wholly sanctified. He said he would go out behind the ash-hopper and pray and then come away thinking he was right, but invariably his path to town led by a place kept by a Hebrew friend who would ask him, "Have you given up the home?" and when answered in the negative, would say, "You are not right yet, brother." And this continued until the preacher decided in his heart to turn the home over to his creditors and for him and his wife to walk out without a shingle over their heads, and when Abraham's son learned the proceeding had gone thus far, he said: "You have it, brother." It is remarkable how quickly the world singles out from among Christian workers those who are not sound at heart. We have seen that demonstrated over and over. There is a false ring about people who do not live right that the world almost instantly detects. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

Have confidence in the vitality of the message. The personal worker is a sower going forth to sow. He is to sow beside all waters. There is always good ground. If the soul-winner has no confidence in the message himself, how can he expect others to have it. It is astonishing how the enemy has succeeded in weakening the faith of Christian people in the vitality of the word. They will use it freely and then talk as if it is uncertain about any good being accomplished. Some seem to have forgotten that He has said: "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which he pleaseth, and prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent." Every worker should have enough

Scripture in hand to apply when needed. It is not necessary to delay till one is a Bible scholar. An earnest spirit, coupled with a limited knowledge of the Scriptures, may accomplish more, but each should "study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," and giving to each his portion in due season. This requires constant Bible study. There are scriptures bearing upon every need, and while beginners may not have them all in hand, they should have at their fingers end enough to begin with, and the Word should be quoted with absolute assurance as to its power. Remember that the Spirit is present to vitalize it and to quicken the heart of the hearer. Use it confidently and believe continuously as you are doing so that the Spirit is applying the truth. Happy the worker that has discovered that as he works God works. It may be as he preaches or kneels by the bedside of the sick or speaks a passing word to someone on the highway. God is blessing him. There is a spiritual force that impresses it. It is well to think of ourselves as conductors of these heaven-given messages. Just as the wire bears the electric current around the earth, so we are channels through which the Spirit conveys blessing to others. Recognizing this fact, we can touch people with the assurance that God touches through us. This brings such a restfulness of heart and such an assurance of success that the personal worker is thrilled with the possibilities wrapped up in even one act. The Lord Jesus frequently quoted the Scriptures as His weapon of defense. He never questioned their authenticity, genuineness or power, and He always spoke as one having authority. One of the best men we ever knew approached people with a Bible in hand, and the moment the conversation began he would turn from one place to another, calling the person's attention to the Scriptures that bore upon his case. He was as literally wedded to the use of the Sword of the Spirit as any man we ever knew.

The apostle speaks of "patient continuance in well doing." Again, "in your patience possess ye your souls." Those who would lead men to Christ must be patient. One of the most discouraging things to be met in the career of those who are engaged in personal work is the fact that so many backslide. They run well for a season and then drift with the world. Sometimes a faithful worker is tempted to give up because so few seem to stand, but this is a difficulty that all the faithful have had to overcome. There will be lapses, and then other things press so heavily upon the spirit that one will be tempted to desist. Patient continuance. Just keep at it. Jeremiah, whose lot it was to prophesy in the face of a dying nation, exclaimed one day that he was going to quit, but he soon afterwards found that the message was like fire in his bones and he must cry out. There is nothing to quit for. There is a royal few that will be gathered out in spite of all the efforts both of wicked men and demons. One of the most prosperous missions in the East dragged heavily for years; but little seemed to be done. The Superintendent was on the eve of giving up, but while in prayer the Lord very definitely gave to both himself and wife the same scripture for encouragement. They took it as a message to go forward, and in a little while 10,000 converts had been baptized.

"Workers together with Him," the apostle said. How encouraging! There is no place for failure. Be of good cheer. "He that observeth the clouds shall not sow." Go ahead. God gave the rainbow to Noah as a token that He never would again drown the world. With the memory of the flood so vivid, people would naturally fear a cloud worse than anything else. It was to them an omen of disaster, but God wrote His promise right across the face of the cloud, and it is a privilege today to see the bow of promise written across every discouragement. The most successful worker has learned that God is often working most when there are the least apparent results. There are seasons in

grace. Soul-winners would like to have it all harvest time. They forget that there must be the winter when the earth is recuperating. Then the spring-time when the seed is to be dropped under the ground, and then the period of cultivation before the reaping. A gentleman was returning from the East. He had lost his wife. A colored servant, Cuffey by name, was looking after his two orphan children. They were on board ship. A storm came up. For some reason the father and children were on separate ships. The life boats were lowered. They were rapidly filled. There was room for the children, but not for all the men. Tenderly letting the little ones over in the boat, he said to them: "Tell your father Cuffey did his duty and went down with the ship." This is the kind of faithfulness that is needed. Enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Our friend, C. L. Chilton, tells of an incident like this: A fort was to be taken. It was an exceedingly hazardous undertaking. The captain would not detail men to a task that probably meant death, so he asked for volunteers. One man lifting his cap stepped to the front. "Can you place this flag on yonder fort?" the captain asked. "I can try," he replied. "Step aside." Another stepped forward. "Can you place this flag on yonder fort?" "I will do my best." Step aside. A third stepped forward. "Can you place this flag on yonder fort?" "Yes, sir," was the courageous reply, "and if I die in the attempt, I will report to my God." Let this be the spirit of every soldier of the cross.

The last suggestion we would make as to equipment is stated in Mark 3: 14: "That they might be with Him and that He might send them forth to preach." This was the object in gathering about Him these plain, unknown men. First, that they might be with Him and learn so as to be sent forth to preach. It was the three years of discipleship spent in such vital touch with His wonderful personality and in absorbing His marvelous teaching, followed by the baptism with the Spirit, that equipped them for going

forth to face a hostile world and face it to win. Someone has said that the glory of Christianity is Christ and not creed. Man's interpretations of the truth have always been faulty. The vision is not perfect, but Christ has never been a disappointment to any one. To be with Him is of first importance in equipment. To live the yielded life—yea, more, to live the devoted life; to always recognize His presence and to dwell with the King for His work. There are two great facts that every soul-winner should grasp for himself. First, the work of Christ for Him, which was wrought on Calvary, and then the work of Christ in Him, which is continuous, beginning with the first ray of light that flashed into His darkened spirit and progressing until he shall be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. It is Benjamin Abbott, we believe, that said that the soul got along on its way to heaven by great crises, and there is much truth in the statement. There is the crisis of conversion and the crisis of being filled with the Spirit and so on, but there is also the gradual advance, which should be continuous. Think of the work of Christ as being complete for you. Stand in Him and Him alone. Dare not look at any good or virtue of your own as a basis for your hope. Lay aside every filthy rag and be clothed with His righteousness, and remember when the law makes a demand on you that Christ answers to its call. Then think of Him as dwelling within through the Spirit. You will not always feel Him there. There may come times of depression or even periods of dryness when it will seem as if He is not there, but rest upon His word. Believe that He is within. Set your faith upon the promises. Say it over and over to yourself, "Christ is within," and ere long the soul will begin to warm under the application of the truth and you will have discovered the secret of feeding yourself. The Master is no longer present in person, but you can have Him in Spirit, and He was no more really with those twelve men in the long ago than He

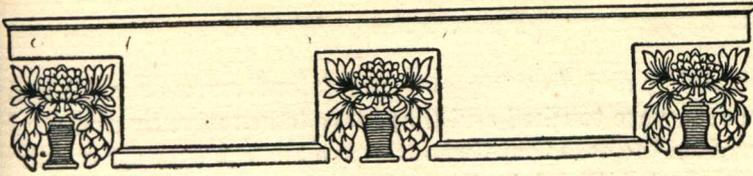
will be with you. Live with Him. It is the secret of a profound spirituality. Such vital union with Him guarantees perennial fruitfulness. That group of men who walked with Him over the Judean hills could never be the same people as they were before. Someone else had entered into their lives. A marvelous hand had touched them and awakened undreamed of possibilities within. There was a mighty stirring of themselves, and it all came of being with Him. Going forth to preach was an inevitable result. In the heart of Africa Livingstone read: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and he said: "I counted it as His very word of honor." On that storm-swept sea as the vessel tossed to and fro like a leaf on the crest of the wave, the Lord appeared to Paul and said: "Be of good cheer, for it shall be even as I have said."

SOME HINDRANCES

*"Your soul was not saved to fall fainting in dust;
Your sword was not forged to lie spotted with rust.
If the Prince you would follow, grasp weapon you must—
'Awake,' pleads the sunrise, 'awake!"*

*No 'owner's rights' boast ye; your talents are lent;
To slink from their Chief, only traitors consent;
And the foe laughs at laggards who lounge in a tent—
'Awake,' peals the trumpet, 'awake!"*

*'Tis personal service. Who, purchased with gold,
May ride in your place, or your pennon may hold?
O sad soul, be heartened, O timid, be bold—
'Awake,' cries all Heaven, 'awake!"*



Chapter VI.

SOME HINDRANCES.

*"Sower of the immortal seed
Faint not in thy sacred toil,
Leave results to Him who knows
Both the sower and the soil."*

And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.
—Matt. 13:58.

But when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.—Mark 4:15.

MANY are the excuses assigned for not doing personal work.

I am not a preacher, one replies. Of all the reasons offered, this is the most common subterfuge. It was a sad day for the church when the minister was placed on such a pedestal as to put such a distance between him and the other people.

Oh, I haven't time, exclaims another. The days are busy. It is a strenuous life we are now living. Absorbing cares, perplexing problems, a thousand worries and annoyances all press upon us, and yet we can find time if we are desirous enough. We believe it was a humble mechanic who toiled at his daily duties year after year, but found time after working hours to visit in the wards of the State prison, and it is said that he brought four hundred men to Christ. It was not an easy thing to do, but this Spirit-anointed soul-winner went from cell to cell sympathizing with, in-

structing and weeping over the friendless ones until their hearts were touched and they were led captive by grace. It is often the case that those who are busiest with other duties are most faithful in their work for others. John Wanamaker when a poor boy started a Sunday school in a very humble way. His business succeeded marvelously, but he kept up his personal work, and one of his Sabbaths, as well as the other days, is a specimen of the wisest expenditure of time. It is remarkable how much he has been able to achieve. The same phenomenal success has attended his religious attempts that he enjoyed in the mercantile life, and his big store was no larger than his Bible class accordingly. There is time enough wasted in talking about foolish nothings, and traffic in trifles to evangelize the world if it could only be properly utilized.

Another very common hindrance is a feeling that people have that they don't know how to do personal work. Well, that is probably true, but there was a time when we did not know how to do anything. We could not discern the difference between our right hand and our left, but we finally learned to distinguish one from the other, so we can also learn to win souls for Christ. We all make a start in life without knowing how to do things. It is no sin to not know how at the beginning, but it would be a sin to not know how later after we had opportunity to learn and would not improve it. When Disraeli arose to make his maiden speech in Parliament, he became embarrassed and sat down amid shouts of derision. They laughed him to scorn, but he was equal to the occasion and hurled back into their teeth the proud prediction, "There is a time coming when you will hear me gladly," and so there was. Nothing daunted by apparently insuperable obstacles, the brilliant and ambitious Jew forged his way to the front in spite of all difficulties and reached a place where, when he opened his mouth, whether it was in Parliament or elsewhere, the people stopped to listen. He learned how.

Dwight L. Moody was the picture of awkwardness when he began his wonderful evangelistic career. For years it consisted almost wholly in personal work. In this day when there are so many helps to Bible study brought right to our door, no one need to plead ignorance as an excuse for neglecting to evangelize others. Some make a beginning, but because of certain rebuffs they stop. They are like the Galatians, they run well for a season. While the cold shoulder is given occasionally to personal workers, it is the exception and not the rule. There are few things that we can engage in where we will have as uniform courtesy as is extended to the earnest soul-winner. Out of an experience of thirty years, working with all classes of people, in all kinds of places, and under almost every kind of condition, we can recall but a few instances when people snubbed us. When just starting on our evangelistic career, we asked a rather dignified-looking man if he was a Christian, and he replied quite gingerly that he was not a Jew, evidently taking offense at what he regarded to be an impertinence. We will meet with things like this occasionally, but our own experience has demonstrated the fact that if we go in the right way, we will usually be kindly received. People appreciate some one taking an interest in them. A friend of ours stopped in a lawyer's office in a Texas town and invited him to church. He replied: "Brother Kirkpatrick, I do not believe in your church." "Why," exclaimed the preacher. "Because I have been here nine years living among your church people, and according to their teaching I am on my way to hell, but I have mixed among them, our children have intermarried, I have done business with them repeatedly, and you are the first man to ever come into my office to talk to me about these things. Now," said he, "I cannot see how these people, seeing these things to be true, could be so indifferent about others." He was stumbling over the carelessness of a cold-hearted church. Instead of the personal touch driving people from us, it draws them

to us. Two little boys met on the street corner. One said to the other: "Bill, where are you going?" He replied: "Henry, I am going over here to Sunday school." "Oh, come along, Bill, and go with me down here." "No," replied the other, "I am going over yonder." "Why?" interrogated his companion. "Because they love a feller over there." And when you can win the confidence of people and assure them that you love them, you have gone a long way toward bringing them to God. Though you may have an occasional rebuke, move steadily onward, remembering in due season you shall reap if you faint not. What if you are snubbed occasionally? Are not the interests involved so vast that we can afford to bear little things like this? The world did not give the Lord a hearty welcome, and His own people finally compelled the Roman soldiers to crucify Him, but He kept on loving, and arranged for the continuance of His work among these rebellious men just the same.)

We have known people who seemed to think personal work was too little a thing for them. They must sing solos, lead a meeting, or talk to a multitude to find a field sufficiently large for their great talent. It is not at all unusual to find people, for instance, longing to go to the foreign field. It may be the call is to Africa, and yet the African at their very door is passed hurriedly by. They have their eye on some big thing, forgetting that the greatest things of life usually lie right close to us and that most of what we are called to do belongs to the ordinary and commonplace, and unless we acquit ourselves well in these spheres our lives will be a comparative failure.

We have frequently had people say to us: "Oh, somebody else can do the work so much better than I can that I left it for them." Doubtless they have persuaded themselves that this is true, and they feel perfectly justifiable in letting golden opportunities pass under this kind of a delusion. Grant that there are more skillful workers on hand, there

are many that these gifted ones cannot reach. There are very few places but what if one search earnestly enough he can find some little crack in the wall of Christian activity that needs chinking, or some little unoccupied corner where, if the work is done at all, he will have to do it. There is a place for every one. It matters not how little talent they possess, obligations rest as much on them to be faithful in the use of the same as much as if they possessed a hundred talents. This way of sitting still and letting somebody else do the work is a very successful way to backslide. There are occasions, to be sure, when we ought to let other folks do the work. For instance, we all cannot get up and preach at the same time, and it would not be wise for us all to go to the same person, but there is plenty for each to do and there is not one of us but what can do something better than any one else can do it. One of the greatest soul-winners of the century was discouraged in his first attempt to speak in public. Committees even waited on him and urged him to desist, but the fire was burning in his bones and he kept on talking until no building would hardly hold the folks that wanted to hear him. There were many present that could talk more impressively than this earnest man at the beginning, but he was too sensible to dodge behind them and leave his work for some one else to do, and in saying this we are not insisting that everybody is called for public speech. The fact is that the work of most people lies in other spheres. We had a friend, a blessed man of God, who usually lingered until the mission was well emptied and then he would inquire of us if there was any one whom he could take home with him; if there was a tramp who needed to be provided with a bed, or any hungry man who needed to be fed; and so on through the list of needs. He was gifted in other work, but he had lived long enough to know that there was a little crack at this point that very few filled. Suppose all the ordinary preachers would refuse to preach because they could not

preach like Spurgeon or Beecher. The fact is that the bulk of the good that is accomplished in the world is accomplished by plain people with only ordinary talent. Don't be discouraged because you can't work as effectively as somebody else, but go ahead with what you have. Begin on your own capital and you will be surprised at how it will increase.

