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OR

A Brief Sketch of the Early Life, Conversion, Call to the Ministry, and Some of the Subsequent Labors in the Master's Vineyard of

A. SIMS

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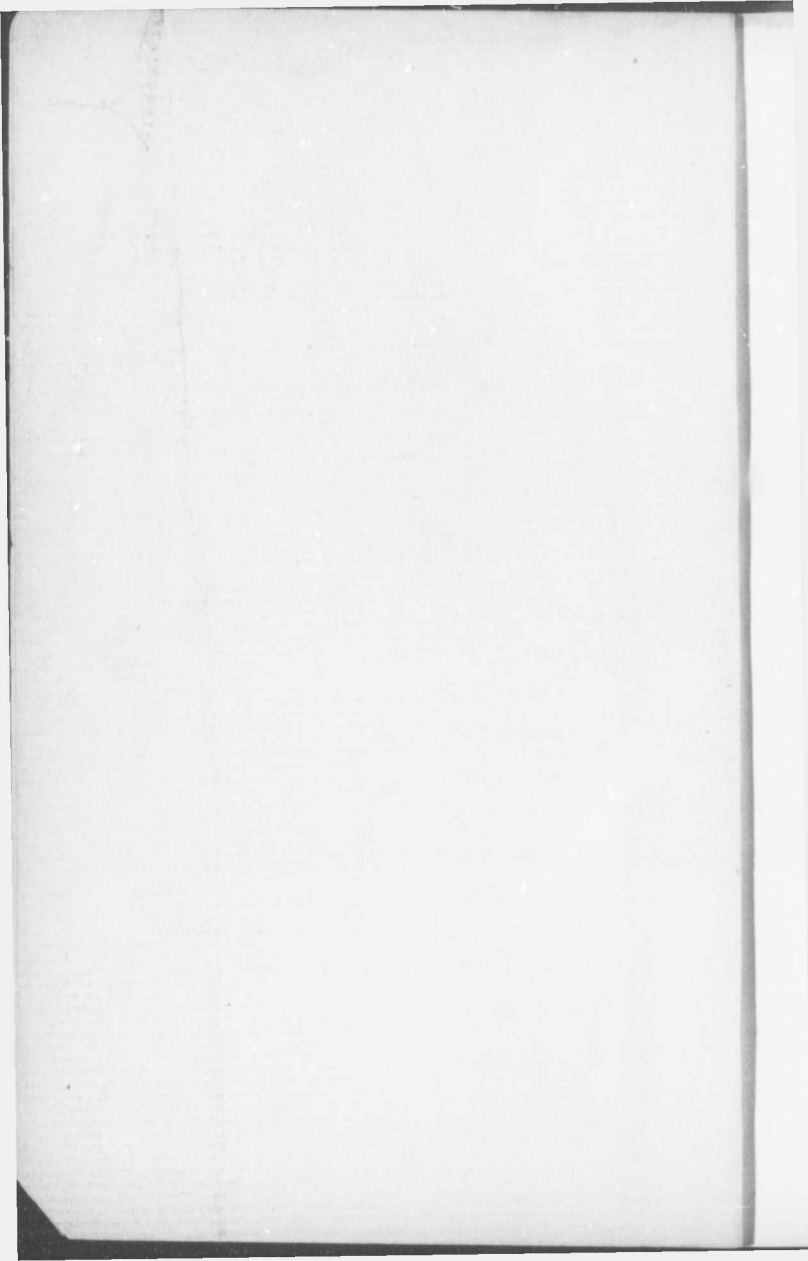
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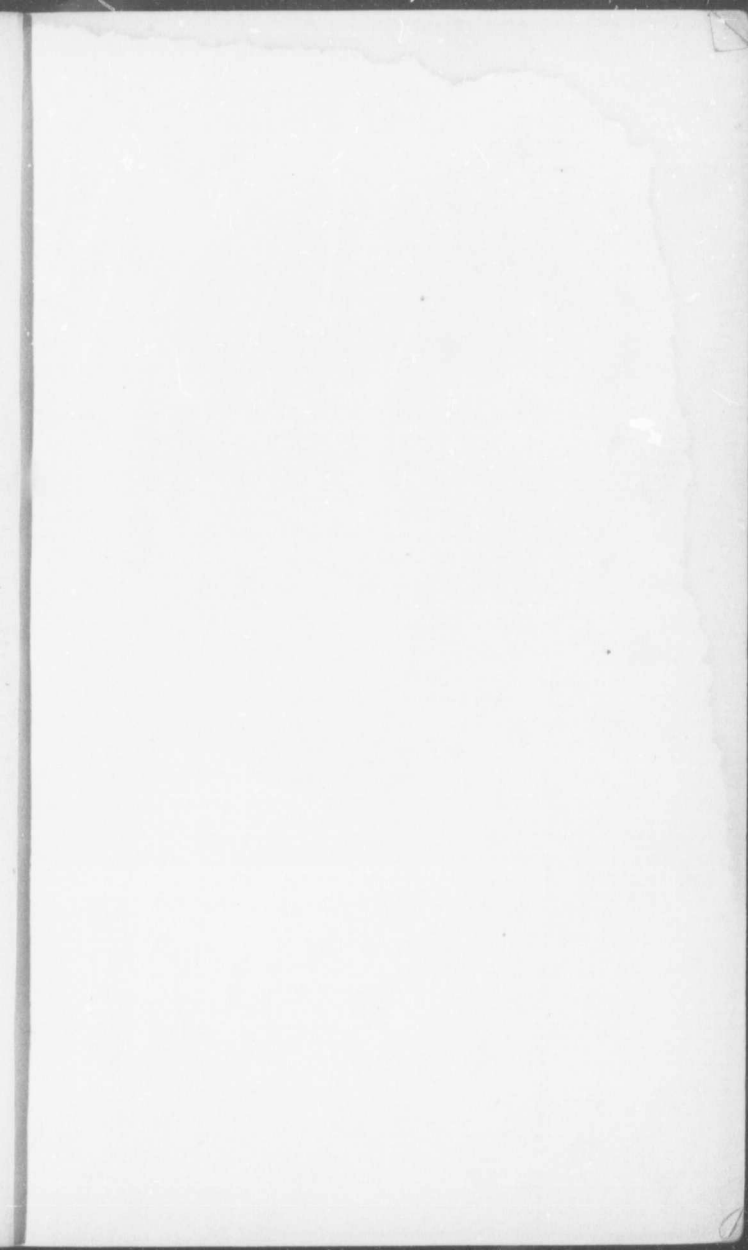
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In His Joyful Service.

A. Sims.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.



WAS born at Townsend, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, England, September 26, 1851. My mother died before I had reached the age of four years. Her death and funeral made a distinct and imperishable impression upon my mind. The funeral procession I see before me now. I have no knowledge of her true religious character. Being the youngest of the family, I was tenderly cared for by my father and my elder sisters, who sought to shield me from the pernicious influences which beset the path of youth. From my earliest days I was powerfully striven with by the Holy Spirit, so that I often retired into some secret place, and asked God to change my heart. These early impressions, however, gradually wore away, and I grew up to be a wayward young man. At the age of fourteen I began to work. The youths whose acquaintance I had formed, were doing much to encourage me in sin; and I had commenced to love the intoxicating cup. Thus I lived until I was 18 years of age.



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CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.



ONE Sabbath evening I was led through curiosity, to attend service at the Wesleyan chapel near my home. The preacher was a young farmer, who delivered his sermon in a most impressive and solemn manner. I became much interested, and left the house of God with a desire to return again. I did so and became more and more drawn to the place. I soon became a regular attendant there. In a short time deep conviction settled on my heart. One Sabbath evening as I was returning home meditating on my unsaved state, I remembered that I had a book in my library entitled, *James' Anxious Enquirer*, and at once began to read it. This only increased my anxiety—the more I read it the worse I felt.

About this time the Rev. Robert Daw held a few special meetings in the chapel mentioned. By attending these meetings I became so burdened on account of my sins that it seemed as though I should quickly go to hell. An invitation was given one Sabbath evening to anxious persons to come to the penitent bench. In company with a number of young

men, I went forward and prostrated myself before the Lord. O the agony and darkness of that hour! For some time I wept and groaned most bitterly, until the congregation had gone, and we were left alone wrestling with God. I did not, however, find the Lord that night; but after some long weary days of earnest seeking, divine light shone into my heart, and I could say, "Abba Father." Glory to God forever!

I joined the Wesleyan society and received my first class ticket, March 2nd, 1869, signed by Rev. Benjamin Ridsdale, who was then superintendent of the circuit. I now began to find great delight in reading the precious word of God, and in attending the regular services of the sanctuary. With other young men, who had recently experienced saving grace, I waited upon the earnest, Holy Ghost ministrations of the Rev. R. Daw—my spiritual father. How I wish I could again hear his voice! I shall have reason to bless God through all eternity that I ever heard his faithful messages. His supplications at the throne of grace stirred my soul to its deepest depth and caused me to pant after God more than ever. I began to feel an insatiable delight in reading the lives of good and holy men. Such biographies as those of David Stoner, William Carvosso, Joseph Entwistle, John Wesley, John Fletcher, Phillip Doddridge, Hester Ann Rogers, and many others

filled me with the deepest solicitude for the conversion of souls, and gave me an unutterable longing for the deep things of God. Day by day my hunger for a heart filled with divine love increased; and while at my daily work I sang with irrepressible emotion:

Eager for Thee, I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the God-heads' deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

My Sabbaths became seasons of great power and grace; so that through the week I longed for the return of the sacred day. When it did come, with a grateful heart I rose at an early hour to meet my companions in some retired spot for prayer and praise, and afterwards retired to the 7 a.m. prayer meeting in the chapel. At this latter service I frequently received such baptisms of the Holy Ghost as remained with me all the week. It was truly wonderful how God honored the few, who, summer and winter, through rain and snow, walked several miles to attend this early morning prayer meeting. At 9.15 a.m. I attended Sabbath school. At 10.30 preaching service and then class meeting. At 2 p.m. the Sabbath school met again; and after it was over, in company with my companions in Christ, I visited some sick person, or had

a conversation with some spiritually minded people.

