

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

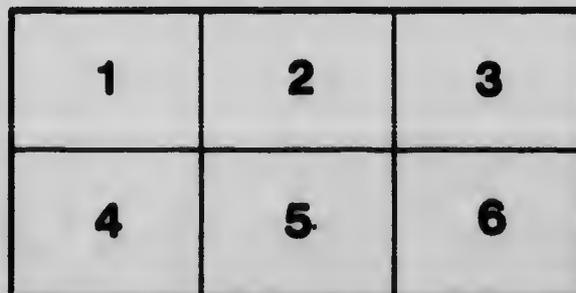
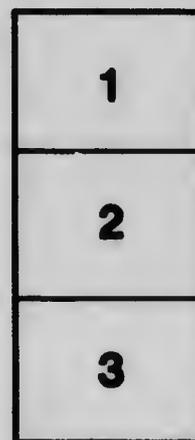
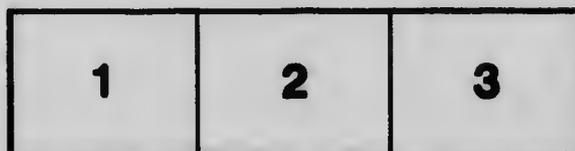
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaît sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10.0

11.2

12.5

14.0

16.0

18.0

20.0

22.5

25.0

28.0

31.5

36.0

40.0

45.0

50.0

56.0

63.0

71.0

80.0

90.0

100.0

112.0

125.0

140.0

160.0

180.0

200.0

225.0

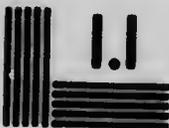
250.0

280.0

315.0

360.0

400.0

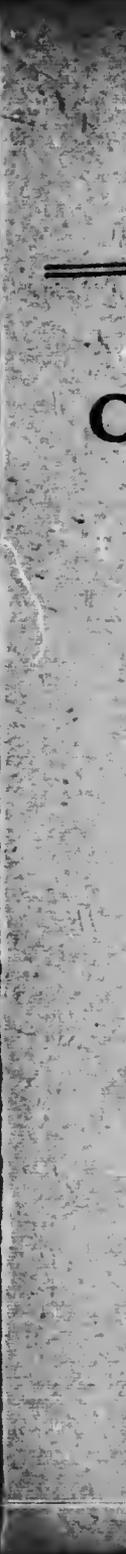
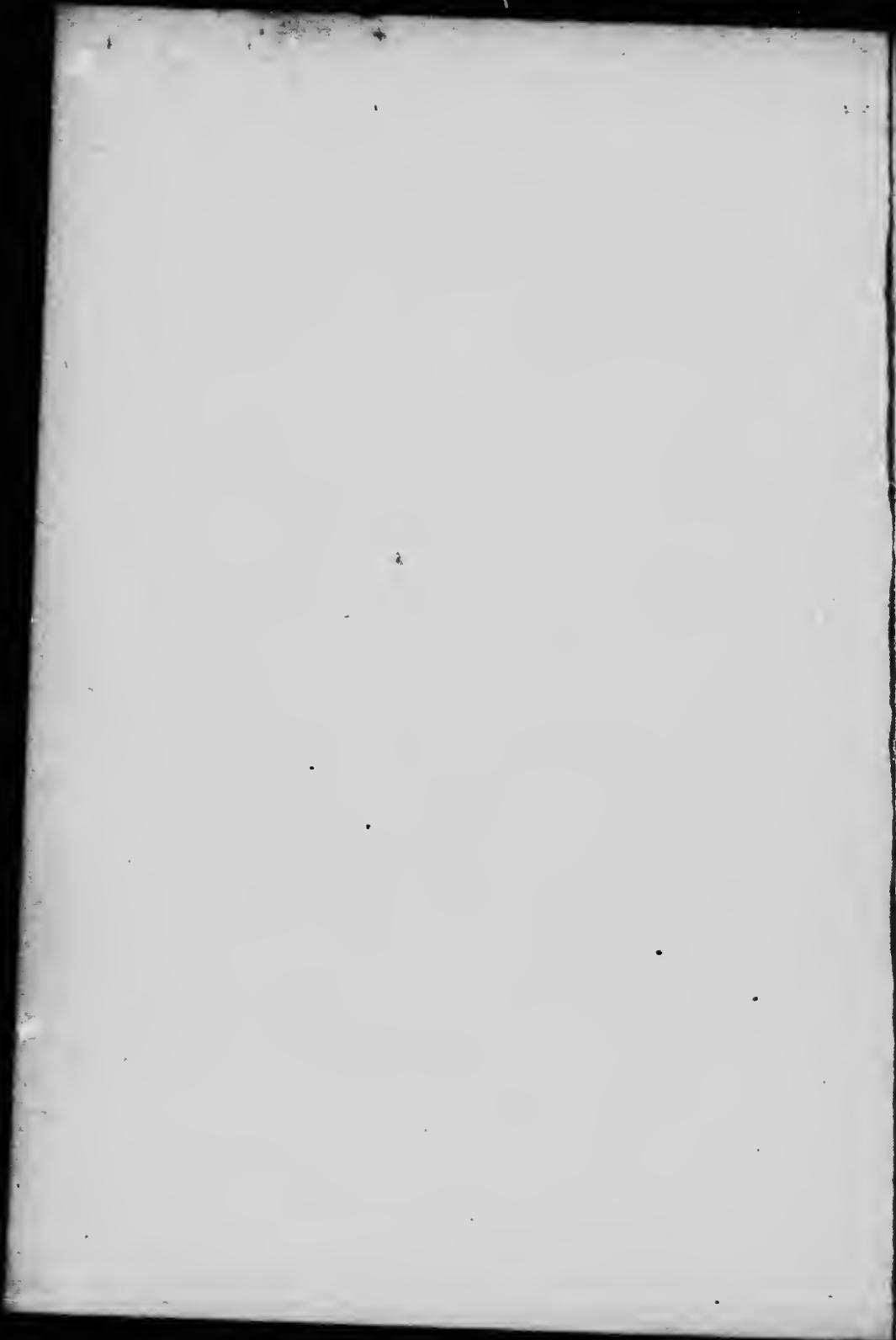


APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax



20



NO. 9 YOUTH'S LIBRARY.

CHARLIE COULSON

The Drummer Boy

AND

OTHER STORIES.

OTTAWA :
HOLINESS MOVEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE.
480 BANK STREET.

1905

BVH915

CH3

1905

JUV

P***

~~0 911525~~

PREFACE.

This is a charming book. It is not possible for any person to read it and not receive good out of it.

There is no more readable book. It should be in every home. Old and young alike will be inspired by reading it.

CONTENTS.

TITLE.	PAGE.
CHARLIE COULSON, THE DRUMMER BOY.....	7
YON LOVELY MAN, OR YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION....	38
THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CABIN BOY.	48
EARLY CONVERSIONS.....	61
AN ANGEL VISIT.....	83

CHARLIE COULSON, THE DRUM- MER BOY.

BY DR. M. L. ROSSVALLY.

TWO or three times in my life, God in His mercy, touched my heart, and twice before my conversion I was under deep conviction.

During the American War I was a surgeon in the United States Army; and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital, amongst whom were twenty-eight who were wounded so severely that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated; some, their arms; and others, both their arm and leg. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months

in the service ; and being too young for a soldier, had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside, and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me." When I came to his bedside, I said, "Young man, why do you refuse chloroform ? When I found you on the battlefield you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up ; but when you opened those large blue eyes I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here ; but you have now lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore, you had better let me give you some." He laid his hand on mine, and looking me in the face, said :

"Doctor, one Sunday afternoon, in the

Sabbath-school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then ; have been trusting Him ever since, and I can trust Him now. He is my strength and my stimulant. He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy, but this he also refused.