There are many who do not feel like speaking to others about their souls because they are living at such a poor dying rate themselves. Duty has been neglected to such an extent that they always feel under a sense of condemnation and have no spirit in them to try to help others. There is no doubt that this consciousness of inconsistent living is responsible for much failure in personal work. People look around on others and remember how they failed in their presence here and there and have no freedom to approach them in behalf of their own souls. It is a case where "the righteous are as bold as a lion, but the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." There is no more marked hindrance to personal work than sin in the lives of those who profess to be Christians. This is well attested by the experience of a gentleman who went to the altar to talk to a certain man, but the seeker refused to listen to him. "Why do you act thus?" said the would-be worker. Then the sinner said to him: "You remember I saw you sneaking out of the rear end of the saloon." "Oh, yes, but God has forgiven me for that." "Well, I don't want you to talk to me," was the reply, and there was nothing else for the dram drinker to do but to get up and go back to his seat. If we are to win others, we must keep clean hands ourselves. In a rescue mission a bright young woman knelt to talk to a man who had just about reached the bottom of the wreckage. His countenance was heavily marked with sin of every kind. Looking the young woman straight in the eye, he said: "Miss, do you drink wine?" "No," she replied. "Do you play cards?" "No." "Do you dance?" "No." "Do

you attend theaters?" "No." "Very well," he said, "I am ready to listen to you. It was just such things as this that caused my downfall, and I don't want anybody to talk to me about my soul that is living that way."

Preaching sometime ago, we made the statement that most of the people who had been converted were living more or less with a sense of condemnation because they were not walking in all the light that had been given them. At the close of the service an intelligent-looking gentleman came to the front and said: "I am one of those you spoke about who go about with condemnation resting upon them;" and this sense of disobedience is much more generally felt than the pulpit recognizes. The Spirit is faithfully convincing the people of the same, and with this sense of failure to obey resting upon them they are hampered in their personal effort to benefit others. Occasionally when a great revival wave sweeps the land and there is a high-tide of religious emotion, they will break loose from their moorings and do exploits in the name of the Lord, but as soon as the revival wave subsides, they drop back into the old rut. The Psalmist said: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Few people have the courage to undertake to help in a religious way persons that are acquainted with their sinning. Some years ago in a meeting at Chattanooga, under an urgent altar call, a prominent business man arose and said: "I want to confess I haven't been living as I should, but through the grace of God I mean to turn about and take up my duty." Then turning to his companion he began to talk to him concerning his salvation. Having confessed and gotten right himself, the way was clear then for helping others. As the stone lay at the mouth of the tomb of Lazarus, so there are many hindrances in the pathway of those who should in the name of the Lord bid them come forth. "Take ye away the stone," and then you will be ready for the next step. Alas, alas! that the Church should so live as to be enslaved by

such a sense of failure with regard to duty to be performed and such a condemnation of sins committed that a large portion of her membership are so weak when it comes to facing the enemy. But there is a way to get right. Thousands who were once thus crippled have yielded themselves as a living sacrifice to God and have gone forth in the power of the Spirit to touch many here and there for Christ. They are running without weariness and walking without fainting.

In mentioning the hindrances we must not overlook the antagonism of Satan. The great apostle longed to go to a certain place, but he said Satan hindered him. He works hard to block the way of an earnest Christian. If they will only listen to him, he will accuse them until they are so depressed by a sense of their own unworthiness that they have no heart in them to undertake to help anybody else. They have all they can do to brood over their own infirmities and nurse their own failures. Or if he cannot catch them on this hook, he will bait another, and he will urge them that it is presumption in them to undertake such and such things, that there are others far more competent to do it, and that they will be criticised and charged with trying to thrust themselves forward if they undertake it. Again, he argues that the work will do no good. He says you would just be throwing your time away. Discouragement is one of the big guns that he fires. How many times has he said to young preachers, "If you cannot preach any better than that, you had better quit disgracing the cause;" and it is to be feared some will never try again. How often has he said to some personal worker, "Now you have made a fool of yourself; you have done more harm than good. Keep your mouth shut, and never attempt that thing again." Job's wife was used of the devil to discourage her husband, and he is still busy in citing others to oppose those who would accomplish something for the Lord. It was said in the olden time that the heel that mashed the head

of the serpent would be bruised, and that is as true now as when uttered in the long ago. Why did the Master have the bruised heel? Because He pressed hard on Satan's head and the hurt came through the resistance. Any man will have a sore heel who presses the devil hard enough. Those who give themselves wholly to God and go forth doing what they can to rescue the perishing will always have a sore foot. The bruise comes when we press the enemy hard enough. It is not an unusual thing to hear people say: "Oh, I never had any trouble with the devil!" Why? There is not difference enough between them to make a row. The old prophet asks the question: "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" And it takes a disagreement to make a row, and Satan has no occasion to strike those who are living to please him. There is not enough teaching at this point. Devout people start out to make full proof of their ministry, and they run up against some difficulty; they stir up a hornet's nest of opposition; they suddenly find themselves faced by hostile forces, and unless they are taught the Scriptures, they are liable to conclude that they are on the wrong line or else this opposition would not arise, when in fact the very opposite is true. The opposition will assert itself sooner or later, and Satan will persistently try to block the pathway of those who are giving him the most trouble. Luther used to say that the devil made him sick. Perhaps he did strike the body of this heroic defender of the faith. Doubtless that horrible mental depression that sometimes comes on people is a fiery dart of the enemy. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" might be said to many who have retreated from the foe, only to have the Juniper tree experience of the old prophet. There is never a work of grace going on that Satan does not stir up opposition in some way. Sometimes it comes through those who love us best. Parents will oppose their children. How many have set themselves against their sons and daughters giving themselves wholly to God

either at home or abroad. Children oppose their parents, preachers oppose their more spiritual members, and the formal Church will rise up against every deeply spiritual movement. Rest assured of the fact that the devil is going to, as far as in him lies, seek to hinder every effort to benefit humanity, and the personal worker will see the slimy trail of the serpent in every direction, and needs to be prepared for every kind of subtle attack. The old serpent is cunning and he approaches in unexpected ways, and those who would win souls must learn his tactics and resist him steadfastly in the faith, knowing that "greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."

IN THE HOME

*"Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine.*

*Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.*

*Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.*

*For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine."*



Chapter VII.

IN THE HOME.

*"Into the home at Bethany
Walked the anointed Son
Giving the touch of life anew
To the weary, burdened souls."*

Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house.—Luke 19:5.

But have shewed you, and have taught you publicly and from house to house.—Acts 20:20.



HERE is no better place to do personal work than in the home. No one ever passes beyond the influence of the abode of his childhood. Character is cradled around the hearthstone. It matters not how busy the after-life may be, in old age the heart turns again to the scenes of youth. The average age of conversion is a fraction over fifteen years. Ninety-two per cent of those who become Christians are converted before they are twenty-three years of age. Rome has retained her strong grip upon her own population by giving special oversight to the children. Personal workers would do well to begin in their own homes. The Master commanded the disciples to begin their work in Jerusalem, the home city, and then to go out to the uttermost parts of the earth. There are those who assume to keep other people's gardens, but let the weeds take their own. They are like those people who are continually telling

their neighbors how to live, but do not live right themselves. The first place that should be evangelized is your own family. They may not all yield to the persuasions of the Gospel, but give them the light and make the appeal. It is painful to see how many good people fail to control their own household. The Lord said of Abraham: "I know him that he will command his household after him," and what a pity that there are not more Abrahams among present-day ministers. We were associated with a man who, in his way, was quite active in religious work. He habitually wore a smile while out on the street, but accompanying him home one day, we were impressed by the sudden change in his demeanor as he entered his door, and ever afterwards we wondered as to the extent of influence he had over his family. The apostle paid a glowing tribute to the mother and grandmother of Timothy. Let us study for a moment the modern home and the place that the mother holds therein.

Napoleon said: "What France needs is mothers." He would have spoken more wisely if he had said "good mothers." The apostle Paul paid a glowing tribute to the mother and grandmother of Timothy, under whose Godly training the young preacher had been versed in a knowledge of the Scriptures. Amaziah not only sinned against God with a high hand herself, but she also taught her children to do wickedly and her tribe is still abroad in the land. A minister ventured to reprove a child at a public watering place for its rudeness, whereupon the little fellow turned around and cursed the preacher vehemently. The mother, looking on, said: "How funny." Such mothers are like millstones around their children's necks. Without good mothers there can not be good homes, and without good homes the nation is imperiled, for the safety of the republic rests upon the intelligence, sobriety and virtue of its citizenship.

The divorce evil is a serious menace to the home. We noticed a statement recently that one of the large cities of

the nation granted the average of a divorce for every fourth marriage. The marriage relation is coming to be looked upon as a matter of convenience, and sometimes people will separate on a mere pretext. The moral conscience of the people must be aroused ere this popular sin can be rebuked.

Adultery is not frowned upon as it once was. It is a secret vice, but we believe it is more destructive than even the accursed saloon traffic. It is one of those hidden things that belong to the sins that crawl, and is not so often in the limelight of the public eye as drunkenness, but it is more prevalent and is a deadly thrust at everything that is highest and purest in our citizenship. The adulterer sins against his own body, he sins against his family, he sins against his community, he sins against the state, he sins against the church, and he sins against God. There is not enough preaching on the seventh commandment. It is a delicate subject, but it could be handled in a chaste manner, and yet in such an explicit way, that the eyes of the people would be opened to the enormity of their guilt. This destructive vice crawls like a serpent through all classes of society, and has been given a quasi indorsement by, not only the lewd and baser sort, but by many other so-called respectable people. Nature exacts a terrible penalty, and the adulterer not only pays a heavy toll himself, but his family often suffers equally, if not more severely, in a physical way. The poison is in the blood and if the facts were known, no doubt a large per cent of the maladies afflicting the human race would be attributable to the demon of sensuality. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," but reaping does not stop merely with the sower. The members of the family become infected with this plague of hell, and are frequently made life-long sufferers on account of the sins of those who should have been their protectors. The law of heredity passes this polluted stream on through coming generations. Lust, imbecility, insanity, drunkenness and a thousand other ills, masquerading under the name of

chronic disabilities, are the heritage of this Christ-hating and adulterous generation. The evil is not confined merely to the slums, but it prevails among all classes, even poisoning to the very core much of the so-called high society. Good mothers will go far toward stemming this torrent of iniquity by instilling into their children, both boys and girls, such a hatred of vice of every kind and such a regard and intense devotion to that that is pure and noble, that that which is unclean and vile will receive no quarter at their hands. The company that mothers are letting their children keep nowadays, and the slack rein held upon them in every way is resulting in a vast increase of prostitution.

Another foe to the home is the intense aversion to maternity. Somebody has said that people destroy their babes and rear pups. It is not an uncommon sight to see a woman going around with a dog either in her arms or at her heels, where her child ought to be. Godless France, the mother of most of the damnable fashions now afflicting society, is wrestling with this problem of race suicide. Fashionable women much prefer to be in society, drinking wine, possibly with another woman's husband, or flying around in the whirl of high society, rather than to be tied down by the duties of motherhood. When children are born they are often committed to a nurse that may have very little intelligence and no religion. It is said that out of the sixty-nine rulers of France, there were three good ones, and that these three were trained by their own mothers. When the Hebrew maiden ran to fetch a nurse for Moses she secured the very best one that could be obtained—his mother. People resort to every kind of scheme to avoid maternity, and when children come they are often unwelcome guests, and are raised in such a way that there is but little earthly chance for them to amount to much.

The deep aversion to motherhood arises from a misconception of the object of life. People are taught to think that they are to avoid just as much suffering as possible.

They forget that the greatest things in the world have been begotten in pain and brought forth in suffering. The vicarious suffering of motherhood has always awakened the noblest in our humanity.

Irreligious mothers and godless homes are more to be dreaded than any other calamity that could possibly befall us. No doubt much of Byron's weakness was attributable to his mother. The horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day would not have occurred had it not been for the cruel mother of Charles IX. A bad woman is a menace to any place, but the good mother stands as a sentinel of the skies. How potential her influence. Some of the African tribes believe that every time they kill an enemy its warlike spirit passes into those who do the killing, but we know that the spirit of a devout mother can be traced through her offspring from one generation to another. When the young Knox was going off to school, his mother walked along the way with him for some distance. They climbed a fence. Nearby was a large rock behind which she led him for a final prayer. Kneeling there behind that huge boulder something happened to this gifted Scotch lad that was destined to effect the whole world, for he himself bears testimony to the fact that that was a turning point in his life. "She always made home happy" was the grateful tribute inscribed on the tombstone of a mother by her children. If there were more such happy homes, the saloons and brothels would have fewer victims.

A praying mother—who can measure her influence? Some English tourists traveling through the Alps desired specimens of a rare flower that grew on the dangerous cliffs. They offered a reward to any one who would bring them this coveted treasure. A day or two afterwards they were very much surprised when a little Swiss lad came in with a handful of these flowers. Questioning him, they learned that his mother was a widow, in ill health, and there were two other children to be supported, and that this

boy was working hard to help his mother keep the wolf from the door. When they asked him if he was not afraid in climbing over these dangerous places, he answered: "No, I knew my mother was praying for me all the while I was there." Perhaps the most influential man that the church had from the fourth to the fourteenth century was Augustine. He was a gifted but dissipated youth, but he had a praying mother. His father was a heathen, but Monica, his mother, was a praying woman, and the world will never be able to pay the debt that it owes to that devout mother; for the young man was powerfully converted and became one of the greatest men the church ever produced. Said one woman to another, "Did you ever write a book?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am writing two." "When did you begin?" "I began on one twelve years ago, and on the other seven years ago." "What are they?" Then she mentioned the names of her two children, seven and twelve years of age, and said to the questioner that they were the books she was writing; and every mother is writing in a similar way. She may not be known outside of her county, but she is writing a book in the lives of her children. There is no more queenly dignity shown anywhere than encircles the brow of a good mother. There is no loftier position this side of heaven than that of mothering a race. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation." We have never been a zealot for giving women the ballot. It may be right to do so, however, of this we are not sure; but we do know that she already has in her hand a scepter more powerful than the ballot box; for mothers are molding the destiny of nations.

Is the father less responsible for making the home what it ought to be? Nay, verily. He is the head of the house and will be held responsible if he fails to rear his children for God. The obligations resting upon the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, to not neglect their own household in this personal ministration cannot be overesti-

mated. A young man stepped up to a bar in a Western state and called for a glass of wine. Raising it to his lips, he suddenly screamed, and the glass shattered in a thousand fragments at his feet. "My father's prayers rose up around me like mountains," he exclaimed. What was the secret? A praying father in a far Eastern home.

In the beginning of our ministry we were deeply impressed by a remark made by H. C. Culton, of California. He said that after his children reached the age of accountability he never felt satisfied about them until they were saved. There is a vast amount of personal work to be done by fathers in the home. Thousands of young men are stumbling over the inconsistent lives of their parents.

A prominent evangelist tells us of a father who was a nominal church member and that was all. His grown son came in one night drunk. The old man was so humiliated that he took him by the collar and threw him out on the street, and told him never to be seen in that condition again. The young man wandered back into a saloon, and the Spirit of the Lord began to search the father's heart. Although he had been a church member for over twenty years, he had never spoken to his son about religious matters, neither had he lived before him to win him with the truth. Finally he said, "I will go after my boy and confess my wrongs and beg his pardon; so securing a policeman they wandered around through the saloons until they found the boy in the rear end of one of these citadels of vice. He tenderly lifted him into a carriage, took him home and put him to bed. After he had sobered, the father sat down by his side and said: "Son, although I have been a member of the church I have not lived right myself, nor have I said one word to you about being a Christian. Forgive me, and let us start out together." The young man seized his hand heartily and at once consented to unite with his father in beginning a Christian life.

