Pioneers of the Gospel in North America: From Letters of Interest, 1945–1948

Multiple Authors

From Letters of Interest (Chicago), 1945–1948: W. G. McCartney, editor; the “Pioneering and Biography” section edited by W. R. Simpson. Letters of Interest later became Interest magazine.

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Donald Munro

Donald Munro was born in 1839 near the town of Wick, in the far north of Scotland. His parents were pious, God-fearing Highland people, who believed that conversion was a necessity, the new birth a work of the Spirit in the soul and the Gospel the means used to effect it.

He was brought to Christ as a youth of nineteen, about the beginning of the years of the great revival which spread throughout Scotland during the last half of the nineteenth century, and giving birth to what had hitherto been all but unknown in the religious life of Scotland, namely, recognition of those who at that time were named "laymen," in the preaching of the Gospel.

Shortly after his conversion, Mr. Munro became a member of the Congregational Church, which was possibly the most evangelical at that time. With this denomination he remained in nominal membership until, enlightened by the Word of the Lord, he came out from all sects and sectarian associations to assemble with fellow-believers, as such, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ alone, according to Matthew 18:20.

At that time there was in existence a group of earnest evangelists known as the North East Coast Mission, whose sole object was to carry the gospel to the seafaring communities in the villages along the northeast coast of Scotland. Donald Ross was superintendent and secretary of the Mission and he and his band of godly men of true evangelistic spirit were greatly blessed of God. Many were brought to Christ through their labors. Among this band of earnest

workers was a godly man, named James Dewar, with whom Donald Munro was brought into contact shortly after his conversion. Dewar's prayerful spirit and godly life exercised an abiding influence for good upon the young believer. The secret of his success was evidently not because of any brilliancy of gifts or ability in argument, but by his close acquaintance with God and his continual recourse to the throne of grace. It was at his encouragement Mr. Munro first spoke a word of public testimony.

Some seven years after his conversion, at the suggestion of Mr. Donald Ross, Mr. Munro became associated with the North East Coast Mission and was a sharer in the remarkable scenes of awakening in some of the coast villages. At Footdee the power of God was so manifest that for many weeks no fishing boats went to sea. Meetings were continued day and night. Into this work Mr. Munro threw his whole energy. His message was remarkable, chiefly in its awakening power. Whole congregations were often made to tremble under the power of the Word, as sin, death, judgment, eternity were brought home to the conscience, and the empty religious professor stripped of his fair raiment by the truth of God. His exposure of sham-religion, profession without life, church officialism—apart from being born again—were terrific, and such as no empty professor could long endure. To the convicted and seeking soul he had the tender heart and the skilled hand of a true soul winner and was used in leading many into the peace and liberty of God's salvation. There was great opposition to this work from the clergy who were roused by the plain preaching that ministers and church members needed God's salvation as well as out-and-out ungodly sinners.

In 1870 Mr. Ross severed his connection with the North East Coast Mission and formed the "Northern Evangelistic Society" the object of which was to carry the gospel to the inland parishes and villages, and to carry on the work on more Scriptural lines than heretofore. Mr. Munro was one of the first evangelists to join Mr. Ross in this new movement. It was altogether a new thing in these times for men to go forth preaching the Word, without any visible means of support, taking no collections, making no appeals for money and receiving no stated salaries.

Mr. Munro, although somewhat exercised about his path, was not at this time separated fully from the world's religious systems, nor had he seen the truths of believer's baptism and gatherings in the Lord's Name. At this stage, he was satisfied to see the people saved, and left to others the work of helping them on in their spiritual life. The Lord richly blessed his preaching, however, to the awakening and conversion of many in the inland villages and among the mining villages in the west of Scotland. Writing of the work in these parts at this time, he says, "The gracious presence of God is becoming more and more felt by His people, and the spirit of prayer increases among them. Almost daily, we are hearing of some entering the kingdom. On Saturday night we had a meeting for prayer, and God was with us. We not only had liberty in prayer, but we could rest assured of blessing. Yes, we praised the Lord for what He was to do, for already we saw it by faith." In these glowing words, we discern the secret springs of that mighty work of God's grace.

In the fall of 1871, Mr. Munro took a voyage to Canada. In Parkhill, Ontario, where his two brothers lived, he

rented a hall and began to preach the Word. Many church members attended and were saved, some of them his own relatives.

While Mr. Munro was in Canada, stirring times were being experienced in the homeland. The work in the north of Scotland continued to spread and there was exercise among some about baptism and separation to His Name. Mr. Ross was baptized and many others followed, finally gathering together in His Name alone. Then what they saw from the Word of God, they passed on to others and other similar companies sprang up all over the north of Scotland and England. Mr. Munro was exercised about these truths at the same time and when he returned from Canada, he was baptized by Mr. Ross in Aberdeen. The following year he returned to Canada and later was joined by others, John Smith, James Campbell, John Carnie and later Alex Marshall. In 1874, he met Mr. John Ironside, then a bank clerk in Berlin, Ontario, who was greatly helped in spiritual life by sharing some Bible readings, conducted by Mr. Munro on "The Epistle to the Galatians." He was led into soul liberty and out from denominationalism to own Christ as Lord in assembly and in personal life. Shortly after, removing to the city of Toronto, he became the first link toward bringing Mr. Munro to that city, in which for the last 22 years of his life he had his home and where he labored much. In Hamilton, Ont., Mr. Munro, and Mr. Smith had gospel meetings where many were saved, among them several young men who themselves became active in spreading the gospel, among them T. D. W. Muir and W. L. Faulknor.

Mr. Munro continued active in tent work and Bible readings in Canada and the United States until the end

of his life, in 1907. One of the last remarks he made, in the light of that eternity which he was so soon to enter, and upon which his eyes were set, was, "We have not been distinct enough in our preaching of the truth of separation from the religious world. Now others are arising who would seek to drag the saints back to its bondage."

Few had given so full and clear a testimony in preaching and in practice, as he had done, on all this line of things, yet as he lay in view of soon entering the presence of the Lord, his conviction was that even more definite instruction from the Word is needed if God's people are to be kept apart from the ever-increasing corruption and apostasy of the world's religion as it exists around them. May we, who are left to watch and work and war, be kept cleaving to the Lord, "holding fast the faithful Word," and ever "holding forth the Word of Life" to those in whose midst we are for a season left as the Lord's representatives and witnesses.

James Campbell

James Campbell was one of a band of men raised up by God from a lowly life to do a special and definite work for Him, at a time when He was hastening His work, giving fresh light on His Word and leading His people on in a path and by a way which they had not known. For this work they were educated in God's own school and had to learn and "buy the truth" they were to teach to others at some cost, amid many adversaries. This gave it power and value to their own souls, as the very Word of the Eternal, and enabled them to speak it with authority as the "oracles of God," against which there is no appeal. Vital godliness of life, rather than brilliancy of gift, characterized this servant of Christ, with an intense devotion to the work to which the Lord had called him; a faithful and fearless testimony of the truth; an utter disregard of earthly things, a hatred of human praise, never exalting himself or advertising his work, but going steadily on, his one object to please God and fulfill the ministry committed to his trust.

He was born in Scotland in the year 1841, and while, as a young man became a member of the Presbyterian Church, yet, as he afterwards said, "It was a religion without Christ." When he was 26 years old he was made to think seriously by a question, "Are you saved?" put to him by a Christian, and the following year found peace and joy in the finished work of Christ. Two years after his conversion he came under the sound of the ministry of Donald Ross, who had come to preach in the chapel of which Arthur Augustus Rees was the pastor, and where

a large congregation of believers gathered without any distinctive name.

Mr. Campbell acknowledged to the last how much, under God, he was indebted to his "beloved brother, Donald Ross," who was at that time the honoured instrument in leading him into the full light and liberty of the Gospel, and in giving him such a grip of the truth of his place and portion in Christ as revealed in the Word, as set him firmly on his feet and gave him such a longing desire to see others saved, that he never lost the savour of it. He persuaded Mr. Ross to come to his own home town, Jarrow, and out of his own pocket rented an old disused theater for meetings. From the first, there was power with the Word spoken and many were brought to Christ. Helpers were raised up to feed the lambs and lead on in the truth, those who had been converted. At this time a godly and earnest young ship carpenter, belonging to Aberdeen, who had been led out in the work as an evangelist, came along to help in the meetings, James W. Smith, between whom and James Campbell the first links of a fellowship were then formed, which developed into the closer bond of "fellow-laborers in the Gospel," and continued for many years. James Campbell found plenty of happy work in seeking to help and encourage the young believers. He bought large quantities of tracts, divided the town into districts, and set them all to work. Bible Readings were held, and many profitable and happy seasons were spent over the Word of God and in prayer, while all were encouraged to testify for Christ in the open air, and personally to companions and fellow-workers in the shipyards.

The Lord has His own ways of separating His servants for the work to which He has appointed them and not

two are perhaps wholly alike. It came to James Campbell in the following way: Previous to his conversion and for some time after he was an active member of the Trades' Union and connected with Cooperative and other Friendly Societies. When the Word of the Lord came to him in power—'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," he at once severed his connection with all these and cast himself on the Lord for guidance as to his future path. The workers in the shipyard, realizing it was a matter of conscience with him, offered, in consequence of his former services to the cause, to make him an "honorary" member, freeing him from fees, attendance at Society meetings, and such like, if he would allow his name to remain on their list of membership. But the Word of the Lord had got too firm a grip on him for that. He would have "no fellowship," and the result was that immediately on his withdrawal from the "Society," the workers threatened to strike. Rather than be the cause of trouble, he quietly withdrew from the yard and went forth committing his way unto the Lord, assured that He would not suffer him to lack any good thing. In his last visit to Jarrow, he referred to this crisis as an encouragement to fellowbelievers to trust the Lord and keep His way, remarking, "He will never be any man's debtor. If we make it our first business to live for God, He will see that we are cared for and lack no good thing."

A remarkable trait of the grace of God in his character was his unselfishness. So fully did his heart respond to the grace of God, Who gave "His only begotten Son" for him, that he deemed it the greatest privilege to give all that he had to the Lord and His people. At the time of his conversion he was possessed of considerable means

and some property, but it was all joyfully and cheerfully turned into the "currency of heaven," and used for God. He had some right, therefore, to speak, as he often did, of the sin of Christians hoarding earthly treasure, and seeking after earthly gain. In him it was an inwrought conviction and he practised it all along his Christian life, to hold himself with ALL that he had for God. What he received from the Lord through His people he passed on to others, accounting Himself a steward rather than an owner of that which was given to him. In common with all true men, his faith was sometimes tried, and he was allowed to "run low," even to be in want, but no one ever heard of it, except God, until long after the trial was over and then it was told to magnify the faithfulness of God who tries but never fails His trusting saints. The path to which the Lord was calling him was one in which faith alone could sustain him, and this first lesson of yielding up all to God was part of the necessary preparation for it.

He decided to take the gospel to relatives in Canada in 1872 and saw blessing among them, going from there to St. Louis, Mo. and St. Charles, Minn., where many sinners were saved, and assemblies formed. One of the fruits of his labors in Minnesota was John Boal, a Presbyterian elder. No sooner had he tasted of the sweetness of saving grace, than he longed for his friends and kindred to share the same blessing. He had relatives living in the North of Ireland, near Belfast, and he persuaded Mr. Campbell to go with him and visit them there, which he did, and was joined by James W. Smith who, in the good will of God, was to be yoked in the fellowship of the gospel with him for many days to come. Things spiritually were in a generally low condition

when "Campbell and Smith," as they were familiarly named—arrived in the North of Ireland. However, these two servants of Christ, glowing with love for souls, were not long there until the Lord came in with blessing, and many souls were saved, both in the country districts and in the city of Belfast. Assemblies were formed and the young believers taught all the truths of God. The two laborers used their days as well as their evenings for God, visiting from house to house with the gospel and writing letters to young converts, exhorting them to "cleave unto the Lord." In 1876, James Campbell accompanied by James Smith, sailed for Quebec, Canada, and after a few weeks' work in Ontario, went on to the state of Minnesota, expecting to pioneer in that vast country for the winter, but Mr. Smith took ill, and returned to Ireland, where he lived only a few months. Mr. Campbell crossed from America to be with him as he passed away into the presence of the King. The next spring Mr. Campbell was joined by Wm. Matthews, who had for several years been diligent in gospel labours while prosecuting his earthly calling in the North of Ireland. The Lord now raised up and gave this young brother as a fellow-laborer to His servant. They began work in county Tyrone and so marvellously and mightily did the Lord work in and around that place that they continued there for over two years. There were difficulties, trials of faith and plenty of opposition, but the power of God came in and a great many were saved, taught the ways of the Lord, gathered as assemblies unto His Name and so continued.

Toward the close of 1883, Mr. Campbell had a strong desire to visit his children in the faith on the other side of the Atlantic and to preach Christ in some parts of that

great and needy field, in which several fellow-labourers of former years were toiling in the Lord. His old friend, Donald Ross, was pioneering in Chicago, Donald Munro and John Smith in Canada and several younger labourers had been raised up to carry the gospel to regions beyond. Many assemblies had been gathered in the intervening years since 1873 and Campbell and Matthews arrived in time for the Fourth Chicago Convention, which was the largest that up to that time had been held. The Lord gave searching and helpful ministry, the leading theme of which was the reality of conversion, which is the work of the Spirit of God, deep in the soul, in contrast to the superficial profession which everywhere abounds. In this ministry Mr. Campbell took a leading part; indeed it was a line of things to which the Lord had specially called him, and which he kept well to the front all along the course of his ministry. Lifeless professors who had been regarded as Christians for long, lost their conversion, and some of them, after sore distress, were brought as confessedly lost sinners to Christ. Not to a verse or a doctrine, less still to a "decision" or a "stand for Christ" as sham conversions are often described, but to the Son of God Himself, to whom the Spirit of God ever guides the conscious and confessedly guilty sinner. After laboring for a time in Chicago, Campbell and Matthews went to the Hamilton Conference and soon were breaking up new ground in Greenville and Sparta, Ill., and later still in St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia, Pa., New York, Boston and other large centers. After preaching the gospel and gathering precious fruit to God, the two evangelists taught the believers the truth of gathering in the Lord's Name and in many places assemblies were formed.

A notable feature in both fields of labour, North of Ireland and the United States is the number of young men who gave themselves wholly to the work of spreading the Gospel. No one recognized and owned more than James Campbell that the Lord alone can furnish and call a servant of His to "do the work of an evangelist," but while this is so, there is a human side to it as well. When he perceived the grace of God, with a heart for souls in any young preacher, whose life and ways were "well reported of by the brethren," he took him by the hand and encouraged him, telling of the faithfulness of God in his own experience, and counselling him as a father in Christ, which he truly was to many.