Again he looked me in the face, saying : "Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother knelt by my side, with her arm around my neck, and said : 'Charlie, I am now praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink. Your papa died a drunkard, and went down to a drunkard's grave, and I promised God, if it was His will that you should grow up, that you should warn young men against the bitter cup.' I am now seventeen years old, but I have never tasted anything stronger than tea or coffee ; and as I am, in all probability, about to go into the presence of my God,

would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain.

"Oh, yes, sir!" was the answer.

When Chaplain R—— came he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer-meeting; and taking his hand, said:

"Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition."

"Oh, I am all right, sir," he answered. "The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now, if my Saviour calls me, I can die in my right mind."

"You may not die, Charlie," said the

chaplain ; "but if so, is there anything I can do for you after you are gone ?"

"Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible. In it you will find my mother's address ; please send it to her and write a letter, and tell her that since the day I left home I never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother—no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital."

"Is there anything else that I can do for you?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes ; please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sand's Street Sunday School, Brooklyn, N.Y., and tell him that the kind words, many prayers and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten ; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now, in my dying hour, I ask my Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent ; that is all."

Turning toward me, he said : "Now, doctor, I am ready ; and I promise that

I WILL NOT EVEN GROAN

while you take off my arm and leg, if you will not offer me chloroform."

I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform my duty.

While cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter, was : "Oh, Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now !" He kept his promise and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine, the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now !" kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing

I had never done before unless specially called; but such was my desire to see that boy.

Upon my arrival there I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and been carried to the deadhouse.

"How is Charlie Coulson? Is he among the dead?" I asked.

"No, sir," answered the steward, "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe."

When I came up to the bed where he lay one of the nurses informed me that about nine o'clock two members of the Y.M.C.A. came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They were accompanied by Chaplain R——, who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent and soul-stirring prayer, after which they sang, while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had undergone such excruciating pain, could sing.

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first Gospel sermon.

"Doctor," he said, "my time has come ; I do not expect to see another sunrise ; but, thank God, I am ready to go ; and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you do not believe in Jesus ; will you please stand here and see me die trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life ?"

I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room.

About twenty minutes later a steward who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said : "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you."

"I have just seen him," I answered, "and I cannot see him again."

"But, doctor, he says he must see you once more before he dies."

I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word and let him die ; but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least, so far as his Jesus was concerned.

When I entered the hospital I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said :

"Doctor, I love you

BECAUSE YOU ARE A JEW ;

the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew."

I asked him who that was.

He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die ; and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say you will never forget ?"

I promised, and he said : "Five days ago, when you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was: "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that was Charlie Coulson, the drummer-boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform, and placed in an officer's coffin, with a United States flag over it.

That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at that time, so far as money was concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt toward Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could

not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until, finally, the dear boy's prayer was answered, and God converted my soul.

* * * * *

At the close of the American War I was detailed as Inspecting Surgeon, and to take charge of the military hospital at Galveston, Texas. Returning one day from an inspection tour, and on my way to Washington, I stopped to rest for a few hours at New York. After dinner, I stepped downstairs to the barber's shop (which, it may be remarked, is attached to every hotel of note in the United States). On entering the room I was surprised to see hung round it sixteen beautifully framed Scripture texts, in different colors. Sitting down in one of the barber's chairs, I saw directly opposite to me, hanging up in a frame on the wall, this notice: "Please do not swear in this room." No sooner did the barber put the brush to my

face than he began to talk to me about Jesus. He spoke in such an attractive and loving manner that my prejudices were disarmed, and I listened with growing attention to what he said.

All the while he was talking, "Charlie Coulson, the drummer-boy," came swelling up in my mind, although he had been dead ten years. I was so well pleased with the words and deportment of the barber that as soon as he had done shaving me I told him to cut my hair, although when I entered the room I had no such thought or intention. All the while he was cutting my hair he kept steadily on with his sermon, preaching Christ to me and telling me that, although not a Jew himself, he was at one time as far from Christ as I was then. I listened attentively, my interest increasing with every word he said to such an extent that, when he had finished cutting my hair, I said: "Barber, you may now give me a shampoo." In fact, I allowed him to do all that or in his profession could do for a gentleman in one sit-

ting. There is, however, an end to all things, and my time being short, I prepared to leave. I paid my bill, thanked the barber for his remarks, and said: "I must catch the next train." He, however, was not yet satisfied.

It was a bitter cold February day, and the ice on the ground made it somewhat dangerous to walk. It was only two minutes' walk to the station from the hotel, and the kind barber at once offered to walk to the station with me. I accepted his offer gladly, and no sooner had we reached the street than he put his arm in mine to keep me from falling. He said but little as we walked along the street, until we arrived at our destination, but when we got to the station, however, he broke the silence by saying:

"Stranger, perhaps you do not understand why I choose to talk to you upon a subject so dear to me. When you entered my shop I saw by your face that you were a Jew."

He still continued to talk to me about his "Dear Saviour," and said he felt it his duty

whenever he came in contact with a Jew to try and introduce him to One whom he felt was his best Friend, both for this world and the world to come. On looking a second time into his face, I saw tears trickling down his cheeks and he was

EVIDENTLY UNDER GREAT EMOTION.

I could not understand how it was that this man, a total stranger to me, should take such a deep interest in my welfare, and also shed tears while talking to me.

I reached out my hand to bid him good-by. He took it in both of his and gently pressed it, the tears still continuing to run down his face, and said: "Stranger, if it is any satisfaction for you to know it, if you will give me your card or name, I promise you, on the honor of a Christian man, that during the next three months I will not retire to rest at night without making mention of you by name, in my prayers. And now may my Christ follow you, trouble you and give you no rest until you find Him what I

have found Him to be—a precious Saviour, and the Messiah you are looking for.”

I thanked him for his attention and his consideration, and, after handing him my card, I said, rather sneeringly, I fear, “There is not much danger of my ever becoming a Christian.”

He then handed me his card, saying as he did so: “Will you please drop me a note or a letter if God should answer my prayer in your behalf?”

I smiled incredulously, and said: “Certainly, I will,” but never dreaming that within the next forty-eight hours, God, in His mercy, would answer that barber’s prayer. I shook his hand heartily and said good-by; but in spite of my outward appearance of unconcern, I felt he had made a deep impression upon my mind, as the sequel will show.

On my arrival at Washington I purchased a morning newspaper, and one of the first things which caught my attention was the announcement of a revival service in Dr.

Rankin's First Congregational Church, the largest Church in Washington. No sooner had I seen that announcement than an inward monitor seemed to say to me :

"GO TO THAT CHURCH!"

I had never been inside a Christian Church before during Divine service, and at any other time I should have scouted such a thought as from the devil. It was my father's intention when I was a boy that I should become a rabbi, and I promised him I would never enter a place where "Jesus, the Impostor," was worshipped as God, and that I would never attempt to read a book containing that name, and I had faithfully kept my word up to that moment.

I omitted to say that, during the service, and whilst the preacher was watching me, the thought occurred to me that he might be pointing his finger at some person behind me, and I turned round in my seat to discover who the individual was, when, to my astonishment, a congregation of more than

two thousand persons of all grades of society seemed to be looking at me. I at once came to the conclusion that I was the only Jew in the place, and heartily wished myself out of the building, for I felt I had got into bad company. Being well known in Washington, both by Jew and Gentile, the thought flashed across my mind, how will it read in a Washington paper that "Dr. Rossvally, a Jew, was present at the revival services, not five minutes' walk from the synagogue he usually attends, and was seen to shed tears during the sermon."

Not wishing to make myself conspicuous (for there were faces that I recognized), I made up my mind not to take out my handkerchief to wipe off the tears; they must dry up for themselves; but, blessed be God, I could not keep them back, for they came flowing faster and faster.

After a while the preacher finished his sermon, and I was surprised to hear him announce an "after-meeting," and invited all who could do so to remain. I did not ac-

cept the invitation, being only too glad of the opportunity to leave the Church. With that intention I got up from my seat, and had reached the door, when I felt that some one held me by the skirt of my coat. Turning round, I saw an elderly-looking lady, who proved to be Mrs. Young, of Washington, a well-known Christian worker.