Unfortunately, parents often put the emphasis upon

x worldly things, and by the time the children are old enough to leave home, they are thoroughly steeped in a materialistic spirit. Sam Jones tells of a father who was so awakened in a revival service to his neglect of duty that he went home, waked up the family, and confessed his sins, mentioning among other things his failure to hold family worship, and said that from that night on they would have prayer in the home. His two sons were sleeping in the adjoining room. The one nudged the other and said: "Bill, the 'old man' is going to die." "Why?" said Bill. "He is getting so pious," replied Henry. It was such an unheard of thing in this home that the children took it as a presentiment of death. Shame on parents of this kind. It matters not what else we may accomplish, if we fail in leading our own children to Christ terrible will be the loss. Sad will be the day of reckoning for many who lose their opportunity in bringing their own families to God. Doubtless many are lost because of the criminal neglect of those whose first duty it is to start their infant feet in the way of life. Is it not strange that people will toil to pile up treasure for their families, and then be content to do so little for their spiritual betterment? An old gentleman arose in a class meeting and among other things said: "When the summons comes I am ready to go, but there is one picture which always causes my blood to almost freeze in my veins when I think of it. I lived in sin until I was forty years old. My sixteen-year-old boy died, and while crossing over he called me to his bedside and said: 'Father, I am dying unsaved, because I have lived like you.'"

Work done among children is longest remembered. There ought to be more preaching to them. Recently a minister announced a series of brief addresses for children. The old people came first through curiosity, but later became more interested, and at the close of the series they said to him: "We want you to preach that way to us." He had been discussing themes in which they had no in-

terest, and shooting above their heads, and they found that the clear, plain statement of the truth that he was giving the children was just what they needed.

If parents neglect personal work in the home, terrible will be the day of reckoning. A lighthouse keeper went to sleep and let his light burn out. Out on the storm-swept sea a ship looked in vain for the accustomed signal in order to make her way into the harbor, but to no avail. She was drifting upon the rocks and finally went to pieces. The next morning as the keeper was walking along the shore, looking at the wreckage, who should he find but the body of his own son, whose ship had gone down because his father had failed to keep watch.

There is no other place where personal work is so neglected as in the home. Generally speaking, it has almost entirely ceased. Just occasionally there is some earnest soul like a deaconess who goes from house to house in this ministry of love. When Gypsy Smith's mother was a little girl, she wandered away from the gypsy camp and was playing on the village green. She saw other children going into a church to Sunday School. She, too, slipped in just long enough to hear a hymn sung. Years afterward, when she was the wife of a gypsy and the mother of several children, she took smallpox and was driven by the authorities away from the gypsy camp which stood near the town, out on the roadside to die in her wagon. All the Scripture she had to comfort her in the last hour was that contained in the hymn—a stanza of which she remembered, and a few fragments that her husband heard while in prison years before, and yet this bit of truth, much better than no light at all, her illustrious son thinks, afforded sufficient light for a passport to heaven. After prayer is offered in the home, it will never be the same place again. People rarely ever fail to appreciate the devoted home-worker. Even though they may appear indifferent at first, the kind, friendly visit, the tender conversation about eternal things will not

be forgotten.) Charlotte Elizabeth was visiting at the same place where a minister was staying. While they sat at the evening meal he said to her, are you a Christian? She at first looked at it as a bit of impertinence and did not appreciate it, but later on more sober thought prevailed and the Spirit drove the question home to her to such an extent that she sought the minister for counsel. Among other things he said: "You must come just as you are." It was wise counsel. She obeyed and soon found salvation. Being an invalid, sometime afterwards she was lying on the sofa, after all the other folks had gone to church, bewailing her misfortune and feeling that she never could do much in the world, when there came singing through her soul, like a voice from the skies, that great hymn, "Just As I Am, Without One Plea," and under the inspiration of the moment she immediately penned the words. Among all modern songs no other has been more helpful in altar services and inquiry meetings. One man said that out of 1,200 people who had come forward as seekers in his church, half of them came while they were singing "Just As I Am." This devoted servant of the Lord, in his earnest search for souls little knew what was going to be accomplished when he propounded that question, and so it is with all of us. We are liable any moment to let an opportunity pass that if rightly used would make both earth and heaven richer.

Our own childhood, though poor, was rich with spiritual suggestions. Father being a minister, his house was frequented by like servants of the Lord and other Christian workers, and from almost infancy we can remember the earnest conversations which they had concerning things religious. The truth heard at this early stage left a profound impression. Spurgeon in his atuo-biography relates a very interesting and thrilling incident concerning a ministry of this sort which came to him when but a child. We shall let him tell it in his own words:

“The story of Mr. Knill’s prophesying that I should preach the gospel in Rowland Hill’s Chapel, and to the largest congregation in the world, has been regarded by many as a legend, but it was strictly true. Mr. Knill took the county of Essex in the year 1844, and traversed the region from town to town, as a deputation for the London Missionary Society. In the course of that journey he spent a little time at Stombourne Parsonage. In his heart burned the true missionary spirit, for he sought the souls of young and old whenever they came in his way. He was a great soul winner, and he soon spied out the boy. He said to me: ‘Where do you sleep? for I want to call you up in the morning.’ I showed him my little room, and he took good note of it. At six o’clock he called me up. There stood in my grandfather’s garden two arbors made of yew trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. Though the old manse has given way to a new one, and the old chapel has gone also, yet the yew trees flourish as aforetime. We went into the right-hand arbor, and there, in the sweetest way, he told me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting Him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he prayed that I might know the Lord and serve Him. He knelt down in that arbor and prayed for me with his arms about my neck. He did not seem content unless I kept with him in the interval between the service. He heard my childish talk and patient love and repaid it with gracious instruction. On three successive days he taught me; and before he had to leave, my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family were gathered to morning prayer. There, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knees and said: ‘This child will one day preach the gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where, I think he said, I am now the minister.’ Then he gave me sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn—

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

"I was made to promise that when I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel that hymn should be sung. Think of that as a promise from a child! Would it ever be other than an ideal dream? Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher was engaged to deliver the annual sermon to the children in Surrey Chapel, but as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children in his stead. 'Yes, I replied, 'I will, if you will allow the children to sing "God moves in a mysterious way." I have made a promise, long ago, that that hymn should be sung.' And so it was. I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the hymn was sung. My emotions on that occasion I can not describe, for the word of the Lord's servant was fulfilled. Still I fancied that Surrey was not the chapel which Mr. Knill intended. How was I to go to the country chapel? All unsought by me, the minister at Wotton-under-Edge, which was Mr. Hill's summer residence, invited me to preach there. I went on the condition that the congregation should sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way'—which was also done. To me it was a very wonderful thing, and I no more understood at that time how it came to pass than I understand today why the Lord should be so gracious to me."

But it is not only the children who are ready. The grown people also are very susceptible to truth when brought within as close range as the home. We had a vivid illustration of this in a meeting we held at Porterville, California, a good many years ago. It was a newly settled country at that time, and there were few religious advantages in the place. We were there conducting evangelistic services. Not far from the church lived an aged widow with several children. While going from house to house doing evangelistic work, we were especially impressed with her need of conversion, and said to one of the few Christians in the place,

"You call on her one day and we will call the next until she yields," and so we did. Each night she would get about one pew closer to the pulpit. Day after day we went and talked and prayed with her, and she gradually softened until finally she surrendered and accepted Christ as her Savior. Not long afterwards, walking down the street, we met one of her daughters. We inquired how her mother was getting along. She replied, "Something has happened to mother, she has not sworn any for two days." There are very few families but what would yield to a persuasive ministry if it were persistently and wisely followed up.

In the country there are many hired men who are seldom ever spoken to with regard to salvation. Don't neglect them. No other class will more readily appreciate a bit of kindly interest. It does not take a great deal of time, especially in towns and cities, to make a number of visits. We have known ministers who could make a dozen in one afternoon and do good work at each place. In some cases it is necessary to stay longer than others, but as a rule visits should be brief. In rural districts more time is required, but where there is a will there is a way.

IN THE CONGREGATION

*"O God,' I cried, 'Why may I not forget
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle?
Throng me yet.*

*Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why it is? Let me rest, Lord. I have tried—'*

He turned and looked at me: 'But I have died.'"

*"But Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul,
This stress, this often fruitless toil,
These souls to win;*

*They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed,
They are not mine."*

*He looked at them—the look of One divine,
He turned and looked at me: "But they are Mine."*

*"O God, I said, I understand at last,
Forgive! and henceforth I will bond slave be
To Thy least, weakest, vilest ones,
I would not more be free."*

He smiled and said, "It is to Me."



Chapter VIII.

IN THE CONGREGATION.

*"If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on,
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee."*

And, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.—Luke 4:16.

Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.—Jas. 5:20.



THEODORE CUYLER tells us of a man who was invaluable as kindling-wood for prayer-meetings. He was always in the Spirit and it mattered not how cold others were, he imparted a warm breath to the meeting. Each member of a congregation should recognize his responsibility to do his utmost to make the work effective. Years ago we heard a preacher say, in preaching on the things that hindered a revival, that excessive sociability should be guarded against. Perhaps there are few congregations that are in danger at this point. In nine cases out of ten they are criticized for the lack of friendliness. Now we have no sympathy with the idea that a church should be an amusement hall or merely a social club. First of all, the people come to worship God and not to a social repast, but on the other hand, there should be an air of freedom and

gladness in Jesus that would impart the genuine brotherly touch to all who are present without regard to social rank or financial standing. We all appreciate a cordial greeting, and even the most reserved are glad to have a word of recognition. There is a wide field here for the tactful worker. Come early, watch an opportunity to welcome the stranger or to speak a word of encouragement to any who may be heavily burdened. Make much of the opportunity to touch people after the service closes. A genial smile, a Christly word of cheer, how far they go. No doubt it is easy to go into the service and sit down hermit-like and pay no attention to anybody, but in doing so, opportunity after opportunity will be lost. It is so much better to get out of ourselves and live for others. Never feel that you are a stranger in your own church. When you identify yourself with it, remember you are as responsible for looking after the people as anybody else. Heed the Scriptural injunction—"Be courteous." Never take the end of the pew and have people crowd by you, until the other section is full. Move down. It may not be altogether as comfortable a seat, but it is a more unselfish act. We have seen stout people so bar the entrance that it was embarrassing for people to have to crowd by them. This is neither polite nor Christian. If a baby cries, let the preacher behave himself first, and then let the congregation refrain from craning their necks and gazing at the already embarrassed mother. Every congregation should have a nursery department attached, with some good, level-headed woman in charge, and mothers should be encouraged to bring their children to church and whenever they cry this matron of the nursery should kindly show them the quarters prepared for just such occasions, where the mother, instead of having to go out on the street in order to keep the service from being disturbed, could take her children and be comfortable until they can be quieted and then she can drop back and hear the sermon. The modern church has almost crowded the babies out.

In one of our early pastorates there were two Swedish girls who, on taking their seats, would bow their heads for a moment of silent prayer. How they encouraged us. We knew that somebody had begun the service with prayer. What a vast difference there would be if each individual on entering the house of God would thus pray and maintain the spirit of prayer through the service. Well do we remember the groans which used to accompany the importunate appeals of the old time preachers. The times have changed. A different religious culture may express itself in other ways, but the cry of the heart must be there if the work is to be done. Sing, and sing in the spirit. Grasp the meaning of the words, make them personal, and listen intently. Take part heartily in all the services. The congregation has much to do with the making or crushing of the preacher. If, when the minister begins to preach, his members drop their heads and go half asleep, or some of them entirely so, it is very discouraging. Beecher said, "Blame me if my people go to sleep," but the preacher is not always at fault. Yet, he can do much toward keeping them awake. Years ago at a synodical meeting in Stockton, California, a portly gentleman of about 350 pounds avoirdupois, learning that we were to preach that night, came to us in an apologetic tone saying that he frequently went to sleep during the services and for us not to think it was any disrespect on his part, but simply an affliction. In our introductory remarks we announced that one of the official brethren had intimated the probability of his going to sleep during the sermon and that in the event such a thing happened to him or anybody else we would pause long enough in the sermon to appoint a committee and have the man awakened, that no man could get any good out of the sermon while he was asleep. We looked around and our stout brother was thoroughly awake, in fact his eyes glistened like diamonds and he stayed awake through the entire service. It would not be wise to use such drastic measures

generally, but the mere announcement kept him awake. People can stay awake if they have a mind to. It is a shame for men to go to the house of God and yield to the sluggishness of the flesh and go to sleep. Stand by the preacher and pray him through.

While pastor at Visalia, California, there was a gentleman preaching in the Methodist church who was a little slow beginning, but he always closed in a very impressive way. He said, "Brethren, I know I am a little slow, but pray for me and I know I will do better." Shortly afterwards we met one of his parishoners who said to us, "We prayed all the week for Brother T—, and last Sabbath he preached two splendid sermons." The secret of the matter was that praying for the preacher put the hearer in a good mood for listening and also quickened the jaded spirit of the pastor. It is a good plan to single out individuals for prayer during the service. We have known people to ask one or two to join them in prayer for some one who was in special need of help. Years ago, while a revival was in progress in San Francisco, a distinguished man entered the door. He was known to be almost bitter against the meeting, hence the leader said quietly to a number of people right around the altar, "Pray for Doctor —." Perhaps twenty-five people united in prayer, not audibly of course, but a heart cry, and ere long there was a most remarkable work wrought in this man's heart. He became the storm center of a stream of Divine influence that swept him far over into Beulah land.

Every congregation ought to have some kind of after meetings. Perhaps it would not be well to attempt an altar service on every occasion, but there are many ways to follow up whatever impression may have been made for good. The most important of all is to commit the service to God in prayer and to rely on the Holy Spirit to so quicken the word that people will be saved. This was Spurgeon's method. He believed in the vitality of the message and

preached with the full assurance that God would seal the truth in the hearts of the hearers. On Monday following there would be a certain time set apart for receiving inquirers and rendering such further assistance as might be needed. Our custom is to use the altar frequently, generally for the purpose of praying with seekers and also to follow up the services with a wave of prayer. Sometimes it is a good plan to have an informal after-meeting in which the altar may or may not be used. We should not become a slave to any method but use them all. Whenever there is an inquiry meeting of any kind, one of the best opportunities is afforded for personal work. In fact the people expect it. Those who do not wish to remain should be given a chance to retire and then it is presumed that none but those who are approachable have tarried. There is no better field for either seed-sowing or reaping than a time like this. The people who linger are in various stages of conviction and they need instruction. Some need exhortation. All need prayer. There is one defect we have noted, even among earnest Christians. So many will sit upright in the pews and gaze around while prayer is going on at the altar. They become so accustomed to these soul-saving battles that it does not occur to them to fall into line. Praying on occasions like this is not always easy work. There are stubborn resistances that have to be overcome, and the battle to be fought in winning souls is not always an easy one.