In the early part of 1890, as the result of continued labors in the Gospel for 18 years, Mr. Campbell's health broke down and the doctors recommended a long sea voyage with complete rest as the only hope of recovery. With Dr. W. J. Matthews he sailed for the Australian colonies and rested for some time, afterward labouring as he was able, until 1897, when he returned to his former fields of labor in England, Scotland and the northern part of Ireland. The next year he again sailed for America, rejoining his former fellow-labourer, W. Matthews, and for over 18 months was able to visit many of his former fields of service and break up some new ground as well. We find him on the Pacific coast, in Saline and Los Angeles, California. His health was gradually failing and on November 24, 1903, at the home of W. Matthews in Sommerville, Mass., he had a slight stroke of apoplexy, followed by a second, two weeks later, and a third on February 17, quietly passing

into the presence of the blessed Lord, whom he had loved and served for over 33 years.

Ed. Note: It has been impossible to publish a picture of brother Campbell as he would never permit photographs to be taken of himself.

Well Done — by A. J. Cotton

The commendation given to the servants in connection with the parable of the talents was "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The one servant who had gained but two talents received exactly the same commendation as the one who had gained the five. The word to both was "Well done."

The testimony of the people in the coasts of Decapolis concerning Christ was "He hath done all things well." We naturally think of the Lord Jesus as the very embodiment of thoroughness, as one who did everything well, and the one who carried out to the very letter the injunction given in Ecclesiastes "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

In contrast to this is the statement in Jeremiah 48:10 "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently" (marginal reading).

We gather from these and other scriptures that God is not so much concerned about the amount of work we undertake as He is about how well we do whatever work He has entrusted to us. A little work well done is better than a lot of work half done. When Apollos is first brought before us he did not know the way of the Lord perfectly, but the scriptures say concerning him: "He was mighty in the scriptures, fervent in the spirit, and spake and taught the things of the Lord diligently." What he did know of the things of the Lord he taught diligently. What he did he did well.

God has given diversities of gifts to His servants, and we read, there are diversities of administrations (or

ministries) and diversities of operation. We are not all fitted for the same work just as all members of our bodies are not fitted for the same purpose.

At a recent conference some of the Lord's servants were telling of the work or service in which they were engaged. Some were seeking to minister to the Lord's people for their edification and profit, some were engaged primarily in conducting gospel meetings, some were spending most of their time presenting the gospel to service men who would soon be facing death on the battlefields, some were visiting army camps and distributing gospel tracts to the men in training, some were visiting wounded and sick soldiers in hospitals, some were engaged in children's work, some felt exercised about visiting small assemblies in out of the way places, while others were engaged in some special service of one kind or another.

We believe this is as it should be for there is no profit in aimless drifting about in the service of the Lord. The important thing for the servant of the Lord to determine is 'For what has God fitted me? What would He have me to do?' Then when he feels he has the mind of God regarding his particular service, he should seek to do it with all his might—do it well. This applies not only to those devoting their full time to the Lord's work but also to local brethren who are entrusted with positions of responsibility in the assemblies. The Lord's servants and these local brethren in positions of trust should necessarily be God-fearing men and men of integrity, but the work of the Lord calls for more than this—it calls for dependable men who will handle the work which falls to their hands conscientiously, diligently, promptly, and to the very best of their ability. Negligence is not tolerated

in business and we should not be guilty of it in the Lord's work.

In closing again we repeat—it is not how many talents we gained, it is not how much we undertook, but it is the doing of our work well that will bring forth the commendation "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

A Dearth in the Land — by Leonard Sheldrake

Ed. Note—We have selected the following article from the writings of brother Leonard Sheldrake as one that is more timely than ever. We trust it will stir up the Lord's people and cause a return in heart and ways to God.

> "*If there be a dearth in the land*." *II Chron. 6:28.*
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> "*If they return to Thee with all their heart*." *II Chron. 6:38.*
>
> "*Then hear Thou from heaven, even from Thy dwelling place, their prayer and their supplications . . . and forgive Thy people which have sinned against Thee*." *II Chron. 6:39.*

Taking a general survey of the assemblies of the saints one cannot help but feel that spiritual power is at a very low ebb amongst us. How few conversions from all the preaching of the gospel for years past. Some of us seem to feel as if it is all we might expect these days, after a barren siege of meetings for weeks together. Few of the saints are very much exercised over the fruitless tent meetings all over the country. It is to be feared that sometimes we make much of cases of interest that amount to nothing to cover our poverty and shame. The same is true of special meetings, and regular meetings in the various Gospel Halls. It is about time we aroused ourselves to the solemn fact that there is almost dearth and deadness reigning among us.

Then if we take a look at the stretches of territory with millions of people, in cities, towns, and villages, that has

never been touched with the feet of our Evangelist; and think of the little circle of meetings around which there is so much super-abundance of preaching, surely there is a dearth in the land of that evangelistic spirit that has fired the hearts of our brethren of other times, to impel them to lay their all upon the altar, that the gospel might be preached to the lost. The bleak stretches of unevangelized territory tells its own story of "dearth in the land."

Look in our families, how very few of our children are saved, or have any interest in the things of God. Most of the children of God's people are on the broad road that leads to "destruction." How few are greatly burdened over the thousands of fair Absalom's and Orpahs, who would be left for the delusion of the Anti-Christ and the "Lake of Fire" forever, if the Lord were to come tonight! Alas, our heartless indifference tells us with solemn accents there is "dearth in the land."

Then if we consider that along with this decay of evangelistic and missionary interest, there is a steadily growing tendency to copy the world in all its luxuries; and to follow the lead of the children of the devil in grasping after as much of the present world as can be secured by "hook or by crook," till the thoughts by day, and the dreams by night, are full of an insatiable covetousness for those very things that cause sinners to be "drowned in destruction and perdition," what a sight for a holy God to look down upon of dearth and corruption! Children of God drinking of the cup of pleasure, and covetousness, till they are as completely intoxicated as the poor worldling who knows nothing of the "grace of God that bringeth salvation." What a

blighting of the testimony! What an apostasy from love and devotedness to Christ!

One great reason why we possess so little of that spiritual riches that is "our own" is because we have not been faithful in that which is "another man's." My very life is a stewardship, my body and my time, as well as my goods, belong to the Lord. "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." When the Lord's money is used to deck that body that is "a temple of the Holy Ghost," and purchased by the precious blood of Christ, with the latest fashions of the world; and the immodest clothing, invented by the devil, to fill the world with immoral corruption, is seen upon the redeemed bodies of the people of God, what could follow but a cursing of our blessings? Instead of there being a marked testimony against the folly and wickedness of this day in the lives of God's saints; what a pathetic sight to see professed citizens of heaven following the same practice that are ripening the world for the overflowing judgment of God? Satan is busy creating in society lawlessness in every matter on which God has spoken. If God says, "If a woman have long hair it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering" then Satan must show his enmity to the Word of God by inventing shorn heads among women. If God says, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, for all that do such are an abomination unto the Lord thy God." Then Satan must begin to introduce this into society to blot out every trace of subjection to God. When the guiding genius of the "fashion of this world" is "the prince of the power of the air," and the deep wicked purpose is to blot out every trace of subjection to God from society, what a

disgrace when the saints of God dishonor their Lord by following "their pernicious ways!" These things have helped to bring "dearth in the land."

The one day in the week that is said to be the Lord's day is often used as a day of pleasure-riding instead of being given to Him. How often instead of serving the Lord on this day, the saints are found visiting their friends in the country or making some other excuse for wasting their time on the road that should be spent in the presence of God, reading His word and in intercessory prayer for a lost world, so soon to be swept with the desolating judgments of God. When God is robbed of those hours of rest on His day, what results could be expected but dearth in the soul?

It seems a settled maxim that every Christian may spend on luxury or real estate all the money he possesses. No one seems to think it is wrong to "lay up treasures on the earth" now. When we think of some of the comparatively unenlightened Moravian Christians of many years ago selling themselves into slavery to provide funds to send the gospel to the heathen, what a rebuke to our unexercised luxurious living! "If you have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who will give you that which is your own?" Is there any wonder then that there is a dearth of the "true riches" when we used for lust, the goods of the Lord, entrusted as a stewardship in our hands? With God's house lying waste and Christians running every man to his own house, what wonder that there is dearth in the land.

The remedy suggested is a return to the Lord with all the heart, that He might hear from Heaven, His dwelling place, the confession of our guilt, and forgive His people

who have sinned against Him. It is a time for deep exercise of soul. May the Lord impress our hearts with the desolation of Jerusalem, till we become true intercessors for His people. May there be in the earth a people prepared for the Lord, separated from the ungodliness of this lawless day, serving Him with reverence and godly fear, waiting for the Lord from Heaven. He is coming quickly, may our hearts yearn for Him. "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

L. S.

John Knox McEwen — by J. T. Dickson

When the news reached us on this side the Atlantic, that Mr. John Knox McEwen had been called home to Heaven on Nov. 15, 1944 from his home in Exeter, England, in his 92nd year, there was many a silent tear dropped as memory so swiftly brought to a number of the Lord's people the man and his message, which was used of God in their salvation.

Others were moved as they remembered the wholesome ministry from the Lord's servant that established them in the faith in the days of their spiritual youth. Unsaved men and women have been reminded also, not only of the heart-searching preaching of Mr. McEwen, but of the faithful words of warning in personal conversation. Truly a bright and shining light has been removed.

Mr. McEwen was born in Dromore, Co. Down, N. Ireland. His father was a very devout covenanter and more than one of his sons bore the name of some distinguished leader. But he little thought when giving this infant the name "John Knox" that throughout a long life, he would bear many marks of the mighty Scottish reformer, and, with the same fearless manner and passion for souls, would preach the gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit, leading many to the Savior, as did his renowned predecessor.

Mr. McEwen grew up under religious discipline, but was still a stranger to God. He was very musical and used this talent in the world. He delighted in leading the Orange procession on the twelfth of July, playing his fife. However, there was a visitation of God in Belfast and surrounding communities in 1873-1875. Brethren Smith

and Campbell were being mightily used in the awakening and salvation of souls. One day the light of the gospel shone into the heart of John Knox and he intended telling Mr. Smith about it after the meeting, but as he entered the packed hall Mr. Smith was on the platform and called out, "Are you saved yet John?" "Yes, I am," was the reply. "Come up here and tell us about it," and although trembling, the young convert told the people how God saved him.

His mouth was opened for the Lord at the beginning and there was a clean cut from the world, with devotion to Christ that marked his life ever after. An aged brother once told me of being at a large open air meeting in Lisburn, and young J. K. McEwen stepped out and said, "Friends, three weeks ago God saved my soul from Hell," and added, he preached with remarkable eloquence and held the people spell bound. With many others, brother McEwen was baptized by Mr. Smith in the river, while a multitude of people gathered to witness what seemed a strange sight. He was received into the assembly and continued until the end in the truth he learned.

Our brother had a tailor business in Belfast, but he was aglow for God. He carried banners with Scripture texts, an umbrella covered with scriptures, and at times scriptures around his hat. In trolleys, trains and in crowded places Mr. McEwen appeared, warning men and entreating them to flee to God's great provision for sin. In 1878 he went forth to preach the Gospel and became a true pioneer. Going to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, he saw the Lord working with him. He had a great desire to carry the gospel to U.S.A. and Canada, and to use his own words, "On the 31st May,

1879, I left my native land not very strong in body, and with little money in my pocket, landed in New York."

His eldest brother Wm. R. McEwen (father of Sam and Hugh McEwen) lived in New York and he stayed with him. He hired a store and 60 chairs, and began meetings in the metropolis. Two young men attended, and he often referred to them and their open beaming faces while he ministered the word. These men were A. Virtue and W. P. Douglas.

Afterwards, he visited a number of little assemblies, preaching the gospel and seeking to stablish the saints. He had some remarkable experiences. His messages often cut to the heart, and at times raised a storm of opposition. Never seeking to please men, he ever hewed to the line, a workman all by himself, and God used him.

The next year Mr. McEwen worked a tent in Bay City and from there visited Boston and Philadelphia. Becoming much exercised about the Maritimes in Eastern Canada he left Hamilton, Ontario, for the long journey, arriving one morning in Amherst, Nova Scotia, a stranger to all but God. The place was covered with deep snow and his own words—"I had my breakfast in my pocket. At that hour few people were about and I had a great desire to pray. I spied an old stable near the station. The entrance to my first sanctum in N. S. was very low, and getting down on all fours on the snow which was frozen hard as a rock, I cried to God to make my coming to Nova Scotia a blessing to many."

The prayer from that lowly stable went up to Heaven and was truly answered. After that cold winter morning, Nova Scotia always lay near to his heart. He found a young Irishman, Samuel Wallace, working for a farmer,

distributing tracts and preaching in school rooms, and a few had been born again. Mr. McEwen was welcomed by brother Wallace and the converts, and soon others were added to their number. He encountered much opposition, but in halls, school rooms, and open air he preached the word, and during the day from house to house, teaching and preaching. Thus a rich harvest of souls was reaped for Christ. He baptized a number and planted the first assembly in Nova Scotia at Port Howe in 1885.

Many interesting events proved the Hand of God was manifestly with His servant. One winter day a crowd had gathered in the blacksmith's forge, where current events were fully discussed, but Mr. McEwen had now become the most interesting topic. All kinds of things were said about him, one being he was telling everybody they were going to Hell. One big farmer, J-M-, was present who had never met the preacher, and his wrath was kindled. He clenched his fist and said "If I ever meet McEwen and he tells me I'm going to Hell, I'll fell him like an ox." Just then someone said, "There is McEwen coming up the road" and the boaster started off to meet him, intending to fulfill his promise. He said to Mr. McEwen, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning," was the reply, and added, "Where do you live?" "In M— P—." "Could you get me a place to preach the gospel there?" "Yes, you can have the school." "All right, announce a meeting for me next night." "Thank you," and they parted.

Back to the disappointed crowd at the forge who watched to see the preacher knocked down, "Why," he said, "that is a fine man and I am going to announce a

meeting for him," and among the first saved in the meetings was J--M--. Thus the devil was defeated again.

Mr. McEwen toiled on, and other assemblies were planted and fellow laborers raised up. He had a piercing eye, a voice as distinct as a silver trumpet, and a wonderful gift for singing. When he had a horse and buggy he could be heard afar on the quiet summer nights, coming through the long stretch of woods singing the old time gospel hymns. The Christians were, and still are called McEwenites. Brother McEwen went back to England, but he made many visits to U.S.A. and Canada and the saints in Nova Scotia had always a large place in his affections.