Addressing me, she said : "Pardon me, stranger ; I see you are an officer in the army. I have been watching you all this evening, and I beg of you not to leave this house, for I think

YOU ARE UNDER CONVICTION OF SIN.

I believe you came here to seek the Saviour, and you have not found Him yet. Do come back ; I would like to talk to you, and, if you will permit me, will pray for you."

"Madam," I answered, "I am a Jew."

She replied : "I do not care if you are a Jew ; Jesus Christ died for Jew as well as Gentile."

The persuasive manner in which she said

these words was not without its effect. I followed her back to the very spot from whence I had just left so abruptly, and when we came up to the front she said :

“If you will kneel I will pray for you.”

“Madam, that is something I have never done, and never will do.”

Mrs. Young looked me calmly in the face and said : “Dear stranger, I have found such a dear, loving and forgiving Saviour in my Jesus that I firmly believe in my heart He can convert a Jew standing on his feet, and I will go on my knees and pray for that.”

She suited the action to the word, and fell on her knees and began to pray, talking to her Saviour in such a simple, child-like manner as completely unnerved me. I felt ashamed of myself to see that dear old lady kneeling near me while I was standing, and praying so fervently in my behalf. My whole past life floated so vividly before my mind that I heartily wished the floor would open, and that I might sink out of sight.

When she arose from her knees she ex-

tended her hand, and, with motherly sympathy, said : "Will you pray to Jesus before you sleep to-night?"

"Madam," I replied, "I will pray to my God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but not to Jesus."

"Bless your soul," she said, "your God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is my Christ and your Messiah."

"Good-night, madam, and thank you for your kindness," I said as I left the Church.

When I arrived home, my wife, who was a very orthodox Jewess, thought I looked rather excited and asked me where I had been. The truth I dare not tell her, and a falsehood I would not, so I said :

"Wife, please do not ask me any question. I have some very important business to attend to. I wish to go to my private study, where I can be alone."

I went at once to my study, locked the door and began to pray, standing with my face towards the east, as I always had done. The more I prayed, the worse I felt. I could

not account for the feeling that had come over me. I was in great perplexity as to the

MEANING OF MANY PROPHECIES *

in the Old Testament which deeply interested me. My prayer gave me no satisfaction, and then it occurred to me that Christians kneel when they prayed. Was there anything in that? Having been brought up as a strict orthodox Jew and taught never to kneel in prayer, a fear came over me that if I should kneel I might be deceived in thus bowing to that Jesus whom I had been taught to believe in childhood to be an impostor.

Although the night was bitterly cold and there was no fire in my study (it was not thought I should use the room that night), yet I never perspired so much in my life as I did then.

With unspeakable joy I arose from my knees, and in my new found happiness thought that my dear wife would at once share my joy when I told her of the great

change which had come over me. With that thought uppermost in my mind, I rushed out of my study into the bedroom, and said :

"Wife, I have found the Messiah."

She looked annoyed, and pushing me from her, coldly asked, "Found who?"

"Jesus Christ, my Messiah and Saviour," was my ready reply.

She spoke not another word, but in less than five minutes was dressed and had left the house, although it was then two in the morning and bitterly cold, and went across the street to the house of her parents, who lived immediately opposite.

On the following morning my poor wife was told by her parents that, if she ever called me husband again she would be disinherited, excommunicated from the synagogue and accursed. At the same time my two children were sent for by their grandparents and told that they must never call me father again; that I, in worshipping Jesus, the "Impostor," was fully as bad and as mean as He was.

Five days after my conversion I received orders from the Surgeon-General at Washington to proceed West on government business. I tried all the means in my power to communicate personally with my wife and to bid her good-by, but

SHE WOULD NEITHER SEE ME

nor write to me. She, however, sent me a message by a neighbor to the effect that so long as I called Jesus Christ my Saviour I should not call her my wife, for she would not live with me. I did not expect to receive such a message from my wife, for I loved her and my children dearly, and it was with a sad heart, therefore, that I left home that morning to travel thirteen hundred miles to my sphere of duty without being able to see either my wife or children.

For fifty-four days my wife would not answer any of my letters, although I wrote her one daily, and with every letter I sent I prayed that God would incline her heart to read at least one of them.

My daughter was the youngest of our two children and generally considered her father's pet, and after my conversion to Christ a sense of duty to her mother, on one hand, and her love to her father on the other, kept her mind in continual agitation. On the fifty-third night she dreamed she saw her father die, and a fear came over her, and she made up her mind that come what would she would not destroy the next letter in her father's handwriting. As the postman handed the letters to her she took her father's letter and quickly ran up stairs into her room, locked the door and opened the letter. She read it three times before she laid it down. When she went down stairs her mother saw that she had been crying, and asked her the cause of her grief.

"Mother, if I tell you you will be offended, but if you promise me not to be grieved, I will tell you all about it."

"What is it, my child?" said her mother.

Taking out my letter, she told her mother her dream of the night previous, and added:

"I have opened my papa's letter this morning, and now I cannot and will not believe what my grandpa, or grandma, or anybody else says about my papa being a bad man, for a bad man could not write such a letter as this to his wife and children. I

BEG OF YOU TO READ THIS,

mother," she added, as she handed to her the letter.

My wife took the letter, and that afternoon she locked herself in her room and took my letter and read it through five times before she finally laid it down.

After the last reading of the letter, my wife returned it to the desk and went back to the room she had just left. Her eyes were full of tears, and now it was my daughter's turn to ask: "Mother, why are you crying?"

"Child, my heart aches," was the reply.

One morning I received a telegram worded as follows:

"DEAR HUSBAND:—Come home at once. I thought you were in the wrong and I was

in the right, but I have found that you were in the right and I in the wrong. Your Christ is my Messiah, your Jesus my Saviour. Last night, at nineteen minutes past eleven, while on my knees for the first time in my life, the Lord Jesus converted my soul."

After reading that telegram I felt for a moment as if I did not care one cent for the government under which I served. I left my business unfinished, took the first express train and started for Washington.

When I got to the front of my home I saw my wife standing at the open door expecting me. Her face beamed with joy. She ran to meet me, as I stepped out of my carriage, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Her father and mother were also standing at their open door across the street, and when they saw us in each other's arms they cursed both me and my wife.

One morning, when the postman brought me my letters, I saw among them one bearing the German postmark, and in the old, familiar handwriting of my dear mother.

Needless to say, I opened that letter first. There was no heading to it ; no date ; no "My dear son," as all her former letters to me began, but it read as follows :

"MAX—You are no longer my son ; we have buried you in effigy ; we

MOURN YOU AS ONE DEAD.

And now may the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob strike you blind, deaf and dumb and damn your soul forever. You have left your father's religion and the synagogue for that Jesus, the 'Imposter,' and now take your mother's curse.

CLARA."

Although I had by this time fully counted what it would cost me in embracing the religion of Jesus Christ, and knew what I had to expect from my relatives because I had turned my back on the synagogue, I confess I was hardly prepared for such a letter from my mother.

My dear wife and I could now, however, more fully sympathize with each other in our new religious life, for, as stated before, her

parents had already cursed her to her face for believing in Christ. It was not all sadness, however, for never before did the Psalmist's words seem so full of meaning and encouragement both to my wife and myself, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Let not any one think that it is an easy thing for a Jew to become a Christian. He must be prepared to forsake father, mother and wife for the kingdom of God's sake ; for the considerations which appeal alike to his affections and to his self-interest are brought to bear upon every Jew who is suspected of looking with favor toward Christianity.