One of our ministerial brethren visited Talmage's Church during a revival effort. He said that at the close of the sermon he intended to retire but as he passed down the aisle at the end of each pew somebody shook hands with him and asked him to remain, and it would take a great deal of courage for a man to go down a long aisle and refuse in the face of so many earnest entreaties to stay. Mr. Moody said, "You might ask a man one time to come to church and he would pay no attention to it, but someone comes along a short time afterwards and asks him a second time, and he

would give it but little thought, the third comes along and asks him and he thinks, well, I ought to go, and the fourth comes along and enthusiastically urges him to go and he falls in line and goes. As you pass quietly from one to the other, have a word for all. If you approach an individual that has but little concern, quote some Scripture bearing on his case, possibly offer a brief prayer and unless otherwise directed by the Spirit, pass on to somebody else who is more interested. You may speak thus to a half dozen before you reach the person where you will be detained for the bulk of your work at that service. We have been in after-meetings where the altar would be full, other workers would be scattered throughout the entire congregation, some encouraging backsliders to return, others with open Bibles, pointing out the Scriptures bearing on the peculiar needs of others, while just across the aisle somebody would be down on his knees in prayer with some needy soul and so on. There is no lack of work. Determine to grasp the opportunity and be a worker. Take the addresses of interested people. Follow them up at their homes.

Sometimes you can render the very best service in caring for the children while the mother goes forward to pray. Sometimes, especially in evangelistic services, some poor woman will come in with three or four children. One is asleep in her arms. The Spirit touches her heart and she would like to go to the altar. Be on the alert. Kindly, and unostentatiously as possible, assume the care of them while she goes to pray. In a tabernacle meeting in London where ten thousand people were gathered, after the sermon those who were interested were invited to go into an adjoining building for an after-meeting. There sat a mother with her baby in her arms, with tears rolling down her cheek; she wanted to go but did not know what to do with the baby. A tall, angular-looking country-man walked up to her and said very awkwardly but kindly, "Madam, if you would like to go in there to pray, I will keep the baby,"

so she went into the inquiry meeting and was saved, while he walked up and down the aisle of the now deserted tabernacle cooing and singing lullaby songs the best he could. This was genuine personal work. He had an eye for the opportunity and a disposition to seize it as it passed.

Perhaps just a word of caution with regard to certain lewd characters of the baser sort who often hang around mission halls in particular to catch the unwary would not be inappropriate. Never be soft. Guard against any kind of indiscretion. We have seen men seize a woman's hand while at the altar and hold it perhaps for several minutes. They did it unconsciously, but it was not a wise thing to do. Then we have known thoughtless women, meaning well, no doubt, but unwisely nevertheless, lay their hands upon the shoulders of men with whom they were praying. It matters not how much you desire to help people, you can always help them best by maintaining an inflexible standard of discretion. But do not be deterred from personal work because somebody else has been indiscreet. The devil would be pleased if he could drive all workers off the field by magnifying the imprudence of one of their number.

Guard against the relaxation that comes after being on a high tension spiritually. It is a time of peril and excessiveness in sociability must be avoided. We have known people to talk in such a light, flippant way as they returned home that the influence of their work was largely destroyed. Preachers sometimes after being on a long continuous strain unbend and indulge in a vein of extremely light conversation in the presence of serious people that very much counteracts the good influence that they had formerly made. Now there must be relaxation and a bit of humor now and then is not wicked, but those who are dealing with souls should be careful lest they use it at the wrong time. Evidently Elijah's juniper tree experience was the result of the relaxation following the severe strain through which he had passed, and all who stand thus in the front of the battle will

pass through periods when the physical man is so fagged and the spirit so exhausted that it becomes an opportunity for the powers of darkness to bear down upon them and they must watch lest at times like this they yield to discouragement. Luther, notwithstanding his heroic battle charges, passed through seasons of severe trial through oppression of spirit. Even the holiest are severely tempted in this way. It is well for those who battle against the power of darkness to always look to Him who giveth power to the faint, and songs in the night.

Avoid hurtful criticism. We have known very helpful services to be largely hindered by the spirit of faultfinding. After the service, either on the way home, or perhaps around the table, the family expressed themselves freely as to the service. How Miss So and So talked to Mr. So and So. She wasn't interested in his soul but simply wanted to catch a beau. That young man went to the altar because he was in love with the preacher's daughter and the woman who made a profession had professed seventeen times before and that a great many of the people who were so active in the meeting had better get religion themselves. Only the other day a friend told us of an entire family, most of whom had been set against the church by just this kind of criticism.

Don't sit around and find fault with those who are trying to do something. Mistakes will be made? Yes. Hypocrites will come in? Doubtless. There was one in the Apostolic Council and we need not expect to fare any better, but believe the best about people. Form the habit of commending the good. Avoid going out mote hunting with a beam in your own eye. A few sensorious people sitting around in an after-meeting picking flaws here and there grieve the Spirit and throw a wet blanket over the service. Be guilty of nothing of the kind. Find something to do and do it. It takes less sense to find fault than for most anything else. Get busy. Stumble not over the imperfections of others, but look to God and go ahead. Make the most of

every opportunity that comes to you in these public assemblies. They are many. Volumes could be written illustrating the glorious achievement wrought by faithful soul-winners being on the alert to improve every moment during public services. One great preacher said that while he preached there were three hundred people down in the basement praying for the service. As a rule it will be best for praying people to be present at the meetings and thus create an atmosphere of prayer while the service is going on.

There is something that all can do. "Be instant in season and out of season" and "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

*"Since service is the highest lot,
And all are in one body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be crowned.*

*The poorest may enrich this feast,
Not one lives only to receive;
But renders through the hands of Christ
Richer returns than man can give.*

*The lonely glory of a throne
May yet this lowly joy preserve;
Love may make that a stepping-stone,
And raise 'I reign' into 'I serve.'*

*Since service is the highest lot
And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good her cup is fraught
Who was created but for this!"*



Chapter IX.

IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

*“Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can.”*

I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—Matt. 25:36.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.—Isaiah 32:20.

THERE are other public places apart from the church that afford many occasions for personal work. Zaccheus perched on a limb by the Jericho road, surrounded by a vast concourse of people was won by the personal touch; and it was amid the pressing throng of curious and excited onlookers that the woman wedged her way through and touched the hem of the Master's garment. There is a tragic appeal in a crowd. Look out over a sea of faces and there is enough sin to move any heart. The strange mingling of joy and sorrow, of poverty and wealth, of health and sickness, of those who are down and out and those who are up in the world. The friendless and the popular; the ruddy-cheeked youth and the hoary-headed, furrow-faced octogenarian make an impressive picture, and there are always in multitudes like this opportunities for individual work. Mother Wheaton stood out alone as an

example of this kind of evangelism. Perhaps it would not be well for others to imitate her method, but all should emulate her spirit. Accompanying her to the workhouse one afternoon, we were delayed just a moment for a car. She spent the spare moment in rebuking a man for over-driving his horse, and then stepping into a saloon and exhorting the barkeeper, who was a young man, to get out of the business, both admonitions were not without effect. Reaching the workhouse this old white-haired mother run her fingers through the kinky hair of the colored boys and girls sympathizing with them and telling them that it was the work of the devil that had brought them there and then exhorting them to turn to Jesus, interspersing her conversation with gospel hymns, she sang until you felt you were in a full-fledged revival. Going from the workhouse into the jail, we arrived too late to gain admission, as the prisoners had all been locked up, but nothing daunted this indefatigable worker, for she looked through the lattice window and began to sing, just as she would in a revival meeting. In less than a minute the prisoners were sticking their heads out from their cells all around saying, we know you, you are Mother Wheaton; we met you at a certain prison, while she poured forth a rapturous song and then paused for a word of exhortation. This devout woman was the most notable example of being instant in season and out of season that we ever knew personally. She traveled continuously from one prison to another, working chiefly in the penitentiaries. The railroad officials generally gave her passes. Her heart yearned over prisoners and when one was to be executed she wept over him with something like a mother's compassion. Out in the north-west she presented a silk handkerchief to a boy who was to be hung, telling him to tie it around his neck so that the rope would not hurt so. She would hold services on trains. Her venerable and striking personality, her mother-like face and irresistible pathos would touch any crowd. When she stood up

in the coach to sing there was nothing for the people to do but to listen.

Bud Robinson, when standing in a crowded coach, said, "Boys, if I cannot get a seat, I will have to go to preaching," whereupon two or three people instantly offered him seats. The humor of it all lay in the fact that he did not know whether they offered him the seat because he was a minister, or for fear he would begin preaching, but had they known this quaint and interesting preacher they would have heard him gladly. "He is instant in season and out of season—sowing beside all waters."

Do not attempt services in public places without securing permission. Authority should be respected, besides it secures the good will of those in charge. We have found it comparatively easy to get into these institutions if we go at it in the right way. At dinner or just about the time the people come out from their day's work is the best opportunity for factory people. If a person knows his business and will not bore the people they will often gladly take a few minutes off their dinner hour and listen to a stirring gospel message, or a group of workers may be lined up by the gateway having a good service going on as they come out and many of them will stop to hear. As has been stated the working men are going less and less to the churches and meetings of this kind will reach them. In the first place it is a mark of interest that they appreciate, and in the second place it brings them into close quarters with the gospel. We have had excellent meetings at the Firemen's Hall. In some places they do not allow public services but in many they gladly welcome them. In one place here in our own city, we go as often as we can and always receive a most cordial greeting and we have had glorious meetings there. If the bell rings for fire we all understand that the meeting is suddenly closed, but that seldom occurs and if it does we have given them a bit of the truth anyway.

"The poor ye have with you always." Poorhouses are to

be found in every part of the country and some poorer than others, but whether it is a stately edifice, found in counties occupied by large cities, or a more humble place in some sparsely settled county, it affords an opening for gospel work. The Master gave as a crowning evidence of His Messiahship, that the poor had the gospel preached to them, and whoever else may be neglected, be sure and minister to the poor. See to it that the poorhouses within your reach are not neglected. We usually take a group of workers who can sing, pray and do personal work and this is all interspersed with a brief sermon, winding up with an altar call, and there are nearly always persons sick in places of this kind where the individual touch is necessary. These friendless, needy ones constitute a very rich field for those who want to do personal work.

The public hospital is open to the public and oftentimes private institutions can be visited by wise workers. On visiting days any discreet worker can get in, and then in emergency cases permission can be secured to supply the needs. Trevecca College students do excellent work in the hospitals and it gives them a fine opportunity for becoming efficient in personal work. Visiting the sick requires a certain tactfulness of approach and gentleness of manner and usually brevity of address that calls for the very best there is in us. There are always strangers in these places who are glad to have a kindly handshake and a word of prayer. In fact there are no more needy places than these public institutions where all classes are congregated. The flower committee can do good service here. None need hesitate to enter this field through lack of experience, for people of piety and common sense will soon learn to adjust themselves to the conditions and may become skilled in this very delicate department of service.

State Prisons always have chaplains, but unfortunately these positions are often obtained through a political pull, and therefore may be held by men more or less unfit for

the place, but they generally allow other work such as Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor, thereby giving the prisoners a chance to get in vital touch with Christians generally. There is some very excellent work done in prisons and perhaps the hospitals connected with the penitentiaries is the most open door for helping needy sufferers. Just the other day, passing through the hospital at a large prison, we had the opportunity to speak to something like a dozen sick people, some of whom were near the end of the journey and others just sick enough to not be able to work. It was an excellent field for work.

The homing of discharged prisoners until they can find suitable employment is now awakening considerable attention and there are in many places good Christian people who are looking after this need. We think the county jails, workhouses, and calabooes are among the most neglected places in the country. They usually have only a few inmates and they perhaps are not known well enough to awaken a great deal of interest, and it is often the case that some languish for months or even years without having the ministry that they ought to have. Make it a rule to visit these places. See that they are well supplied with good literature, above all with the Bible. People who get into trouble appreciate friends in a peculiar way, and the prisoner is nearly always glad to see someone who is interested in his case. May it be said of us when we reach the celestial gate, "I was in prison and ye visited me," and may we have such an anointed tongue that we will tell them of One whose presence will make "prisons palaces prove."

Hotels, especially the smaller ones where many permanent boarders reside, offer first-class inducements for soul-winners. As a rule the occupants of such places are strangers and would appreciate a friendly call or an invitation to some religious service. There are many families now living in hotels and other boarding houses, and the boarding house problem is one with which the church must deal

wisely if she is to hold her place, especially in the downtown districts. In one of the judgments to follow, the Master is going to commend certain people because of their visiting strangers. The fact that the population of these places is more or less transient should in no sense lessen our efforts to reach them. Some people if saved at all must be caught on the wing. When A. L. Banks was sent to a church in Boston where many empty pews stared the preacher in the face, he secured a lot of advertising matter and went from boarding house to boarding house inviting the people to church, and in a short while he had hundreds of them crowding into his place of worship. It is an excellent plan to have someone visit these places just before church services. If the weather is warm most of the guests will be found sitting out at the front and otherwise in the corridors or sitting-rooms and a kindly invitation to worship with the congregation at a certain place would find a ready response in the heart of many.

One of our friends, a wholesale merchant and a man who was continually working among those who were down and out, such as harlots and other friendless people, told us of an experience he had in one of the largest hotels of the city. He said that the call came clear and distinct for him to go and distribute tracts in the corridors of this hotel. It was unusual work for him, as he had been accustomed to other surroundings in his work. He was a very quiet, modest old gentleman and as he approached the place his knees trembled like Belshazzar's and when he put his hand upon the knob to open the door he scarcely had strength to do it; he feared he might see some of his customers there and they would be surprised at seeing him distributing tracts, but he went bravely on and he said after the door closed behind him all fear left him and he did his work with the blessing of the Lord resting upon him.

Shops, stores, and offices are not closed to the personal worker, if he knows his business. He must move rapidly.

It will not do to rush in on a lot of busy men and take an hour of their time. It requires quickness of touch, but we have found by experience that even busy men are glad to have a word on these great themes if it is fitly spoken. There are times when they can be found at leisure and then it may be only a passing word. Just drop in, shake hands, have a moment's conversation. Maybe there will be a little opportunity for prayer, and then go. Those who go thus will leave a streak of light behind them. They may pass into twenty such places in a couple of hours. Shake hands with the brawny blacksmith, invite him to church, inquire about his sick child, perhaps have a sentence prayer for him and then on to the busy merchant, catch him alone in his private office. Give him a word of encouragement, and then on to the next place with the same kindly ministry. It will bear fruit both here and in eternity. It is a great mistake to look at all these institutions as being closed to work of this kind. It is the only church that many people attend and if they ever get the gospel it will have to be given them there, and besides even earnest Christians appreciate a tactful call, and the whole day moves more smoothly thereby. You would be surprised to know how the heart of employees warm toward persons who frequent their places of work. They come to look on them as their friend and adviser. Sometime ago we visited a certain apartment house and prayed perhaps with every family in the building. They were just such calls as we felt ought to be made and we are sure the Lord blessed it. Though the people were strangers we were sure that such work should be done and we left it with God. Not long afterwards the phone rang and we answered. It was a call from one of the mothers in this house to pray for her son who was in trouble. The fact of our going there and showing an interest in them established a bond of sympathy and she felt free in calling on us for help.

If you work in public institutions observe the following regulations:

1. Always get permission from the proper authorities.
2. Conform strictly to the regulations of the place. For instance, if you are in the prison and the bell rings, marking the expiration of the time, close as soon as you can properly do so.
3. Don't bore the people. Be brief. Make the services interesting.
4. Present the Gospel. Remember that possibly it is the last opportunity you may have to declare it, and perhaps the last chance for them to hear it. The truth effectively stated is the most interesting thing in the world. Don't imagine that the people cannot be awakened to an interest in these great themes. There is something in their deepest nature that hungers after God.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

*"O herald of the living Christ, awake!
Gird on thy sandals for a swifter race;
The full equipment of thine armor take,
The crisis of the age comes on apace.*

*The call of sorrow and of want is heard,
Of untaught children needing shepherd care;
And darkened homes that lack the living Word
Invite thy heart and hand from everywhere.*

*Haste, then, the toil; thy coming Lord shall bring
Crowns and reward for reaping and thy tears,
And he who blessed thy work shall be thy King,
Through all the coming, joyous, gladsome years.*

*The whitened fields stretch far in waving grain;
Put thy sickle, for the harvest hour is come;
Full, ripened by the first and latter rain,
Sheaves wait the reaper and the garner home.*

*Sower and reaper, in that bright realm of light,
Forever mingle where no sorrow mars;
In glory far exceeding any night,
They meet and shine forever as the stars."*



Chapter X.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

*"Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in."*

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.—Luke 10:33.