Among those visited on these occasions was Mrs. Mary Ann Pearce, of Ruscombe. It was in a glorious revival of the work of God for which this deeply devoted saint had prayed most fervently for a long time, that we were led from darkness to light. Hers was a rich and hallowed experience. It was indeed an inestimable privilege to hear her fervent prayers and see her heavenly face, while at the same time as an invalid she was suffering most acute pain. Those visits will never be forgotten.

Then in the evening I returned to the house of God to be again fed with Gospel truth. After the preaching service was over, it was customary to hold a prayer-meeting in the vestry, where many received such good as they will never forget. This was my usual way of spending the day of rest; and never while memory endures shall I forget those Pentecostal days.

Shortly after my conversion, I was deeply convicted that God had called me to preach the gospel. The nearer I lived to God, the deeper this conviction grew; and whenever I began to lay plans for settling down to some secular business, a dark cloud overshadowed me. Finding that I could not shake off my convictions, I began to make all possible preparation for the work God had laid out for

me. The song of the watered lilies expresses the feelings and convictions which filled my heart at that time and does so still:

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies so fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tend'rest care ;

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flow'rs were sadly drooping.
For their leaves were parched and dry.

“ My lilies have need to be watered,”
The Heavenly Master said ;
“ Wherein shall I draw it for them,
“ And raise each drooping head ?”

Close, close to His feet, in the pathway,
All empty and frail and small,
Was an earthen vessel lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
“ My work it shall do to-day.”

“ It is but an earthen vessel,
But close it is lying to me ;
It is small, but clean, and empty—
That is all it needs to be.”

So forth to the fountain He bore it,
And filled it full to the brim ;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him !

He poured forth the living water
All over His lilies so fair,
Till empty was the vessel,
And again He filled it there.

The drooping lilies were watered.
Until all revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That his labor had not been in vain.

His own hand drew the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flow'rs;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living show'rs.

And so to itself it whispered,
As aside He laid it once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
And empty would I remain,
Perhaps some day he may use me
To water His flow'rs again."

My education having been neglected, I had to apply myself early and late to those branches of learning which are so necessary for the Christian minister. The hours I spent in educating my mind were seasons of great happiness to me; so much so that I counted it a pleasure to rise at 4 a.m. to study my books.

In the course of a few months my name was placed on the "circuit plan" as an exhorter; and after one year's trial I was raised

to the position of an accredited local preacher. Having spent nearly one year more in that capacity, and having met with some degree of success in my work, the circuit authorities deemed me suitable for a more extended sphere. Accordingly, on March 24, 1874, after a rigid examination before the officials of the circuit in Theology, Grammar, English and Church History, etc., they recommended me as a candidate for the ministry.

In my preparation for the work of the ministry, I received much valuable advice and instruction from Rev. Enoch Ball, who filled the place of theological tutor and spiritual adviser to me. He has still a warm place in my heart. On the 29th of April in the same year I was examined by the General Committee of the Primitive Methodist Connection in London. At night I preached my "trial sermon" from Gal. 6. 9, before the Rev. R. Smith, in Stratford New Town chapel in that city. The next morning after signing the temperance pledge and passing an oral examination, I was recommended by that committee to the ensuing Annual Conference as a suitable person for the ministry.

CHAPTER III.

MISSIONARY TO CANADA.



ON the third of May following I attended the district camp meeting at Stroud. A glorious influence rested upon the large congregation and some souls were saved. On June 2, 1874, I left my secular work to enter the ministry. On the seventh day of the same month the General Committee of the Connexion requested me to go to Prittlewell, Essex Co., near London, to supply a circuit there until the ensuing Conference. During my short stay on this mission I learned a few lessons and made some advancement in knowledge, if not in grace. The annual conference which met in Hull, Yorkshire, during that month, stationed me at Liskeard, in Cornwall, to which place I went about the middle of July. The journeys on this circuit were long and wearying to the flesh, but God helped me and gave me some degree of success.

Within two months after having arrived on the Liskeard circuit, I offered myself to the General Missionary Committee as a missionary to Canada. The offer was accepted. Early in September, having wished my friends and relatives good-bye, I set sail for

Canada. The voyage was rough, but the solitude of the ocean led me to make some serious reflections on my past unfaithfulness. I dedicated myself anew to God and resolved to do better when I arrived on my new field of labor.

Just before my departure from England I received the following letter from a brother minister who had entered the ministry at the same time as myself:

"Milton, next Sittingbourne, Kent,
"28th Aug., 1874.

"My Dear Brother Sims—

"It is with peculiar feelings that I now address these few lines to you. Our friendship has not been long, but it has, indeed, been sweet, and your departure keenly affects me. Far be it from my heart to say one syllable to discourage, or even discomfort, thee; rather be it my lot to say, cheer up, brother; 'the path of duty is the path of safety.' Heaven smiles upon thee, and a light brighter than the sun illumines thy path, and the God of all grace will reward thee openly. Grace shall be sufficient. The Author and Finisher of faith—the Shepherd and Bishop of souls—will never be absent, but with thee alway. Trust Him, brother; He cannot deceive; thou canst not fail. Be of good cheer; 'hope thou in God,' for thou shalt yet praise Him. If thou hadst been my natural brother, I could not feel more concerned for thee. NEAR (I trust) shall I retire to rest without binding thee upon the altar of my God. 'What is bound on earth is bound in heaven.' If we never again meet on earth, (I hope we shall), I believe we shall meet in the New Jerusalem, and many a happy chat shall we have, as we pace its golden streets. Farewell. The best of heaven's blessings be thine now and forever.

“Let me give you a paragraph from the life of the Rev. Thos. Collins, a very successful Wesleyan minister. It is part of a letter sent to him by his father. It contains the very feelings of my heart and soul towards you :

“Dear Lad :—May God keep thee faithful to death and then give thee a crown of life. And when the victory is won, and the harness off, I, in glory, shall see thee wave a conqueror's palm, I shall shout a thousand hallelujahs through the heavenly air ; and if the Lord permit, will give such a thunder-silencing burst of ‘glory to God !’ as shall make heaven ring, pervade the midway spaces, and shake the earth to its utmost poles.’”

“In every respect I wish you a safe, pleasant voyage, a long life of usefulness below, then heaven with all its glories hereafter.

“Finally, brother, farewell. God be with me and thee, and make us each abundantly successful.

“In Jesus, yours faithfully,

“WM. R. BIRD.”

I'd be a missionary ; yes, I would labor,
The gospel of Christ I'd to sinners proclaim,
In far distant lands I would tell of a Saviour,
Where error, and darkness, and ignorance reign ;
I'd cross the broad ocean ; its billows should bear me ;
Winds, ye should all waft me far o'er the sea :
I'd be a missionary ; the heathen should hear me
Proclaim the glad tidings that “mercy is free.”

Christians, I'd leave you, naught should detain me,
Brother nor sister should force me to stay ;
The love of my Saviour sweetly constrains me ;
If Christ bids me go, then I'll gladly obey.
Nothing shall harm me, Christ shall defend me,
He'll crown the labor, the work of my hands ;
I'd be a missionary, Christ will attend me,
Yes, He will support me in far distant lands.

Who would not labor ? this cause is so glorious
 It claims great exertion and calls forth my zeal ;
 The gospel of Jesus shall yet prove victorious
 For all men shall hear it, and all hearts shall feel ;
 The knowledge and glory of God far extending,
 Like waves of the ocean, shall spread far and wide ;
 I'd be a missionary ; thousands attending
 Will flock unto Him who for sinners hath died.

I arrived in Canada, September 21, 1874, and was appointed to the Sydenham Circuit, near Kingston, Ont. On this charge two "protracted meetings" were held, at which some seven or eight persons professed to find the Lord. As a stranger in a strange land I had much to learn. Many serious difficulties stood in the way. I had much travelling to do, and a great deal of hard study. Jealousy on the part of a ministerial brother made matters very unpleasant for me. Owing to these and other discouraging circumstances I was sometimes strongly tempted to leave the ministry. But I was mercifully preserved and sustained amid all these trials and was not left without some tokens of favor from God. Looking back over that testing period of my life, I see how manifestly the Lord kept his hand upon me, and I am led to exclaim, with Rev. G. D. Mathewson, in his deeply impressive poem :

O LOVE that will not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee ;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O LIGHT that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee ;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O JOY that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O CROSS that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

During my nine months labors on this field I made 170 pastoral visits ; preached ninety-three times ; travelled two thousand miles and passed my first examination as a probationer.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.



AT the Conference held in June, 1875, I was sent to the Jubilee Circuit, a distance of three hundred miles. On this charge there were nine appointments, which embraced several townships. Shortly after coming to this field of labor "a protracted meeting" was started in a school-house at a new appointment in the township of Turnberry, near Wingham, Ont. Here I labored night and day, preaching, exhorting, praying and visiting from house to house for four weeks before there was any sign of souls coming to God. At length I became somewhat wearied and discouraged. After preaching one night, I gave out the hymn, commencing:

" Jesus, the sinner's friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in."

While reading this verse I broke completely down and burst into a flood of tears. The effect seemed to be wonderful. Many of the stoutest hearted were greatly melted down, and soon came to the penitent bench. That night there was a glorious out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on the people. For three

more weeks I labored in the meetings, endeavoring to follow up the work so graciously begun. Some thirty-five or forty persons professed to find peace to their souls; some of whom gave clear evidence of a change of heart.

To give permanence to the work, I next canvassed the neighborhood for land and means to build a church, and after considerable labor, I succeeded in obtaining a site of land, and considerable material and work were given. Before I left the circuit, shortly after, I had the privilege of preaching on the foundation of the new church.

Short, special services were held at three other appointments on this circuit, which resulted in the conversion of a few souls. My journeys were long and wearisome; the roads frequently were very bad; my members were scattered over a wide area, and I had two rigid examinations to prepare for during the year; but, notwithstanding all this, I felt very much blessed during my stay on that circuit, and God graciously smiled upon my weak labors. I preached 170 times during the year, made ten pastoral visits on an average each week, and passed two examinations in my course of study.