About eighteen months after my conversion I attended a prayer-meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of those meetings where Christians testify to the lovingkindness of their Saviour. After several of them had spoken, an elderly lady arose and said :

"Dear friends, this may be the last time it is my privilege to testify for Christ. My

family physician told me that my right lung is very nearly gone, and my left lung is very much affected, so at the best I have but a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh ! it is a great joy to know that I shall meet my boy again. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but a soldier for Christ ; he was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The chaplain of the regiment wrote me a letter and sent my boy's Bible. In that letter I was informed that my Charlie, in his dying hour, sent

FOR THAT JEWISH DOCTOR,

and said to him : 'Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul.'"

When I heard this lady's testimony, I could sit still no longer. I left my seat, crossed the room, and, taking her by the

hand, said : "God bless you, my dear sister ; your dear boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed, and his Saviour is now my Saviour."

CONCLUSION.

In October, 1887, Dr. Rossvally wrote : "With great joy and thankfulness of heart occurred the conversion of my dear son. I pray that God may spare my life, that I may be permitted to hear my only son preach the Gospel of that dear Saviour whom he had so long rejected, and who is now his all in all : for, in his last letter, he informs me that he is now preparing himself for evangelistic work."

Dr. Rossvally lived to see his children all converted to Christianity, and after his arrival in England, "he wrote the story of the drummer boy," of which millions of copies in different languages have been circulated, a large part of which were gratuitously distributed by himself. Aided by Mr. Cory, J.P.,

of Cardiff, Dr. Rossvally opened a free medical mission in Leeds early last year, selecting the Jewish quarter of the town for its location. To sufferers, both Jew and Gentile, the mission was always free, and thousands profited through his large-hearted philanthropy.

"YON LOVELY MAN ;"

OR,

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

A POOR idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the high and holy One, condescends to men of low estate.

Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbor felt at

liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him ; and because he had been told in sport that if he once rode over the hills to Kirk in a donkey-cart he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allan, he refused all the fine offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words: "Na, na ; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart ; so I'll aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favors of now, Yeddie ?"

"Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us !"

The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise one said, "He's talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several Churches together ; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air. He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded—

"Oh, minister, 'if ye but kened how I love Him,' ye would let me go where He's to sit at table !"

This so touched his heart that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the

ground long before those who drove good horses.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent;" and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, nodded, and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him; but he made no reply until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah! lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fra' His eye, and a word fra' His tongue; and he's afeared

to speak lest he lose memory o' ; for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah ! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes 'Yon Lovely Man.' Dinna ye speak but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder ; and one whispered to another, "Sure he's na longer daft ? The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one." When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his porridge and treacle untasted ; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fra' Yon Lovely Man." And his voice was heard below in low tones : "Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking Ye ; and now we'll bide together, and never part more ! Oh ay !

but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighboring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine too, and cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had. But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny! I ha' had a feast which I feel within me while I live; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Mary," replied granny's guest,

"doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel', when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of?' Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were seated on the grass, has na' this day been feeding the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at His table! Ah! Mary, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for His ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom of heaven than the Earl himsel', puir body, that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!" "And oh, Jane, if ye could ha' seen the face o' your poor lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone like the light; and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand! I believe in my soul, good neighbor, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same 'shining' was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the mount. I e'en hope he

brocht the blessing home wi' him to 'bide on the widow that was too auld and feeble to walk to the table ; but who has borne with him, and toiled patiently with him, because he was one of the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, aye, doubtless he did bring home the blessing, and that ye'll get the reward of these many cups o' cold water ye've given him; for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared wi' the mother's care ye give him," said Jane.

"Aweel, aweel" replied granny, "if I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for that. I seemed ne'er to ken syne the day I took the dark and orphanted lad, that I was minding and feeding, and clothing one o' these little ones ; and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feelings mysel' too, neebor, and I'm minded o' the hour when our blessed Master came and stood among His faithful ones—the door being shut—and said, 'Peace unto you.' Sure this strange heavenly calm can no' be of earth ;

and who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa, come to this poor place more for the daft lad's sake than our ain?"

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun rose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring; spread her humble table, and made her "porridge;" and then remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again; but there was no sound above but the wind whistling through the openings in the thatch. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand

upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which faded not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so he slept, with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden.

Poor "granny" was not left alone in her lot, for He, who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie, was with her, even to the end.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CABIN BOY.

A FEW months since, a vessel sailed from England, with a captain, whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny so disgusted the crew that in his sudden and alarming illness, when the mate took charge of the ship, he was left by the hardened crew to perish in his cabin. For a week no one ventured to visit him, then the heart of a poor boy was touched and he determined to enter the cabin. Descending the companion-ladder and opening the state-room door, he called out,

"Captain, how are you?"

"Oh Bob, I'm very bad—been very ill all night."

"Captain, please let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much."

The captain assenting, the boy performed the kind office, adjusted the bed clothes and made some tea.

The captain soon felt the good effects of the boy's attendance, and therefore permitted him to do what he pleased in future for the alleviation of his pains or the restoration of his health. However, his weakness daily increased, and he became gradually convinced that he should not live many weeks at furthest. His mind was filled with increasing terror, as the prospects of death and eternity drew nearer to his confused and agitated view. Brought up amongst the worst of seamen in early life, he had imbibed all their principles, followed their practices, and despised remonstrance or reproof. A man-of-war had finished his education; and a long course of successful voyages, as master of a vessel, had contributed to harden his heart, and not only to induce him to say, "There is no God," but to act under that persuasion. Greatly alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation,

with a conscience now thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he one morning burst into tears just as Bob opened the cabin-door, and affectionately inquired,

"Well, master, how is it with you this morning?"

"Ah, Bob, I'm very bad : my body is getting worse and worse ; but I should not mind that so much, if it were not for my soul. Oh, Bob, what shall I do? I am a great sinner ; I am afraid I shall go to hell. I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man."

"Oh, no, master," said the boy, "don't be alarmed. God is merciful, and I'm sure, you'll not be lost. He knows what sailors are, and I daresay He will save you."

"No, Bob, no : I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. Oh, what a sinner I have been ! What will become of me?"

His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning the captain said, "Oh, Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there

is not one in the cabin ; go forward and see if you can see one in the men's chests."

The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy, "Ah, Bob, that will do, that will do ; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it can be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that blessed book."

"Where shall I read, master ?"

"I do not know, Bob ; I never knew where to read myself ; but try and pick out some places that speak about sinners and salvation."

"Well, master, then I'll take the New Testament ; you and I will understand it better ; for, as my poor mother used to say, there is not so many hard words there."

The boy read for more than two hours, while the captain listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul soon beheld sin as he had

never seen it before. The justice of God in his eternal condemnation struck him with amazing force ; and though he heard of a Saviour, still the great difficulty of knowing how he could be saved, appeared a mystery unfathomable. He had been ruminating a great part of the night on some passages Bob had read, but they only served to depress his spirits and terrify his soul. The next morning he exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I'm dying very fast ; you'll soon have to cast me overboard ; but all this is nothing—my soul, my poor soul ! Ah ! Bob, my dear lad, what will become of my soul ? Oh, I shall be lost for ever !"

"No, no, master, don't be alarmed ; I believe you will be saved yet," replied Bob.

"Oh, Bob, pray for me ; go down on your knees and cry for mercy ! do, Bob, there's a good lad. God will bless you for it. Oh, kneel down and pray for your poor wicked captain."

The boy hesitated ; the master groaned,

"God be merciful to me a sinner." Both cried greatly.

"Oh, Bob, for God's sake, kneel down and pray for me."

Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs cried out, "O Lord, have mercy on my poor dying captain: O Lord, I'm a poor ignorant, wicked sailor boy. Lord, I don't know what to say: Lord, the captain says I must pray for him, but I don't know how. I am but a child. I should be glad to get him tea, or do anything I can for him; but, Lord, I don't know how to pray for him. Lord, have mercy on him. He says he shall be lost; Lord, save him! He says he shall go to hell: Lord, take him to heaven! He says he shall be with devils; oh, that he may be with the angels! Don't let him perish, O Lord. Thou knowest I love him, and am sorry he's so ill. The men won't come near him. I will pray whilst I can for him as long as he lives, but I can't save him. O Lord, pity my poor captain: see how thin and weak he is! Oh, comfort his troubled

mind ; Lord, I never prayed before like this ; oh, help me, Lord, to pray for my master." Rising from his knees, he said, "There, master, I have done the best I could for you. Now, cheer up, I think you'll go to heaven."