And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.—Luke 14:23.

WE make a plea for out-of-the-way places. The prominent evangelist and the more successful pastor avoid fields of this kind, but there are three reasons why they should be cultivated. First, "every creature" is entitled to the message. Second, it is an age of gathering out and some of those who are there will gladly respond when the call is given. Third, God purposes that all shall hear, and those who obey Him in thus ministering to the neglected will be blessed in so doing.

Yes, it is difficult to reach these out-of-the-way places. They are off the main lines of travel and those who minister to them will be compelled to endure hardships, but these inconveniences are not worthy to be classed with what the church has had to suffer in other days. A home missionary dropped in the office yesterday and was telling us about the difficulties under which she labored in a southern field. She

said, "I traveled some distance on the train, reached the station from which we were to travel through the country about noon, and rode in an uncovered wagon for forty miles. When we started the sun was intensely hot. We prayed the Lord to help us. In a little while there was a cloud over the sun and we made the journey all right." But what is the forty-mile trip in a wagon compared to the privations through which many passed in order that we might have the gospel. This western continent was once an out of the way place. A few heroic souls who dared to do right and suffer rather than to do wrong and have an easy time, set sail for our inhospitable shores, settled in a wilderness indwelt by savages, braved the horrors of a New England winter and with a Bible in one hand and a musket in the other they traveled the rugged path of duty as they understood it, and to-day we are enjoying the fruitage of their physical and moral heroism. The facts are that it would be a great deal better for many of us if we would get out and rough it more. There is too much looking for easy places and soft jobs. It would be a great blessing to the church if those who have "been born with a golden spoon in their mouths," those who shield themselves from hardships and selfdenial, could be thrown out in a place where they would have the great privilege of suffering until they were heavily marked with the scars of severe conflict. The roads may be rough, the beds may not be so good, the food may be scarce and poorly prepared, but shame on any gospel messenger who would turn aside for causes like this. The indefatigable circuit rider of the early days followed wherever the track of the adventurous hunter could be seen. No sooner had some brave, fearless spirit plunged into the wilderness to push the frontiers of civilization a little further westward than these heroes of the gospel were there with Bible and hymn-book in hand ready to establish a church. It was in this way only that the gospel in all its priceless worth was bequeathed unto us. Somebody ventured into, toiled and died ministering in some out-of-the-way places.

Out-of-the-way places offer peculiar advantages in the way of soul winning. They are not gospel hardened. They hear gladly. The Master said of the town in which He lived, "And thou Capernaum which art exalted up to heaven shall be cast down to hell." This ancient city by the sea enjoyed such great privileges and yet she so signally rejected them that even the heathen cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and Tyre and Sidon would rise up in judgment against her. It is a terrible thing to reject such light and yet that is precisely what is happening in many centers of religious activity. People who have faced the truth and have rejected it usually have gone back into darkness, and in many instances the proclamation of the gospel finds little response among those who have thus sinned against light even until their hearts have turned to stone, but such is not the case in unfrequented places. Comparatively speaking, they have had no such opportunities. They belong to the non-privileged class and they are generally among those who will give the gospel a welcome. Not that all will do so. Not that they all will be saved, for when light comes some will reject it there as elsewhere, but while some thus refuse to walk in the light, many others will gladly do so. Why is it that evangelists spend much of their time in burnt districts where there is so little response to their messages instead of working in places where there would be many to gladly receive the Word. The explanation is found in the fact that these points are difficult of access and the financial returns are meager because the people have never been trained to give and they have been left in their need.

The door-step mission is an excellent field for personal work. It affords an opportunity for a needed word of encouragement, advice or correction. House to house visitation, in shop, office or home are other wide-open doors for effective personal ministry, but perhaps the one least thought of and yet ripe with opportunities is that on the highways and streets. Here we meet all classes of people. The rich and the poor jostled together promiscuously. The

learned and the unlearned, the down-hearted and those full of hope, all nationalities and races, creeds and sexes are met on the street and the highway. One who has the work at heart will find many opportunities to get in a word for the Master as he strolls leisurely along the highways or wends his way through the more crowded avenues of the city.

Yonder comes a brother who has just passed through sore bereavement. If he is not in too big a hurry he will be glad to have a warm handshake and just a word of sympathetic greeting.

There is a young man looking for work. He is away from home, comparatively friendless, discouraged, and a hand laid on his shoulder with a kind word of encouragement will give him a new inspiration. Yonder comes a mother who is in deep sorrow over the prodigality of her children. She is just from the workhouse and is trying to prevail on the judge to let her oldest boy go home with her. How glad she will be for a kind greeting and "just a word of prayer" as she passes along. There is a young man just out of prison. He is shy, reticent, embarrassed, and does not know which way to turn. What an opportunity for giving him a lift Godward. There are some little boys playing on the corner, and pleasant greetings, coupled with a kindly invitation, may result in their being in Sabbath-school the next Sunday. Yonder is a man who was at church the other day and gave some indications of being somewhat interested in things spiritual. How helpful to follow up the work by a cordial invitation to return again, and an earnest word showing your deep interest in him may result in his salvation.

We have just returned from a ministry of this kind. Called to a funeral at 2 p.m., we walked out to the place, only to find out that a mistake had been made in the time, and that the burial had already occurred, but there was an excellent opportunity for meeting the bereaved family and a number of friends. As we journeyed homeward, we saw a lady on her front step whom we recognized as an attendant

at the Tabernacle service. We stopped for a word of greeting and ascertained that she was a widow. Her husband had died not long ago, and the boys—most of them small—were trying to continue the business so as to make a livelihood. We stepped inside, had a prayer and a kindly word of greeting with the little fellows running around, and passed on. Sauntering on down the street, we dropped into a little shoe shop and had a word with an old brother who is battling along the way, hoping ere long “to see the King in His beauty.” A few blocks further on we met a huckster and was able to do him a little favor, found out where his people lived—friends of whom we had lost track—dropped in there, met his aged and infirm father, and had a blessed season of prayer. Going a block further down the street we found an open door for another word of help. There was a busy housewife who was running a little clothing store. The customers kept her so busy Saturdays that she felt she had to do much of her housework on the Sabbath, and was therefore almost always absent from church. We encouraged her to discontinue all unnecessary Sunday work and in some way arrange matters so that she could get to the house of the Lord on the Sabbath, explaining a Scripture or two on which she wanted light, prayed and journeyed on. As we passed along some one called to us from an adjoining yard and said: “There is a gentleman wants to see you.” We paused a moment. He came out, and to our delight we found it was a man with whom we had prayed the preceding Sunday night. He was an earnest soul somewhat perplexed, needing light on the Scriptures, and we spent thirty minutes in discussing matters of mutual interest with him. During this conversation we had the privilege of inviting three others also to the services. A few steps further on we turned into a little grocery store and found a gentleman whom we had met at church without knowing who he was or where he lived, and also a young man to whom we had preached often. Had a brief word

with them and a brief prayer, and passed on. We next met a bachelor lawyer whom we had missed from church for some weeks. He is not a member of the congregation, but is a frequent attendant. He informed us that he had been sick, that he enjoyed the meetings very much, and would be glad to have us visit him in his room. We got closer to each other in the brief conversation, and preacher and hearer will understand each other better. He has a humble and devout spirit. We were now almost in sight of our office, and the stroll ended.

This is only a sample of the opportunities that present themselves in passing to and fro on the streets. The home is the most important place for pastoral work, but it should not be confined there. There are many who are seldom at home during hours of visiting, and can be touched on the streets. Then there is a floating population who board here for a while and then somewhere else, and it is difficult to visit them at their homes because much of the time you do not know where they are, but you can meet them on the street. Out thus in the open there is a chance for a free interchange of opinion and for a word about the great question of salvation. People seldom resent such friendly interests. They generally appreciate it. The street is the place where there is a free interchange of opinion. They are not so embarrassed out in the open as they would be in closer quarters, and it is an excellent field for seed-sowing.

Men are standing on street corners waiting on friends or cars, or perhaps they are there because they have nothing else to do. There are always people sitting around livery stables, hotels and other public places that are accessible for gospel work, and if some of them are ever reached they will have to be reached in this way. To be sure, it should be done tactfully. Quickness and gentleness of movement are needed. People must not be rubbed the wrong way. The religious bore would be repelled, but the soul winner can glide along almost as gently as the morning breeze or the

sunshine that fills the streets, and he may so deport himself that he will be as welcome as either. The Lord Jesus said: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled. We understand this to mean the holy compulsion of an irresistible love. Ah! if we love thus as we walk along the streets we will be drawing people to our Master as a magnet takes up the particles of steel near by. Hearts magnetized by the love of God will be continually drawing people unto Him who said: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that My house may be filled."

Preaching in the highways and hedges and in the streets and lanes seems to be characteristic of the closing days of the gospel dispensation as this method of securing guests was the last effort made in the parable of the great supper in Matt. 20. The time honored custom in rural districts of stopping to exchange a word of greeting affords an excellent opportunity for getting in some gospel work. Two young men crossing a stream in opposite directions stopped to let their horses drink. One said, "We have met thus in the middle of this stream. We shall meet again at the judgment. Are you ready?" The young man to whom he made this earnest appeal was the son of a wealthy southern planter. He had often heard the gospel, but this proved to be an arrow that pierced his heart with conviction, and he went home with the words, "are you ready" ringing in his ears. He turned the horse over to the servant and repaired to his bed room, but he could not drown that searching question, "are you ready" until he yielded to Christ and was saved. Soon after he said to his father, "I must go to Africa and preach the gospel." The old gentleman was much broken up over this declaration and endeavored to persuade him to stay at home. He said, "You are the staff of my old age. I have depended on you to take charge of my business after I am gone and

if you will give up the idea of being a missionary, I will hire two men to take your place." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "Father, when it came to the question of my redemption, the Lord Jesus never hired anybody. He came Himself, and I must go." He went and to-day his ashes are mingling with that of the dark continent, but doubtless in the home-coming up yonder these two young men will meet again and the one who was so faithful in the use of every opportunity will have the joy of knowing what was accomplished by this timely exhortation.

There are many out of the way places that ought to be reached by personal workers. It is not difficult now-a-days to find many large families who never heard a prayer in their home and virgin soil like this affords an opportunity for soul-winning that an angel might covet if possible. We have known personally many such families, especially in neglected portions of the country. Think for a moment what an inviting field for a couple of tactful, earnest Christians. Thinking over the best way to reach these families, one says to another, "Put a couple of song books in your pocket and we will make an informal call this evening." Ever and anon through the day they breathed a prayer for the Spirit's guidance on the intended visit. As the shades of the evening gathered they started on this bit of highway and hedge ministry. They find the family at late supper. The old lady answers the knock at the door, by wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron and peering out to see who it is. Recognizing the two familiar faces she gives them a cordial greeting and rushes back to tell her husband that two gentlemen have called to see them. The old man is just in the act of swallowing his second cup of coffee. He hurriedly finishes the meal and comes in to greet his company with a hearty welcome, for visitors at that place are an unusual occurrence. The family consists of ten, among whom are several grown children. They all soon gather and after a bit of conversation touching matters with

which the family were familiar, one of these artful soul-winners invites the old gentleman to church. He at once grows serious and replies that he has not been to church for years, except to Squire Jones funeral. That the last time he went nobody seemed to pay any attention to them and they just concluded that they were not dressed well enough to please the congregation so they quit going. The entering wedge having been driven, one word following another until the fact developed that the old man was a backslider and his wife still held on in a measure to her religious profession but had been handicapped by the non-church going proclivities of the family until she herself had grown cold. "Was your mother a Christian?" asked one of the visitors. "Oh, yes," replied the old gentleman, "she died a shouting. If anybody went to heaven my mother did." "Doubtless you remember some of her favorite songs?" He quietly mentions a number of the old hymns that she used to sing, get happy and wind up with a shout. "Suppose we sing one of them?" The word is hardly spoken until they have begun to sing under the touch of the Spirit these precious old songs. At the close of the hymn one says, "Let us pray," and the whole family go down on their knees. An earnest prayer is offered, and among other things the petitioner cries to God that the prayer of the sainted mother may be answered for the salvation of her son; that the wife may be encouraged to take up her full duty; and that the sons and daughters may be so moved by the Spirit as to become Christians. It is a melting time. Conviction comes, faith results, ere long the father arises with a shout, the wife falls on his bosom, and in less than five minutes several of the children are down on their knees weeping violently and crying out for salvation. In an hour's time a tide of salvation has broken loose to the extent of the salvation of one-half dozen souls.

This is not an overdrawn picture. In our own experience in personal work we have seen something like it, and

while such results would not follow every effort, it is among one of the possibilities, and we might say probabilities. Uncle John Vassar, as he was familiarly called, excelled in this kind of ministry. He called himself the Lord's shepherd dog and he was continually on the alert for an opportunity to bring in a wandering lamb or stray sheep. He never claimed to be a preacher, only a lay-worker and yet occasionally he assisted in meetings. Going to a certain town to help the pastor, the minister met him at the depot and incidentally mentioned the great wickedness of a blacksmith whose shop stood just across the street. "Well, then," said Uncle John, "somebody ought to help him," and so to the astonishment and fright of the preacher he at once made his way to the shop and while the clergyman looked on with terror, expecting to see the blacksmith knock him down, his approach was so quiet and his entreaty was so persuasive that it was not long before he saw them both repair to a certain corner in the shop where they could pray without ostentatious display. It did not take long to win the blacksmith when there was as earnest a soul after him as this devout man.

At a certain hotel he met a fashionable young wife and appealed to her in behalf of her soul in a way that she was profoundly impressed. Relating the incident to her husband when he came in at night, he replied, "Why didn't you tell him it was none of his business." "Ah, husband, if you could have heard that man talk you would have thought he was working at his business." If any men ever made full proof of their ministry in this respect it was John Vassar and Miller Willis. When Uncle John came around people expected him to speak to them about salvation. Going along a highway on a certain occasion he approached a number of young ladies picking berries. Not wishing to be spoken to about their souls they ran, and they all escaped but one. Her clothes caught in the brier patch and she could not get away before Uncle John got to her. He spoke so impressively

that she was caught thus on the wing and gave her heart to God.

Miller Willis walked over the country, staff in hand reminding one of an old Hebrew prophet. One of the first questions he would ask was, "Are you converted?" or "Are you ready for the judgment?" People sometimes mistreated him shamefully and his biographer says that more than once signal judgments were visited upon these scoffers. It is not necessary to use the methods of these good men, but the same spirit will bring about astonishing results.