The Conference of 1876 removed me to the Etobicoke Circuit, in the County of Peel. This was an old circuit, and considered to be one of the best and wealthiest in the Con-

ference, yet I found the societies generally were in a dead state, and the work of God at a standstill. I endeavored to preach so as to arouse the membership to a sense of their true condition, but my plain preaching very much offended them, and while some meekly accepted the truth, others fought bitterly against it. Two protracted meetings were held during the winter months, in one of which some good was done, and much more might have been accomplished but for the gross inconsistencies of some of the prominent members, who thought nothing of absenting themselves from special meetings in order to attend oyster suppers and so forth! O, the sad desolation of Zion!

On this circuit I preached 191 times, made ten pastoral visits per week during the year, and passed two examinations in my course of study.

God gave me some souls and otherwise owned my labors.

The sad condition of things on this last circuit we travelled reminds us very forcibly of the following modern parable by evangelist Mr. E. Cecil, as given in *The Southern Cross*:

A man had a factory!

He walked round the outside and then walked round the inside. There were the shafts, all properly set, the cogs all sharp and clean, the great engine all complete. The machinery was all there, but it didn't move a spoke.

He was looking disgustedly at the factory when a man came up and said, "Your factory?" "Yes," he replied.

"What do you make?" "That's the trouble: I don't make anything."

"Doesn't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter with it?" "I don't know."

"Ah," said the man, "I'll tell you; you want to get some hook-nosed oil-cans, and some imported oil," and he employed men to go round and oil the machinery and all the bearings.

Then he came down again, walked round inside and outside. Nothing moved. A man came up to him and said, "Your factory?" "Yes," he replied.

"What do you make?" "Don't make anything."

"Don't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter?" "I don't know."

"I'll tell you; you want to fresco it—side walls and ceiling—and I would recommend you to put a couple of bare-footed angels with trumpets eternally ready to blow—and do it properly."

So he put workmen in and frescoed the factory, putting a couple of angels on the ceiling, with trumpets at their lips ready to blow.

Then he came down and looked it over again, but still it did not move, and while

he was looking a man came up and said,
"Your factory?" "Yes."

"What do you make?" "Nothing."

"Why? Don't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter?" "I don't know."

"Ah," said he, "I'll tell you. It has no steeple. You want to put up a nice steeple on one of the corners, and I'd advise you to put in a fine pipe-organ, and get a quartette choir at the same time."

So he set men to work, got the steeple up, with a chime of bells that was marvelous, put in a pipe-organ with lots of pipes, got a quartette choir that would beat anything you ever heard, specially on the "Amen."

Then the man came down, saw the steeple and the organ, and heard the choir and the chimes. But not a thing moved.

"This your factory?" said a man who came up. "Yes."

"What do you make?" "Nothing."

"What's the matter?" "Don't know."

"Does it run?" "No."

"Ah," he said, "you want a picture of the thing taken. Get a photographer to take a picture, have a lot of big copies made and framed and hung up all round—in the railway stations, in the hotels, in the barbers' shops, and so on, telling all about the time the thing is expected to move. Say it will move at 11 o'clock in the morning and 7 o'clock at night, and the people will come to see it move."

So he got a great big picture taken, and had copies hung up at all the places the man told him about.

Then he came down, walked round inside and out; but couldn't see a hair moving. He was perfectly disgusted. Not a cog trembled!

Just then a working man came up, a hard-handed man. He took off his hat—he was very polite—and said, "Beg pardon, sir, is this your factory?"

"Who told you to ask me that?" grunted the owner of the factory.

"Beg pardon, but is that your factory?" repeated the man. "Yes."

"What do you make." "Don't make anything." "Don't it run?" "Run! No, it don't run at all—except into debt!"

"What's the matter, sir?" "I don't know. A man told me to get some hook-nosed oil-cans—and there they are. Another man told me to fresco it, and put in a couple of angels. I frescoed it, and if you will come in and have a look you will see two bare-footed angels on the ceiling ready to blow their trumpets.

"Another man told me to put on a steeple, to get a pipe-organ, to engage a quartette choir, and I did. Do you hear those chimes? See that organ? Listen to that choir chasing that 'Amen' up and down! Another man told me to get a photograph taken and

hung up. I have hung it up! But the machinery don't move a spoke, and I am disgusted with the whole business."

"Well," said the working man, "pardon me, sir. I have never been to school, and I don't know anything about those angels; but I would like to ask you one question: Did you ever put any fire under the boiler?"

"Why, I never thought of that."

"Well," said the working man, "if you will take the chances—it will scare the choir, likely—I will put some fire under the boiler."

"Oh," said the man, "go ahead. Move it somehow. Make something of it, if it's only ashes!"

So the working man went inside, took off his coat, opened the door of the furnace, put in the wood, threw on the petroleum, put in the coal, lighted a match, got the fire going, set on the draughts, shovelled in some more coal, and pulled back the throttle valves. The steam rushed into the cylinder, hit the end of the piston rod, the great wheels began to tremble. It revolved, and the machinery all over the factory began to move. A little more coal—and more—and more—and more, while faster—and faster—and faster went the machinery. The quartette choir got scared—went out at the back window. The whole thing was moving. Something had happened. Praise the Lord!

CHAPTER V.

NEW LIGHT.



IN June, 1877, I was appointed to the Scarboro circuit, near Toronto. While on this field I experienced a much more intense longing to do good, and especially to become wholly sanctified to God. I found a few very devoted Christians on this circuit, who were, indeed, alive to God, and from whose conversation I derived much profit. I frequently sought by examination and prayer to obtain the baptism of fire, but I as often failed to obtain the much-coveted prize.

A brother of the Free Methodist Church—Mr. R. Loveless, with whom I became acquainted shortly after arriving on this field—was the means in God's hands of enlightening my mind very much on my true condition before God, and what I must do to obtain a clean heart. My visits at this brother's house were seasons of great spiritual profit, and I invariably came away more strongly resolved to devote myself unreservedly to God. The godly conversation and upright, blameless walk of this man of God were a living rebuke to me, and frequently brought me under painful conviction. How

thankful I am that God in His great mercy ever sent me to his house. A tract which he placed in my hand one Sabbath morning, accompanied with a kind invitation to go and see him, were the means which led me in that direction.

About this time I saw and felt that I should have to come out from the worldly church, of which I was a warm admirer, and identify myself with a people who were much despised and persecuted, but who nevertheless were walking in the old paths, and successful in saving souls. At times I was on the verge of taking this step, but would shrink back when I looked at the opposition and reproach I should have to bear, and as often relapsed into greater indifference and worldliness than ever. Occasionally I was much drawn out after God, and while in this state of mind I felt very anxious to lift up a higher standard of piety before my people. But my preaching the doctrines of self-denial, separation from all worldly amusements, sinful pastimes, ungodly associations, fashions, etc., and the necessity of a holy life, brought down upon me much opposition from worldly officials and members. Not having that grace which keeps the soul firm amid opposition, I soon toned down in my preaching, and as a natural consequence, I got into terrible darkness. O, how true did I find the words of Christ: "*Yet a little while in the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest dark-*

ness came upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."

John 12. 35. On this circuit I preached 145 times, and made 556 pastoral visits. I saw some fruits of my labor—such as they were—at different appointments, and at times was greatly blessed in preaching. But blessings which I then regarded as evidences of my acceptance with God, I now see were—at least most of them—nothing more than the blessed strivings of the Holy Ghost, which were frequently so powerful as to melt me completely down. My experience at this time was quite mixed. Sometimes I enjoyed blessed communion with God, and felt determined to obey the Divine will at all hazards. Then again I was in clouds and darkness as the result of disobeying my God-given convictions. There were many thorns in my path, and much of life seemed oppressive to my spirit. The poet's words express a great deal of what I then felt:

The way is dark my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand!
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father? and my soul
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
 While yet I journey through this weary land
 Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
 Quickly and straight
 Lead to heaven's gate
 Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
 Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
 And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand!
 Then, safe and blest,
 Lead up to rest
 Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt
 And fear and danger compass me about;
 And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
 Or go alone. O Father, take my hand!
 And through the throng
 Lead safely along
 Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
 It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
 And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand!
 And, reaching down,
 Lead to the crown
 Thy child!

With the close of my labors on the Scarborough circuit I completed the usual four years of probation. Having successfully passed all my examinations, I was ordained to the ministry at the Conference held in London, Ont., May, 1878. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. R. Boyle.

CHAPTER VI.

A CRISIS.



Y next removal was to the City of Toronto—the metropolis of Canadian Primitive Methodism. Since that date the Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, Episcopal Methodists, and Canada Methodists have united in one body under the name of The Methodist Church. With pride rankling in my heart, and surrounded by such influences as generally foster vanity, I soon became a foppish preacher. My mouth, of course, was closed against the popular sins of the day. I was trying to preach the Gospel and still keep on good terms with every one. I dreaded the frowns of men, and still more feared to lose my good position. Tea-meetings, socials, entertainments, concerts and bazaars were all the rage on this circuit, and though I frequently thought that such things were decidedly wrong and unscriptural, yet as my salary depended almost entirely on the success of these entertainments, I allowed them to pass on unrebuked. In fact I sought on these festive occasions to provide the audience with all the fun possible. As the

prophet forcibly puts it, I was a "dumb dog, lying down and loving to slumber." In the midst of my folly and worldly conformity, however, God spoke very powerfully to me, and once more I began to seek a better experience. I supposed that what I needed was the blessing of entire sanctification. I knew that there was a great want in my soul. I wrote to a brother minister in England, asking him for light on the doctrine of heart purity and church entertainments. His reply in substance was that the Bible does not mention such entertainments—that it may not be best to speak against them from the pulpit on account of the weak state of the Church, and that it would be better to fire away at greater evils. As this brother professed holiness, and was then employed by the English Primitive Methodist Conference to hold meetings all through the Connexion for the promotion of holiness, I expected a more uncompromising answer. I was not satisfied with the advice this brother gave me. My conscience had become sufficiently enlightened to see that all such methods for supporting the Gospel are wrong in principle, and mischievous in practice.

From this and other letters which I received about this time, I plainly saw there would have to be a renunciation on my part of many loved things before I could obtain that state of grace I so much desired. But,

alas! I did not walk in this light and separate myself from all worldly conformity. The result was I again relapsed into comparative indifference, and sought more eagerly than ever a position of ease, honor and fame. As I look back on these years of alternate light and darkness the words of the poet come forcibly to my mind:

“ I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years ;
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring
To the land I hold to-day.”