The captain was too much affected to speak. The simplicity, the sincerity, and the humility of the lad's prayer had so much impressed his mind that he lay groaning inwardly with spiritual anguish, and wetted his couch with his tears.

Bob went on deck, for the scene had quite overcome him. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, who appeared to take in every word. Next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. That gloomy horror, which had so long added to the natural ferocity of his weather-beaten countenance, had fled ; and while his affections had softened and more fully exhibited the various parts of his countenance, the circumstances of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of

his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say—

“An hair of grace can find
Glory begun below.”

Bob had scarcely time to notice this pleasing change, when the master, in a low tone of voice, but with great humility, began, “O my dear lad, I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of blessed things you have been reading to me from the precious Bible; all on a sudden, I thought I saw in that corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ hanging, bleeding on His cross. Struck with the sight, I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at His feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of—‘Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.’ At length, I thought He looked on me—yes, my dear lad, He looked at your poor wicked captain—and, O Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it; my blood rushed to my heart! my pulse beat high! but my soul

thrilled with agitation, and waiting for Him to speak, with fear not unmixed with hope, I saw Him smile. Oh my child, I saw Him smile—yes, and He smiled on me—on me, Bob! Oh, my dear boy, He smiled on wretched, guilty me.' Ah! what did I feel at that moment! my heart was too full to speak; but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard Him say, hanging as He did upon the cross, the blood streaming from His hands and feet and side—oh, what sounds were these! shall I ever hear His beloved voice again?—I heard Him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' My heart burst with joy: I fell prostrate at His feet; I could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory! The vision vanished. I fell back on my pillow, I opened my eyes. I was covered with perspiration. I said, Oh, this cannot be a dream! No, Bob, this is no vision. Now I know my sins are pardoned. I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I can believe the promises you

read to me out of the Bible, and I feel that the blood of the Cross can even cleanse 'me.' I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die, I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last."

The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me."

"Bob," said he, calmly, "comfort your mind, I am happy. I am going to be happy for ever. I feel for you; my bowels yearn over you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. Oh, may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen. To you I owe everything as an instrument in the Lord's hands! Surely He sent you to me!

God bless you, my dear boy ; tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them."

Thus passed the day ; and Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock.

On the following morning at daybreak, Bob arose, and opening the state-room door, saw that his master had risen from his pillow, and crawled to the corner of his bedplace where he beheld the cross. There he appeared to be kneeling in prayer, his hands clasped and raised and his body leaning against the ship's side. The boy paused, fearful of disturbing him. At length he whispered, "Master !" no answer. He ventured to creep forward a little, and then said, "Master !" no reply. "Master !" all was silent. He touched his leg ; it was cold, stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain !" and tenderly shook his shoulder. The position of his body altered ; it declined gently until it rested on the bed ; but the spirit had fled some hours before, to be with Christ which is far better.

The case of this dying skipper, abandoned in his dire need by all but a simple cabin boy, is surely a signal proof of the ever-flowing mercy of God towards sinners, and a fresh illustration of the gracious words of the Lord Jesus—"I came to seek and to save the lost."

Now, dear reader, in this voyage of what men call life, can you say you have discovered, by the Spirit of God, the work of Christ upon the cross?—that the need of the sinner—the lost, ruined, guilty before God—was met there, 'fully' by the "one offering" of His Son; "who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification?"

As a sinner, do not seek to hide from yourself the necessity of a Saviour. You need him 'now.' He will give you to anchor securely in the haven of God's eternal rest. The soul without Christ is like a spar drifting helplessly on the wide and restless sea—'Whither?'

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

[In memory of Joseph and Richard Hillyard, darling children of R. W. and Blanche Hillyard, of the town of Prescott, Ont., Canada.]

POSSIBLY it would have been better had these pages been written by some one else other than their Father, and yet who so furnished with all the facts as he. We approach the task with a consciousness of our inability to do justice to the departed darlings, but we have been urged to put together some important facts in connection with their history in order that they may not be wholly lost and with a view of encouragement to dear children to make an early start in the service of God ; also, to prompt parents to look for the early conversion of their children and also to cheer those who are in-

terested in the spiritual welfare of children in their labors of love. We also desire that a record should be kept in the family of the life and death of our precious boys, so that those who may come after us may be led to follow their sweet example and to yield to the Spirit of God, choosing His service all through life's journey.

Joseph, or, Josie, as he was called, was born on June 26th, 1878. Well do I remember upon entering our home on that memorable day, when I heard the cry of our first-born darling, and when invited into the room to look upon our precious immortal for the first time. Only a loving father can know the joy of such a moment. I instantly called him Joseph, desiring, as I did, to honor the name of a precious and only brother, who had passed into the skies. How tenderly we loved and caressed our precious boy only young parents can understand.

Weeks and months passed, and with them came development of body and mind. We

have a distinct remembrance of falling upon our knees and asking God to make our precious one His to live, or His to die. With advancing and accumulating months came bright developments and our baby soon became a yearling with all the prattle and irrepressibility of a bouncing boy.

When eighteen months old another sunbeam came into our home in the person of dear Richard, the other subject of this memoir. Joseph had dark eyes and hair, our second darling was just the opposite of his elder brother, being very fair with blue eyes. Again we asked our Father in Heaven to accept of this boy for time and eternity. How proud we now were of our span of boys! How much tender love and parental solicitude was bestowed upon them! Soon the last totler could walk and run, and a braver little span never blessed a household.

We will not stay to innumerate many incidents in connection with their growth and development. Some sore sicknesses and some perilous escapes from death were

passed over safely; at times we were reminded with what a slender thread we held our dearest earthly treasures. We are thankful to Almighty God that He impressed us with the great importance of training our children for both worlds, believing as we did that only those who are trained for heaven are the best fitted to live. Impressed with the importance of their eternal interests we began as early as possible to talk to them about God and heaven and to tell the many thrilling and instructive incidents related in Holy Writ. Soon we found that even at an early age we had awakened an interest in the young hearts on the important subject of religion.

Many times did they call papa to relate Bible stories, and when a little older grown I was requested to read to them, it often became necessary to change the wording to simpler parts of speech so that their youthful minds might comprehend the meaning. We were often startled by the questions asked, as for example, "Why did God let Adam sin?" "If Satan had not sinned, who would

have been put in charge of hell?" Evidently there was a mental development quite beyond their years. We now recall many visits and journeys with our darlings in which they won golden opinions by their good behavior and bright intelligence. Whatever others may think of Sabbath School training we felt that home training would be well supplemented by the teachings of the Sunday School. At an early age they went hand in hand to the infant class, obtaining promotion from time to time as the superintendent saw fit. They were also made familiar with the house of God and were regular in their attendance at public worship. Often they sat in the pew in the body of the Church while the parents were assisting in the choir. On no occasion was it necessary to reprove them in Church. Their attention to all the services was very marked; none behaved better than they.

It was during the pastorate of Rev. Geo. McRitchie that special services were held in which he was assisted by Rev. Mr. Horner,

when our Josie became anxious about his soul. On a particular evening the invitation was given to anxious ones to manifest their concern by coming forward and kneeling at the communion rail, the darling stood by his mother when the invitation was given. He attracted his mother's attention by saying, "Come, mamma, do you want to go forward?" "Yes!" was the reply. His mother at once complied with the request and both kneeled at the altar. This was undoubtedly the beginning of an open confession of Christ. "They that seek Me early shall find Me," and that which is hidden from the wise and prudent was indeed revealed to babes. Soon the precious boy was in possession of a loving faith in Jesus and openly on every opportunity was he ready to testify to the fact that he had found the Saviour and would serve Him all his days. At first his parents thought it incredible that one so young (a boy less than nine years old) had found the pearl of great price. All the outward testimonies that came from him

were spontaneous, and were the overflowings of a little heart full of love to God, and conscious of his acceptance with Him.

