

## Last Words of a Great Soul Winner

BY REV. J. R. PATTERSON

THE late Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, for many years the leading writer on the *Sunday School Times*, won fame in different fields—as an organizer, a teacher, an editor and an author. But his supreme satisfaction was found in winning souls for his Master through personal contact with individuals. He, more than most religious workers, studied, understood and practised the art of religious conversation with unconverted men. This was his unique distinction. This is what entitled him to speak with authority about personal evangelism. The book under review gives us his views and experiences touching this momentous subject.

The book is full of encouragement to the man who has neither the talent nor the opportunity to address large audiences. According to Dr. Trumbull the man with the small audience has the best chance to do effective work. He says: "As a rule, the intensity of the appeal is in inverse proportion to the area covered; in other words, the greater your audience, the smaller the probability of your appeal coming home to a single heart." To confirm his opinion Mr. Trumbull quotes that master of assemblies, Henry Ward Beecher: "The longer I live, the more confidence I have in those sermons where one man is the minister and one man is the congregation; where there's no question as to who is meant when the preacher says, 'Thou art the man.'"

To show the value of personal work our author gives his own experience: "For ten years I addressed gatherings of persons in numbers from ten or fifteen to five or six thousand each. In this work I went from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Florida. This gave me an opportunity to test the relative value of speeches to gathered assemblies. Later, I have been, for more than twenty-five years, an editor of a religious periodical that has had a circulation of more than a hundred thousand a week during much of that time. Meanwhile I have published more than thirty different volumes. Yet, looking back upon my work, in all these years, I can see more direct results of good through my individual efforts for individuals than I can know of through my spoken words to thousands upon thousands of persons in religious assemblies or all my written words on the pages of periodicals or of books. In this I do not think that my experience has

"Individual Work for Individuals." By H. Clay Trumbull.

been wholly unlike that of many others who have had large experience in both spheres of influence."

Himself won to Christ by a reluctant letter from a timid companion, young Trumbull soon realized that personal appeal to the unconverted was the most effective and at the same time the most neglected method of soul winning. Solely he dedicated himself to this form of Christian service. "I determined that as I loved Christ, and as Christ loved souls, I would press Christ on the individual soul, so that none who were in the proper sphere of my individual responsibility or influence should lack the opportunity of meeting the question whether or not they would individually trust and follow Christ. The resolve I made was that whenever I was in such intimacy with a soul as to be justified in choosing my subject of conversation, the theme of themes should have prominence between us, so that I might learn his need, and meet it."

Personal evangelism became the passion of his life, and for his field Dr. Trumbull turned to the man at his elbow. Seat mates in the railway car, companions in a country drive, fellow guests at an hotel, fellow lodgers at the boarding house, officers and soldiers of his regiment in war time, old comrades in arms whom he met again in *post bellum* days; business acquaintances, relatives, friends, Sunday-school children, Bible class students, Roman Catholics, Mormons, Mohammedans, Jews, Maronites, agnostics, infidels—heard from him of the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The thing to be noted is, not that he met with rebuffs, but that so many even of those who did not immediately receive Christ, received his advances with courtesy and thanked him for his interest in their spiritual welfare.

The crying need of the Church is a generation of Andrews who will first find their own brothers. God send us pastors, officials and members, who uniting piety, courage and common sense will look their fellows in the eye and bid them "come and see." For reaching one man at a time is the best way to reach all the world in time, and the kingdom of God is near in that community where there is a church which answers the description of the Vaudois or Waldenses in the thirteenth century, as given by the Papal Inquisitor Reinerius: "He who has been a disciple for seven days looks out some one whom he may teach in his turn, so that there is a continual increase."

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## The Old Homestead

BY REV. W. S. GRIFFIN, D.D.

WE live in the old homestead, and are therefore under obligations to the men who created it, that have never been fully estimated. You have seen in many parts of the country fine old homesteads, which one generation has left to another. We will visit one, which is but a sample of a thousand more.

Here are broad acres, well cultivated, splendid orchards, with every variety of fruit, ample barns, and outbuildings to house the products of the soil. Here is the old substantial farm house, a well appointed and furnished home, a place of rest after long years of faithful toil, and there was the farmer facing the forest with a brave heart and a strong hand. With axes and oxen he cleared the land, acre by acre, till this magnificent farm, with all its appurtenances was the final result.

He and his faithful partner are now no longer young. They are broken and bent, they are wrinkled and grey. They are worn out in the hard work which they have done in the midst of innumerable sacrifices—and sometimes immeasurable suffering. We enter the home to see the dear old people, but are greeted by the young in the prime of life and fullness of vigorous manhood and womanhood. The old people are not there. We enquire for them and are told, "This is the old homestead that was left to us. We hold the title." But where are the old people?

"Why we do not know. They are not able to work.

People who cannot work are of no use on a farm. They are looking out for themselves somewhere, or likely they have found shelter in the poorhouse, a benevolent home for the poor. We have all that we conveniently can do to meet the expenses of the place without providing for those who are useless and helpless."

Now we know, as a rule, such treatment would be impossible. There is one apartment in that old dwelling-place dedicated to their convenience and comfort. With tenderest solicitude every want is supplied and every provision made to relieve their manifold infirmities.

Is any one so simple that he cannot understand the force of this simple illustration.

We too, as Methodists, live in the Old Homestead. The pioneer men in the midst of the great privations and hardships have traversed our country in its primitive condition of weakness and poverty, and by their faithful labors have built up our congregations, our churches, and our colleges all over the land.

We have entered into the marvellous inheritance which they have created, an inheritance more valuable than broad acres, or houses and lands, or silver and gold. Where are they now? "Worn out in our work," unable any longer to bear the burdens of official duty—compelled to vacate the parsonages, and deprived in a day of even the limited resources their labors secured. Shall they be forgotten, and left to