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW EPOCH.



OW comes the dawning of a better experience. In August, 1879, I went to a Free Methodist camp-meeting at Tonawanda, N.Y. My object in going there was to seek a deeper experience, and to obtain, if possible, the blessing of holiness. I had not been on the ground long before a most wonderful influence came upon me.

As I listened to the powerful, heart-searching sermons, and then heard the testimonies of saved men and women, I began to feel that I was terribly wrong. I got into serious trouble; my worldly conformity, pride, conceit, and awful lukewarmness came up before me like a huge mountain towering up into the heavens. I saw, as in the light of the noon-day sun, how I had been preaching for a good name and position; how I had shunned to declare all the counsel of God to saint and sinner. I saw and felt that I had been a blind leader of the blind, and that the blood of souls was upon me. Conviction deepened,

and I grew worse. At last I got up to speak, and while relating a little of my experience, I was so completely subdued and melted down that my heart broke to pieces and I wept most bitterly. Oh, the anguish and pungent sorrow of that hour! I thought I should die of a broken heart. I stood on the preachers' stand, and endeavored to talk out my feelings; but it seemed as if soul and body would separate while I was confessing my backslidden state. At the first chance I got down at the altar, and though I had been thinking that all I needed was the blessing of holiness, I was now glad to seek for justifying grace. With bitter grief I implored the great God to forgive me for my heinous offence; and after promising the Lord I would henceforth obey him, and walk in the light, I was restored to peace of mind, and again set free! Glory to God! Oh, how I rejoiced to know once more that I was saved! All glory to heaven's King! I shall have cause to shout throughout all eternity over the work of that precious hour. I could now sing:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue,
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me
 Show Thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
 Come disaster, scorn and pain ;
 In Thy service pain is pleasure—
 With Thy favor, loss is gain,
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on Thee :
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life, with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me,
 O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Having been restored to the divine favor,
 my next concern was to be cleansed from
 inbred sin, and, praise our God, it was not
 long before I could testify to all around me
 in the words of the first song I had heard on
 entering the camp ground :

Down at the cross where the Saviour died ;
 Down where for cleansing from sin I cried ;
 There to my heart was the blood applied—
 Glory to His name.

the preachers, and enforced upon all the societies; that they took a stand against all the popular sins of the day, such as few other religious bodies were doing; therefore, my labors among them would be received and cared for.

4. That notwithstanding the bitter opposition and persecution these pilgrims were meeting from the world and empty professors, that God Himself was fighting their battles, and saving the multitudes through their labors; that if I took this self-denying, unpopular road, the Lord Almighty would wonderfully sustain me all along life's journey—would give me many precious souls, and a crown of glory at the end of my race.

I therefore conferred not with flesh and blood, but at my first opportunity I joined these despised people. In September following I was received into the North Michigan Conference as an ordained Elder, and appointed to Woodstock, Ont., to labor for the ensuing year.

What poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS :

O, I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

Ah, these are of a royal line ;
All children of a King—
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo ! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprised.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod ;
They love to keep His ways.

Why do they shun the pleasing paths,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because it is the way to death
The open road to hell.

What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God—
None other can be found.

CHAPTER VIII.

LABORS AT WOODSTOCK.



ARRIVING at Woodstock shortly after the close of this Conference, I found there was neither church in which to worship, nor any organized society, only three members. It was a circuit only in name. However, I was most hospitably received by the little band and encouraged to go forward.

The Lord opened a door of utterance for me in the home of a Christian family by the name of Schantz, out in the country, about eight miles from Woodstock. In this home for nearly twelve weeks I endeavored to preach "Repentance toward God, and Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

From the first sermon onward, God was graciously pleased to bless the proclamation of neglected Bible truths to the conviction of backslidden professors, and the conversion of souls. The first convert was a woman who had been a member of the Baptist denomination for fifteen years, but found she had never experienced a change of heart. Her husband fiercely opposed her and us, but was soon after led to the altar for prayer, and became a different man. Two other persons followed, and

after a severe struggle, found deliverance. The devil meanwhile became very much stirred, and opposition and persecution increased.

One memorable Sabbath night near the close of these meetings we commenced the service with a season of prayer. While supplicating the throne of grace, the melting power of God came down upon us until we seemed saturated with waves of glory. The pilgrims wept aloud, and groaned before God for the conversion of souls. Such a burden we had never felt before. It convulsed us through and through. The meeting shortly after closed. At family worship that night the agonizing spirit again came upon us, and after several hours' prayer an unsaved youth in that family got under great conviction. He groaned and wrestled for several hours, when at two o'clock in the morning he was clearly and blessedly saved. Several other persons were afterwards brought to God, and these long-continued special meetings were brought to a close on the last night of the year 1879. I then gave an opportunity to the converts to form themselves into a society. The "General Rules" were read, and explained, but not a single person accepted the invitation to join. This circumstance was peculiarly mortifying and humbling to me at that time. Oh, how my faith was tried by this unlooked-for discouragement. The enemy of all good

did not fail to hurl at me his poisonous dart, and tauntingly suggested, "Now then, what have you got by coming among the Free Methodists, and leaving all the comforts and friends you formerly enjoyed. Here you have been laboring with all your might nearly twelve weeks, putting up with many privations and much persecution, and now when you have got some converted they will not join your society. You will never raise up any circuits, and you had better go back to your old church!" Oh, how much of sustaining grace I needed just at this moment. At times I felt as though I could endure no more, but must certainly yield to the pressure. God, however, in much mercy, most wonderfully strengthened my faith, and gave me clear assurance that I was in the right path, and bade me go forward.

As a warning to others similarly situated, it should be said that these friends who had failed to embrace the opportunity of organizing themselves into a little band in church fellowship not long after found that both as respects their own individual experience and also the cause of God in that community they had made a very great mistake, and they deeply regretted the wrong position they had taken.

The following good old inspiring song very truly describes my experience at that critical and trying hour:

The old Israelites knew what it was they must do
If they fair Canaan would possess—
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest :
The camps on the road could not be their abode ;
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all, glad of a chance of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.

I am thankful, indeed, for the Heavenly Head,
Which before me has hitherto gone ;
For that Pillar of Love which doth onward still move,
And doth gather our souls into one.
Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing along,
And a closer communion doth flow ;
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them take up the cross and go.

The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming Red Sea ;
So none need to speak of the unions and leeks,
Or to talk about garlies to me :
On Jordan's near side I can never abide ;
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

What tho' some in the rear preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ?
Tho' the giants before with great fury do roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat.
We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
But while I see a track, I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

Now the bright morning dawns for the camp to move
on,
And the priest with their trumpets do blow,
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets
resound,
All my soul is exulting to go.

If I'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see, what a blessing to me
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

All my honors and wealth, all my pleasures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake ;
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I shall make :
When I all have forsook, like a bubble 'twill look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow and pain,
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song.

In visiting at Woodstock for a few days after the close of the meeting I found a sister who was earnestly seeking for entire holiness. We conversed together for a while on the nature of this great blessing, and the method of receiving it. Finding that she gave clear evidence of being wholly given up to God I advised her to claim it at once. We knelt down before God and earnestly pleaded the fulfilment of the promise. Light dawned upon her soul, and although she did not just then receive the witness, it came shortly afterwards. Praise our God.

CHAPTER IX.

LABORS AT MERRILL'S MILLS.



JAN. 13, 1880, I commenced a series of meetings at Merrill's Mills, a few miles from Norwich, Ont. I found much wickedness and ignorance prevailed in this community, and my soul was deeply moved. Kind friends from many places sent me a good supply of holiness papers, tracts, etc., and with these I was enabled to do considerable good in my missionary work. I visited the people from house to house, read, conversed and prayed with them as best I could. The preaching service at night was followed up by a prayer-meeting the next afternoon; and by these means, under God, a powerful awakening took place, which resulted in the conversion of upwards of twenty precious souls.

As usual, all manner of absurd rumors were circulated throughout the neighborhood in regard to the work. Some who could not account for the gracious effects of the Spirit's power on the people, declared that I carried electricity with me which made some to fall over, etc., etc.

A quarterly meeting was held near the close of these revival services, at which a class of twelve persons was formed, which number was increased by several additions shortly afterwards. To consolidate the work and to provide a field of labor for the converts, I organized a Sabbath school of some fifty scholars.

At this juncture the devil made a most desperate effort to divide the little flock; and for a while it seemed as though his subtle plans would surely succeed, but the Lord graciously interposed and brought His cause triumphantly through. All glory to His excellent Name.

Notwithstanding the roughness of the place, the bitter opposition, lack of the comforts of life, and a keen sense of my own insufficiency, I enjoyed a blessed sense of God's approving smile, and I literally feasted upon fat things in the midst of outward trials. Glory to heaven's eternal King! Yes, I found that "a contented mind is a continual feast." I could joyfully sing:

"Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear :
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all things loss ;
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glories of the cross."

In connection with my labors at this place, I should say that I found Sister Maria Beckham a great help. Being clear in the experience of holiness, she had power with God and prevailed. Her burning, melting testimonies and powerful pleadings at the throne of grace did much to help on the revival and to build up the converts. Her case shows very clearly that though a Christian may be poor, uneducated, and have much parental responsibility to bear, God can fill that soul with His mighty power and make him or her an honored instrument in doing good. Truly "we have this treasure in *earthen* vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us," 2 Cor. 4:7.

CHAPTER X.

LABORS AT NORTHFIELD.



WAS next directed to Northfield, a locality some three miles distant from Merrill's Mills. I had for my meeting-house the upper story of a wagon-shop.

Immediately the powers of darkness began to set themselves in array, and there was a desperate encounter. The devil always has some of his best agents in formal professors, and so it was in this case. Apparently every one professed religion, and belonged to some Church, but it was impossible to distinguish them from the world, except by their dead prayers and hollow testimonies. As the truth came home to them, revealing their hidden corruption and outward ungodliness, they became incensed with rage. Some mocked, some cried, while others vowed they would never come to the meetings any more; but they could not keep away. Still others said it was a new religion. Preachers and officials went round begging their members to keep aloof from the new sect. We were preached against from the pulpit as being a dangerous set, lies were published about us in the papers, and

all manner of schemes were adopted to prevent any good from being done.