On some occasions when giving testimony he would add a little word of exhortation by reminding those present that "He would save all who came to Him." The Bible now became to him the Book of books, and in it he found the green pastures and the still waters, and through this medium blessed truths were conveyed to his soul. The 14th of John was his favorite chapter, nor could he read it too often: with maturer saints he could say, "Oh, how I love Thy law!" About this time he was invited to a Halloween party with other children: it being prayer-meeting night he declined the invitation, preferring the assembly for prayer.

How precious the darling now became to us, naturally attractive he now had added the attractions of grace. A dear lady friend who had been with us for some time and had been brought in contact with the dear child, was so impressed by his beautiful character

as to be led to say to his mother, "I fear that Josie is not long for this world; he is too good for this world." Not long after this incident our three children were all afflicted with measles and were seriously ill: for weeks they labored under this troublesome disease. The recovery was slow and the darlings came from their beds weak and puny. A few weeks found them about the house, but unable to go out, as it was winter weather. Christmas day they were prisoners. On this day I went to the house of a friend who lived just outside the town, who had lost a dear boy about eleven years old. How sad it was to look upon the face of the dead boy who had gladdened the hearts of his parents for years, but was called away in the beauty of boyhood. When returning home we held our own darlings closer to our breasts and thought how dreadful it would be if we were called upon to part with our treasures.

When New Years came we found ourselves all gathered in our little sitting-room, one

dear boy sitting on one knee and the other on the other knee, our little daughter playing on the floor and mamma busy about the room. I felt impressed to give some wholesome instructions on that first day of the year. A Bible lay within reach. I took it in my hand and said, "Boys, I will read to you about heaven." I turned to the 21st chapter of Revelation and read it, calling particular attention to the description of the blessed city, and tried to impress their young hearts with the glories of God's metropolis. When reading the descriptions of the city wherein it is described as being square with three gates on the north, south, east and west, it occurred to us that a deep meaning was hidden in this description. As our custom was we asked the boys why the city was square, and why an even number of gates stood open on each side? Josie promptly gave the answer in these words, "So that they can come from all quarters and enter into heaven." We were deeply impressed with the wisdom of this answer and replied,

"Yes, darling, that is just it." "They shall come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." No denominationalism there; whoever we are, if we are honestly striving for God and for heaven, there are three gates awaiting us to enter in.

Little did we think that soon, so soon, our dear Josie would pass through one of those pearly gates. While we were still talking with them we felt impressed to call attention to the fact that we were all together that New Year's day, but that a similar day would come when we would not be all together. "Yes," said mamma, "and we don't know how soon it may come."

(On the 3rd of February, a little over a month after, our precious first-born was taken from us, and seven months later the little daughter, two and one-half years old, had joined him in the better land.)

On the following Sunday the boys went to Church in the morning. This was Josie's

last visit to the Church militant. In the early part of the week he complained of a severe pain in the head and all efforts to bring relief were fruitless. The doctor was again summoned and finally ordered him to bed, as the trouble was in the brain. The darling's cry was continually, "My head, my head." All that medical skill could do was of no avail, for weeks he battled with the grim monster. Many tender words fell from his precious lips during this time of agony, "Mamma, I think it pleases God to take me now." Dear Dick asked to be admitted to see him. He said, "Yes," threw his arms about his neck and kissed him, saying, "Be a good boy, Dick, and meet me in heaven." The last day he was conscious, while talking with his father, he remarked, "God would never send me to hell, because I am trusting in Him." The night of that day, as we came to his bedside, we found him unconscious, and from that time until his death, which occurred five days later, there were only a few lucid moments. A remark worthy of note

was made during this illness—"I would like to live to do some good before I die ; I would like to be a minister or an evangelist."

The last sad hour came ; he gently passed away to his reward, to the house of many mansions. What pen can tell the inexpressible agony of loving parents when they look upon the face of their dead child ! Only those who have passed through the trying ordeal can possibly enter into their feelings or sympathize with them. The precious remains were soon carried to the silent city of the dead, and we returned to our sad home only to clasp the darlings left us to our hearts, and to wonder why we had not loved our absent one more.

We will not attempt to describe the days and weeks and months which followed, and the grief which seemed to increase as the days went by. Anxiety filled our hearts for our little girl, who was far from being well. Soon we felt that another separation was inevitable, and in seven months after Josie's

death, Birdie had joined him in the world of spirits.

When the next New Years came only one of our precious ones was left us—dear Dick alone remained. Those festive occasions now became to us days of mourning and fasting, while as parents we carried our own sorrows, we also felt for the dear boy who was now left without brother or sister. All that we could do to comfort him was done. It was very noticeable that the sorrows which had come to his young heart were making a deep and lasting impression upon him. The change was so noticeable that his parents often spoke of it. Sometimes in reading chapters in which reference was made to the sufferings of the Saviour, the tears would start down his cheeks. One night as he was preparing for bed he remarked to his father, "Papa, I would not care to live to be an old man."

"Why, darling," asked his parent.

"Because, if I were to die then and go to heaven, I would not enjoy Josie's society."

Fearing, no doubt, that there would be in heaven the disparagements of age, the same as here. The tenderness which this remark implied would indicate his love for his dead brother, preferring to die early and reach heaven on equal terms with Josie. A desire which was only too soon to be gratified.

On another occasion, while at the tea table, his mother realizing the agony she had experienced in the death of Josie and Birdie, was led to exclaim. "As far as this world is concerned, I have no ambition left."

Promptly dear Dick looked up and said, "Have you no ambition to work for Jesus?"

"Surely," said papa, "there is a reproof for you from your own little boy."

"Yes," said mamma, "and I take it, too."

Later still the workings of God's Spirit were apparent in a remark made to his father while the latter was moved to tears by the recollection of the sorrows through which he had passed. The dear boy seemed anxious to comfort and console, and these never-to-

be-forgotten words came from his little heart and found expression in the following :

“Papa, I would rather have trouble and sorrow in this world and die and go to heaven, than to not have it, and miss heaven.”

The father replied, “Oh, darling, that was the choice which God’s great servant Moses made ; you have put it in your own little words.”

Such words coming from one so young would indicate a heart and mind which could only be born of the Spirit of God. Frequently he would express his admiration of the Word of God, claiming that other books were insignificant compared with the Bible.

For some time back his health had not been good. A glandular swelling caused trouble and was finally lanced, but it really never went quite away. A good deal of time he had to be kept away from school. This was quite a privation, as he was ambitious to make advancement in his studies. He had become greatly attached to a dear boy about his own age, who occupied the same place with him in school. He was particularly desirous of

keeping with him, consequently his enforced absence was a trial.

In the fall of 1889, his health had not been good, but nothing serious was thought of it, we hoped he was getting stronger. About the latter end of November he went to a Church entertainment in the town hall ; came home at a good hour, but complained of being tired. He retired to his room, put off his clothes, never to put them on again.

In the morning he complained of a sore throat. The doctor was summoned, who pronounced it diphtheria. When the physician retired he said to his mother, "I may not get well, and I do not feel just ready to die."

"Well," said his mother, "we will just pray about it now."

When his mother had finished he turned and looked at her, saying, "It's all right now, mamma, I would think no more of dying than I would of walking down street." The blessed change had taken place then and there. "This," he said, "is the beginning of my Christian life. Some people when they are sick say they will serve God, but when they get well they forget it ; I will not do that."

The weary days and nights of watching and hoping, and bearing, we will not attempt to relate. At no time was the case considered a bad one, as only one side was affected and that not badly, but it was hard to remove. The barbarous treatment of swabbing the throat was resorted to, and was weakening in the extreme. After a time the danger appeared past, as the throat was clear and the health improved, appetite came back, and had we been properly directed as to his diet, the precious one might have been spared to us.