As a gentleman was walking along the streets of Chicago late at night his attention was attracted by the glimmer of a lantern through the crack of an old deserted building. Peeping in, what did he see but Dwight L. Moody holding a lantern in one hand and Testament in the other, from which he was reading to a negro bootblack. This is a specimen of the highway and hedge ministry in earnest. A young man sought counsel of the late B. W. McDonald with regard to his call to be a missionary. The faithful minister replied: "If you love souls well enough that if you were walking along the railroad track and met a negro you would stop and make a plea for his salvation, go; otherwise, stay at home." This was a searching test. Perhaps a little too strong, and yet the lost opportunity that even stares the majority of preachers in the face is enough to call for drastic measures. There are Christians enough to evangelize the whole world in a short time if there was only interest enough to do it. There is hardly a community but where there are numbers of families who are practically outside of the influence of the church and might be brought in if some devout people would take sufficient interest in them. The eccentric Peter Cartwright was peculiarly gifted for pioneer work, and while his methods would hardly be proper for our day, if we had his zeal it would formulate a method strikingly adapted to present-day conditions. Cartwright stopped late at night at a hotel in East Tennessee and

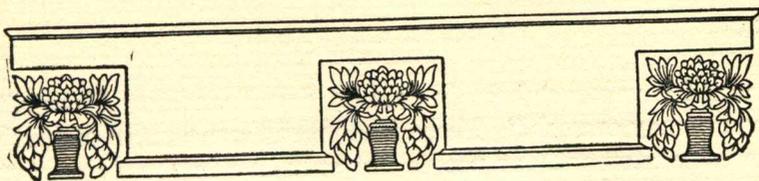
asked the landlord if he could find entertainment. "Yes," said the inn-keeper, "we can keep you, provided you can put up with the surroundings. There is a crowd of young people coming in to dance tonight." Cartwright told him he thought he could hold his hand with them. So after supper the young people began to gather from the little valleys and sides of the mountain adjacent, and ere long the large sitting room was comfortably filled with expectant dancers. The old-time negro took his place in the corner and began to play the violin and the dance started with a rush. Ere long one of the more audacious of the mountain lassies seeing the preacher sitting so quietly looking on, ventured near and seized his arm as a partner for the next dance. Cartwright instantly gripped her hand and went down on his knees, and said: "We will pray first." Embarrassed by such an unexpected turn in affairs, she pulled violently, seeking to wrench loose from his grasp, but with no avail. He pulled her down on her knees and prayed until tremendous conviction seized the godless, frivolous crowd and he closed with an altar service in which there were numerous conversions, and he organized a Methodist society the next day with quite a membership. How much better than sitting around gossiping with the guests until bedtime, like so many so-called Christians do. We plead for the out-of-the-way places. These nooks and corners remind us of certain places in the creek near our childhood home where all that was necessary to get a string of perch was to keep a baited hook in the water, for the fish literally swarmed there, and there are many sections where the people would gladly respond to the gospel from the lips of any spirit-anointed messenger. It is like the first shake of a tree that is full of ripe fruit. You can soon get a basketful. There are many ways in which this work can be done. Organize Sunday schools, establish prayer meetings, distribute good literature, make house-to-house visits. Give special attention to those who are in trouble. One of our

friends while working among very poor folks in the factory districts would occasionally dine with them. She always managed it so as to assist them in preparing the meal, and in this artful way she gave some ideas on housekeeping. There is an endless variety of methods in the use of the personal touch. If you are in the community where there is no Sunday school or prayer meetings or where there are families not reached, begin at once to supply these needs. Discouragements, yes. Obstacles to be overcome. To be sure, but the results will justify all the outlay. A good woman seeing a little, ragged, dirty girl playing around her premises called her in, combed her hair, bathed and put some good clothes on her, and then slipping a bright silver dollar in her hand, said: "Take this to your poor mother, dear." The little girl's eyes stared like an owl, and she wondering asked: "Are you God?" "No," replied her new-found friend, "I am just one of His daughters." Ah, here is the need—O that the Lord had other people scattered through the land who would behave like His sons and daughters!

BY PASTORS

*"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.*

*Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."*



Chapter XI.

BY PASTORS.

*"The secret of life—it is giving,
To minister and to serve;
Love's law binds man to the angel,
And ruin befalls if we swerve."*

By the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.—Acts 20:31.

And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.—Jeremiah 3:15.

THERE is a deplorable lack of personal evangelism on the part of the ministry. Even the hardest workers among the clergy are kept so busy during these strenuous days in doing a lot of things that they ought not to have to do that they have little time for any kind of visitation, except the perfunctory pastoral calls which are often only a bit of social life. We have often looked at the Black Bottoms, Barbary Flats, and Hells Half Acres in our cities and wondered what marvels could be accomplished if the ministers would go like flames of fire into these places, coming in close touch with the people proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Similar results would follow work among the poor, middle, or so-called high classes. In a convention gathered in San Francisco some years ago a divisional officer of the Salvation Army began his address on "darkest San Francisco" by saying: "Mr. Chair-

man, I have never been in darkest San Francisco; I haven't had money enough." There was more than a grain of truth in the statement, for people not only live in the slums, but they have the slums in them. High society may be as corrupt as low, and the mansion with the brown-stone front stands as much in need of the gospel as do the denizens of the red-light district.

In apostolic times men were appointed to serve tables so that the apostles might give themselves to prayer and the preaching of the Word, but now-a-days there is an almost endless diversity of work piled upon all preachers who will assume it, so that their vital energies are sapped when they come to the chief function of their office, which is preaching the Word.

True, ministers are busy, but their time is largely occupied in things not so important. The multiplicity of cares which pile upon the city pastor keeps him "busy rather than impressive." He is continually doing things, but the doing has not the grip in it that there should be. There is not enough of bringing to pass things that make for righteousness. When pastoral calls are made, it is too often with the social idea dominant, or as a collector to replenish the treasuries of the church. This is all important, and should have due attention, but more vital still is the spiritual status of the folks. The true pastor goes into the homes of the people, he visits among the shops, offices and farms. He converses with people on the streets and that with a view of eternal interests. He goes down under them in prayer and faith. He struggles with them in their difficulties, mingles his tears with theirs, and together they shout the victory. In order to do this, he must be intimately acquainted with their inner lives, for he cannot enter into sympathy with their trials unless he knows what they are. Pastoral work is not easy. When done in the right spirit, it is very taxing on ones vitality. To go around among the people and pour out the heart as occa-

sion demands is very exhausting to the nervous forces, and yet it yields such abundant fruitage. Theodore Cuyler quotes an old Scotchman who said his pastor's sermons always sounded better to him on Sabbath if he had had a hand shake with him through the week. We would bring no railing accusation against those who preach the gospel, but facts cannot lie. The poor are often neglected; homes are passed where a preacher's visit would have done incalculable good. The Master went among Publicans and Sinners, but the average preacher manages to keep away from them. When pastoral work is done it is often nothing more than what society would term a professional call. Prayer is omitted and there is nothing in it to move the heart Godward. Dropping in here and there for a brief chat may serve as a stimulus to the social life of the church, but it is a failure when it comes to bringing men to Christ.

The command is to "Go," and mark you, it is to go to *every creature*, and they are to be found everywhere. The preacher is not to sit down in his pulpit and wait for folks to come, but he is to go after them. We verily believe that if the preachers would get filled with the Spirit and then go from house to house instructing and praying with the people, that we would have such a revival as has not been witnessed for many decades. Complaint is made with regard to church work in the country, and it is increasingly difficult to maintain a vigorous, aggressive church in the rural districts. There is such an appalling drift to the city, but we speak from experience when we say that if the country preacher would be faithful to his task and visit his people, searching among the ravines, on the plains, and out-of-the-way places for the most neglected, going wherever people are to be found and "making full proof of his ministry," he would soon find his circuit taking on new life. The family living on a puncheon floor with a stick and dirt chimney, needs the preacher just as much as Squire or Doctor So and So. But does he go? Not as he

should. The less favored are passed by, and his horse knows so well where he is going to be put up for the night that he turns off of his own accord and sides up to the block at the gate. Brethren of the ministry, if you will go among the people, all kinds of people, with a heart aglow with the love of Christ, you will soon see a revival in your district, but alas, so little of this is being done. To him who sees things as they are, the results of such pastoral neglect are simply appalling. An angel of heaven might rush with delight into such a ministry, but we poor, sluggish mortals float along with the drift and let these priceless opportunities pass forever beyond our reach.

The preacher can do nothing else that will so bridge the chasm between the working people and the church as to keep in close personal touch with the masses. Thousands are alienated from Christianity by assuming that the ministry is standing in with the rich and that the church is after money more than anything else. If preachers will do as Paul did, go from house to house warning every one night and day with tears, the attitude of the masses will soon be changed.

When appointed to a deserted church at San Jose, California, we saw that the only way to get a hearing was to go after the people. It was literally a house-to-house ministry, until both prayer meeting room and church were filled. Some afternoons we would take a block, say in the northwest part of the city, and there would usually be some one family that we knew from whom we would get a start and from them we could learn of others near by. With this as a vantage ground, we went from house to house, omitting those that were already engaged in religious work. There were few rebuffs. Often we went no further than to have a brief conversation standing at the door and then perhaps a sentence or two of prayer and then on to the next place. Sometimes it would be necessary to go in for a more prolonged visit. In this way we often came across non-church

goers and were able to induce them to come to church, and they frequently would be saved.

It is surprising to know how many people there are who have their church letters in their trunks. In a recent census taken by the churches of a certain district, it was said that there were 400,000 people found who were holding church letters. The house-to-house ministry is the very best way to reach people of this class. There are large numbers among those who do not attend church habitually. As expressed to us by a certain banker in a Western town: "Yes, Parson, we need somebody here to marry our children and bury our dead." Nonchurch-goers know that sooner or later troubles are coming. Many of them at one time attended church and they are not destitute of holy memories. They are glad to have some personal friend among the ministers to whom they can go in time of need. A large number of funerals that pastors are called to conduct are in families who go to church seldom, if ever, and a very conscientious pastor sorely regrets the fact that he did not sooner get in touch with these people so that they could have had the ministry of the Word in their last illness, but the fact of having been called in at a time of sorrow leaves an open door for further ministry and the after-funeral work of a pastor is among his important duties. The heart is peculiarly responsive to the sympathetic touch and more open to the truth at that time.

There are old staid communities where strangers are seldom seen and the preacher knows everybody without very much mixing around, but these are fewer and fewer in number. It is an age of moving about. Many are running to and fro and knowledge is being increased. There is more traveling now in one year than in twenty-five fifty years ago. There will probably be from eight to ten billions of fares paid for transportation over various lines within the present year, and if preachers keep in touch with the people they have to go where they are. Nearly all churches

bear the inscription, "Strangers Welcome," but it will take a more vital touch than a sign to draw people inside.

The minister who goes among people enough to know them has the advantage over his clerical brother who buries himself in his office. One of the most eloquent sermons we ever heard was preached by a city pastor whose audience did not average over fifty. He shut himself up with his books and had little grip on the masses. There are few places, indeed, where a faithful pastor cannot get a good hearing. If he visits all classes, prays in all kinds of homes, interests himself in the welfare of the servants, he is soon known as the friend of all men. Every class feels free to come to him in trouble. He is everybody's man. His heart is so imbued with the Spirit of his Master that he is touched with a feeling of compassion in the presence of every need. He is universal in his sympathies, and although he may live in a wilderness the people would soon make a pathway to his door, for the bees will no sooner find a piece of honey placed on the doorstep than will people locate those who can and *will* be of service to them.

There are ministers who make a grievous mistake of visiting only certain well-to-do homes. Especially is this true in rural communities. When the preacher starts Sunday afternoon for his appointment, he might turn his horse loose and he would go at once to the stile of the old Squire or the Colonel where he has so often stopped. He knows his place. How much better to go to places where the need is greater. There are few families in any community but what would appreciate a call from the pastor, and there are plenty of places to spend the night without stopping always with the favored ones. Never neglect the poor.

People crave sympathy. When Leonidas Polk, who was killed in the War between the States, visited a dying negro with whom he had played as a boy, he inquired if there was anything he could do to add to his comfort. "Yes, Massa, if you don't mind just take off your coat and lie down here

aside of me, and let me put my arms about you like I did when we were boys." The Bishop complied with his request to the delight of the faithful servant. After all, people want somebody to love them, and those who would be soul-winners must make that fact very clear by kind ministries. The outcasts of New York never had any doubt as to Sam Hadley's love for them. While on his deathbed he exclaimed: "Oh, who will now take care of my poor old bums?" It mattered not how whisky-soaked and vermin-covered the ragged applicant might be, he always found a welcome at Hadley's door.

There is no doubt that much of the modern training for preachers educates them away from the throbbing heart of humanity. They don't know how to get hold of folks. Some one has said that it would be a good thing if every preacher had to serve twelve months as night clerk for a large hotel. An experience as collector or policeman would be very helpful. Ministers are looked upon as a class by themselves, and people stand aloof from them. They are not sought as companions, and many regard them as being a goody, goody kind of impracticable specimens of humanity that cannot be well dispensed with, although they are not so important. The more practical knowledge a preacher has the better for him. If he is a man of affairs, so much the better. Personal work on the part of the preacher is absolutely necessary if he is to know what the folks are doing. How can a man be conversant as to the needs of his people if he does not keep in close touch with them. Really pastoral work supplies a vast amount of preaching material. The minister does not need to have recourse to so many books of illustrations if he is daily mingling with many-sided humanity. The pastor who fails to get into the heart of folks suffers irreparable loss.

No man can preach as he ought to preach unless his own heart has been plowed and the grief of his own spirit has been bathed in the tears of his people. Many ministers

are silent with regard to great problems concerning which they would be all aglow if they were only intelligent as to the matter. Phillips Brooks was fascinated with people. The solitude of the country did not charm him like the teeming multitudes of the great city. Humanity appealed to him. He was deeply interested in their possibilities and profoundly touched by their needs. We know a good woman now with the Lord, who said that she wanted to be a mother to the motherless boys.

A runaway team rushed madly through the streets. Just ahead stood a defenseless child. An old lady rushed from the sidewalk and seized the little one just in time to keep it from being crushed beneath the horses' feet. A crowd gathered in a moment and congratulated the woman. "It is your baby is it?" "No," she said, "it is not mine, but it is somebody's."

Henry Martyn was so keenly sensitive to the need of even the most degraded that he burst into tears as he gazed upon some of the lowest of India's castes, exclaiming, "Their souls are as precious in the sight of God as that of the King of England."

Say what you please about the critical spirit of the day, the wild intoxication of the world and the drifting in with such a strong tide against church-going, it yet remains true that a pastor who will endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, like his Master, keeping busy going about among all classes doing good, will never lack for hearers and will be familiarly called "our preacher" by many who would otherwise have been veritable Esaus. The education of both head and heart that a preacher obtains in thus serving is priceless. We have known communities where the minister would go on Sunday and preach, go back home that evening and not make a single call during the following week and keep that procedure up for a year and then wonder why his circuit did not revive, while all around him were families who seldom, if ever,

went to church, and who would have gladly responded if he had gone like his Master praying and working among them. We cannot understand why ministers do not see this. No one who has the care of souls should sit idly by and let so many people be untouched by the Gospel when a little faithfulness on his part would reach scores of families.

Part of this neglect is, no doubt, due to the work of training. Another generation of preachers must come on the scene. A man ought to be ashamed to pastor a circuit and leave a lot of people untouched by his ministry. He can certainly go to their homes, if they are not interested enough to go to church, and if such a course is pursued he himself would be amazed at the awakening that would follow. What if the people are wicked? That is only a greater evidence of their need. Doctors go to see sick people and preachers should not neglect those who are spiritually sick.

There lived in a certain community a very wicked man—a notorious preacher fighter. A resident pastor was strongly impressed to go and see him, but he delayed for two weeks and the conviction came again that he ought to go, so he went to advise with one of his deacons. The deacon knowing the attitude of the old skeptic laughed outright and said: "Why, the old skeptic would kick you out on the street, and what kind of a figure would you cut next Sabbath being thus humiliated." So the pastor postponed his visit again until two weeks later there was another inward whisper, "Go and see that old man," and he knew enough about spiritual things to dare not refuse. As he knocked at the door, his heart was knocking rapidly against his breast, for he was uncertain about what kind of a reception he would get, but to his astonishment the old gentleman opened the door and smiled and said: "I am so glad you have come. I have been trying for weeks to get up courage enough to send for you. About four weeks ago something got the matter with me and I needed help." They repaired

to the parlor, and it was an easy matter to lead this now broken and contrite spirit to the Lord Jesus. The something that was the matter with him was old-time conviction. Remember that four weeks before the Lord had touched his heart, and that four weeks before the call came to the preacher to go and see him. This illustrates what is always true, that God never calls one to do a thing that he does not open the way for it to be done. In other words, every command of His carries with it an enabling promise. If people would walk in the Spirit, they would sometimes be sent thus on errands for the King, but alas, the majority of folks who are even close enough to the Lord to have this sense of oughtness, fail to obey.