In all that community, I could not find one person who possessed a clear evidence of sins forgiven. With bitter prejudice rankling in the hearts of many who attended these meetings it often seemed like preaching against the battlements of hell. Eventually, however, the Holy Ghost began to soften their hearts; several were led to see that, notwithstanding their long and loud profession, they were in a lost condition, and began praying for themselves, and God came to their help. While preaching one evening on the marks of a justified state, an invalid young lady, who had been professing holiness, found out she had nothing more than justifying grace. She humbly acknowledged her condition, and some time after sought and found purity of heart. In answer to the prayer of faith, the Lord also healed her of her disease, and she was thus made every whit whole. At once she commenced to work for the Lord, and as she has gone from place to place God has graciously blessed her labors, and given her many souls.

After several weeks labor we adjourned the meetings to attend a camp meeting at Hannon, Ont. In the Providence of God a prominent class leader and his wife from this place went to this camp meeting. They

had not been there long before they discovered that they knew nothing of saving grace. They both were gloriously saved, and went back home to tell how great things God had done for them. This event made a great commotion all through the neighborhood, and their church members called them hypocrites, deceivers, and many other opprobrious names. But they held fast, and went on their way rejoicing. At the close of this camp meeting I returned to Northfield, and held a grove meeting, at which a number of persons sought and found the Lord. During the progress of this meeting persecution was most bitter. One evening, especially, a determined effort was made to tar and feather me. All preparation had been made for this purpose. At the close of the meeting the leaders of the gang were at the entrance to the grove waiting for me to appear. But God in His Providence put it in the heart of one of His children to invite me to their home for that night. In accepting this invitation I went out of the grove in a different direction, and so escaped from my persecutors. A remarkable feature of this deliverance was that I never even heard of the plot until years afterwards. Once more I had a striking fulfilment of the blessed promise: "No weapon that is formed against you shall prosper."

CHAPTER XI.

LABORS AT KELVIN.



OR some time I had felt a strong desire to hold some meetings in this place, but every effort to secure a building for this purpose seemed to fail. No one would even open their house. Nothing daunted, I determined to try the open air; so with the steps of a grist mill for a pulpit I commenced a Sabbath afternoon meeting in this village, while the congregation was accommodated with planks for seats. The weather was so uniformly good that some remarked, "These people can have what weather they like"!

After a while a church member told us we could have her house for prayer meetings. As soon, however, as an announcement to this effect was made, her pastor (?), alarmed at the prospects, visited her and frightened her out of it! This circumstance, with many others of a like nature, only tended to open the eyes of the people to see the sad state of things around them.

While in attendance at the camp meeting referred to in the preceding chapter a number of interested friends fixed up an old

carpenter shop for a meeting house. After the grove meeting at Northfield Center was over I commenced services in this building. Very soon a wonderful interest sprung up. In the busy season of harvest farmers drove from a considerable distance to attend the meetings. Many who had been professing religion for a number of years got their eyes open to see their lukewarmness and worldliness. They sought the Lord with all earnestness at the penitent bench. God came to their help, and some of them were clearly saved.

One young woman—a fashionable dress-maker—who was professing religion came one night, and the Holy Spirit melted her heart enough for her to ask the people of God to pray for her. She said, "I do not enjoy what you enjoy." She was prayed for; God answered prayer, and the next night she came to the altar seeking the Lord. She soon saw that the wearing of gold and costly array are forbidden in the Word of God, and so she laid these things off, and came out a plain Bible Christian with the glory in her soul. She was convinced that to make fashionable dresses was as sinful as wearing them, so she gave up that occupation also. On consecrating herself wholly to God He sent her out to labor in His vineyard, in which work she has seen many souls saved.

The meetings increased in interest and power, so that the congregation outside was sometimes larger than the one inside. A class of twelve members was formed in this place and a Sabbath school was organized. Later on a new frame church was built, and was dedicated free of debt.

A class of about the same number was also organized at Northfield.

During the progress of the work at Kelvin persecution raged fiercely. All sorts of lies and base slander were freely circulated. As some instance of this we could, if it were profitable to do so, produce some letters which appeared in certain papers. We paid no heed to these slanders at the time, and we certainly shall not please the devil enough to give further publicity to them now.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIUMPHS OF GRACE.



SEPT. 26, 1880. While preaching this morning at Merrill's Mills, from the text, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," the Spirit of God fell upon me in a wonderful manner. The whole congregation seemed to be moved by the power of God. A similar baptism came upon us in the afternoon meeting, and deep impressions were made upon many hearts. This is my birthday, but I have no longings for mirth or earthly luxuries, while feasting in

A land of corn and wine and oil
Favored with God's peculiar smile
With every blessing blest.

Blessed be God for Bible Salvation! I am content to go His way. Holy living ends well. Millions now in glory can testify that the way of the cross is great gain. Even though the severest trials may come, it pays to be true to God.

The camp-meeting held near Milliken's, Markham, Ont., resulted in the conversion of a goodly number of precious souls, and the

sanctification of many believers. The Gospel plough was put in to the beam, and pride, dishonesty, church entertainments, tobacco, whisky, and all forms of sin received some deadly blows; but the searching truth found its way into some hungry souls, and a deep impression was made upon the neighborhood around. Glory be to God!

Oct. 5.—In a prayer-meeting to-night I became so burdened for the sanctification of my members, and the conversion of souls, that I prayed until I was nearly exhausted; it seemed as though I could not let go of God. The wickedness of the place, the formality and worldliness of church-members through the land, the nearness of a coming judgment, and the inward purity which a holy God requires came up before my mind with such awful reality, that my feelings were inexpressible. I could only groan out the prayer, "O, my God, save the people or I die." In a prayer-meeting the next evening, I found that several of the members had caught the same flame, and were deeply agitated about their own need of pentecostal power, and the salvation of lost men. I suggested that the following Sabbath be spent in humiliation, heart-searching, and earnest supplication to God for the descent of the Holy Ghost, and that the day begin with a prayer-meeting in the morning at 7 o'clock. This was heartily agreed to.

The following Sabbath was commenced in this way. Many were present and the Holy Ghost came down. The remainder of the day was occupied with close class-meetings and heart-searchings, and was a time of great unction and power.

Of late I have been privileged to witness in my pastoral work a great many clear cases of salvation from the thralldom and filthiness of tobacco habits. Some ten or eleven slaves have thus been emancipated, and their united testimony is, that they have a clearer intellect, steadier nerves, a better appetite, a cleaner body, purer breath, improved health, a quicker conscience, more money, and best of all, great peace with God. One old man in particular testifies that he had used it for seventy years, but God has completely taken from him all desire for the weed. Thank God for a *clean* salvation!

CHAPTER XIII.

HERE AND THERE.



E were next led to a place called The Plains, a few miles distant from Kelvin. Here, in an old wood-house temporarily fitted up, the old-fashioned Gospel was for several weeks proclaimed to an attentive audience. Considerable interest was aroused, and a few were clearly saved. At the close of the special meetings the converts were formed into a society. But for the intensely cold building, and some other hindrances, no doubt much more might have been done.

Dec. 31, 1880.—The year which is now about to close has been, in many respects, the most important year of my life. It has been fraught with trials and difficulties of the sternest kind. All through this year I have been the subject of severe temptations from the enemy of all good—temptations that seemed to test every particle of grace which I possessed, and which frequently overwhelmed me in darkness and grief. In such seasons I could find no relief except in unburdening my heart at the feet of Jesus. Bless His name, He never failed me. Perse-

cution has raged with a vengeance; opposition has met me at nearly every turn; my name has been cast out as evil, and reputation defamed by fun-loving and worldly professors. Scandalous letters have been published, and reports of an infamous nature circulated, with the intention of injuring my influence, and blasting my work; but in every case the devil has missed the mark. Glory be to God forever! I have had less salary during this year than I have had during any previous year of my ministry; have had fewer of the comforts of life; have had more hard toil and tribulation to pass through than have characterized any previous year of my service in the vineyard; but, notwithstanding all this, I am glad to say this has been the best, most useful, and by far the happiest year of my life. I can heartily sing:

“ Thy holy will be done, not mine,
 Be suffered all thy holy will.
 I dare not, Lord, the cross decline ;
 I will not lose the slightest ill,
 Or lay the heaviest burden down,
 The richest jewel of my crown.

Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
 Is pure delight, endured for thee
 Reproach and loss are glorious gain
 And death is immortality :
 And who for Thee their all have given,
 Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God.
To suffer is to triumph most :
The highest gift on man bestowed :
Seal of my sure election this—
Seal of my everlasting bliss."

Jan., 1881.—Special services were again held at Merrill's Mills, which resulted in the salvation of some souls. During this short campaign my faith and courage were most severely tested by a bold but cunning device of the enemy to divide the little flock. I saw what consequences this might lead to if the matter were not firmly handled. I took my stand, and, looking up to God for help, sought to prevent the division. The Lord graciously delivered His cause from the snare of the fowler. What a wonderful God is ours!

"I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet ;
Nor can I fear that blessed path
Whose traces are so sweet.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetness to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is his good,
And unblest good is ill :
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Immediately upon the close of these efforts I went to the village of Harley, another new point. The meetings at this place were frequently seasons of great power. Some were slain by the power of God, and deep conviction settled upon the neighborhood for many miles around. God gave us some clear conversions; and from all accounts a great amount of good was done in the teeth of slander and bitter persecution.

At the close of these services a number joined the society on probation.

June 12, 1881.—In response to a pressing invitation, I held a grove meeting near Tillsonburg. From all appearance there seemed to be but little vital godliness among the people. But the trickling tears on some cheeks, and the hearty responses from a few who are keeping themselves unspotted from the world showed that the Holy Ghost was honoring the truth. We believe some lasting impressions were made. Some little time after this we organized a society at this appointment and elected a leader. Thus was commenced the infant work of what is now the Tillsonburg Circuit.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY EXPERIENCE OF DIVINE HEALING.