During this his last illness many precious things were said. On one occasion, while his mother was talking of the prosperity which attended some people who were not notorious for their good living, Richard remarked, "He thought God gave some people a good time in this world, as it was the only world in which they would ever have a good time."

We also were much impressed with the fact that when the Sabbath Day came he would not indulge in any conversation about secular things. Something that interested him very much during the week was not referred to on the Sabbath. We spoke of it on Monday,

telling him that we noticed he had made no reference to it on Sunday.

"Oh," he replied, "it was God's day."

(We here relate his remarks to papa :)

"I think God is dealing with you just as He did with Job of old. You remember, that the devil said to God, 'Let me at him, and I will make him curse You to Your face.' Now, papa, I think that is just the way God is dealing with you." "A dear lady friend came to stay with him towards the end of his sickness. She had several conversations with him and so greatly was she impressed by the wisdom and piety of the child, she declared that she felt she knew nothing while talking with him.

Just when we thought all danger was passed, on the 20th of December, after eating too heartily, he vomited, and the very thing we hoped to avoid, came upon him, that is, heart failure. On the following day it became evident to us all, that the end was fast approaching. Saturday night was a restless one, accompanied by heavy breathing. When morning came, he said, "I hope I will never pass another such night."

All day Sunday he gradually sank. In the

afternoon he remarked to his father, "I don't see how anyone could stand by and see Jesus die on the cross." Dying himself (the darling), he was thinking of the sufferings of his Saviour. A little after this he expressed a wish to be baptized. The Rev. F. C. Reynolds came in and performed the rite. All through the ceremony his eyes were closed and his lips moved in prayer. A little later he asked his father if he would get better. A candid reply was given, "No," darling, "you will soon be with Jesus."

He now prayed almost incessantly. Paroxysms of the heart set in about two hours before the end, and so terrible were his sufferings, only his father and mother remained in the room. This was his simple petition, "Lord Jesus, bless me, and save me, and take me to heaven when I die." He also remembered to ask blessings on papa and other members of the family. A little before the final struggle he opened his pretty blue eyes and looking at his father, said, "My Saviour! my Saviour!" A little later he looked up and said, "Beautiful! lovely! lovely!"

Mamma asked, "Do you see Josie and

Birdie (the brother and sister who preceded him)?" "Yes," he replied, "and there is another one." We thought at once of the babe who only lived an hour, and whom he never saw. In the midst of unutterable loveliness they had come to meet him.

He also said he saw his grandpa Detlor, who died only a few months before Josie. His speech was now almost gone, sometimes the words were inarticulate. His father asked, "Do you find good footing in the Jordan?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, just as the precious life was fast ebbing away he repeated the Lord's Prayer, a last terrible spasm came and closed the scene, liberating the precious spirit and giving it access to the company of the shining ones who had come to meet him.

Another redeemed soul had gone from our home to swell that innumerable company before the throne of God, "Who serve Him day and night in His temple, and from whose eyes God has wiped away all tears."

The mortal remains of dear Richard were laid beside the three who preceded him in Sandy Hill burying ground awaiting the resurrection of the just.

As parents we thought our cup of sorrow well might fill, but another plunge awaited us not far off. Our only remaining child was our precious Frankie, about one year and ten months old, just a year from the time of Richard's death this lamb was also taken after a few hours' sickness.

How we as parents have lived through all this sorrow, we know not, only Divine power could keep and sustain us under such affliction. We still are trusting in the Lord Jehovah, and are looking forward to that day when we shall be re-united in the house above, to go no more out forever.

"Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompence our pains ;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains."

R. W. HILLYARD.



AN ANGEL VISIT.

REV. J. M. DUSTMAN.

FOR the glory of God and for the encouragement of His obedient children, I record this bit of marvelous history, which occurred in the month of February, A.D., 1887, in the northern part of Darke County, Ohio.

About three miles from the town of Ross-ville, there lives a man and wife by the name of John and Hattie Hittle. They had six children, whose names and ages were as follows : Ora, twelve ; Henry, ten ; Lizzie, eight ; Ida, six ; Nettie, four ; and Pearl, two.

They were religious people, and enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification. They were and are still members of the Massasinawa class of Greenville Mission of the Indiana Conference of the Evangelical Association. Their

home has for many years been the home of the itinerant preachers.

There was a protracted meeting in progress in the neighborhood, and the parents and Ora were going to the meeting, while the rest of the children were to stay at home alone. They had never staid alone before and therefore protested against it on the plea that they were afraid. But the mother told them not to be afraid, for God and the angels would take care of them.

Finally they consented, and after the parents were gone they lowered the blinds, locked the doors, and gathered together on the sofa to have their family worship. Pearl had been put to sleep in the cradle in the bedroom. After they had all said their prayers, they happened to get hold of Foster Child's Story of the Bible, which had been presented to Ora on his twelfth birthday. They began to look at the pictures, and presently came to the picture of an angel, whereupon Henry exclaimed :

"Oh ! I wish we could see an angel once !"

And the rest said, "I wish I could too !"

They had hardly said this when they heard a sound on the porch as of the rustling of silk

garments and a knock at the door. So they all jumped up and ran to the door to see who was coming. They raised the curtain and looked out, and behold! to their surprise, an angel came right in through the glass, the door being locked, and stood among them. His presence did not frighten them, for he looked pleasant, and began to talk to them. He asked them where their parents were, and they told him they had gone to meeting. Then Lizzie, who happened to be standing by the rocking chair, said to him :

“Take a chair and sit down.”

He answered, “Oh ! I can't stay long.”

But he took a chair and drew it up toward the stove and sat down, saying as he did so :

“You have a nice stove and a good warm fire.”

Then the children noticed he was barefooted, and as the weather was quite cold and the ground covered with snow, they would naturally suppose he must have cold feet. Therefore Henry said to him :

“Put your feet on the railing of the stove and warm them.”

The angel did so, and then called the chil-



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 268 - 5999 - Fax

dren up to him. They were still wondering in their minds why he should be barefooted in such cold weather, and this made them take particular notice of his feet, which looked perfectly white and glistened like wax.

He then reached out his hands and took Ida on one knee and Nettie on the other and caressed them by putting his arms around them, stroking their hair and laying his hands upon their heads as if he was blessing them. At the same time he kept talking to them all, and told them to be good children and keep on praying to God, etc. His voice was clear and charming, his hair fine and wavy, and he wore a beautiful little crown on his head.

After he had held them and talked awhile he put them down, and rising from the chair, began to walk around and look at the pictures on the walls.

As he was walking they noticed that his garment was loosely thrown around him and extended a little below the knee. It consisted of the finest white fabric, and rustled like leaves, or silk, as he moved. They could now also have a better opportunity to see his wings, which were quite large, and fairly glittered for whiteness.

The children followed him wherever he went, and presently they came to the bedroom, where Pearl was sleeping. With the children still close at his side, he went to the cradle and took Pearl in his arms and kissed her, and then laid her down again, saying as he did so:

"When Pearl gets older you must tell her to be a good girl and pray too."

Then he said to them, "Well, I must go now," and began to shake hands with each one of them, and thus bid them good-bye.

It is impossible to describe the loveliness of his hand as they took hold of it. It felt like snow, or like a soft, downy cushion; and like his feet, it was perfectly white and glistening. He wore a most heavenly smile upon his countenance. His voice was tender and sweet. His entire demeanor was marked with gentleness and kindness, and his whole appearance that of grandeur and beauty. They felt perfectly at home and enraptured by his presence, and it really made them feel sad when he told them he must go.

After he had bidden them good-bye, he started for the door through which he had come in, while the children were still standing

at the bedroom door. When he came to the door he paused a moment and the children noticed that he had a long staff which he held horizontally in his hands, and in an instant they saw him gliding out through the unopened door in the same manner he had come in.