In 1922 he visited this side, and went to Nova Scotia conference with Mr. Thorpe and myself who were driving by car. Almost every little Canadian town we passed through, he would say, "Stop here," and getting out he would go to a number of men standing at the corner, and ask, "How many people might there be in this town?" "500 sir," and, "How many of them are going to Heaven?" "Not many, sir." "Not many," he would say, "and this is just what the Bible says—'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way. . . and few there be that find it.'" A crowd generally gathered and he appealed to them to make sure of Heaven. But coming near his old fields of labor, he pointed out buildings where he held forth the Word of Life, and as he put it, "saw the fury of the devil as well as the power of God." Meeting a man on a load of lumber, he said to me, "Stop." Looking up at the man he said, "Are there any McEwenites in this country?" "Yes indeed," was the reply, "quite a lot of them." When we arrived at Pugwash Junction he was just at home. His ministry was Christ-exalting and very practical. On the

Lord's day morning, J. M., now old and feeble, came in and took his seat beside Mr. McEwen at the Lord's table.

Although advanced in years when the war began our brother took a deep interest in work among the troops, and he contacted many young men from U.S.A. and Canada bringing Christ before them.

On November 15 the aged warrior of the Cross, full of days and worn out in the service of His Master entered the presence of the One he had loved and served faithfully and fearlessly for almost 70 years.

From all over the country Christians gathered to pay their last respects at the funeral service. Two of his old friends ministered the words in the Cemetery Chapel and two at the grave. Then the precious remains of beloved brother McEwen were laid away until that fair morning. Mr. McEwen was the last of a band of young men all energetic in the Gospel together in the early 70's in Belfast. All became preachers who planted and builded up assemblies, Dr. Matthews, W. J. McClure, D. H. Oliver, Wm. Matthews, and J. Maharg.

Much sympathy is felt here for Mrs. McEwen and their two sons, the youngest in the Lord's work for years.

J. T. Dickson

T. C. Bush — by himself (Living Biography)

Editor's Note: As previously announced, LETTERS OF INTEREST plans to include among the articles of the Lord's pioneer servants in North America both those who have passed away and also those still living and active in the Lord's work. The subject of this article, our beloved brother Bush, is still active in the Lord's vineyard in the great state of Texas.

I was born in a Christian home of Christian parents, my father a Georgian, my mother a Kentuckian. We children grew up under strict religious training and early in life all four of us became members of the church. At 16 years of age, I left college and my Kentucky home to go to work at St. Louis. After four years there working in a railway office, health not being good, I left St. Louis and headed for the Pacific coast. Stopping at Denver, Colorado, with some friends and liking the climate, I secured a job and went to work. It was at Denver the whole course of my future life was most radically changed. Working as collector for a wholesale house, I was brought into direct contact with a line of things that hitherto I had been a rank stranger. The head bookkeeper of the concern was a most sincere and devout Christian and was the leader of a small group of young men like himself. Coming into direct contact with such made a lasting impression on me. James Erskine, a servant of the Lord, came out from Kansas to Denver because of his health, and had some meetings in a small room that was used in the daytime by a brother whose business was repairing shoes. It was in that room I was

saved. It was on May 5, 1890, as fresh now after 55 years as if it were only yesterday. So that was the "Red Letter" day in my own life.

After two years at Denver, I returned to St. Louis and was again in the railway service. The company sent me to Fort Scott, Kansas. The Lord was gracious, and we soon had the privilege along with secular work of witnessing for our Lord. A small company was gathered to His name.

In the summer of 1891, beloved brother C. J. Baker sent a gospel tent to Fort Scott and John Carnie and Robert Telfer, evangelists came to operate same. Then Dr. E. A. Martin came along to finish up some dental work there. Hitherto, he had been in the "Grant Fellowship" but readily threw in with us and greatly strengthened our hand. The Umstead family at Fort Scott, five Baptist brothers, were the first to be thus identified with us in this separated faith. Spending two years at Fort Scott, my mind was made up to go forth to serve the Lord as best I could and in any way. The field was large, plenty white, and the sky was the only limit. By the advice of brother C. J. Baker, who was a real spiritual father to me (he had baptized me at my first trip to a conference at Kansas City the Christmas of 1890), I came to Texas.

To use human expression, Texas then was "wild and woolly" and especially so to our line of things. Even the Salvation Army was unknown. My introduction to Waxahachie, which has been my home for over one-half century, was to speak at night on the Court House Square. It was dark; there were no street lights. Men struck matches to see a "lunatic" that had probably escaped from Rusk. C. I. Scofield had just come to Dallas

and was awakening a dormant religious world to prophetic truth.

1893 was also a "Red Letter" day for us in Texas. In October 1893, beloved Joseph Jamison came with his devoted wife and located at Houston. Any and all who know anything of our work in this state either knew him personally or else know now of the impress of his godly life and of the rich reward the Lord gave him for his indefatigable zeal in building up the testimony at Houston as well as in south Texas.

Early we began to hold conferences here in October of each year; first for some years at Waxahachie and then, as now, transferred to Houston. Mr. C. J. Baker came to the first conference here at Waxahachie, October, 1893. He brought James Erskine and A. N. O'Brien with him. The latter returned to Texas and was much used of the Lord, as were James White and Dr. E. A. Martin, the two men who locally belonged to Texas, I. R. Dean and his brother, J. T. Dean. Both of the latter mentioned men were prominent, clearcut, and most decided in gospel preaching as Baptists before separation to this path.

But time and space would fail us even to mention by name the honored list of the servants of the Lord who have come and gone in over 50 years. So I mention only three who, in my humble judgment, did us the most good in all this time: first, C. W. Ross, who came first in October, 1894, then many times thereafter; second, W. J. McClure, who came first in October, 1902 and many times thereafter; then third, T. D. W. Muir, who came a trifle later and often afterward.

In summer of 1903 we took a tent for first time to Houston. But the assembly had already been begun by

brother Jamison some years before in his home. In 1903 the tent was taken to Fort Worth as brother McClure returned to Texas for the tent work, and I went to Fort Worth with him. That was the start of the testimony in that city. About two years later, brother Donald Charles and I were at San Antonio with the tent, but the testimony had already been begun and meetings were held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. Brother J. T. Dean moved from Palestine to Dallas and began the testimony in that city.

For more than 30 years my own little work was in the open air, and in tents and most of the time off from the beaten path. In that time we used up six tents, so now after all these years there is still worlds of room even in this state with 266,000 square miles. Every one of these servants of the Lord have already crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees. So you younger men come on for there is plenty of room.

I feel constrained to add a word to the above that has to do chiefly with this state of Texas, so a brief word as to the work of our beloved brother C. Y. Davis who, though saved late in life, became a true pioneer, and of whom our brother W. J. McClure said that his conversion and subsequent life was the nearest to the apostolic of anything he had ever known. Brother Davis came from California to Texas in 1925. After spending a short time in Texas, he became very interested in the state of Louisiana. Spending more than 12 years in gospel tent work at Shreveport, Bastrop, and Monroe, cities in that state, he gave his all to the Lord's service, his time, his energy and his means, in a most unstinted way. Age and consequent increasing bodily infirmities now preclude

his physical activities, so he quietly rests and helps locally at Albuquerque, New Mexico, as he is able.

The Remembrance Feast — by James W. Kennedy

It is quite certain our Lord Jesus did not intend His own to be indifferent or careless in carrying out the ordinance He instituted the night in which He was betrayed by Judas, hence our desire to call attention to seven scriptural requisites as found in Psalm 26, which should through exercised hearts govern us in fulfilling the Lord's request "This do in remembrance of Me" (Luke 22:19).

In verse one is found the requisite of CONVERSION, about which the psalmist could say "I have trusted in the Lord" reminding us of conversion's day when as poor penitent sinners we accepted God's verdict of guilt concerning ourselves and were led by the Holy Spirit to put our trust in the person and work of Christ for salvation.

In verse two is found the requisite of EXAMINATION and this is twofold, first, prove me, as to position (II Cor. 13:5). Second, try me, as to condition (I Cor. 11:28). How essential this is because of our dual nature and the defiling scene through which we are passing, consequently this function requires constant exercise.

In verse three is found the requisite of DEVOTION. The words suggesting this thought are "I have habitually walked in Thy truth" (Newberry). Devotion to Christ is imperative to remembering Him and is not limited to the hour or hour and a half we spend at the table on Lord's Day, therefore the closer we walk with the Lord and are

devoted to Him during the week, the more will we enjoy Him at the feast of remembrance.

In verses four and five is found the requisite of SEPARATION, this also is twofold, in verse four, we have mentioned vain persons and dissemblers representing doctrinal evil and in verse five we have evil doers and the wicked named, representing moral evil, both of which hinder the Christian in his responsibility and deprive him of his privilege, so Paul's instruction to the saints at Corinth cannot be repeated too often "be ye separate" (II Cor. 6:17). How thankful we who are gathered to the Lord's name should be, that we are separated from the evils that are around us, and may we always by His grace be thus found.

In verse six is found the requisite of OCCUPATION, incorporated in the phrase "so will I compass thine altar, O Lord," which portrays for us a panoramic view of what Christ has done for us and as we contemplate the value and worth of His work from the glory to the cross and from the cross to the glory, occupation on His blessed person will necessarily follow,—especially that phase of it bearing on His atoning sacrifice, "for Christ our passover is sacrificed for us" (I Cor. 5:7).

In verse seven is found the requisite of ADORATION and this is the outcome of occupation with Christ. The psalmist knew something of this when he would "publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all His wondrous works." How sweet to the Lord's ear when His people seek to offer that which is well pleasing to Him, "the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name" (Heb. 13:15).

In verse eight is found the requisite of AFFECTION, clothed in the words "I love the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honor dwelleth" (R. V.). How could it be possible to remember the Lord if we did not have affection for Him or for the place where He has chosen to put His name?

Affection for Christ and the things that pertain to Him is gained by acquaintance with Him through meditation on His word and by prayer, the result of which will always demand our love, our life and our all.

As the days pass on may our affection for Christ be increased that we will be able to carry out these precepts in a manner worthy of our calling and if we do a fuller appreciation of our high privilege truly will be ours to enjoy.

Alexander Marshall

That Alexander Marshall was a born evangelist and one sent of God with the Message few who ever heard him or knew him would deny. Probably no man had more converts in most parts of the world than Alexander Marshall and many of these converts became themselves soul-winners. Besides, no man wrote so many tracts and Gospel messages. They flowed from his pen, and dealt with matters of the moment and things which happened ages ago, yet all was used to hang the application of the three R's thereon. Certainly no man was the means of putting so many into circulation by writing, by paying for issue, by assisting others in circulation, and, by no means least, by personal distribution.

His pockets were ever full of Gospel ammunition, and an opportunity was seldom missed of firing a Gospel bullet, which usually hit the mark.

The blessing which alone has followed his one tract, "God's Way of Salvation," which might aptly be termed "the essence of A. M.'s preaching," was worth living a whole lifetime for.

As a preacher he was unique. After hearing him preach one would wonder how any unsaved sinner, with any thought concerning eternal realities, could leave the meeting without the knowledge of salvation. His methods were neither spectacular, demonstrative, nor emotional; he used no undue pressure, no body-motion to gain converts yet numbers were saved during the preaching, waited for the after-meetings, found peace at

home, or turned up weeks afterward glorifying God for His salvation.

Alexander Marshall was born December 13th, 1846, in the picturesque town of Stranraer, Scotland. He was the son of godly parents, his father, John Wallace Marshall, a tailor and outfitter as to business, but like William Carey, his calling in life was to preach Christ. He was called "Holy Marshall," on account of the stand he took for the Lord. His wife was a true helpmeet, and in her own domain and in a quiet way showed the same devotion to the Lord.

Educational opportunities were not so plentiful then as now, but Alexander was given the best his parents could afford, and his schooling completed, he entered the office of David Guthrie, solicitor, Stranraer, where he remained until he was eighteen years of age. Then the lure of the city, the desire to push his way in the world, and his anxiety to taste the pleasures of the time, made him discontented with Stranraer. With a mother's benediction and followed by a father's prayers, he set out for Glasgow, to be apprenticed to the drapery trade. For two years he sought what satisfaction he could find in the gaiety and pleasure of the city. Again and again he was deeply impressed with the importance of becoming a Christian. His convictions were deepened by hearing this striking text quoted: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1). Awakened to anxiety, he feared to venture, because he thought he could never hold on. It was in this frame of mind he entered a Circus in Ingram Street, Glasgow where Gordon Forlong, a converted Deist was preaching. This preacher had the

habit of repeating again and again striking statements regarding the truths of the Gospel.

To quote Mr. Marshall, "I thought he was a most extraordinary preacher. [A line is missing here in the printed magazine.] ...quently repeating the words: 'Its the Blood that saves. It's the Blood that saves.' In showing that all that was necessary for the sinner's deliverance was completed by Christ on the Cross, he exclaimed: 'It's finished; it's finished; it's finished.' In thinking about salvation, my mind had been occupied with 'believing' instead of with the object of faith—Christ and His finished work. I imagined I believed, but not in the right way. The words, 'It is finished,' were carried home by the Holy Spirit to my heart and conscience. I had always supposed that I must feel some great change before I could be sure I was saved, and was continually looking into my heart to find peace. The preacher seemed to understand my difficulties, and explained that one must first believe on Jesus—and the feelings would follow, and clinched the truth by repeating again and again the following statement: 'Believing is the root, feeling is the fruit.' The light from Calvary shone in upon my soul. I saw that Jesus had died in my stead and received sin's penalty, and that through believing the 'good news' made known to me in the Word I was saved and had everlasting life."

Those who enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Marshall know that there were never any half-measures with him, and this was characteristic of his Christian life. Confession of Christ followed conversion. His fellow-employees, including his master's son, afterwards Lord Glenarthur, heard from the young convert's lips of the dear Savior he had found. His old companions were warned to flee

from the wrath to come, and soon he was known by the names he formerly feared. It was a bitter disappointment to Mr. Marshall's friends that he steadfastly refused to enter the Theological Hall of the Evangelical Union Church and prepare for the ministry, but other influences were leading him into the path of service in which the greater part of his life was spent. John R. Caldwell, a young man of nearly his own age, was also led to a knowledge of the truth through the ministry of Gordon Forlong. As a result of deep spiritual exercise, Mr. Caldwell's father and some others were led to meet on the simple lines indicated in the opening chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. They practised the baptism of believers, they met on the first day of the week to break bread, and when they did so they waited in humble dependence on the risen Head of the Church for guidance and for ministry. Singularly, Mr. Marshall, by the study of the New Testament, was finding himself being guided in a similar way, and as their paths lay together, Mr. Marshall joined himself to the little company of disciples meeting then in a hall in West Campbell Street, Glasgow. This step did not mean a narrowing of his sympathies, for in the early simplicity of those days, the subtle distinctions which lead to the setting up of sectarian barriers were unknown, and men were loved and welcomed because they belonged to Christ.