FOR over forty years I had enjoyed general good health. To the praise of God be it recorded that during all my itinerancy, I never remember having been absent from the pulpit more than two or three Sabbaths through sickness. The only ailment worthy of mention which troubled me was indigestion. At first the attacks were light, but gradually they became more and more pronounced, until about three years ago it was quite evident my disease had become chronic. Doctors failed me. Slowly but surely I found myself going down, and I was convinced that unless help came from some quarter my work on earth would soon be over. Though naturally buoyant and hopeful this dread malady had brought me where for most of the time I was filled with gloomy forebodings, and my spirit was sorely depressed.

One memorable day, as the hour for taking a little medicine had arrived, something seemed to say to me: "You are trusting in a broken reed. This medicine is doing you no good. Why can't you trust the Lord?" I said: "I will; here goes, sink or swim, live or

die, I place my case in God's hands," and, suiting my action to the words, I put the bottle back in its place. From that hour I began to amend, and God most graciously undertook my case.

At this special juncture I was reminded of a book which I had in my possession, entitled "The Gospel of Divine Healing," by Rev. A. B. Simpson. This book takes up the most notable cases of healing found in the Bible, and explains and enforces them in such a straightforward manner as cannot fail to bring conviction to any honest seeker after this truth. Then at the end the author gives an account of his own remarkable deliverance from disease, and his restoration to robust health and strength. I fairly devoured the contents of this book. It gave me such a clear view of the Scriptural foundation of divine healing as convinced me that ample provision had been made in the atonement of Jesus to cover all the needs of my entire being. That blessed truth has been an impregnable rock for my faith ever since, and through all the assaults of Satan has stood by me and to-day is more clear and precious to me than ever.

I have not been permitted to enjoy this experience without severe testings. In fact, at times it has seemed as though, in spite of all my faith and prayer, Satan would surely kill my body. Again and again have I had to

call on the Lord with strong crying and tears for deliverance, but just as surely as I trusted Him He came to my rescue. All these conflicts, however, have been permitted for the trial and strengthening of my faith, and I praise Him for them.

For some time I was a little perplexed over the fact that my healing was not instantaneous. But God has showed me that the actual realization of the experience is of far greater importance than the length of time taken to obtain it.

Perhaps my deliverance was delayed somewhat over the question of diet. I had been given to understand by some advocates of this experience that if I took the Lord for my healer I could eat what I liked. In all sincerity and purity of motive I tried hard and long to act on this advice, but just as often failed. I simply could not do it. On the other hand, I found a very large number who took a different view and insisted that divine healing does not give us a license to eat anything and everything we may have a craving for. In speaking to a good brother about this difficulty, he made the significant remark: "You will just have to find out what the Holy Ghost wants you to eat." Another one wrote me as follows:

"I am not sure that we are to be in bondage to the opinions of others in the matter of what we eat. There are some things which are poison to some

persons. Whether in taking the Lord as their life they are to claim the ability to eat them, should be between them and their Lord. Any one who invalidates the testimony of God's children on the score that they are not free to eat anything and everything goes beyond what is written. In the very epistle in which St. Paul urges Timothy to lay hold on eternal life (1 Tim. 6 : 12) he also advises him to drink no longer water, but a little wine (5 : 23). According to our modern apostles of healing (some, I ought to say) he should have commanded Timothy to drink the water and insist that it should be harmless. The principle involved here is very important in these days of scientific unfoldings as to the value of food. So long as there are good things which you can eat and enjoy, why be troubled about acids, fried stuffs and cabbage? I never think of burdening my stomach with this latter item. It has no nourishment, is largely water and fibre. It is confessedly a gas maker, and may be safely omitted from the menu of any sensible person. I do not think we ought to be compelled to eat fried food or pies. They are mischievous and unnecessary.

“ While we have the authority to claim deliverance from all attacks of the enemy, the other truth is that we have no warrant for intentionally making more work for our Lord than He would make for the Holy Spirit if He were yet in the flesh. To avoid certain things which the advanced scientific teaching admittedly shows bear trace of our modern artificiality, which never would have been decocted or concocted if man had followed the simplicity which is in Christ, is not only not a concession to unbelief, but a part of our sanctified judgment. Why should we clog the liver with pie crust and fritters simply because some well meaning Christians are able to eat them? Why should we pack our systems with the cancerous taint of pork, with the refined mud which is in the belly of the oyster? why should we fire our blood with peppers and spices otherwise provoking congestion, when our loving Lord has given us richly of so many things which we know to be beneficial? So I repeat, every

soul must get his own leading. But let not another intermeddle with his practice.

"There is one phase of His dealings with me in this way which I am grateful to record. What we feel impelled to deny ourselves to-day may be our luxury to-morrow. I am revelling this summer in strawberries and cream, after a number of seasons in which I was clearly led to abstain from them. For years I have preached to my children the unwisdom of eating sugar for breakfast. With me it provoked sour stomach and accompanying disorders. Now I simply revel in sweet things for breakfast. This to teach me, I am assured, that freedom in the Holy Ghost means right of way for Him to be doing new things and glad things for us all the way. Also, there are times when one has the boldness to partake of some thing which usually he refrains from, with liberty and relish. I am positive that when we surrender to Him we do well to let Him take the sovereignty in our lives, and control and plan and execute as He will. If you and I can get our whole round of leading and joy while thus resting in Him, the rounded character will be accommodating itself to the destiny He has outlined for us."

As I obey what is very clearly the voice of God to me in this matter and refrain from partaking of articles of diet which I have found to be injurious to me, and follow Him in all other departments of life, I can look up to Him in perfect confidence, and claim a constant realization of His healing virtue.

I cannot possibly enumerate all the blessed results of divine healing in my case, but will mention some of them:

1. It has brought me into a deeper fellowship with my risen Lord than I ever enjoyed before. Praise His hallowed name! Com-

munion with Him is a greater delight, yea, an increasing luxury. And every touch of His hand upon my mortal frame brings with it a spiritual uplift, a sweetness that is indescribable. Divine healing to me is truly divine living. "As holiness is the Lord living in the soul, so healing is the Lord living in the body."

2. It has caused me to see, as never before, that there is a most intimate connection between a victorious life in the body and dwelling deep in God. In short, it has been demonstrated to me over and over again that it is by faith I stand, and that if I would have "the life also of Jesus manifested in my mortal flesh," as a continual experience, I must walk softly before Him.

3. It has opened my eyes to see what a marvellous power Satan has over the bodies of men, and how effectually he uses sickness to oppress and hinder the children of God, to rob them of joy and victory, and to prevent them from being their best for God.

4. It has very materially broadened my vision of the boundless provision God has made for all the needs of my being. Proving the reality of His promises for this particular blessing has greatly strengthened my faith and led me step by step to see that though this one favor is rich indeed it is but as a drop compared with the vast resources He would have me draw from continually for

every need of my spirit, soul, and body. To-day my song is:

In God I have found a retreat
Where I can securely abide,
No refuge or rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS—O ! what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings ;
“ I am safe from all danger,
While under His wings.”

I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day,
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.

The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful foreboding can bring ;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand ;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

The limits of this book will not permit me to give any further account of my ministerial labors, but must be content to close with a brief record of what we have done to preach the Gospel by means of the printed page.

CHAPTER XV.

BOOK AND TRACT EVANGELISM.



AS WE have looked at the widespread lack of vital godliness, and then at the millions of benighted heathen, we have felt it impossible to be satisfied with simply reaching those living near us. With this conviction, in September, 1878, we commenced the publication of tracts and booklets, that we might scatter the truth in places which we could not reach in person.

"*The Sin of Tobacco Smoking and Chewing, with an Effectual Cure for These Habits,*" was the title of the first pamphlet we wrote and published. An edition of nearly 2,000 copies of this book was published and circulated in England, France, Switzerland, Denmark, the United States and Canada. God graciously blessed the reading of this book to the emancipation of many tobacco slaves. This encouraged us to publish and stereotype about thirty tracts on the same subject. Several thousand copies of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal* were also published and scattered abroad.

But some time after, the Lord showed us that tobacco-using, though a dreadful evil, is

not the only vice that curses the human family; that, though a man may give up his weed, unless he renounces all other evil habits, he still needs to repent. We were convinced that something more radical than simply lopping off some particular sin is necessary to place the work of reformation on a sure foundation. Hence, from that time, we began to spread literature that teaches salvation from *all* forms of evil, and saves men through and through.

While engaged in holding some special meetings in the fall of 1879, it was our lot to encounter considerable opposition from a minister, who stoutly maintained that holiness is received at conversion; in fact, he had but little faith in the possibility of full deliverance from sin in this life. This led us to study the Word of God very diligently on this particular theme. We wrote out some twenty questions on this subject, and furnished answers to them from the Bible. These were published in a religious paper, and a quantity of them scattered throughout that neighborhood, to counteract the pernicious influence of the teaching of this Zinzendorfan preacher.

Afterwards, these questions and answers were published in tract form, under the title of *A Plain Guide to Entire Holiness*. This little messenger was instrumental in opening the eyes of a sister, at Trent Bridge, to see

her need of a sanctified heart and life. She sought and found this great blessing, and at once started meetings for the salvation of souls. A band of earnest Christians was the result, and later on two other societies were organized in adjacent localities, the whole three appointments being formed into one circuit.

During the meetings above referred to, we were led frequently to preach on the signs of religious declension. At the close of the meetings we sent the pith of the discourses on this subject for publication in a paper. A brother, who read this article, wrote to us, saying that he should like that article in tract form, to scatter broadcast. The Lord opening up the way, this request was granted, and some thousands were distributed all over the land. This originated the tract, *Marks of a Backslidden State*. By the providence of God, a copy of this tract fell into the hands of a class-leader of the Methodist Church, at Crown Hill. From reading it, he saw that he had lost his first love, and was void of the power of God. He sought the Lord earnestly, and was restored to the joys of his salvation. Afterwards reading a copy of *The Radical Christian* paper, which we then published, he was led to see his need of entire holiness, and he never rested until

“Refining fire went through his heart
And sanctified the whole.”

With redoubled zeal he exhorted his fellow-members to put away their idols, and to separate themselves from all uncleanness and worldliness. Of course, this caused a great commotion. Others were persuaded to take the above-mentioned paper, who first became enraged at its plain teaching, but afterwards they saw their awful condition, and were saved! Glory be to God! Then these converts for a while adopted the oft-tried experiment of reforming a dead church; but, finding this was impossible, they came out, and started prayer-meetings among themselves. In these meetings they have been greatly blessed. God has poured out his Spirit upon them, and from time to time some have either been pardoned or sanctified. The work is still going on.