As soon as they saw he was gone, they instantly made a rush for the door, literally stumbling over one another to get there first, and when they got to it and had raised the curtain and were looking out, they saw him standing on the edge of the porch, and a bright cloud had gathered around him. Then they saw him glide out into the yard. His body was now in an inclined position, with his feet extending backward and his wings partially unfolded, while the lower part of his garment and the bright cloud seemed to roll and fold themselves together in a most unique manner. He went on in this way until he came about half way between the house and the pear tree, which was standing in the yard, and then he ascended, and the last they saw of him was his beautiful white feet. Then one of the children exclaimed :

"Now he is gone !"

Another said :

"I wonder why there was no bright cloud around him while he was with us in the room."

Still another said :

"I wonder how long it will take him to get to Heaven ?"

The next thing in order was to wait until the return of the parents and Ora that they might tell it to them. They could scarcely wait until they came, they were so anxious to tell them. In the meantime they carefully examined the door from top to bottom, rubbing their hands over it, to see if there was a crack or a break of some kind where he had come in and gone out. But to their astonishment they could not find the least sign of a crack, either on the door, the glass, or on the casing of the door.

After a while they heard their parents coming, and were all up and ready to meet them. The mother went to the house first, while the father and Ora put away the team. Who can imagine the bustle and excitement as the mother entered the house. Henry, Lizzie,

Ida and Nettie, each trying to tell it first. They jumped, they laughed, they clapped their hands, and were perfectly wild with joy. So great was the noise and holy racket that the father and Ora heard them at the barn, and wondered what in the world was the matter with the children.

"Who do you suppose was here, mother, while you was gone?" they all exclaimed with one accord. "An angel, yes, an angel. Oh! mother, an angel was here."

When the mother had quieted them sufficiently, they went on to describe him, how he looked, what he had done, and what he had said.

Their shining faces, their exultant spirits, their positive declarations and the unison of their assertions, soon overwhelmingly convinced the mother of the truthfulness of her children's story and of the reality of the vision which they had seen. Besides, being a spiritual woman and having an insight into spiritual things, she could the more easily be persuaded of the facts in the case. She listened with suppressed emotions until her heart could no longer contain the joy which filled and

thrilled her whole being. Then, going to the bedroom, she threw herself on the bed and gave vent to her feelings with loud shouts of "Glory to God." She felt that the very house was hallowed by the presence of the Lord, and that from henceforth more than ever, her home should be like a little heaven on earth. After rising from the bed, she seated herself in a chair near the stove and buried her face in her hands.

Presently the father and Ora returned from the barn, and as they entered the room where she was sitting, she exclaimed :

"Oh ! father ! you ought to hear the children tell of the wonderful visitor they had while we were gone !" whereupon the children began to tell the story to their father and the older brother.

"Ah," said the father, "you are only excited, it was simply your imagination. You did not see an angel."

"Yes, yes," father, "sure, sure," came from every one of them.

So positive were they and so overwhelmingly happy, that the father could not long withstand their simple arguments, but was com-

pelled to believe that what they were telling him was true, and he also began to praise the Lord, and to participate in their joy.

This simple story has been told by this dear family to only a few of their most intimate friends. They deem it too sacred to be told to everybody, as everybody could not appreciate it.

The writer became their pastor in the spring of 1896, and not until the evening of January 7, 1897, did they tell me about it; and the way it came about was this:

Ida and Nettie had been to school during the day, and the question came up whether or not the Lord revealed Himself to men now as He did in olden times through the ministry of angels.

The teacher seemed to be skeptical, and said he did not believe such things were possible at the present time. He had never heard of this instance, and therefore knew nothing about it until Ida declared her belief in such things from the fact that they had seen an angel in their home when they were children. So when she came home from school she was telling her mother what the teacher had said, and how she had convinced him contrary to his former belief. I overheard the conversation and began to wonder what they were talking about. Then they happened to think they had never told me the story, and at once be-

gan to relate it. As the children were all at home, they were soon seated around me, and with shining faces, were busily engaged in making known to me this remarkable incident, and it has made an impression upon me that shall never leave me. While they were telling me I felt that such a good thing should not be kept a secret any longer. Therefore on the day following, I wrote out a minute history of it just as the children told me. Of course they were no longer little children, but all except Pearl had grown up to be young men and women.

The reader may imagine what a thrill of joy and gladness filled my soul while, by the help of God, I undertook to write this story. Here I was in the very room where it occurred. To my left was the same sofa upon which these children had their family worship on that memorable night in February, ten years before. A little farther on to my left was the very door through which the angel had come and gone. To my right was the same rocking chair in which this heavenly messenger had been seated. In my lap lay the same book, opened at the very picture which had brought from them the wish that they might see an angel once; and upstairs is the stove which he said was nice.

Nearly five years later (Nov. 27th, 1901), I visited them again. All the children except

Ora are still at home, and in the evening while seated with them in the same room, and talking to them about the matter, I found that after a lapse of nearly fifteen years, it has not in the least lost its freshness in their memories. For with shining faces, and with hearts glowing with gratitude to God for His great goodness to them, they still love to talk about the wonderful visitor which He, in His kind providence, had seen fit to send them in the days of their childhood. Their whole lives have been influenced by it, and I told them that when I shall meet them in glory in company with their angel friend, I should like to have a talk with them concerning this matter.

Surely "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Ps. 34 :7. "When they shall rise from the dead they are as the angels which are in heaven." Mark 12 :25. "And the angel of His presence saved them." Isa. 63:9. "An angel from Heaven strengthened Him." Luke 22:43. "Who maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flame of fire." Heb. 1:7. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. 1:14.

Any reader who doubts the veracity of this story can write to Mrs. Hattie Hittle, Hagerman, P.O., Darke County, Ohio, and you will receive a kindly reply. Of course a stamp (or

more) should be enclosed ; something should be allowed for the labor of answering.

I hope these lines will prove a blessing to many hearts by strengthening their faith in God's Holy Word and promises, and that they will draw the reader very near to the blessed Saviour, who has promised soon to come in the glory of His Father, with all His holy angels. Let us not be ashamed to own Him before this wicked world, and thus compel Him to be ashamed of us before the angels of God. But let us forsake every evil way, and yield our all to Him by entire consecration and faith, and He will not only pardon our sins, but will also cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Then in the morning of the resurrection we shall not only be as the angels which are in Heaven, but we shall be like our blessed Redeemer who has washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.

The following is part of a letter from Mrs. Hittle in reply to one sent her by Mrs. S. G. Otis :

HAGERMAN, O., Jan. 4, 1903.
ADDIE M. OTIS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS :

DEAR ONE :—Yours of the 22nd ult. received and read with great interest. Indeed it affords me joy to be permitted to write you concerning the marvelous account of that "Angel Visit." I have had many letters to answer since it was published, from twenty-

three States and Territories. Some few were critical, but nearly all were from those who had been blessedly affected and their letters proved a benediction to our home. To God be all the glory.

It always greatly humbles me to be called upon to bear testimony to so marvelous an incident, because I feel so very unworthy and at the same time deem it so sacred.

Whenever I speak of it my soul is filled with glory. I praise God for thus revealing His own glory and power in sending one of His holy angels to our home and permitting our dear children to see him with their natural eyes, and to talk with him and handle him.

Dear one, do you wonder at me when I say it fills my soul with glory? Hallelujah to Him forever and ever! It is wonderful how the Spirit of the Lord leads His saints—those who trust Him fully.

Yes, you are free to use this marvelous account in your publications, and I trust the blessed Holy Ghost will accompany it and make it a blessing to all that may learn of it.

All of the children are grown into manhood and womanhood, and still when they speak of that celestial visitant, their faces beam with a halo of light. All are active Christians and respected wherever known. Yours in His service. —*Hattie Hittle.*

ew were
ose who
letters
God be

e called
s an in
and at

ed with
ng His
of His
ng our
natural
him.

n I say
jah to
ul how
—those

ous ac-
st the
make

nhood
eak of
with a
s and
is ser-