Having for his associates John R. Caldwell, Alexander Stewart and many other honored servants of Christ, Alexander Marshall gave himself up to the work of the gospel. A pulpit could always be got at a street corner and Mr. Marshall's style of preaching being eminently suited for the open air, he seldom failed to attract an

audience. But his activities were not confined to the open air. Music Halls and Public Halls were hired. Many were the trophies of grace won in those far-off days. However, such strenuous activity began to have its effect and a threatened break-down in health caused Mr. Marshall to reconsider the whole position. The demands made upon his time and energy, the open doors for the Gospel message and the insistent urge of the love of Christ were such that it was impossible to continue in business and at the same time fulfil what the Spirit of God was clearly indicating as his vocation. The choice was made and he was led of God to relinquish a business career and give himself wholly to the work of the gospel. Companies of Christians meeting in New Testament simplicity were few in number, and mostly scattered over wide areas. The saints making up the local assemblies were neither wealthy nor influential, and nothing was being done to secure outward unity. Thus it happened that Alexander Marshall stepped out in the service of the Lord, without any visible means of support, without committee or organization to look after his interests and with no guarantee save that which God gives to all His people. "My God shall supply all your need." (Phil. 4, 19).

Never in all the long years which followed did Alexander Marshall utter one word of regret regarding the choice he had made. Never was he heard to complain regarding the support he received, never did he boast of what he might have been, or speak of having made any sacrifice for the Lord. His constant theme was the love and unfailing goodness of God, and if at any time he spoke of himself it was to extol the Lord's mercy to him, His unworthy servant.

The young evangelist set one principle before him which he never let go. He determined if God was leading him out, that he would wait until God opened the doors. To him dependence upon God not only entailed waiting upon Him for supplies, but also waiting upon Him for service. There was no established circle of meetings to which a preacher could go in rotation, but doors were opened nevertheless. The fact is, that in those days the sphere of the evangelist was recognized to be the world, that wherever there was a sinner it was the business of the evangelist to carry to him the Gospel message, and wherever people would lend an ear to that message and afford an opportunity for its proclamation, Alexander Marshall and those early brethren went.

In the course of this itinerary, Mr. Marshall met and served in the Gospel with many loved and honoured servants of God long since called to their rest—Donald Ross, Rice T. Hopkins, Henry Moorhouse, John Morley, Richard and Cecil Hoyle, John Smith, Donald Munroe, Wm. Lincoln, R. C. Chapman and others. These labours extended from Shetland to Cornwall. Very few towns and districts in Great Britain but were touched at that time. Theatres and places of entertainment were hired for the Sunday evenings and large audiences were brought together, when remarkable scenes were witnessed.

News began to reach Scotland of the conditions existing among the settlers in the Canadian provinces and of the need of Gospel work among them. Pictures of the rough shacks of fifty years ago convey some idea of the primitive provision those hardy settlers made for shelter from the severities of the Canadian climate. Provision for the Spiritual needs was on the same scanty footing. A few Gospel pioneers such as Donald Munro, John

Smith, and later Donald Ross, had gone from Scotland to spread the good news and information sent home by them stirred Alexander Marshall to action. Believing he had the call of God, he sailed from Liverpool for New York on December 24th, 1879. He was received into the house of R. W. Owens, New York, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Owens for a short time. Early in January he went north to Hamilton, Ontario, and was warmly welcomed by that band of pioneers, which included Donald Ross, Donald Munro, John Smith, James Campbell and J. M. Carnie. Those devoted men welcomed another worker who was prepared to "break up prairie" and be content with "bed, board and washing" (a phrase often used by Donald Ross) as material compensation.

From necessity as well as from choice the preachers were pioneers. Assemblies were few and far between, and if souls were to be won new ground must be broken up. They lived among the people, they lived with the people, shared their hardships, and fared as they fared. Fellowship in the Gospel, and with the worker was on apostolic lines, and gifts were more frequently in kind than in coin. The scanty shelter from the rigours of winter meant enduring of much hardship, hair and beard being sometimes frozen when they awoke in the morning, but they were full of the joy of the Lord and these things were made light of, provided they could carry the message of salvation to the needy, and be the means of pointing some sinner to the Saviour.

The new arrival threw himself into the work with all the vigour his ardent nature was capable of. In the city of Toronto he found a vast field for service for the first year of his stay in Canada. Interest in the Gospel was

manifest, and the simplicity which marked preaching and practice enabled these pioneers to enter open doors. The good news was carried by them wherever a sinner was open to receive it.

A great work was done in Hamilton and Orillia and vicinity. Many were born again and built up in their faith by helpful Bible readings. The result was the formation of four companies of believers during one year, the chief aggressive force in this work being Mr. Marshall. It was all pioneer work as at that time there was no assembly north of Toronto.

In the year 1882, Mr. Marshall was married to Miss Amy Florence Tate, who proved to be a real helpmeet to her husband in his work as an evangelist. After a short visit to the Homeland they returned to Toronto and made their home in that city. A period of great activity in the Gospel followed. There was a real awakening of spiritual interest; sinners were seeking their way to the Saviour, and saints were seeking to know the will of God more fully. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall found their hands full. Their home was open for the Lord's servants, their afternoons were given to visiting the anxious and their evenings to the preaching of the Gospel. Then in company with Richard Irving he began meetings in Belleville and Guelph, where there was great blessing and then later in Rugby, Ont. In order that suitable literature could be placed in the hands of the new converts Mr. Marshall set apart a room in his house as a bookroom and imported books and tracts from Great Britain, in order that workers and inquirers might be supplied. Tent work in the province of Ontario led them to remove their home to Orillia, which soon became a strategic center from which to reach the villages and settlements on Lake

Ontario. Many were brought to the Lord at that time who in turn took up the Gospel story and have been spared to labour for many years for the Lord. Among them were S. W. Benner, G. Benner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Orton. Mr. Marshall's sojourn in the province of Ontario extended to seven years. During the larger portion of that time the district of Orillia was his parish. It was there that two things by which he will be most remembered took shape. The bookroom which he opened when in Toronto was enlarged when he removed to Orillia, its usefulness extended and from it supplies of useful Gospel literature began to circulate across the continent. Mr. Marshall's pen also began to be requisitioned for the supply of Gospel articles, and the Gospel arrow feathered by a striking story and pictorial illustration flowed steadily from the press. A monthly magazine, THE GOSPEL HERALD, with articles brief and bright, yet full of the Gospel, was established. The Magazine attained a considerable circulation and with the Book Store continued to function for many years.

From there Mr. Marshall felt the Lord called him to move out to the Pacific seaboard. He visited Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, Selkirk, and then with Mr. Goodfellow held meetings in San Francisco and Santa Cruz, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and in each of these places fruit remains from the seed sown at that time.

In 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Marshall again set sail for the Homeland and after preaching for a few years there, had a breakdown in health which necessitated a visit to New Zealand, and from there a trip to Scotland, where he tried to live for a time away from all excitement. From this time onward he was not able to stand the strain of

prolonged campaigns but for twenty-three years he continued active in the public ministry of the Gospel. Indeed some of the most steadfast work he accomplished was undertaken in the latter part of his life. His missions were shortened, but his sympathies and activities increased. His untiring energy demanded constant employment in the service of the King. Two things combined to keep him constantly on the move for many years. His quest for health and the continual urge of the gospeller's spirit within him. He bemoaned the fact that so few young men had the desire to reach out into needy districts at home and abroad, and he did all he could, not only to stir up interest, but also to supply the lack. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean on visits to Canada and the United States no less than 36 times and there were few phases of evangelistic effort on the American continent with which he was not in touch.

In addition to his American tours, he travelled widely in other lands. In 1897, accompanied by two brethren, R. L. Lundin-Brown, Glasgow and David Robertson, Galston, he spent fully a month in Iceland, scattering the good seed by means of the printed page as well as by word of mouth. He also visited Egypt, Palestine, Central America, Mexico and New Zealand. In a letter describing ports of call between Auckland and San Francisco, and telling of the ramifications of American heresies in these parts he closes with the following: "Surely we have much to learn from others! Perhaps God has a controversy with us as He had with Israel. Maybe one of the reasons why we see comparatively few conversions of late is because we are not honoring God with our substance. It would do us good to ponder God's message to Israel in Malachi's day: 'Bring ye all the

tithes, into the storehouse, that there may be meat in My house, and prove Me now herewith if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' (Mal. 3, 7-10)." He also visited the West Indies and British Guiana in 1909 and in 1910 went to Russia where he found open doors to speak to the nobility and also to visit the prisons. Again he returned to Canada and made a tour through some of the provinces and also the United States. Blessing followed his visits and no doubt many were saved who have been used to take the gospel to others.

In spite of his advanced years, the call of the first great World War stirred Mr. Marshall to greater endeavour on behalf of the young manhood. From the first his great desire was to get to France and as near the firing line as possible. Military regulations are hard to overcome, and it was not until 1918 that he was granted the necessary permission to go to the theatre of war under the auspices of the Soldier's Christian Association. Meanwhile he had been busy doing a good work among the troops near his home, in the hospitals visiting the wounded and preaching Christ to them. In 1915 he went to Holland and spent some time in the internment camps in that country among the British soldiers and marines who were interned after the capture of Brussels by Germany. On June 30, 1918, Mr. Marshall left London for France and spent four of the darkest months of the war almost within sound of the noise of battle, and never free from danger and anxiety, but withal a period of fruitfulness in the service of the Lord. He returned to Scotland and spent the remaining months of 1918 there telling of the work among the soldiers in France and

preaching the gospel with his old-time power. During another visit to America in 1920 he was able to stir up action among the Christians to send food, clothing and money to the suffering saints in Russia.

In 1925 after returning to Scotland his medical advisers informed him that hardening of the arteries near the heart had taken place, and that from thenceforth the pace must be slowed and all exertion avoided. In his comparative retirement, his services were turned into other channels. No longer able himself to carry the printed message to the needy, he saw to it that those who would do so were kept supplied. The goal in his writings was Circulation and he was his own best agent in securing this. Carefully selected assortments of tracts were made up and parcelled with his own hands, then dispatched with unfailing regularity to isolated or needy workers in Britain, Canada and the United States, to be carried by them to croft, hamlet or shack or to be placed in the hands of sufferers in hospitals and workhouses. Mr. Marshall's Home-call took place August 9, 1928 after a few hours of restlessness and discomfort, a short spasm of pain and then the earthly course was ended.

Thus ended a life lived in the fear of God and in the faith of His Son Jesus Christ; a life of which it could be truly said, it was "life abundant." His was a life peculiarly blessed, in which God fulfilled His promise, "Them that honor Me I will honor." He knew in a way few men have ever learned the blessedness of giving. He was abundantly provided for, and he ended his life in harness as he would have wished to do. Surely an abundant entrance. Self-advertisement and self-aggrandisement made no appeal to his nature. His greatest pleasure in life was to give. No one who performed the smallest

service for him was forgotten, and wherever he could, he gave of that with which God had entrusted him without thought of recompense or reward.

Frequently friends heard him speak of the Lord's account, but few if any knew what that meant. From the day of his conversion he honored the Lord with his substance, and gave systematically as the Lord had prospered him. In early life he commenced to give a twelfth to the Lord of all he received, and this was gradually increased until for years before his death he set aside an eighth of his total income to be used in the Lord's service. Universally loved and trusted, he was the steward of no inconsiderable sum, but his diaries show that this was faithfully recorded and conscientiously dealt with as before God. Few works of faith and labours of love known to him were overlooked. Lonely workers in the homeland and Canada can tell that Mr. Marshall's letter of cheer also brought with it a token of practical fellowship. In this way he must have been a succourer of many. It is not given to all as he gave. Indeed, but for a great measure of self-denial on the part of husband and wife, it would not have been possible for Mr. Marshall to distribute as freely as he did, but his simplicity and devotedness in this as in other matters should be a rebuke to the pride and worldliness to which most of us must plead guilty. His example and abundant entrance should encourage others to follow his faith.

A simple stone marks the hallowed spot where, facing the sunrise, the Lord's "redeemed one" lies, and underneath the modest particulars of his name and age, there is inscribed thereon in indestructible letters his favourite text: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him

should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3, 16).

William P. Douglas — by himself (Living Biography)

Editor's Note: As previously announced, Letters of Interest continues to include among the articles of the Lord's pioneer servants in North America both those who have passed on and also those still living and active in the Lord's work. The subject of this article, our beloved brother Douglas, is still active in the Lord's work. We are indebted to brother Douglas for this splendid contribution on the Lord's leading and guidance in the early days of pioneer work in Canada and the United States.

It is now more than sixty-eight years since God in His infinite love put me "among the children." The place where it occurred was New York City, where I was born for the first time May 2, 1860. The time when it took place was April 17th, 1876. The manner in which it came to pass was by the reception of Christ. (See John 1:12.) Influenced by a mother who sought my spiritual welfare, I was induced to attend evangelistic meetings then being held in the city of New York by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. One night while I listened to Mr. D. L. Moody preaching from the question God addressed to Adam, Gen. 3:9, "Where art thou?" the Spirit of God applied the question to my soul, and that night, for the first time in my life, I discovered my spiritual whereabouts before God. I had entered the hall a thoughtless, careless sinner. I left it an awakened sinner and for several weeks one question occupied my mind. "How then can I be justified with God?" My state as a sinner continued to give me trouble, until at length God

was pleased in His love and grace to make known to me His great salvation. Returning home from the meeting, in the quiet of my room, with my Bible open before me, I read that blessed soul-emancipating statement which fell from the lips of the Son of God: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24). I found rest, peace and joy in believing and resting simply on His Word. I could sing:

"*My sin, Oh, the bliss of this glorious thought,*
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Oh, my soul!"

The last meeting of the series held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey was announced for the benefit of young converts, especially those converted in the two month's meetings just closed. In speaking to the young Christians, Mr. Moody advised the seeking of a church home by each. The advice of my spiritual father, also being the earnest desire of my dear mother, I united with the church of my fathers. (Presbyterian). Soon, however, I became dissatisfied and restless. This was occasioned by the consciousness that the membership of the church was composed of quite a number who were unconverted as well as some who were truly Christians. This condition of things, the communion of believers with unbelievers I found contrary to what is written in II Corinthians 6:14-18 and it caused me perplexity of mind and exercise of heart. I had read the words of our Lord's mother to the servants at the marriage at Cana of Galilee in John 2:5, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

About this time of exercise of heart concerning my church position, I attended a meeting in a Baptist meeting house to which I had been invited by a friend. In the goodness of God, the subject of Believers' Baptism occupied the speaker's address. He read from the Acts of the Apostles and also from the Epistle to the Romans. Who were the subjects of baptism and how was it done? Believers were the subjects, the mode being burial with Christ in baptism. From the Scriptures read and the comments made on them by the preacher, I saw that I had never been baptized as a believer but christened by sprinkling when a babe. When I was saved, God gave me a desire to know His will and to do it. After that first night in which I heard the subject of baptism explained, I sought further help from the Scriptures, and being satisfied on the matter, I decided to be buried with Christ in baptism. Naturally my mother was about the first to whom I made known my purpose. To my surprise and disappointment, she sought to dissuade me from putting my purpose into effect, saying, as she put it, if dipping was right, our minister would surely practise it. Soon after this, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who had for some time after the Moody, Sankey meetings closed, conducted evangelistic services which I attended, made one night the strange, startling, but, to me, most welcome announcement that (D.V.) he would baptize by immersion any believers who so desired, provided they meet him on a certain night. This I believed to be of the Lord. On the night designated, with some others who desired baptism, I met him. After relating to him my conversion and expressing to him my desire to be baptized as a believer in Christ, he told me he would baptize me with others. So, I, a Presbyterian, was

baptized by an Anglican preacher, in a Baptist meeting house.