In our pastoral work at Kelvin, we felt the need of a tract that would show professors of religion what is implied in a justified state. To meet this want we wrote the tract entitled *Marks of a Justified State*.

A brother wrote to us from Michigan as follows:—

DEAR BROTHER SIMS,—By reading your tract, *Marks of a Justified State*, I see that I am not saved, although I have been walking, as I thought, in the light. I have been so strict that devoted Christians called me fanatical. I have lived in this way for about two months, and have never had the witness of the Spirit that I was accepted of God.

L. J. HOLLOWAY.

We learned afterwards that he had received the evidence of his acceptance with God. Praise the Lord!

About this time we were led to compile a book, entitled *Wonders of Grace*; or instances of the mighty cleansing power of Jesus' blood. Our object in publishing this book was, briefly:—

1. To show how wonderful and glorious this great salvation is, and what it does.

2. To point out the utter uselessness of seeking entire holiness before an entire consecration has been made.

3. To prove that entire holiness is separate from, and *always* subsequent to justification.

4. To help bring around a general revival of Scriptural holiness, and to afford light and encouragement to earnest seekers after this blessing.

Of the good done by this book we have received abundant evidence, but the following testimony must suffice for these pages:—

DEAR SIR,—My wife received the blessing of holiness last night through reading *Wonders of Grace*, and after a few minutes she was healed of an awful disease. Thank God for that little book.

REV. A. F. PERKINS.

Realizing our personal need of a more intimate acquaintance with the Word of God, we drew up the following questions, which we

diligently used in studying the various books of the Sacred Volume:—

1. Who is the author; when, where, and for whom did he write?
2. Under what circumstances was this book written?
3. What is the character of its contents—law, poetry, history, philosophy, or prophecy?
4. What is the general aim of the writer, or key-note of the book?
5. What errors are here refuted?
6. What are the practical lessons and doctrines taught?
7. What promises or prophecies are here fulfilled?
8. What biographies does it contain?
9. What connection has this book with other parts of the Scriptures?
10. What is the chronology of the events recorded?
11. For what class of people is this book most suitable?

We are free to confess that we found this task by no means an easy one; yet we found it to be exceedingly profitable and helpful to both mind and heart, so much so we could not refrain from making the fruits of it known to others. Some friends strongly importuned us to publish, in some permanent form, the notes we had made. Thus was originated the first edition of our "*Helps to Bible Study.*" After a while a revised and much enlarged edition was published, and is still being used of the Lord.

As time went on, we saw the need of a tract on the question of dress. After much careful thought and study of the Bible, we

published one entitled *Bible Teaching on Dress*.

Later on, while travelling on the Galt circuit, a brother wrote to us for light on the subject of Secret Societies. At that time he belonged to a secret lodge, but as his conscience was becoming awakened, he was anxious to know if the *Bible* condemned such institutions. The answer we gave him is the ground of the tract we have published for the like inquirers ever since, entitled *Secret Societies*.

The tracts on *Repentance*, *Church Entertainments*, *The Evils of Dancing*, and others, have had a similar origin.

A copy of our tract entitled *A Vision of Hell* was handed to a young lady: the reading of it so troubled her she had no rest until she had found the Lord. In glad obedience to the heavenly call she went forth into the great harvest field and gave herself to the blessed work of winning souls for her Lord.

The present is an age of shams and deception. The great arch-deceiver has coined imitations of Christianity, which, in some respects, so closely resemble the pattern of Jesus Christ, that "he would deceive, if possible, the very elect." Everywhere we see men blinded by "the god of this world." So far as experimental godliness is concerned, the great mass of the people are practically heathens. Conscious of these facts, and see-

ing the need of some compact pamphlet showing the difference between true and false religion, we resolved to do something more to open the eyes of people generally. Hence, in June, 1884, after much careful thought, prayer and labor, we published the book entitled *Bible Salvation and Popular Religion Contrasted*. The Lord has blessed this book to the conversion of sinners, both in and out of Zion, and to the sanctification of many hungry souls.

"It is radical, plain and thorough, and cannot fail to benefit its readers—just the book needed to waken up a formal professor of religion, and enable him to see his condition before God."—*Michigan Holiness Record*.

"This is a book that I would like every professing Christian to read and digest. It would do a blessed work among the churches."—*Pacific Herald of Holiness*.

"Has an awakening power about it that attends the reading of not many books; it enlightens the sinner, and shows up the great sin of worldly conformity in the churches. One copy of this book will do more good in a community in the way of arousing people to action than almost any other book published. Thirty cents invested in it, for the purpose of loaning it to others, will carry the plain, unvarnished truth to the homes and hearts of many families in twelve months' time. How much money are you willing to invest in the Lord's cause in this way?"—*Gospel Flame*.

"Your book has been instrumental in saving a soul on my circuit."—*Rev. J. M. Sloan*.

Another brother, referring to this book, says:

"It confirmed my convictions that I had no heart religion, and only a head theory. I was honest, but deceived."

"I believe your book came in answer to prayer. I have professed sanctification, not in hypocrisy, but in ignorance. I made a profession of religion several years before I received the witness. When I did receive the witness I called it sanctification. When your book came into my hand, which states so clearly the experience of justification and sanctification, I saw clearly I had not been entirely sanctified."—*H. H. Harpham.*

"Your book is doing much good. A young lady has been visiting us this winter. She says she first received the light from reading your book."—*Martha Stonehouse, Feb. 14, 1887.*

"I take the liberty to address you as a member of the M. E. Church in this city. Some of our members wanted to hold entertainments to raise money to build a new church. Some of us objected. It came near causing a split in our church. But we got it settled without any trouble. I will tell you how we did it. I bought a little book, of which you are the author, *Bible Salvation*, etc., and that book settled it. They have given up the entertainments."—*P. H. France, Du Bois, Pa.*

"I take special delight in selling that cloth-bound book, *Bible Salvation and Popular Religion Contrasted*. It is so clean and bright, inside and outside. When I offer it to a person it seems like giving bread to the hungry. I offer it for Jesus' sake, and expect to sell."—*Mrs. J. E. Servis.*

"God is making them a blessing to every home they enter."—*A. A. Whitteker, July 29, 1889.*

Let not the reader think that we never receive any adverse criticism—that no discouragements are ever thrown in our way. Sometimes certain papers treat us to a little criticism. A copy of our book, referred to above, was sent to the editor of a prominent religious weekly for review. He gave the following notice of it:—

"The book is well adapted to raise the standard of Christian life and experience. It is throughout a call to go up higher. Perhaps he (Sims) dwells somewhat too exclusively on what is to be condemned in the church of to-day. The very titles of some of the chapters show this. 'Spurious Conversions,' 'Spurious Holiness,' 'Compromising Preachers,' 'Backsliders,' 'Sabbath Desecration,' 'Fashionable Suicides,' etc., present a dark picture. What is said on these points may be true; but there are other things true which balance these, and should be duly recognized."

To this review the Rev. R. Gilbert thus replied:

"Doubtless many readers of the ——— are curious to know what 'other things' can possibly 'balance' this dark catalogue of moral monstrosities enumerated in Mr. Sims' book, which the ——— admits 'may be true.' Let us illustrate: Your pastor comes to you and says, 'Your conversion is spurious—your profession of holiness is a humbug—you are a compromising preacher—a backslider—you desecrate the Sabbath, and you are a fashionable suicide.' This sudden arraignment makes you hang your head with conscious guilt. But, rallying with a little assumed bravery, you reply to your accuser, 'This may be true; but there are other things true which balance these, and which should be duly recognized.'

"When a culprit in court confesses his crime, the judge proceeds to pass sentence. The judge does not believe that 'other things' can 'balance' a list of crimes so notoriously black.

"Again: you are arraigned at the bar of the Almighty. The unerring investigation—when the books of omniscience are opened—proves that your conversion is spurious—that your holiness is a hollow humbug—that you are a compromising preacher—a backslider—that you desecrate the Sabbath and that you are a fashionable suicide—all—yes, all this during your earth-probation till death hands you over to the

'eternal judgment.' Now let the good sense of the reader decide whether 'other things' can 'balance,' so that Christ will sign your passport to heaven."

A copy of this book providentially came into the hands of Rev. T. S. Tate, a Baptist minister in Jamaica. On carefully reading its contents he saw his great need of Christian holiness, and at once commenced to seek it. Not long after the Holy Spirit led him into the experience of this blessed state of grace and gave him a definite testimony that the work was done. All on fire for God and souls, he at once began preaching the truth, which had been made so real to him. But his people would have none of it; they did not want the new doctrine, as they called it, and they turned him out. Nothing daunted, he went in various directions preaching full salvation, the Lord graciously setting His seal upon our brother's labors and giving him many souls. Under God he has been the means of establishing a number of mission stations in different parts of Jamaica, where bands of earnest Christians meet to push on the work of God, and where hallowed influences are radiating all around. No one can tell whereunto this will grow. God be praised for it all!

For some years we had been somewhat unsettled in our views respecting the second coming of Christ. The question was: What does the Bible teach on this deeply im-

portant subject? Above all things, we wanted to know the mind of God touching this thing. After a long period of thorough and prayerful study of this theme we became thoroughly convinced of the Scripturalness of the pre-millennial view. The dawning of this truth on our mind has been a profound blessing to us in more ways than we can enumerate here. The acceptance of it has marked a distinct epoch in our life and ministry.

Our two books, "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh," and "Deepening Shadows and Coming Glories," have been published because we felt an intense desire to make known as widely as possible the important but much neglected truths pertaining to our Lord's return.

In view of the tremendous needs of the great harvest field, we decided some time ago to inaugurate a more aggressive campaign than ever, *for the promotion of the life and power of godliness, and for the salvation of the lost.*

While Laodicean churches are fast asleep, the devil, aided by tens of thousands of printing presses, is sowing error, delusion, and poison all over the land. We felt strongly impressed to do something on a wider scale than we had ever attempted before to help counteract the widespread and pernicious influence of this soul-destroying literature.