When Sam Hadley felt the approach of delirium tremens while sitting on a beer keg in a saloon, he made his way down to McCauley's mission and went forward for prayer. Jerry put his arm around him and prayed like this: "Oh, Lord, here is this poor fellow in an awful hole. Help him out for Jesus' sake." The prayer was not such as was characterized as the most eloquent ever addressed to a Boston audience, but it was just such as this poor, almost hopeless, sinner needed. On every side there are people in the ditch. The wail of sorrow can be heard continually. The wreckage of humanity is something appalling, but Oh, how few will go down where the suffering is and put their arms about them and pray as did this converted river thief. They still, like the priest and Levite, pass by on the other side.

There are some things that preachers must carefully guard against in personal work. One is gossip. Shame on the minister that will go into a family and get its secrets and then peddle them on somewhere else. "A talebearer goeth up and down the country separating friends." People confide in a minister and tell him things too sacred to be repeated to any human being. Furthermore, persons who come in contact with as many people as he does will

of necessity hear a great many things that ought never to be mentioned, and the wise soul-winner will not gossip. He will carry with him always two cemeteries, the right and the left ear, in which he buries many things that if they ought to have been mentioned the first time ought never to have a second hearing. Again, avoid light chaffy talk. Time is too precious to fritter away in gadding about over the country chatting in a worldly way.

It is to be regretted that much that passes for pastoral work is nothing more or less than formal calls, such as the devotees of fashion make. There was nothing in them to touch the heart. If prayer at all, it was a cold, bloodless thing and the home was but little effected in any way. Don't stay too long. On the other hand, do not rush off too quickly. Oftentimes you will find people busy. Be tactful enough not to bore them with a long visit when such is the case. Sometimes all that is necessary will be a word at the door, or a passing conversation at the gate, or a hearty handshake and a God bless you on the street, but generally there is time sufficient for a bit of earnest conversation and a prayer, then by all means take it.

One of the most common mistakes that pastors make is in not giving more attention to men. They usually study in the morning and do their pastoral work in the afternoons, at which time the men are away and so their ministry is confined largely to women and children. Far be it from us to say ought against this, for certainly the women and children ought not to be neglected, and one of the strongholds of the pastor is to know the children by name and to win their affection. Some of us will never forget that veneration with which we held those who ministered to us in childhood, but we candidly believe there has been too much of a one-sided ministry. The preaching is often better adapted to women and children than to men. The pulpit never tires of paying compliments to those who toil along the painful road to maternity and sit underneath all

the burdens of domestic worry to the neglect of the man with the dinner pail who toils from early morning until late at night, six days in the week, to keep the wolf from the door. His family should not have less attention, but he should have more. The Gospel is as much masculine as feminine. There should be more recognition of what men need, and in order to have this there must be more mixing among them. The minister should not confine his pastoral calls merely to the home. He should go in shops, stores, on the farms, and in fact wherever men are found, and get in vital touch with them and it cannot long be truthfully said of his church that it is composed chiefly of women and children. There was a time when women were more susceptible to the Gospel than men, but the drift is rapidly changing and under the hardening truth of a new civilization, women are getting as difficult to reach as men. We plead for a ministry that reaches both. Go after the men. They need salvation, and the church needs them. Vigorous work of this kind on the part of ministers would go far toward removing that impression that the church is for women and children and that the ministers are lacking in the masculine touch. The prophet Ezekiel was usually addressed as the "Son of Man," and on one occasion he was commanded to stand upon his feet and it would do well for us men to be men indeed and to stand up and impress the world with that fact.

After all, is not the failure in personal work largely due to a lack of love? If people were loved well enough some way would be found to reach them, for love always finds a way of approach. In the days of Oliver Cromwell a young man was sentenced to be shot at the ringing of the curfew. The great Protector attended in person to see that the execution was carried out. The young man had a sweetheart who was determined to postpone his death as long as possible, so she climbed up into the old church belfry and swung on the bell clapper. The sexton was hard of hear-

ing and when the time came for ringing the curfew he pulled faithfully at the rope but he was so deaf that he did not detect its failure to ring. The young man stood bandaged, the soldiers were lined up ready to fire when the curfew rang, but there was no sound. Cromwell hurried a soldier to the church to see what was the matter. Looking up into the belfrey he saw the young woman holding on to the clapper. He arrested her and brought her to the Lord Protector. Cromwell inquired as to why she acted thus and she told him that the young man was her sweetheart. "Well," he said, "such love as this shall not go unrequited. You shall have him," and there was no curfew rung that night nor no execution.

If we love folks well enough we will continually seek out the best way to save them. Like the blind girl who was sold while a child for the purpose of prostitution. When she became a woman disease fastened on her and she lost one of her limbs. As she was no longer profitable to her owner they sent her to a hospital where she heard the gospel and was saved. In the meanwhile she took leprosy and asked to be sent to a leper colony as a missionary, and this woman of the street with but one limb, blind, and a leper was instrumental in bringing about a gracious revival among that dreadfully afflicted people. She loved *well* enough to suffer *long* enough to win. Strange how indifferent people are to those who are even in close touch with them. Their spiritual sensibilities are deadened. They have no keen sense of the danger that even their intimate friends are in. The Chinamen say, "Send us missionaries with hot hearts." People will melt under the fervent touch here as well as in the Celestial Empire.

A brilliant young physician went out from Edinboro as a medical missionary to India. A clergyman passing through the country where his station was located asked him if he had occasion to regret having come to dwell among a people so ignorant and degraded. He exclaimed,

"No, the Lord paid me the other morning for all I have ever suffered for Him here. I had gone my last round through the hospital. It was late at night, but as I returned to my room I suddenly thought of a poor boy who was dying and it occurred to me that possibly he might throw the cover off through the night and get cold. I went back and quietly tucked the blanket about him, thinking that he was sleeping, but when I returned the next morning he looked at me with a puzzled expression and said, 'Doctor, what was it that caused you to come back last night and wrap me up so carefully? Me a stranger for whom nobody cares.' I replied that I did not come. 'Yes but you did, Doctor; you can't fool me. I knew your step. No, my young friend, it was not I, but the Christ whom I preach that caused me to do what I did.'" The compassionate Savior who moved the heart of this young Scotchman until the heathen heart melted under the touch is waiting to quicken us all.

In one of our pastoral visits we met a woman who told us how anxious she was to bring her boys under the influence of the Gospel and that she invited a minister to come and see them, but she said it was such a cold, formal visit. This fervent-hearted mother was disappointed with the icy touch her boy received. Those who stand between the living and the dead, who "weep between the porch and the altar ought to be large hearted, compassionate natures. As Headly Vicar's wife died, a tear stole out of her eye and rolled down her cheek. The saintly man took his handkerchief and wiped it away and said, "Thank God she will never shed another;" and those who are busy drying away the tears and bringing a word of cheer into a storm-swept and broken-hearted race, will always have more than they can do. There are statements made by the apostle Paul which come as a terrible rebuke to a coldhearted and dry eyed clergy. On one occasion he had such a compassion for his poor, blinded brethren of Israel that he wished himself a cast-away for their sake. Again he exclaimed, "I live if ye stand

fast." His very life was twined about those who had been brought under the influence of his ministry.

The good Queen of Sweden gave her diamonds to found a hospital. Sometime afterwards while visiting the inmates she found one old saint passing on into the skies while tears of joy rolled like crystal drops down her face. "There!" she exclaimed, "I see my diamonds again." Ah, there are diamonds everywhere if we will only love enough to go out, and toil enough to gather them for the Master's crown.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS

*"As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may we be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail,
Which makes Thy kingdom come."*

*"Come labor on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.*

*"Come labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
Servants, well done!"*



Chapter XII.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS.

*"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering soul of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the grasping grave."*

And thou hast taught in our streets.—Luke 13:26.

And he began again to teach by the seaside.—Mark 4:1.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him . . . and he taught them.
—Matt. 5:1, 2.



HERE is no better place to do personal work than in connection with open-air meetings. During any after service that may be held there is a rare opportunity for distributing tracts and for the personal touch in general. After the services have closed there is usually a goodly number who linger about the place of meeting, thus offering a ripe field for personal evangelism, and the adept soul-winner finds a rich harvest on such occasions. Open-air meetings are so vitally interwoven with personal work that we devote this chapter to their consideration.

The Holiness movement is inseparably connected with open-air meetings. The amount of street preaching now being done is profoundly significant. There are few cities in all the land where open-air meetings are not held. The heralds are literally going out into the streets and lanes

of the city and compelling them to come in. To be sure, cranks, fanatics and wolves in sheep's clothing take advantage of the freedom of the streets, and air their heretical notions to the disgust of sober, thoughtful people. The devil counterfeits every good thing, and open-air meetings will come in for their share of his work, but this is no objection to the solid, substantial, real salvation work being done through this channel.

The more devout and evangelistic people are, the more they engage in a highway and hedge ministry, literally going everywhere preaching the Word. There are many villages and rural districts where open-air meetings could be held to great profit. At present, this feature of religious work is confined almost exclusively to our larger cities, but there is a very fine field for a certain amount of it to be done in the smaller towns and country places. The meetings would have to be far less frequent in sparsely settled districts, but they could, occasionally, be very successfully conducted there. There are many advantages resulting from street services, some of which we shall briefly mention.

When properly controlled, the voice is strengthened and developed by speaking in the open air. It is altogether a healthy exercise. It is also a fine tonic. It puts iron in the Christian soldier's blood and greatly invigorates his spirit. When we first began street work we had some touches of fear and trembling, but the services would hardly be begun before the blessed Holy Spirit would so stir our hearts and gird us with strength, that we would grip the sword tightly and rush gladly to the front of the battle, overflowing with joy at the privilege of being in such a war. Well do we remember the first street service in which we participated. It was conducted by T. A. Cowan in Stockton, California. He had an organ placed in a dray and we drove up to the heart of the city and held the usual services. It was all so new and strange that the writer, perched upon the old dray, never really got into the spirit of the meeting. Mr. Cowan

was a devout, aggressive minister of the gospel, and several years ago fell asleep in Jesus. Our next street meeting was in the town of Porterville, California. It was conducted under great difficulties and the little band of helpers seemed ready to run, but since then we have usually had signal displays of divine power in the open-air work. The shy and timid, when induced to take part in these meetings, lose much of their diffidence, and often become bold and capable workers. There is a kind of physical fear which sometimes seizes beginners in Christian work unawares that does not indicate weakness of character. Frederick the Great, in his first military engagement, became frightened, ran away, and hid in an old mill. The renowned warrior really existed in the young man in an embryonic state, but had to be developed. Often behind a timid, retiring exterior there is hidden the material out of which will come forth the mighty warrior for God. Don't be discouraged if in your first efforts your knees should shake a little. Look to God and go ahead, and ere long the timorous spirit will become bold as a lion. Gideon, when he was threshing his grain and hiding from the Philistines, did not feel like a mighty man of valor, yet the angel addressed him as such. Much of the timid, shrinking spirit is purely physical, and under the Spirit's power those who are so distrustful of themselves may become the most courageous of all.

The closeness of touch, the aggressive, decisive results under the immediate touch of the Spirit's power, so often seen in this kind of a service, is a wonderful inspiration to Christian workers, and if no other good were accomplished in open-air meetings, this alone would be sufficient to repay for all the efforts thus put forth.

This kind of work is a fine training school for soul-winners. It is a cure for dull, prosy, lifeless methods. One, to hold the attention of a crowd on the street, *must have a message*, know how to deliver it, and *quit when he is through*. The preacher that can hold the attention of a

street audience can usually keep his people awake in church. Young preachers will find these meetings very helpful in acquiring a directness of address, brevity of statement, tenderness of appeal, and fulness of exhortation; in fact, the very kind of training needed for this busy, restless age. Some one has said that every preacher ought to have a year on the police force. Another said that he ought to serve as a hotel clerk for a year, in order to know the world. But close, vital contact with the multitudes in open-air meetings will do much toward baptizing one into a sense of all conditions, and giving a cosmopolitan view of life. Open-air workers learn to shoot on the wing. Many let their game escape while they are hunting something on which to rest their gun. Cowboys lasso the horses and cattle while running at full speed. We must learn to do the same in the Lord's work. Too many preachers are educated away from the people. The hand-to-hand conflict of street work will go far toward bringing them back to the people. Speak as men to men. The preacher don't need to perch himself on some pedestal far above the audience.

(Open-air work is a deadly blow to the false dignity and formal stiffness too apparent in many ecclesiastical quarters.) Like the Master of old, he who would win souls must mingle freely with the people, having a heart touched with compassion, and continually going about doing good and seeking the lost. This heart to heart touch with a suffering, sinning world should be the attitude of every child of God. It is said of our Lord that seeing the multitudes He was moved with compassion for them. Should we not be similarly affected as we look upon the needy crowds who throng the thoroughfares of our cities as well as the equally destitute in more remote sections? Surely such a mixed multitude, drifting with the current of sin into an eternity without Christ, is enough to stir the heart of every Christian to pray that more laborers may be thrust out into these fields ripe unto the harvest. This vision of a lost world on

the one hand and that of a mighty Christ on the other sends people out in the highways and hedges, in the lanes and streets, into plain meeting-houses, churches and great cathedrals; in fact, everywhere that people gather these indefatigable workers go, telling the erring ones what a wonderful Savior they have found.

Open-air services greatly facilitate personal work for souls. The evangelical fervor is intensified. There is a view of humanity different from that seen in the ordinary routine of church work. There is a bugle call for more aggressiveness on the part of Christians.

The street meeting, with its little waifs, abandoned women, drunkards, respectable but hardened sinners, crowds of young men, all looking curiously on, is a touching appeal for more direct and personal work. One cannot engage long in this kind of ministry, coming in vital touch with crippled, blinded and wrecked humanity all about him without being deeply stirred in spirit. If the church would only get close enough to the bleeding heart of this world she would hear such a call for help as she has never even dreamed of in these days of ease in Zion. Yes, if there were no other blessings resulting from open-air meetings, the reflex action on those engaging therein is amply sufficient to compensate for all the labor expended. An individual or church faithful to an open-air ministry will never dry up.

Many people never attend regular church services. If they hear the gospel at all it will have to be on the outside. People like to have persons interested in them enough to hold meetings where they are. It is a well known fact that people who would not enter a church door if it stood right in front of them, will stop and listen very attentively to a street service; the meeting has been brought to their native heath and they feel at home.

All classes are attracted to open-air meetings. Those who are poor, dirty, lazy, and shiftless—the vagrant class—who would hardly be welcome anywhere else, find such a hearty

welcome here that they are always on hand, and it is a privilege to preach the gospel to them.] Some of them were denied the heritage of a good birth and are going through life maimed; others have had their hearts broken by some cruel thrust or terrific blow; while others have become disheartened and are content to float as scum along life's stream. Surely these who are all in some way seriously crippled should have the joyous message of salvation.