Very soon after I was baptized, in the kind Providence of God, I met Mr. R. S. Muir, who was at that time employed by the A. T. Stewart firm in New York and who afterward founded the firm in Orange, N. J. by that name. He proved a great help to me as a young Christian. His tender, gentle spirit, his quiet demeanor and his knowledge of the Scriptures led to a warm friendship between us. He, being some years my elder, I considered him worthy of trust and confidence. Many were the conversations we had together. Never had I met one to whom I was more closely drawn in Christian bonds nor had I met anyone who so helped me by the Scriptures. One evening when we were together he said to me, "Douglas, did you ever read the 14th chapter of 1st Corinthians and compare the order there which is Assembly order with the order which prevails where you go on Sunday morning? Read it and let me know what you think of it when I see you again." I promised to do so, soon afterward read it carefully and prayerfully. I saw not the slightest comparison, but a very great contrast. The next time we met, Mr. Muir asked me what I thought and I told him what I had found. To this, he answered, "I knew you would, and for that reason I asked you to read it." He said, "Would you like to see the order there made known observed?" I replied in the affirmative, and his answer was, "Well, we read how in apostolic days the disciples met on the first day of the week to break bread as we find in Acts 20:7, owning no name such as Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc. but as our Lord Himself said, according to Matthew 18:20, "For where two or three are gathered together in my

name, there am I in the midst of them." Not long after this, on the first Sunday of June, 1879, I went to the little hall on 13th St., New York, where I met for the first time in company with Mr. Muir, Mr. R. W. Owens, Mr. Bunn, Mr. Collins, Mr. Reaves and some others. Sitting back, I saw for the first time the feast observed in God's order. Never shall I forget that morning. Instinctively I said, with softened spirit and submission of mind and heart, 'This is the thing the Lord hath commanded.'

Returning home I found my dear mother with my sister who had returned from the quarterly communion service, this being communion Sunday. As I entered the room, my mother, who seemed somewhat agitated at my absence from the communion of which I had been a partaker since shortly after my conversion, said: "I missed you at the table this morning. Where were you?" I told of having attended the meeting in the little hall on 13th St. and the purpose for which it was held. Bursting into tears she s[obbed] out in her sorrow and grief: "I n[ever] thought I would see the day wh[en] you wouldn't take the communion with your own mother." Replying with tears, I said, "My dear mother, it isn't you, but it's the thing itself that I have been associated with. I do not see that order observed that I saw this morning and I can no longer be identified with what I do not see to be according to the Word." The scriptural order and simplicity that I had observed in that little hall that Lord's Day morning for the first time so commended itself to me that I decided to seek fellowship with them. This I did soon after what I have related and to my joy and satisfaction they gladly and heartily received me as a believer with them in the Lord Jesus Christ.

During the early part of 1880 our beloved brethren, Mr. Alexander Marshall and Mr. John Smith (recently then from Scotland) came to New York for a series of Gospel meetings in a tent they pitched on West 26th St. God graciously blessed their meetings and a number were saved. At that time I became exercised about devoting my time to the work of the Lord, and after prayer to God for guidance and feeling constrained to do so, on the 20th of August, 1880, I left New York, having Boston before me. On my way there, I called off at New Bedford, where a small company of the Lord's people met in the home of our Brother H. Gatie. I spent a short time with them, finding them a hearty, happy company, among whom I met our brother George Hunter, brother of our late, beloved brother W. H. Hunter, a man who feared God above many. I greatly enjoyed the short time with them. Passing on to Boston, I found a warm welcome from our brethren John Gill, Damon Fales, George Hinmers, Mr. Shepherd, Jacob Stressinger and others. I joined George Hinmers, a most devoted and unselfish man in some meetings in Chelsea, Mass. While there I received a letter from John Smith, inviting me to join him at Holland Landing, a village near Toronto, where he was having meetings, a small assembly having been formed there a short time before, the results largely of the labors of our brethren James Campbell and James Smith (who fell asleep in Jesus shortly after his return to Ireland, soon after laboring there). I accepted the invitation of Mr. Smith and will never forget the kind and hearty welcome he accorded me. His consideration, patience, tenderness and faithfulness I shall never forget and a bond of fellowship was formed between us which was never broken until it was severed by his home-call July 8th, 1913. Even as this is being

written I recall with gratitude to God those few short weeks at Holland Landing. Surely "the memory of the just is blessed and the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

While at Holland Landing, Mr. Smith received a letter from Mr. Donald Ross urgently pressing him to come to Chicago for the first conference held in that city. I remember his exercise of heart about this in leaving me alone. But believing the Lord would have him go, I urged him to leave. I shall never forget that cold, disagreeable October night. Shaking me so kindly and warmly by the hand, he gave me this advice which I can heartily pass on to young preachers: "Douglas, try to be faithful to saint and sinner. Don't imitate anybody. Be yourself. Look up. The Lord bless you. Good bye."

Mr. John Grimason was preaching near Sharon three miles from Holland Landing and joining him soon after Mr. Smith's departure for Chicago, I went with him for meetings to the little town of Sutton, a short distance from there. The people came out well, the attention and attendance were good, but the clergymen opposed very bitterly our meetings, the results being that the owner of the hall we used refused us further renting, saying the young men of the town had threatened to burn the building if we continued our meetings.

Leaving Sutton, we went to Stouffville, not far distant and had a few meetings there. The Hamilton Conference being close at hand, we attended it in January, 1881. It was the first conference I ever attended and I retain most savory and happy recollections of it. The preaching brethren as I remember were, Mr. D. Ross, J. Goodfellow,

J. Smith, John Bain, A. McKellar, T. D. W. Muir, J. Grimason and John Carnie.

Returning home to New York for a short visit, I afterward went to Boston, where I met and joined our brother John Martin. Together we went to Portland, Maine, for meetings. Later on we had tent meetings in Lawrence, and Lowell, Mass.

Orillia was a thriving, prosperous town over eighty miles north of Toronto, Ontario. God graciously visited in 1881 in a special way through the preaching of Mr. Alexander Marshall, W. P. Charles and Richard Irving, saving a number. Rather a large company was formed into an assembly gathered according to Matthew 18:20. The town became a center of Gospel activity, the result of which was the formation of a number of similar gatherings within a radius of some miles in the Orillia district, the result of the labors of others, among whom were brethren Harcus, Faulknor, Dr. James Law, Dr. J. N. Case, R. Telfer, W. J. McClure, F. W. Crook and others. Having spent some time around Orillia, I went to Cannington, in Victoria county, some forty-five miles southeast of Orillia and secured the use of a vacant Baptist meeting place and was cheered by the attendance and attention, God saving a few. In company with Brother Harcus, I pitched a tent the following summer. After Mr. Harcus left, returning to the United States, I met for the first time in Cannington in 1884, our brother, Mr. W. J. McClure. In 1885 he joined me and we pitched a tent at Beaverton about ten miles from Cannington. We found it hard with some opposition from the clergymen there, but we were cheered by some tokens of blessing. In July we moved to Kirkfield, about sixteen miles from Beaverton, and took board in a hotel

and began meetings. A tent was a novelty in those days and a good many were attracted. Here also we incurred the antipathy and hatred of the Presbyterian student, his congregation being too small with money too scarce to employ an ordained preacher, this young man vented his spleen and hatred by false accusations and charges which intimidated the members of his own congregation and also others whom he persuaded from further attending our meetings. But God, in His grace, did not leave us without tokens of His favor and approval. Taking our tent down about the beginning of October, we began meetings in a schoolhouse at Peel Settlement, about ten miles from Kirkfield, where the Methodist preacher opposed and slandered us, but God cheered us by saving the teacher of the school. In December of that year, we secured another schoolhouse at a small place three miles from Peel Settlement, called Corson Siding. For sixteen weeks, beloved brother McClure and I continued in the little schoolhouse, with signs following. The building was packed nightly, God giving help to preach His Word. We saw His hand with us in saving some.

In 1886 we pitched our tent at McLeod's Corners, Victoria Road, some five miles from the village. We remained there about four months and saw a number saved by His grace. I refrain from continuing my story of the unmerited favor and mercy of God in the service to which He called me in 1880, and now that my service is almost ended, as I recall the tender grace, love and kindness of a covenant-keeping God all these years, I am reminded of the words attributed to Samuel Rutherford:

"*I've wrestled on toward Heaven*
'Gainst storm and wind and tide,

Oft like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land."

William P. Douglas

2016 Brunswick Road E. Cleveland, 12, Ohio

John M. Carnie

John M. Carnie, the gifted evangelist, was born in 1853 in Durris, a village on Deeside, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. A work of grace had been going on in the district and amongst those who professed was the subject of this brief sketch. As a young believer he was active and energetic in the work of the Lord. In addition to speaking personally to those with whom he came in contact, he frequently visited Banchory, and all alone, in the open air, would tell out the old, old story of God's love to the perishing. The sight of a young lad standing alone in the village holding forth the Word of life stirred the people and through his instrumentality several professed to accept of Christ as their Saviour. On his removal to Aberdeen to work at his trade he preached in the open air all alone, and almost nightly, to interested and attentive congregations. During his stay in the Granite City, he became acquainted with those men of God, Donald Ross and John Smith, and was greatly helped by them in the ways of the Lord. Eventually he became identified with a small company of believers who gathered simply in the Lord's Name in the Gallowgate Chapel for the breaking of bread and ministry of the Word.

On leaving Aberdeen he crossed the Atlantic and joined his relatives in Ontario, Canada. For a time he resided in the City of Hamilton, where the Lord blessed his ministry to saved and unsaved. From Hamilton he moved to Chicago, and was married to Mary, the second daughter of Mr. Ross. He often labored in tent work with his father-in-law and also with Alexander Marshall in

various cities and towns in the American Continent. During the last forty years of his life he resided in Chicago, Kansas City, New York, Freeport, Long Island, and Sacramento, California.

Mr. Carnie was a most attractive and gifted evangelist. His ministry, in some respects, resembled that of the late Harry Moorhouse, whom God so greatly used in leading D. L. Moody to a fuller apprehension of the gospel of the grace of God. Mr. Carnie was loving, gracious, tender and sympathetic. He sought to win men and women to the Saviour. He desired to be one of the "wise" men spoken of in Proverbs 11:30. The wooing note permeated and pervaded his ministry to believers and unbelievers. It was his delight to tell from a full heart, tenderly and earnestly, the story of Calvary. In the backwoods of Canada, in the prairies of the West, in city and town, in village and hamlet, church and chapel, music hall and theatre, he so preached that numbers were interested, impressed, concerned, convicted and converted to God. Few could equal him in the gift of exhortation, a gift greatly needed in these money-loving, pleasure-seeking, easy-going days. His aim ever was to get sinners converted and saints revived. Mr. Carnie continually sought for outlets—not limits—for the truth. He counted the cost and refused to be the servant of men. All High Church claims and pretensions were abhorrent to him. He welcomed all true Christians (not Scripturally disqualified) because of their relation to Christ, and sought to help them as opportunity offered.

His wife died in 1915. There were six children of this union, all saved and four of them still living. Later he married again and moved to Sacramento, California. For several years he had suffered from high blood pressure

and heart ailments. He was able to keep active until the last, though his activity was somewhat curtailed. He preached in Bethany Hall, Oakland on a Sunday evening and two days later passed away suddenly in the presence of his wife. He was seventy years old.

Dr. Max I. Reich has contributed the following word of appreciation of Mr. Carnie:

"I first met John Carnie at the Hamilton Conference, Ontario, then held in the winter, in the year 1886. I had but recently arrived from England. The gracious and winsome personality of this servant of Christ made a deep impression on me and a friendship sprung up between us, which remained unbroken through all the changes and phases of the succeeding years. Gracious and courteous, he won his way everywhere. To an unusual degree he had the gift of sympathy, and in his preaching style he was remarkably gifted in the use of choice words which gave acceptance to the doctrine he upheld. My last meeting with this honored servant of Christ was in Manchester, England, I having returned to the Old country for a while. He was a welcome visitor to a 'Believers' Conference' in that city. I well remember the well-chosen words of grace and truth with which he exhorted us to keep the heart open to all the children of God, sympathizing with their struggles, temptations, trials and tests, and not to despise the least of them however ignorant, backward and limited, taking care that our own feet be found in the narrow path into which Truth guides. The words of Gabriel to Daniel might fitly have been spoken to our brother: 'O man, greatly beloved!' "

The following letter from Richard Hill of New York is a happy addition to the account of the life of Mr. Carnie: "He came to New York when I was a young man and at a time when I was beginning to think of the foreign field. He was one of the few who encouraged me in those thoughts and did all he could to help me prepare myself for that service. Frequently was it my privilege to accompany him to meetings adjacent to New York and give some help by way of leading the singing and occasionally opening such meetings by a brief message. I never tired of hearing John Carnie preach the gospel for, as I look back to those days, it seems as though he was the most attractive and sympathetic preacher I ever heard give out the gospel. Rarely, if ever, did you hear him preach without the tears flowing.

"But what has left the deepest impressions were the talks we had together going and coming to these meetings. He had such a fund of incidents relative to his early days in this country when in association with his father-in-law, Donald Ross and his brother-in-law Charles Ross and with other stalwarts of those days he pioneered throughout Canada and the United States. Those were days when God was working in a mighty way. Tents, halls, school houses and theatres were used in the preaching of the gospel. Whole communities were deeply stirred, souls being saved nightly a common experience. The assemblies formed then are in many cases those going on well today. How his eyes would flash, as he talked of those stirring, momentous days!

"I cannot but express my indebtedness to him as I look back to his influence on me for good and for God in that period in my life when my future work was before me. My memory of him is most fragrant."

A Stranger Goes to "Church" — by Frank Stewart

Editor's Note: This interesting article appearing in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, one of Ohio's outstanding newspapers, was written by Frank Stewart, one of its reporters.

Amid the throb and turmoil of Cleveland's feverish life, you can get a picture of the early Christian church just as it functioned 1900 years ago. Only a few steps away from busy traffic on Wade Park avenue—at 1477 Addison road—any Sunday morning at 10 you can visualize believers as described in the Book of Acts and Epistles of Paul.

True, the flowing robes and raiment of New Testament days will not be seen because the people will be attired the same as any group you might notice on Euclid avenue.

But the simplicity and spirit of the primitive church will unfold before your eyes with unbelievable realism. For you will see an enactment of the church in the days of Paul that recalls letters to the Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians.

At the entrance to 1477 Addison road yesterday morning I saw a sign which said: "Christians Gathered to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Breaking Bread, Lord's Day, 10."