Open doors are multiplying all around us. The harvest is great. More and more there comes to us from many fields the cry of hungry multitudes for pure, solid, soul-saving food.

From the commencement of this work to the present, we have continually received urgent calls for tracts from worthy Christian workers, but who were unable to pay for them. We have done something towards supplying these cases of need, but still the calls come pouring in. The utility of tracts as a means of reaching a vast multitude of souls, otherwise out of our reach, cannot be questioned; but as they are mostly *given away*, the fund to supply them is always a sinking fund. The supply cannot be kept up with sales. To meet this difficulty, in August, 1887, we opened a fund to supply needy Christian workers, especially missionaries in foreign lands, with spiritual literature free of cost. By means of this fund we have been enabled to send out many thousands of books and tracts to consecrated workers in the following named countries: Jamaica, Trinidad, Antigua, St. Vincent, Cayman Islands, Barbadoes, British Guiana, Dutch West Indies, Guatemala, India, Ceylon, East and South Africa, China, Japan, Egypt, Germany, and England. Also to scores of places in Canada and the United States. We rejoice to know that as a result of the distri-

bution of this literature a goodly number of souls have been saved, workers have been raised up, revivals have been started, and other agencies set on foot which promise to go on widening and deepening until time shall be no more. To our God, and to Him alone, be ascribed all the praise.

In October, 1901, the Rev. J. McDeKerr offered to sell us the subscription list of his paper, *The Interdenominational Holiness Beacon*. After careful consideration of the proposal we felt this was an open door, and that in this way we could reach hundreds of people with spiritual truth whom we could not possibly reach in person, and the offer was accepted. The title of the paper has been changed to THE LAMP OF LIFE, which we regard as more simple, and better in every way than the first one, which was too long. From testimonies received, we have abundant evidence that God has greatly blessed this messenger of light and love to many hungry hearts. May it become increasingly useful!

An Appeal

1. The need. Never were the fields so white unto harvest as now. And, let it never be forgotten, the measure of our ability is the measure of our responsibility.

Just think of it! "There are more than 800,000,000 in the darkness of heathenism. If a generation pass away in thirty-three years, then the heathens are dying at the rate of 66,000 a day. If the infants are left out, we still have over 30,000 perishing every twenty-four hours, or more than 1,000 every hour. If we have a missionary meeting that lasts a little over an hour and a half, 2,000 heathen persons, who were alive at its beginning, do not live till its close. One-half of these are women. Immense are the opportunities of work. Humanity wails for help. The Master's command is not obeyed."

Pastor G. Gordon McLeod, of Scotland, says: "The no-church is the largest on earth. It numbers three-fourths of the human race. It is marching on, a thousand million strong! Imagination fairly staggers under such a figure. Suppose this unspeakable army were to file before you at the rate of one a minute, it would be 5844 A.D. when the last man drew up, walking twelve hours a day; in a year ten millions would have passed you, leaving nine hundred and ninety millions yet to come.

You would have to stand on that spot 3,960 years to see the rear of this prodigious host! All these are now living, **and in a few years will be dead**, having never heard so much as that there was a Saviour."

Worker, beloved!

There are spots in his vineyard yet unfulfilled;
There are hearts aching, longing, yet untilled,
Waiting for thee.

2. What can be done? Among the various methods by which we can help these vast multitudes perhaps none will be found more effective than the plan of giving them plain *printed* Gospel truth.

One powerful argument in favor of sending literature to these missionaries is the encouraging fact that many of the people among whom they labor are *eager* for soul-saving truth, and will gladly read what the missionary may put in their hands. But alas! many of these consecrated workers are laboring under the painful difficulty of having but little, if any, to give them. There is a famine of the Word of God. In this country the great majority of people care but little for deeply spiritual food, whether spoken or printed. With these facts before us, should we not spend our means in sending the truth where multiplied thousands with uplifted hands and tearful eyes are crying for the

bread of life? Is it enough simply to use our money where it will do good? Should we not rather use it *where it will do the most good?*

Dr. Ewing, of Saharumpore, India, states that out of their thirty-three theological students twelve were first awakened by reading tracts.

Beloved, this is beyond all others the best investment you can make. You may put your money in banks, or in property, and lose every cent you own. Treasures laid up on earth are never safe. But if you give of your means to win souls to Christ you will be laying up treasures that will endure forever, and give eternal interest. Spiritual literature, placed in the hands of earnest workers, will reach thousands of others, to whom it will be an untold blessing. No mortal can estimate the vast amount of good which can thus be accomplished. If by circulating such truths we can wake up some drowsy ones to see the "perilous times" in which we are living, ere it be too late, and thus stir them up to seek after God and to cling to "the old paths"; if we can win precious souls in far-off lands by means of the printed page, will it not be worth doing? Can we possibly put our means to a better use? "*Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.*" Luke 12: 33.

'Mid the losses and the gains ;
 'Mid the pleasures and the pains ;
 'Mid the hopings and the fears,
 And the restlessness of years,
 We repeat this passage o'er—
 We believe it more and more—
 Bread upon the waters cast
 Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
 Will keep slipping through our hands ;
 Jewels, gleaming like a spark,
 Will be hidden in the dark ;
 Sun and moon and stars will pale,
 But these words will never fail :
 Bread upon the waters cast
 Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
 Will our earthly treasure be ;
 But the loving word and deed
 To a soul in bitterest need,
 They will unforgotten be,
 They will live eternally—
 Bread upon the waters cast
 Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
 Soon our mortal powers decay,
 Low and lower sinks the sun,
 What we do must soon be done :
 Then what rapture if we hear
 Thousand voices ringing clear—
 Bread upon the waters cast
 Shall be gathered at the last.

Beloved, if you desire to save souls, glorify
 God, and lay up treasure in heaven, then take
 these things to heart. Time is short, and
 eternity is rushing on. Let there be no delay.

By the agony and bloody sweat of God's dear Son; by the streaming blood from His pierced side; by the awfulness of an endless hell; by the vastness of an approaching eternity; and by the priceless value of immortal souls, O join with us in a determined effort to spread salvation truth all over the world.

Will you help? WILL YOU? WILL YOU?

May the words of the following hymn come home to each of our hearts:

“Hark the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
Here am I, send me, send me?”

If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to Heaven
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands:
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands. Amen.”

The Lamp of Life

*An Undenominational Monthly Paper,
bright, clean and aggressive*



1. ITS LEADING FEATURE is the deepening of the Spiritual life among all true believers. It maintains, however, that true holiness, like regeneration, will be shown by its fruits, and that

all who possess this grace will be separate from all forms of evil both in and out of the church. The LAMP OF LIFE is a sin hater. This makes it a sin fighter. It opposes specific sins and all sin wherever found. Holiness of the old-fashioned type is greatly needed in these days of sham battles and lax morality. Scriptural holiness makes its possessor tremendously aggressive.

2. THE LAMP OF LIFE heartily believes in THE NEAR COMING OF CHRIST to this earth to establish His long-promised reign of righteousness, and is fully persuaded that this blessed truth, when clearly understood and

properly presented, becomes a mighty force in awakening sinners, and stirring up the people of God to holy living and burning zeal for the salvation of the lost. Be it known, however, that we regard any attempt to fix the date of our Lord's return as wholly unwarranted, nor do we endorse the doctrines known as the unconscious sleep of the dead, second probation, and kindred errors, which we believe to be divisive of the churches, injurious to Spiritual life and dishonoring to the Word of God.

3. This paper teaches that as a natural consequence of a genuine experience of full salvation, and a belief in the pre-millennial coming of Christ, there will be earnest and aggressive efforts made to *carry the Gospel to every nation under heaven*. Stirring incidents and fresh information from the mission field will be given from time to time, all calculated to awaken a greater interest throughout Christendom in the great commission which Christ has bequeathed to His church.

4. THE LAMP OF LIFE is a firm believer in divine healing. Its platform is Christ for the body, and the body for Christ. Striking instances of deliverance from disease in answer to the prayer of faith are given from time to time. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and

to-day, and for ever." We believe in a complete salvation for spirit, soul, and body.

5. In nearly every number there is a column or so devoted to ILLUMINATED TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE. These are not dry theological essays, but selected portions of the Word made plain and forcible by some striking illustration, incident, or brief explanation from some eminent writer. It also contains some brief notes on Bible study, and various hints to Christian workers, thus making each issue a repository of valuable information and rich soul food. In short, it is JUST THE PAPER FOR A HUNGRY CHRISTIAN. We want to enlist YOUR hearty co-operation in its circulation.

BELOVED, the call of God is upon us. We are not only commissioned to preach His Word, but also to use printer's ink, and thus to send into thousands of homes where we never can go in person, the printed truth of this great salvation. We look upon this paper as a sacred trust which has been committed to us for the purpose of spreading the news of God's abounding grace all over this land, and for the promotion of deep and solid piety. Our position, therefore, is a responsible one, and it is our most fervent desire that God may give us all the grace, zeal and wisdom we need for the proper discharge of our

solemn obligations. Before God we confess to an increasing desire to make the LAMP OF LIFE more noted for its deep spirituality, and helpfulness to saintly living than anything else in the world. A burden rests upon us for this work, a burden which makes us weep and groan, and fall on our face before God, and cry unto Him that this humble sheet may be the means of saving multitudes of souls, and provoking thousands of Christians to be flames of fire. Amen, and Amen.

There are hundreds of needy consecrated workers who would be glad to receive this paper to help them personally and to scatter here and there where they know it would do much good. There are also thousands of homes where dwell hungry hearts crying for solid, soul-saving food, and to whom this messenger of light and love would be an untold blessing. We confess to a great desire to reach these people, and we are persuaded that with the hearty co-operation of all our readers this can be done. Above all, we invite every reader of the LAMP OF LIFE to join with us in earnest importunate prayer that God Himself may open the way for us to get the paper into the hands of thousands of these hungry ones to whom it would be a great and lasting blessing.

Dear reader, when you are in the audience chamber of the Deity, when the divine sceptre is held out to you, please bring this paper and its editor before God, and beg of Him with all the zeal and faith you can command, that He would fulfil our largest desires, yea, that He would "do exceeding abundantly, above all we can ask or think," *and all for the glory of His great name.*

CATALOGUE
OF BOOKS

FOR

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