Drunkards, harlots, gamblers and thieves frequent open-air services. Some of them are ashamed to be seen in church; others have become so hardened in sin that they have no desire to go; while still others are deeply sensitive to the appeals of the gospel, but are held in the iron grasp of some sinful appetite or habit. The street is a veritable "mecca" for this class and some of them at least hear the gospel gladly. The poor drunkard usually begins with a warm heart and a generous spirit, but enslaved by the demon of drink, he sinks lower and lower in sin unless saved therefrom. The woman of the street, for many reasons, does not attend the house of God. What an opportunity the open-air meeting affords for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to these sinning, suffering and well nigh wrecked souls! It looks like that, if it were possible, an angel from heaven would be glad of the chance to leap out of the skies and come down here and tell these perishing multitudes that the Lion of the tribe of Judah can break every chain and set them free, wholly free, forever free.

Then there is the large army of young men, good, bad and indifferent, all jumbled together in these public places; some have come from good religious homes in the country and have backslidden since coming to the city; others have had no home and have been kicked and cuffed around all their lives. Satan is luring them on to ruin, traps and pitfalls are set for them on every street corner. They are always on hand at an open-air meeting; they are some mothers' boys, for whom Jesus died. O, what an oppor-

tunity the street affords for giving them the gospel! Many of the boys will never hear it unless some one proclaims it to them on the street.

There is still another kind of folks who are seen in open-air meetings: the self-respecting, moral citizens who hold a variety of opinions as to Christianity, but are neglecting, utterly neglecting, their salvation. Among them are to be found the skeptical, the well wishers, and those who confidently expect at some time to become Christians, but they are absorbed by worldly interests and are as destitute of salvation as any savage who roams the heart of Africa. There is always some good ground among this class in which the Word of God finds lodgment.

Another class, easy of access and often helped by open-air meetings, is the backslider. They are usually on hand, for unfortunately the country is full of them, and they are drifting farther and farther away from God, but are keenly conscious of the blessings they once enjoyed. Multitudes of them have been quickened by the Spirit's touch on the street. It is a capital place to deal with backsliders. The spontaneity and freedom of the service catches their attention and brings back the memory of the peaceful hours they once enjoyed. There is no better place to reach backsliders than in the open-air service.

Children of foreigners, who would not be allowed to attend church services at all, often gather in groups in street meetings and listen intently, and who can tell what good may result therefrom? Besides all these classes, many Christians drop into these meetings and are much blessed thereby. The Lord Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We can't afford to sit down and wait for them to come to us, we must go to them, for this is the only way by which they can ever hear the gospel.

Open-air services properly conducted will always have a hearing, but sad to say, the impassioned appeal character-

istic of the open-air service has been superseded in many places by the cold, formal address from the pulpit. During the last quarter of a century, however, there has been a mighty awakening as to the needs of the outside throng, and more open-air work is being done than ever before. When a church becomes intensely spiritual it is immediately stirred with deep solicitude for the Christian masses. The people are dying without Christ. We that know Him must witness to those without. The young minister to whom we are dictating this chapter was drawn to the meetings and saved through a street service. There is a great open door for this kind of ministry throughout our Southland as well as elsewhere. Let us enter it in the name of the Lord.

WORKERS.

Get a band of helpers if possible, otherwise go by yourself. Let the most capable one be the leader. Only those should go on the street to preach who live clean lives. People of a questionable character will do more harm than good. We have found that the enlisting of some of the best known Christians of the community guarantees a better hearing and very much strengthens the work. Open-air work has suffered much at the hands of indiscreet and irresponsible people.

PERMITS.

If in cities, get the permission of the authorities to hold the meetings. We might hold them anyway, but it's better to confer with the authorities about the matter, even if they have no law prohibiting street meetings; they are supposed to look after the best interests of the city, and we always make friends of them by showing respect for their authority. Should they have a disposition to crowd us off into some out of the way place, a little tactful, prayerful persistence will usually secure a permit for the desired location. We make it a rule to select a place where the gathering of the audience will not blockade the sidewalks. When the policemen see that we are in sympathy with them in the

discharge of their duties, they will befriend us in various ways. So many different kinds of public gatherings are now being held on the streets that some kind of regulation is necessary for the protection of the public, and it is well for Christian workers to show the proper regard for these regulations. Should the time come when the powers that be will attempt to shut us off the streets, then we can appeal to Cæsar, but we are of the opinion that open-air services, properly conducted, will be allowed to continue indefinitely.

PLACE.

Go where the people are. Select a strategic point where they can be gathered easily. It is a great advantage to have the people close to the speaker. In towns and cities, we find street corners the best places. Sometimes we have been able to use court-yards to a decided advantage. We often stand with the workers, out in the street and face the sidewalk and in the street without closing up the pass way. In country districts, some place of public resort is usually the best.

HOW TO CONDUCT OPEN-AIR SERVICES.

There can be no iron clad rules laid down for conducting open-air services. They will vary according to the time, place, and audience. The suggestions contained in this chapter will be found helpful, especially to those beginning in this kind of work. Some people are much more gifted in open-air work than others, but all can be useful in this kind of service. Those who haven't voices sufficient to be heard distinctly can render efficient service in prayer, private conversation, and personal testimony.

TIME.

When people are most at leisure. In cities an audience can be obtained most anytime between 9:00 A. M. and 9:00 P. M., and we have found little difficulty in getting a hearing any time within the day. In small towns the services should be held at a time when the people from the country can be

reached. Meetings are sometimes held for workmen in shops and factories at their noon-hour. Local conditions and the convenience of the worker will decide the time.

MESSAGE.

The pure, simple gospel. It's a mistake to think that any kind of preaching will do on the street. If you are talking without saying *anything* an open-air audience will discover it as quickly as any other. If you have any fads or cranky notions, leave them at home; avoid a controversial and sectarian spirit; prepare your message; many of your auditors are grossly ignorant of gospel truth; make the way plain; leave off technical expressions and use the language of the people; preach Christ out of a heart burning with love for your fellow men; don't act the clown or monkey; never descend to the methods of a street fakir; don't trifle; you bear a message from heaven to a lost world; you do not need the "cheap-John," stock-in-trade phrases of an auctioneer.

DISTURBANCES.

We have had very little disturbance in our open-air work. The people behave almost as well as if they were in church. The drunk man is usually on hand, but if treated wisely he seldom causes much trouble. H. B. Gibbud had an outside man, who passed around through the crowd as one of them and in a tactful way quieted the would-be disturbers; also looking after the protection of the audience from runaway teams, ambulances, fire-engines, and other things. However, if the leader is a careful, prudent man, he and his workers can usually look after all these matters themselves. We have never had to call on the policemen to arrest anyone for disturbing our open-air meetings.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Go from your knees to the meeting expecting victory; sing some good, stirring hymns to attract the people—musical instruments can also be used to great advantage for this

purpose. When a goodly number of people have gathered, have an earnest prayer right to the point and follow this by brief, pointed testimonies interspersed with singing; know your songs so as to waste no time fumbling around through the book hunting a hymn; the length of time devoted to these brief talks depends upon what is to follow. We usually have some one specially gifted for public address to take a longer time and close with a ringing gospel message, followed by an altar call. In case you haven't such a speaker use the best you have. Do not feel under obligation to have everybody in the band speak, but seize the opportune moment for the final appeal; sometimes there will be plenty of time for all to speak and then again it will be best for only a few to speak; be controlled by the Spirit's indication in the progress of the service. Ask those wishing prayer to designate it by raising the hand; then urge these and all others who may be interested to come forward for prayer; conduct the altar service about like you do elsewhere, except that it is usually best to be brief in the open-air meeting. Occasionally, after the altar service is over, a new crowd has gathered and if there is sufficient time a word of exhortation may be given them; in fact, in some places a street meeting may run for hours, but this depends on local conditions. At the close of the altar service spend a little time in conversation with those who are lingering around, inviting them to the mission or church as the case may be. Tracts may be quietly distributed at this juncture. We take no collection on the streets.

What blessed opportunities await the one who will undertake this ministry.

USE OF THE WORD

*"Thy word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
May its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine.*

*Thy word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.*

*Thy word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveler
And make his pathway bright.*

*Thy word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair;
And find for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.*

*O, may I find my armor there;—
Thy word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!"*



Chapter XIII.

USE OF THE WORD.

*"There is a lamp whose steady light
Guides the poor traveler in the night;
'Tis God's own word, it spreads a feast
For every hungering, thirsting guest."*

Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? Jer. 23:29.

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.—Isaiah 55:11.



WHEN the boy king, Edward VI., of England, was being crowned, three swords were brought to him, but he replied: "There is another that we need worse than these." "What is it?" someone said. "The sword of the Spirit," answered the youthful monarch; and ever since, at the crowning of an English sovereign, the Bible is brought. "Take . . . the sword of the Spirit *which is the Word of God.*" Every part of the Christian armor mentioned by Paul in the sixth chapter of Ephesians is for the defensive except the sword of the Spirit. That is the only aggressive weapon with which to make an attack. There is a recipe in the Scriptures for all human ills; there is a promise for every need; there is a word of warning for every needed rebuke and words of cheer to those needing comfort. In fact the Scriptures abound with material for the Christian worker, but, unless one knows it, how can he use it?

A true knowledge of the Bible is the foundation of success in personal work. Where in the annals of the Christian church do we find a more effective soul winner than was the great apostle to the Gentiles. In writing to Timothy he said: "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, *furnished completely into every good work.*"

I. KNOWLEDGE OF FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.

The Bible states some fundamental truths about the Word that should be deeply embedded and instilled into the heart of every personal worker:

1. The Word thoroughly searches the human heart; the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4:12.

2. The Word produces conviction. Now when they heard this they were pricked in their heart; and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, men and brethren, what shall we do.—Acts 2:37.

3. The Word begets faith; so then faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God.—Rom. 10:17 and Eph. 1:13.

4. An agent. (a) In regeneration; being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible by the Word of God. (b) In sanctification; sanctify then through thy truth: thy word is truth.—John 17:17. That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.—Eph. 5:26.

5. The Word is an active element in growth.—I Peter 2:2—As new babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.

II. KNOWLEDGE FOR PRACTICAL USE.

All the truth needed in dealing with men is found in the Word of God. A man may have a wide knowledge of the Scriptures and yet not know how to put them to practical use. The effective personal worker must know how to use the Word so as to accomplish definite results. Timothy was told to study that he might rightly divide the word of truth, thus becoming a workman needing not to be ashamed, having the approval of God. A Bible scholar might be at a loss to know how to lead a soul to Christ. The wise personal worker has, like Timothy, so learned to divide the word of truth that he is ready on all occasions to "take out of his treasures things new and old." A practical knowledge of the Bible enables the worker who would win souls to deal intelligently with the various classes with whom he comes in contact.

There follows a classification adapted to these several needs:

1. *The indifferent.* The soul that sinneth it shall die, Ezekiel 18:4.

For the wages of sin is death, Rom. 6:23.

For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved, Jno. 3:20.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin, Jno. 8:34.

He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the blood of the covenant. . . . and hath done despite to the spirit of grace, Heb. 10:28, 29.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, Heb. 2:3.

Prepare to meet thy God, Amos 4:12.

2. *Those desiring salvation.* For he hath made himself to be sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in him, II Cor. 5:21.

Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, Gal. 3:13.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, I Jno. 1:9.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, Rom. 10:10.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto God, and he will have mercy upon him and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon, Isaiah 55:7.

3. *The procrastinator.* Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation, II Cor. 6:2.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, Heb. 3:15.

Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you, Jno. 12:35.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near, Isaiah 55:6.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy, Prov. 29:1.

4. *The timid.* Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out, John 6:37.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, Rev. 4:20.

Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways and live? Ezekiel 18:23.

Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth, I Tim. 2:4.

For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost, Matt. 18:11.

And the Spirit and the bride say come, Rev. 22:17.

What is needed is that man's will should act in harmony with God's will as to the man's salvation. In John 1:12 we have: But as many as received him, to them gave he power

to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

Again; And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life, Jno. 5:40.

5. *The doubtful.* Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out, Jno. 6:37.

He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation but is passed from death unto life, Jno. 5:24.

And by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses, Acts 13:39.

6. *The moralist.* But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, Isaiah 64:6.

Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, Gal. 2:16.

For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all, James 2:10.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us, I Jno. 1:8, 10.

For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, Rom. 3:23.

7. *Those who trust in ordinances.* Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God, Jno. 3:5.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again, Jno. 3:7.

For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature, Gal. 6:15.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, Jno. 17:3.

8. *The unpardonable sin.* All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the

Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation, Mark 3:28, 29.

In this passage the inspired writer explains the meaning of Christ's words on this subject. Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit lay in attributing the work of the Holy Spirit to an unclean spirit.

9. *Those who say they cannot "hold out."* Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, Jude 24.

For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day, II Tim. 1:12.

But God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able: but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it, I Cor. 10:13.

10. *The backslider.* If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, I Jno. 1:9.

Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever, Jer. 3:12.

Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you, Jer. 4:14.

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land, II Chron. 7:14.

And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, I Jno. 2:1.

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee, Isa. 44:22.

Luke 15:11-21 is perhaps the most complete picture of the love of the Father and of the returning son.

11. *Discouraged Christians who need enlightenment.*

(a) Some vital things they should know: 1. God has undertaken a continuous work, as shown in Philippians 1:6, He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

2. The object of this work is that we might be conformed to the image of his Son according to Romans 8:29, For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son.

Also, But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, II Cor. 3:18.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is, I Jno. 3:2.

(b) He used a wise method. He deals with us as with children. Hear Proverbs 3:11, My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord. This word chastening has been translated child training. It should be impressed upon the Christian that God speaks to us as to children.

Heb. 12:6 says, For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth—or child trains.

All this training that “we may be partakers of his holiness.”

Read Hebrews 12:5-11 with the thought in mind of “child training.”

12. *For spiritualists.* Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God, Lev. 19:31.

Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know we the spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God. And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of Antichrist, whereof ye have heard

that it should come: and even now already is it in the world. I Jno. 4:1-3.

13. *Divinity of Christ.* When Jesus was on earth men were divided in their opinion of Him. Some said, He is a good man; others said, Nay, but he deceiveth the people, John 7:12.

It is possible there were many who were honestly confused. To them He laid down this broad, fair proposition as seen in John 7:17,

If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

Then and now, the sincere man may, by obedience, put the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus to the test. This is shown in John 8:34-36, Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever: but the Son abideth forever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

Also, see John 5:24: Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that hath my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Consider other challenges Jesus made to men never made by the founder of any other religion or philosophy: Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest, Matt. 11:28; again, hear Jno. 14:27, My peace I give unto you; also John 16:24, Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full; then hear John 6:35, He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

14. *Dealing with Jews.* Perhaps the best scripture in the Bible to use in dealing with the Jews is Isaiah, chapter 53. The entire book of Hebrews is helpful to study. Chapters nine and ten are especially helpful.

15. *Christian Scientists.* Christian science is becoming so common that the personal worker will often come in contact with it.

We quote from Torrey: "Most Christian Scientists claim

to believe the Bible. Take them to 1 Jno. 4:1-3, Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world.

"This passage strikes at the very foundation of Christian Science. Christian Science denies as one of its fundamental postulates, the reality of matter, and the reality of the body, and of the necessity the reality of the incarnation. Show them by this passage that the Bible declares that every spirit that confesses not Jesus Christ come in the flesh, is not of God, but is the spirit of antichrist.

"Christian Science also denies the doctrine of substitution. Therefore take the one with whom you are dealing to such passages as the following: For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him, II Cor. 5:21.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, Gal. 3:13.

"Who his own self bare our sin in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye are healed, I Pet. 2:24."

16. *Catholics.* For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ, I Tim. 2:5.

But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness, Rom. 4:5.

I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin, Psalm 32:5.

Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent, Jno. 6:28-29.

Now the just shall live by faith, Heb. 10:38.