Inside were about 150 men, women and children. They were seated in opera chairs in a square around a table

that contained bread and two large, high glasses of wine.

These were the believers or brethren, as they are sometimes called. At the edge of the "square" there was a wide aisle which separated another row of seats. That is where I sat—only the believers are permitted in the "square." Please understand, visitors are always welcome. Elder Brown who greeted me at the close of the assembly was most hospitable and invited me to return. But he pointed out the breaking of bread was closed—other groups would call it "closed communion." Get it clearly in your mind—it isn't a denominational church. The believers say the Scriptures are plain that there is but one church, which is called "the body of Christ," of which He is the Head, and every believer a member. They will tell you in the early days of Christianity there were congregations of believers, but no Congregationalists. There were baptized believers, but no Baptists. There were presbyters in the assembly, but no Presbyterians. They had method in their meetings, but there were no Methodists!

In other words, they will inform you the first disciples met simply as Christians in the name of Jesus Christ. And that's exactly what the believers do on Addison road — they have absolutely no connection with denominations. The believers reject the idea of clergy and laity. They say the division is unknown in the Word of God. Consequently there are no paid pastors nor ministers.

There was no set order of service. In some respects it was like a gathering of Quakers for audible expression was given only as "the Spirit of God" moved the

believers. Men announced hymns and made prayers. There is no sermon. Although there were more women present than men, only the males took part in the assembly. The women are enjoined to be "silent in the churches." The believers point out this is in accordance with I Cor. 14:34 which says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

I watched with interest the breaking of the bread, which is strictly confined to believers of the assembly. I was told an out of town believer would be required to present credentials before he might be accepted into the ring. The loaf of bread was taken from the table and passed so that all sitting about the "square" might break off a piece and eat. Then, after a prayer, the two large glasses were handed from person to person.

All took a sip from the glass. The believers explain there is no visible head at this feast of remembrance in accordance with God's Word. That means there was no clergyman officiating nor elders or deacons passing the bread and wine.

The assembly resembles the Plymouth Brethren, a community of Christians organized in Plymouth, England, in 1830, which has spread to many parts of the United States.

My guide and companion in the assembly was H.A. Becker of 1397 E. 86th Street, who served 37 years as an engineer for the Pennsylvania railroad. For 25 years he has preached on Cleveland's Public Square. We are going to tell you more about him some of these days.

Mr. Becker invited us home for dinner—and what do you think Mrs. Becker had prepared for us? Hold your

breath friends—fried chicken! Wasn't that the end of a perfect day?

My Manner of Life — by A. J. Cotton

For an example of what a servant of the Lord should be in his service for God, we naturally turn to the pattern servant, the apostle Paul. We are inspired by his labors, his toil, his sufferings, his tears, his zeal, and his one ambition to press on that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. However, while the apostle is our pattern for service he stands out as a great example to all the Lord's servants in regards to their manner of life. We have been much impressed lately with a word in Prov. 21:3, "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."

We all know the important place sacrifice had in Scripture and we are told between 30 and 40 times that the sacrifices of His people were a sweet smelling savor to God. While God was pleased with such sacrifices, something much more acceptable to Him was justice and judgment.

We cannot then escape the inevitable conclusion that God expects and demands absolute holiness in those engaged in His service, and is more interested in the manner of life of His servants than in their service. "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord." Isaiah 52:11.

The apostle Paul so lived in the fear of God and in light of the judgment seat of Christ, and his manner of life was such that he could say with all confidence, "Those things which ye have both learned and received and heard, and seen in me, do."

Again he said, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." How searching this is, and how it should exercise those of us who are in any way engaged in the Lord's work. Are our lives, our home lives, our business lives, our assembly lives such that we could say to the Lord's people, especially to the young lambs of the flock, "Those things which ye see in me, do"? The apostle Peter in writing to the elders exhorted them to feed the flock of God, as being ensamples to the flock. The world is not so much impressed with what men say for they know that many who exhort others do not practice what they preach, but it is seldom that a worldly man is not impressed with an honest, righteous and godly life. How careful then we ought to be in all our dealings with the world and with one another—just in our obligations to our government "For, for this cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers" (Rom. 13:6)—prompt in all financial obligations, "Owe no man anything" (Rom. 13:8)—just and righteous in all things, "That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter" (I Thess. 4:6)—always truthful in word and inference, "Lie not one to another" (Col. 3:9)—and holy in all manner of conversation and manner of life, "Be ye holy for I am holy" (I Peter 1:16).

It is a wonderful privilege to preach Christ, but of much more importance to live Christ that men may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

W. A. Upton, a Tract Pioneer

Editor's Note: Our beloved brother Upton, the subject of this article, is truly a pioneer. For 53 years he has been in fellowship with the saints in Northeast Gospel Hall, Minneapolis. He was one of the early pioneers in the Lord's work in Minneapolis in association with James Campbell and many other of the Lord's servants now at Home. We are giving you this month, dear readers, the story of a man who in all his spare moments while employed and during all his time since he was retired, has faithfully and diligently given out the Word of God in tract form.

For forty years Mr. W. A. Upton of Minneapolis, Minnesota, worked daily at Smith's Hardware Store, Minneapolis, selling farm and garden seeds. On his way to and from work, on Sunday afternoons and during vacations he sowed the good seed of the Word. This was a service he loved. He longed to devote more time to it, and he prayed that God would let him finish his days at this work. In 1936 the Lord led him, he believes, to give up his employment and spend all his time in house to house visitation. First efforts weren't too encouraging, partly because he just left tracts at the doors without knocking. After a few days of this he saw that he must knock to bring people to their doors. Then he could put the gospel before them, give a word of warning, or, if possible, go inside to have a longer talk over the Word. From these early days of the work a woman seventy-five years old was saved, he believes. She has since gone to be with the Lord.

Mr. Upton, though eighty-five years of age, goes out every day if the temperature is not lower than five below. He is up by 5:30 A.M., ready to start out between 7:00 and 8:00. Sometimes he is disappointed to discover that housewives are not yet up and around when he reaches their doors. He works systematically, going from street to street and from house to house in one district, then covering another district in the same way. He keeps a list of all who will let him in, and later tries to visit them again. Friends say he works as earnestly as if he were employed by someone for a salary. Here are his own words:

"Without a tract I would hardly know how to approach people. It gives me an opening and so a chance to do personal work. I like tracts which tell an interesting story for the unsaved to read before they get the gospel, also those that show the difference between profession and possession. I finished canvassing the city on January 18, 1941. It took me about four and one-half years and I distributed about 215,000 tracts and a number of Testaments, Bibles, and larger pamphlets. God has let me see a few saved, and I fully believe that I shall see others when I get Home. Our Master pays good wages, and even here one gets great joy in His work. What an honor God has put upon us to let us be laborers together with Him."

At the present time Mr. Upton is continuing his systematic tract distribution in Minneapolis and has nearly covered the city with tracts the second time. The total number of tracts, booklets, and Testaments he has distributed personally since his retirement is nearly 400,000.

Mr. Upton does not always find a welcome, often gets brusque answers, has had many a door slammed in his face. On the other hand, the Lord has been with him in the work and blessed him in various ways. Though he goes out in all kinds of weather, his health is better than it was when he was in the store. He has had some bad falls, but has never broken a bone. He thanks God continually for giving him strength to go on and feels he has gained valuable experience. He has said that he used to think people had to believe just the way he did and meet with other Christians just the way he does, but now he knows there are many dear Christians in all kinds of groups. Best of all, souls have been saved and others greatly blessed and helped through his efforts. At the present time there are at least five persons meeting with the Northeast Assembly, with whom Mr. Upton worships, who were saved through his visiting.

Brought up in the Congregational Church, Mr. Upton accepted Christ as his Saviour at a Minneapolis mission, October 12, 1886, under the preaching of R. A. Torrey. For fifty-three years he has been associated with the Northeast Gospel Hall, where for many years he has taught the Adults' Bible Class. He is a constant reader of his Bible, and doesn't like to waste time on trivial matters. The one purpose of his life now is to warn sinners and show them the way of salvation.

One of the brethren meeting with Mr. Upton has well said: "When I see old men going about with nothing to do, not knowing our Lord Jesus Christ and with only a dark eternity ahead, I pity them. Then I think of Mr. Upton. What a wonderful way for a man to spend his last days on earth." Mr. Upton himself says: "It is my privilege to do the sowing; the Spirit of God must do the

reaping . . . It will be an eternal joy to me to meet in heaven any whom God has used me to point to Christ."

W. A. Upton, 3019 N. E. Ulysses, Minneapolis, Minn.

Caleb J. Baker, "Business Man of God"

The name of Caleb J. Baker should be bracketed with that of Donald Ross, Donald Munro, John Smith, James Campbell, T. D. W. Muir and others of that generation who stood so definitely for God and His truth when the work of God with which we are associated was in its infancy in this land. Mr. Baker was born of Christian parents in the little town of Hailsham, Sussex, on the south coast of England, in the year 1841.

He was converted to God at the age of thirty-one, and the following account of this great event in his life is told in his own words.

"I was one of a family of eight and from my earliest recollection I was taught to reverence the Bible as the Word of God, to hear it read, and to commit much of it to memory. Although kept in restraint by my parents, I grew up a very godless young man, and a leader in all the wickedness that was going in the town. Yet, in the midst of it all, God spoke to me from time to time through His Word, and through calamities that happened to myself or to my companions. In the year 1869 I came to America and settled in Chicago, where the Lord began to speak to me more loudly through trials of various sorts, and to show me the vanity of earthly things and the realities of eternity. About the beginning of September, 1872, I was in soul trouble for about two weeks, but had no one to tell me how to be saved. After being at a prayer meeting one night, and while going home in deep distress, I said to myself, "I am going to do what I can to be saved tonight." On reaching home I went to my little bedroom at 96

Desplaines St., locked the door, got down on my knees by the bed and began to pray and weep and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive my sins. This lasted probably half an hour. I was expecting all the time to feel some change come over me, but was disappointed, and arose from my knees in great distress, wondering what could be the matter. I came to the conclusion that I was a hypocrite, so I went to my knees again and told the Lord if I was a hypocrite to make me sincere, and what I did not know to teach me, yet the "good feelings" did not come as I expected. I again arose, thinking there was no hope for me. I then opened a Bible, and my eye fell on that precious sentence, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37). I began to reason, "Well, I did as well as I could, as well as I knew how, and He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out'." That Scripture then flashed on my memory, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." (Matt. 24:35). I got rest right there. I saw it was trusting Christ through His Word, and my thought was, "If I were to die tonight and stand before God, I could say Jesus said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' and I came as well as I knew how, and trusted Him." At eleven o'clock that night I went to bed conscious that I was saved, knowing that I had rested my soul on the eternal Word of God, and I realized the promise of the Lord Jesus, who said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28). I, a poor lost sinner that night obtained mercy through the precious blood that was shed for me on Calvary's Cross."

Mr. Baker started in the tent and awning business in Chicago with a borrowed capital of $50. Strange as it

may seem, the Chicago fire in 1871, which ruined so many in a business way, was the real starting point of Mr. Baker's business career. When the fire occurred he saw that his little business was sure to be destroyed by the fire. The small stock of cloth which he had on hand and the few sewing machines which he had been able to buy were all that he possessed. Wrapping the sewing machines in the tent cloth he dumped the entire stock out of a window into the Chicago river and anchored it to a post with a rope. After the fire he drew his stock, practically unharmed, from the water and resumed business in the street. The fire had created such a demand for his wares that he sold all that he had in short order and he realized enough to start him in business on a bigger scale.

With all his business activities, Mr. Baker gave all of his spare time to Christian work, throwing himself into all phases of church work, as a means of reaching people with the gospel. He established a mission for the down-and-outs, believing that he could do more with his money in that way than through the ordinary church channels. He was the pioneer in this country of the cheap lodging house idea. He filled his mission with cots for those who had no money, and after his gospel meetings invited his audience to stay all night. While there was a nominal charge of five cents for his cots, he usually supplied the nickel.

He often spoke of the time when Henry Moorhouse came to Moody's church and preached for seven consecutive nights on John 3:16. Those addresses were a great blessing to his soul.

He had become dissatisfied with the lack of spiritual power in the denominations and when a tent was pitched for the first time in Chicago by Donald Ross and James Goodfellow, he attended the meetings and was immediately interested. He felt that at last he had found what he had been looking for ever since he was saved—some who would preach the Word and carry out the Word in all things.

When the summer was over and Mr. Ross was exercised about a hall in which to continue the work, Mr. Baker came forward and offered his hall. After some negotiation the offer was accepted and Mr. Baker with his wonted energy did all he could to further the meetings. But to his surprise he found among his old associates few who sympathized with him. Indeed after a very little while they made a demand on him that this preaching be disallowed in the hall. This was no small trial to our brother and being of a most ingenuous temperament himself it perplexed him to find professing Christians who did not want the Word of God preached. He begged them to show him what was being preached inconsistent with the Bible, but to this they turned a deaf ear, and served him with an ultimatum that he either stop this preaching or they would withdraw from all association with him. Mr. Baker did not hesitate, but chose the path that seemed to him the path of obedience even at the cost of old friendships and the loss of his reputation as a broad-minded Christian worker.

Having taken his stand "outside the camp," he linked himself in the fullest fellowship with all the activities connected with saints gathering in the Lord's Name alone. He went to one of the earlier Hamilton conferences and met other laborers and other saints in

the same path and from that time to the end of his life he unwaveringly held to the path. On the last Sunday of his life he, as was his wont for all those years, remembered the Lord with the saints gathered to the Name of the Lord Jesus in the Gospel Hall in Kansas City, and before that week closed he was with Christ, which is far better.

In that early period of the work of God in this country the ministering brethren were few and the assemblies rare and widely scattered. With the brethren who gave their whole time to the ministry at that time he had the fullest fellowship. He ministered to them of his substance, and entertained them in his home and supplied them with gospel tents at his own expense. Not only so, but he sent tents to many on the mission fields where our brethren labor among the heathen. Donald Ross once remarked that it had been his lot to meet many business men who helped in the work of the Lord, but for whole-hearted devotion and single-eyed purpose, he never met his equal.

He not only helped in these ways; he used to do some preaching himself, and his idea of a grand vacation was to take a tent and a helper and go for a month or so where there had been no gospel effort. Then he and his companion would live in the tent and eat crackers and cheese or whatever they could get at the grocery store that didn't need any cooking. Often there was no restaurant where they would go. He opened up many places where work went on for years. But Mr. Baker never thought he was much of a speaker, and probably it was this that led him to devise charts as an aid in presenting the truth. His first effort was a gospel chart, "The Two Roads and the Two Destinies" and this has had

a great circulation. He was an indefatigable student of the Word and this caused him to plan a chart that would in a simple way bring before saints the key to the understanding of the prophetic Scriptures, that is the gap or parenthesis of this present dispensation. The charts and keys that he wrote for them contained some of the best answers to the soul-sleeping doctrines and other heterodox vagaries that have ever been written. "The Times of the Gentiles" in its construction has the most simple and easily understood device for bringing before the mind the special character of this dispensation. Mr. Baker himself used the chart on various occasions and was glad to supply copies of it to those who could use it.

Mr. Baker was essentially a pioneer and when he moved from Chicago to Kansas City, Missouri, in 1887 and opened up his business there, it was far more in his mind to establish a testimony for the Lord than anything else. In the mercy of God he succeeded in both ventures and until he finished his course he kept up his interest in the spread of the truth unabated. He was the head of the Baker and Lockwood Tent and Awning Co., but Kansas City will remember him better as the pioneer in street meetings in that city, which he maintained through nearly thirty years.

Mr. Thomas Bush of Waxahachie, Texas, writes of Mr. Baker as follows: "Christmas of 1890 I attended my first Conference at Kansas City, Mo., where brother Baker baptized me. I had been saved in May of that year through the instrumentality of James Erskine. I was at that time living in Ft. Scott, Kansas, just one hundred miles south of Kansas City, and Mr. Baker at once became interested in us. God had already begun to work

and a small assembly from Baptists had been gathered so in June 1891. Mr. Baker himself brought the first tent to Ft. Scott and along with him came John Carnie and Robert Telfer to work same. In 1893 I was led to come to Texas on the advice of Mr. Baker, and from then on for many, many years he was more than kind to Texas and our work in this great southwest. Tent after tent he sent to this state and with all that "goes" in the prosecution of a tent. I well remember one instance and it happened before his business had expanded. He was sending a 60 by 90 tent top, walls and all and of course much else with it. His business manager said, "At this juncture, Mr. Baker, our business can hardly afford such a 'largess'." His laconic reply was, "With me it is not what I can afford to give but what I can afford to keep." His life as we knew him down here was perfectly in line with the above.

Personally, I consider that whatever little I have achieved, if anything at all, I owe it to C. J. Baker, more than to any living man, and whatever has been accomplished in our line of work for the Lord is due to him and his own boundless generosity. As John Carnie once said to me many years ago, "Thomas, there will never be another C. J. Baker."

Sidney Burnham

On Saturday, July 14th, a large company of representative Christians gathered from the Bay District assemblies for the funeral of our dear brother, Sidney Burnham. On a sunny slope overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate the precious remains were laid to await the shout. In commenting on the scene the following day, one brother from Los Angeles, said that probably the most interested spectator of all was our brother Burnham himself, there from a more advantageous point he would be viewing the solemn ceremony. The services were conducted by our brethren Tom Olson and George Raust. The former speaking on Ecc. 7:1, emphasizing that the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth. The latter spoke on I Cor. 15:35-58, with emphasis on the "always abounding." Miss J. Smith, Don Charles and R. Wallace from Los Angeles, California sang. Thus ended the earthly career of one of the "brightest gems" that was ever gifted to the Church, worldwide. He commanded large audiences wherever he was privileged to occupy; his words, like his Master's, were always with grace seasoned with salt, and great is the number to whom he was used in blessing, or salvation, from responsive hearts are rising up to call him "blessed". The virtues of patience, fortitude, the will to do, and a radiant expression will always be synonymous with Sidney Burnham, as long as he is remembered. We mourn him like many others, but not without hope, but rather rejoice that his labors are ended and his works do follow him.

In the early morning of July 6th, our dearly beloved brother, Sidney A. Burnham, passed away to be with the Lord at the home of his Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Hill of Oakland, California.

He arrived in this country in 1942 after a harrowing experience in an open boat in the Caribbean Sea, when the ship on which he was traveling was torpedoed by an enemy submarine. The hand of the Lord was seen in this incident for not only was our brother rescued but all of those who were rescued with him professed to be saved before being picked up. Also his collection of slides, many of which were irreplaceable, had been forwarded on another ship which reached this country safely. He conducted a few meetings in New York but proceeded shortly to Western Canada and the Pacific Coast, labouring in Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, and San Diego. His ministry was greatly appreciated and many were saved. In May, 1943, while in Oakland, he was suddenly stricken with a serious bronchial attack. This necessitated the cancellation of his speaking engagements and for a time his life hung in the balance. Although he left Oakland approximately three months later he was never completely well from that time on. His bodily resistance having been greatly lessened he became susceptible to other diseases, and while in Toronto last year a form of paralysis struck him which progressively made him deaf, dumb, and blind. He was taken to New York and while there a delicate brain operation was performed on him which proved to be successful, to the astonishment of the doctors who had given up hope. They themselves took no credit for our brother's recovery but acknowledged the hand of God

and accepted Him as their Saviour at that time. Facing a severe winter in the East, the doctors were persuaded in December to permit brother Burnham to come to California to recuperate. His strength did not permit him to conduct meetings, but he frequently ministered at the breaking of bread on Sunday mornings. Sometimes his ministry would be along the lines of God's hand in permitting His Saints to suffer and at those times we knew that he was speaking from experience. He always had a warm smile for the Christians and only once during this period did he miss the remembrance feast. Even when his paralysis returned and he could neither hear, speak, nor see he insisted on attending the morning meeting, and by means of a Braille alphabet and a pad of note paper, he was able to follow the theme of the meeting and enjoy the presence of his Lord. As he was able so successfully to dissimulate his real sufferings the Christians generally believed that he was improving in health, and only his intimates realized that his time was not long for this earth.

During the night of July 4th, he suffered a heart attack and when a second came on the morning of the 5th, he realized that the Lord was calling him. The doctor came and gave him an injection to relieve his pain, the effects of which lasted until late in the evening. Then after a wave of pain had passed our brother would smile and speak of his loved ones. His message for the assemblies was, "Press on, be courageous, always abounding in the work of the Lord." As his breathing became more difficult the doctor commented that if he could breathe deeply he would have less pain. Overhearing this comment, brother Burnham said, "Well, I'll have a go at it then," and tried to breathe deeply for a little. This

proved to be too much exertion and he said, "It's no use." When the doctor entered the room to give him an injection at two o'clock in the morning he said, "Don't put me to sleep, Doc, I want to stay conscious." The injection eased his pain and our brother was able to speak a little with a smile on his lips for the next forty minutes. He then asked the doctor if he couldn't give him something to relieve his pain and when told that there was nothing he could do our brother tried to change his position in the bed and with that died as the doctor was holding him. His ministry had been most outstanding, his energy boundless when in good health, and his loving personality endeared him to all those who met him. We feel that one of the giants of the faith has been taken, and we pray that the Lord may raise up others to continue in the paths of service and devotion to Him.

Use Your Gift for God — by A. S. Loizeaux (from Help and Food)

The following article, which we believe contains ministry which is both timely and constructive, has been selected for our editorial this month. We wish to thank the writer for this faithful and practical article and commend it to the careful study of all our readers. —Ed. note.

Full-time Service

Special gift and unquestioned devotion are needed to justify a person being supported by the Lord's money. You cannot expect saints to support a worker who cannot preach or teach or serve better than those who earn their own bread. In all such cases results are the acid test in determining what constitutes a true call to full-time service. A preacher who constantly wins souls is a real evangelist. A teacher who builds assemblies and a pastor who feeds the flock well are undoubtedly called of God; and they should be supported by the Lord's money, as our Lord has Himself directed, saying, "The laborer is worthy of his hire" (Luke 10:7).

Preparation for Full-time Service

Some have supposed that all that is necessary for full-time service is easy speech and a desire to preach, and they speak of the apostles as "unlearned men," but they forget that these men had three years of personal instruction under the most gifted of teachers, the Son of God Himself. They forget too that teachers who have left legacies of truth to the Church were men of great abilities and thorough education in language and the

Word. There are excellent schools today specializing in Bible and Christian service. Those apparent exceptions to this principle have been limited either to very simple preaching or to those who have diligently acquired an education in the Word by private study. If you aspire to full-time service, see that your preparation is adequate to the work.

Approval of Your Brethren

It is unwise to attempt full-time service without the approval of your brethren in Christ. It is true that "we serve the Lord Christ," yet "we are members one of another." Barnabas and Saul were separated by the assembly at Antioch for the work to which the Holy Spirit had called them (Acts 13:2-4). The Scripture teaches that authority to preach the Word comes from the Lord and not from human ordination (John 15:16). Yet it is equally clear that a true call is approved by one's brethren. Some who have gone out without such approval have been poor workmen, involved in frequent difficulties, and having very meager fruit. They would have been happier in secular work and probably would have been of greater service to God's kingdom. A wise man will seek to win the approval of his brethren for full-time service, or accept their advice as the Lord's guidance into other lines of service.

Dependence on the Lord

The foregoing is the human side of ministry. The divine side is that unless the Spirit of God works, nothing is accomplished for God. Our Lord said to His disciples, "Without Me ye can do NOTHING" (John 15:5). So it is clear that real dependence on the Lord and guidance by

His Spirit is essential to blessing in the Lord's work. Earnest and habitual prayer marks every servant who is greatly used of God. The reason for this is simple. The work to be of any lasting value is God's work, and while He uses human instruments it is He who works, and without Him we can do nothing.

We Are God's Instruments

It was my privilege to know Dr. Howard Kelly of Johns Hopkins quite intimately. He was a master in surgery, famed for his original methods and successful work. Now Dr. Kelly devised certain surgical instruments to accomplish his work. They are beautiful instruments but useless except in the hands of a master. So we are God's instruments, useful only when used of God for His purposes. Our wisdom is to be always clean and ready to the Master's hand. Paul describes such a person thus: "He shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use" (II Tim. 2:21).

Your Measure of Gift and Faith

Each of God's servants endowed with certain gifts has only a certain measure of those gifts, and a measure of faith to use the gift as God has dealt to him. His wisdom lies in knowing the measure of his gift, and not attempting to do what is beyond the measure of his gift or the faith that God has dealt to him. It is true that gift will increase as it is faithfully used for God. "To him that hath shall be given," so the measure should increase. Service for God is not static or mechanical; it is a living, growing part of the servant's personality.

Contentment in God's Service

There should be no discontent or jealousy in service for Christ. Each one has his own place ordered of God, "God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked, that there should be no schism in the body" (I Cor. 12:24,25). A servant of Christ who had learned this lesson said, "I never knew real peace and joy in service, until I ceased trying to be great."

God's Sovereignty and Man's Responsibility in Service

Scripture makes both of these great truths clear in somewhat the following manner.

Ability—God endows men with abilities and capacities at birth. Each individual differs from others as God has made him to differ. This is God's sovereignty. Each man in his life develops his ability by industry, or injures it by slothfulness or sin. This is man's responsibility.

Salvation—God provides a sovereign salvation and calls men to repent and believe the gospel. Men either refuse to obey the gospel, or they believe and are saved. By conversion those who believe become God's children and His servants.

Service—God calls to service those whom He chooses, to the service of His choice, to accomplish His purposes of grace. The servant may fail to respond in whole or in part, or he may yield himself to God, obedient to the call.

Gifts of the Spirit—God gives the obedient servant the gifts of His Spirit according to his abilities, and suited to the tasks appointed. This gift of the Spirit seems to be

the divine wisdom and energy to use the talents of the servant in his allotted work. The servant on his part learns full dependence on the Lord to work through him by the Spirit. The slothful or wilful servant loses the gift that he should have used.

The Measure of Faith

If God calls a servant to a task, He gives to him the needed measure of faith in God to do the work and meet the opposition that he must encounter. A beautiful instance of this is seen when Paul was distressed by his weakness and the enemy's strength at Corinth. The Lord spoke to His servant saying, "Be not afraid; but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city" (Acts 18:9,10). The servant's responsibility is by prayer to draw on the Lord's strength for the task that has been given to him.

God's Grace for the Path

God's grace is often connected with the trials and sufferings of the servant's path. When Paul was given a thorn in his flesh, the Lord refused to remove the thorn, but said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness" (II Cor. 12:9). The context further shows that grace was needed to bear infirmities, reproaches, want, and persecution. The servant's responsibility is to bear the burdens connected with the task without fainting or turning back, sustained by the grace that God supplies.

God's Purposes and Work

God alone knows His plans and purposes and the work to be done. He can and does give His obedient servants visions of the tasks before them, but it is solely God's prerogative to direct His servants: "He gave to every man his work" (Mark 13:34). If God opens a door of opportunity, the servant's task is to enter the door and do the work. "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it" (Rev. 3:8); "A great door and an effectual is opened unto me" (I Cor. 16:9).

Opportunities

God-given opportunities may be considered as connected with the gifts He gives to His servants. Moody's gift would have had little scope but for the great fields ready for harvest. Elijah and John the Baptist were raised up to do a definite work for God, needed in the place and at the time of their call to service. Notice that work is not given to provide scope for the gift, but the gift is given to accomplish the work required in God's purpose.

No Cause for Pride

In God's ways of using men in His service, there is no just cause for pride on man's part. Man's natural ability is God's gift. The Spirit's endowments are gifts. Even the faith to exercise these talents is God's gift, measured out to meet the need, and finally, the grace to bear suffering and meet opposition without fainting is God's gift to His servant. No doubt pride may enter the deceitful heart at each and every exercise of God's gifts, and God may have to humble His servants in many ways to destroy

pride. He may permit Satan to buffet the body and plant thorns in the flesh to hide pride from man.

David was humbled by his great sin, Elijah fled from Jezebel, and each servant may have his sorrow to cause him to walk humbly with his God.

Paul's Life Illustrates the Servant's Gifts

The apostle Paul, whose exceptional gifts are more fully disclosed to us than those of any other character in Scripture, illustrates the truths we have been considering. First, his natural ability was remarkable. He was a man of extraordinary endowments, of immense mental stature and force. James Stalker says, "Paul was a born thinker. His mind was of majestic breadth and force. It was restlessly busy, never leaving a subject until it had pursued it back to its remotest causes, and forward into all its consequences." This natural ability was God's gift at birth, which Paul himself suggests when he says, "But when it was the good pleasure of God, who separated me (to His purpose) even from my mother's womb, and called me through His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Gentiles; straightway I conferred not with flesh and blood," etc. (Gal. 1:15, 16).

Second, Paul's salvation was by the Lord's call on the Damascus road, and immediately he responded to the call, as he says, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19). Third, the call to service to preach Christ among the Gentiles was obeyed with all the energy of Paul's fervent nature.

Fourth, Paul's spiritual gifts were by direct revelation from Jesus Christ. The gospel of the glory and the

mystery of the Church were special revelations to him, and were gifts of the Holy Spirit, as Paul says in Eph. 3:4, 5, "Ye can perceive my understanding in the mystery of Christ; which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets in the SPIRIT."

Fifth, God's grace was given to Paul to teach the saints (Rom. 12:3), to minister Christ to the Gentiles (Rom. 15:15), and to bear the afflictions of his pathway (II Cor. 12:9). This grace is the constant divine support and enablement of God's servants. Saul of Tarsus was a "chosen vessel" to bear Christ's name to the Gentiles (Acts 9:15). Before his conversion he was a captain of the enemies of Christ, but on the Damascus road he was captured by Christ and requisitioned to be a captain in the service of the Lord Jesus. He was like a large-calibre gun captured from the enemy, and turned around to do great service against the enemies of Christ.

All Gifts are Related to God

Thus we see that all true gift is related to God. Our natural ability is from God at birth. The gifts of the Spirit are received for definite purposes. A measure of faith is dealt to each servant suited to his work, and God's grace is granted to sustain the servant in the pathway. Finally, the work done is to God's glory and His praise forever.

Your Response and Responsibility

We hope that this study of Scripture will help many of God's children to find with assurance what gift they possess, and that such may be encouraged to USE THAT GIFT FOR GOD. The great needs in evidence on every

side are open doors and opportunities for service. In them we who are God's children hear His voice saying, "Whom shall I send? and Who will go for Us?" Let us answer with Isaiah, "Here am I; SEND ME!"

—Help and Food

A Stranger Goes to Church: An Open Letter — by Frank Stewart

OPEN LETTER

August 13, 1945

Mr. W. G. McCartney, Editor, 35 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McCartney:

With considerable interest I have just seen for the first time your attractive magazine and was very much surprised to discover a reprint of my column, "A Stranger Goes to Church," on Page 11 of the August edition.

In the past seven years I have visited more than 340 religious groups—a different one every Sunday—to obtain material for this feature which appears every Monday on the editorial page of the Cleveland Press. Probably no working newspaperman in the country has ever had such an opportunity to survey the religious strata of a great metropolitan center.

The significant thing about the assembly of Christians gathered to the name of the Lord Jesus was their belief in the simplicity of the spiritual faith of the early church. Plenty of so-called churches are off the beam because they have failed to teach plain belief in Jesus Christ—without any frills.

My attention to your magazine was drawn by George R. Bryant, who acts as librarian in the I.O.O.F. Home at Liberty, Mo. Mr. Bryant wrote me a letter inquiring for more information about the assembly of believers in

Cleveland. In the correspondence that followed, he enclosed "Letters of Interest."

With every good wish for the continued success of your magazine and the work of the assemblies of Christians, Very sincerely,

Frank Stewart, Religion Editor, Cleveland Press

Ed. note: Through error it was stated that the above mentioned article "A Stranger Goes to Church" as printed in the August issue was taken from the Cleveland Plaindealer; it should have read The Cleveland Press.

Thomas D. W. Muir

When Thomas D. W. Muir passed into the presence of the Lord in Detroit on February 7, 1931, the Church of God lost a gifted teacher, the Detroit assembly a pastor and the world a faithful herald of the gospel. During the fifty-five years of very active ministry, fifty of which were spent in Detroit, he was one who "always abounded in the work of the Lord." His numerous magazine articles and gospel tracts will continue to bear fruit. As editor of Our Record for a number of years, he carried the burden of that magazine at a period when our late brother Charles W. Ross was in poor health. He was also a hymn-writer and a musician of no mean order, and several of his gospel hymns are in regular use.

Mr. Muir was born in the village of Ormiston, province of Quebec, in 1855, of Scottish descent. His parents were rigid Presbyterians, although at times the family attended a little Baptist Mission nearer their home. In 1869 he received his first spiritual awakening in this Mission, through the preaching of a young man named Richmond. In 1870 the family moved to Hamilton, Ontario, and four years later the pioneers, Donald Munro and John Smith appeared in that city, preaching in the open air and a hired hall for four months. For the first six weeks these two men preached every night for an hour in the open air and then for forty-five minutes longer to the few who had followed them into the hall. They were completely discouraged and were packing up ready to leave, feeling there was no stir at all. Then one evening, three souls were saved, William L. Faulkner, who afterward went to Central Africa, Thomas D. W.

Muir, and his brother Kenneth. The strong words used in tracts and posters, "Friend, thou art travelling to Eternity; to an Everlasting Heaven or to an Endless Hell —Which?" coupled with John 3:16, were used of God in leading Mr. Muir to Christ in July, 1874, when nineteen years of age.

Needless to say, the meetings continued for many weeks longer and others were saved. After his conversion young Thomas endeavored to help in the meetings as much as possible. He swept the floor of the hall, dusted and arranged the chairs, kindled the fire and placed the hymn books in readiness for the various meetings. Thus he was serving an apprenticeship that stood him in good stead for the years to come. One night he and another young Christian decided to help advertise the meetings, by holding a street-meeting themselves, the bargain being that Mr. Muir, who had a fine singing voice, would sing a hymn and attract the crowd and the other young man would speak. When the hymn had been sung and an audience gathered, Mr. Muir looked around for his friend who was to speak, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had had an attack of "cold feet" at the critical moment and had quietly withdrawn, leaving young Thomas alone to face the situation, so for the first time he spoke forth the gospel to the people and was helped of God. After he had finished, a woman's strong Scotch voice was heard to call out, "Weel, laddie, God has opened your mouth. See that the Devil never shuts it." Mr. Muir said later, "And this was my 'ordination to the ministry.'"

From the time of his conversion Mr. Muir began to be exercised about giving all his time to preaching the gospel, and was encouraged in this desire by a godly old

brother in the Hamilton meeting. There were many obstacles in the way, some of them financial, but God met the need in a remarkable way and, step by step, Mr. Muir followed the leading of the Lord. The Scripture, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," was used on one occasion to encourage him in this path. In the year 1877, at New Year, at the conference in Hamilton, Mr. Muir first met Mr. Donald Ross, who was greatly interested in the young man, having heard something of his progress as a Christian and his seeming desire to spread the gospel. Mr. Ross suggested to him that he go with him to Galt, Ont., and, as he put it, "be John Mark to me." He was only too glad to fall in with Mr. Ross's desire, feeling, as he said, that it would be an honor to accompany such an one in the work, and realizing that there would be an opportunity to get help in the things of God, which he knew he needed. He asked Mr. Ross to criticise his preaching and tell him of anything in manner or matter which might hinder the reception of the message. This Mr. Ross promised to do and every evening the two men would spend at least an hour before retiring talking over the Word. Faulty expositions of certain texts, or faulty expressions of what was in itself the truth, all passed in review, with the result that help was given at that time that was never forgotten. Mr. Muir himself wrote of those days as follows: "Mr. Ross himself an active man, he could not bear to see others idle who were professedly devoting their time to the Lord's service. Both by example and in the course of his ministry he condemned it. Yet he never thought it misspent time that was used over the Word of God. Indeed, he encouraged close study of the Bible. 'Take time to study God's Word,' he would say to me in those

days; 'Use all legitimate means to enable you to grasp the scope of it. Examine the context; secure if possible, the primary application; then, as you meditate upon it, you may find there are principles in it of wider application, which will come to the front as you may need to use them.' To emphasize such instruction, he could give me portion to study and 'work out' as he called it. In leisure time these 'studies' would be gone over and criticised, to my profit. I shall never forget those days, nor cease to thank God for the help given during the eight weeks we were together. And in the years that have followed since those early days, how much I have been indebted to him for wise counsel, encouraging words, and, by means of his public ministry, searching messages, stirring up my lagging energies to desire, in some measure, more real devotedness to Him we own as Lord and Master."

When Mr. Muir first went to Detroit it was a city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Things were very primitive during his first years in that city, a few street cars drawn by horses and these only on the principal avenues and at wide intervals. Detroit then saw the first open-air gospel meetings, when Mr. and Mrs. Muir stood by the Detroit River at the foot of Woodward Ave. Later a few professed faith in Christ and a little assembly was formed, the open-air meetings were held at the Soldier's Monument on Cadillac square where there were good audiences and few interruptions.

For several years a gospel-tent work was carried on in the summer months and his tent was the first ever pitched in Detroit. There was a good deal of persecution from the Roman Catholics in those early days and many a time the tent was found flat on the ground, the ropes

having been cut. The little assembly first met in a store building, and was very weak and its members few and poor, so there was a constant struggle to meet expenses. Mr. Muir received not one penny of fellowship from the Christians in Detroit for the first seven years there. When any special effort in the gospel was made he had to foot the bills himself, pay the printer out of his own pocket, and furnish the extra light and heat for the occasion. From other places the Lord graciously supplied his own family needs as they arose, and Mr. Muir testified many times to the Lord's faithfulness during all these times of trials and testing. He made his requests to God and to Him alone and never gave to anyone else the slightest hint of his own need.

One little incident in connection with his times of testing may be interesting to our readers. Mr. Muir told this himself years after it occurred. His wife was recovering from a long illness and craved something to tempt her appetite. "If I could just have some chicken broth," she said. He had no money to buy such food and you can imagine his feelings when he knew her desire and his inability to gratify it. But that very day a man who professed to be a Christian called upon him. Several times in the past this man had had fellowship with Mr. Muir in the work of the Lord. In the course of the conversation on that day our brother discovered that the man held a serious unscriptural doctrine that precluded him from having any fellowship with him. As the caller rose to leave, he took out a roll of bills and said, "I want you to take this." Mr. Muir withdrew his hand, saying, "I cannot take any money from you as I cannot have fellowship with one who holds the doctrine of annihilation as you do." The man insisted, but Mr. Muir

stood firm in his refusal, though, as he said, the Devil was taunting him with his wife's need of nourishing food and his own seeming cruelty in refusing money with which he could satisfy her craving. When the visitor left, our brother wept like a child and then poured out his heart before God. Did God leave him to Satan's buffetings? No! That very night a Christian came to the same door bearing a basket containing a pitcher filled with chicken broth, a cooked chicken, vegetables and a loaf of homemade bread. Mr. Muir added, "And again I withdrew and kneeled down to my heavenly Father who knew I had need of such things and who had so graciously turned my heartfelt prayers into heartfelt praise." By these things men live and characters are formed. All such experiences gave Mr. Muir boldness and faithfulness to stand for God and God's ways.

The assembly in Detroit grew through the years until at the present time there are several hundred breaking bread in one location, with smaller companies scattered through the city—all dating back to the time when Mr. and Mrs. Muir stood on the street corner alone singing and preaching the gospel. Mr. Muir did some pioneering in towns in Ontario, also, Straffordville, Forest, Arkona and other places in the Lake Huron region. John Carnie was with him during those years and the work done then is still standing. A poem, one of the many written by our brother Muir, seems a fitting ending to this memoir of one of the outstanding pioneers in this country.

"Awake Thou That Sleepest"

Saints of God, redeemed and precious
Children of a heavenly birth;

Why do we like veriest worldlings
Grovel low upon the earth?

>

What though we gain earthly treasures,
Tho possessed of wealth untold;
What will all the struggle profit,
If we lose our crown for gold?

>

Child of God, His grace has saved you;
Saved to serve a Master true,
For He has in His vast vineyard
Some appointed spot for you.

>

Has he not redeemed and saved you
That your tongue His praise might swell,
That you might, in working with Him,
Save poor souls from death and hell?

>

Dare you trifle; while around you
Thousands perish day by day?
Perish in their sins, not knowing
Christ the true and living way.

>

What though all the world despise you,
Christ was hated long ago,
You have heard His voice command you,
"Preach the Gospel," therefore go!

>

Not perchance to distant places—
Will He first direct your way—
Home and friends and old companions
Need the warning Word today.

>

Go to them, proclaim the message,
Warn—entreat to flee from hell.
"Preach the Word," be not discouraged,
God will fight the battle well.

>

Stay not there, tell other sinners—
Tell the freeman or the slave,
God will prove to all who trust Him,
That He's mighty still to save,

>

Mighty, for the wondrous power
Wrought in Christ, brought from the dead
Quickens still, and saves from judgment,
All the flock for which He bled.

>

Hasten, then; for Christ is coming—
Coming soon, His own to claim;
And each soul won for the glory
Swells the honor of that Name!

>

Hasten, ere the shadows lengthen,
Love's demands no longer shirk—
Time is flying—men are dying—
Night draws near, when none can work.

Ed. Note: The foregoing article should be read by every one of our readers. It will touch the heart with a deep sense of God's goodness to those who will trust Him.

Cyrus G. Davis

Cyrus G. Davis went home to be with the Lord September 6. He came to Los Angeles over a month ago, as he said, to die; and though he was a very sick man, his death came sooner than expected. His body was laid to rest in Inglewood Cemetery, Inglewood, California, on Monday, September 10. A goodly number assembled for the funeral services, some coming from Phoenix, Arizona, and San Diego and Riverside, California. Those present of the Lord's servants were J. T. Dickson, Harold Kesler, S. Keller, and George Wightman from the Philippines.

Brother Davis was brought to know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour in 1911. One day as he walked alone on a busy street in Los Angeles, he heard a voice behind him say, "Flee from the wrath to come." That voice, though he never knew where it came from, was God's voice to his soul. His exercise of heart led him at once to the public library where he obtained a Bible and sat down to read. At random he turned its pages in search of a text that might bring relief to his troubled heart. One that his eyes rested on read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart," etc.; but in this there was no relief for him. And he cried out in distress, "I could never do that, O God, that kills me." Continuing his search, undoubtedly guided by the spirit of God, he turned to Isaiah 53, and from that blessed chapter—so full of the sorrows of the man of sorrows, and depicting so clearly the way of salvation for the sinner by a substitute dying for him—he found the Saviour through the words of

verse 6, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

The change with brother Davis was very marked, and at once he began to tell what great things God had done for his soul. A day or so after his conversion he returned to the library, as he said, to learn more of the salvation that had given him so much joy. Perusing the same Bible, he came to the verse in I John 3, "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." But, said he, I don't know any of the brethren—if I did I would love them. About that time he made a trip north as far as Portland, Oregon, distributing gospel literature by the way, and when in Portland he met some of the brethren he had promised to love. In a short time he returned to Los Angeles, and it was then in his rooming house that he met our brother John Bristow who brought him to the Gospel Hall and introduced him to some more brethren. Brother S. Greer, now with the Lord, was one of them. He took a real interest in Mr. Davis, and he with other brethren taught him many of the precious truths that mark the Christian's path in this dispensation. Brother Davis manifested a definite interest in all he was learning by a marked readiness to obey what the Lord was teaching him. Brother Greer had the joy of baptizing him in Ebenezer Hall, Monrovia. The following Lord's day brother Davis was received into the assembly on West Jefferson Street, the only assembly then meeting in His name in Los Angeles. Our numbers were small—just about forty in fellowship—but our joy in the Lord was great, and God was blessing His word. Brother Davis took a keen interest in all the activities of the assembly and was present at every meeting. He became an ardent tract distributor and was delighted to be where the

gospel was told forth nightly. When we had meetings in Fresno, California, he was there and helped greatly in advertising the services.

He and brother Greer labored for more than a year in San Diego, and God gave much blessing to Saint and sinner, and the testimony in that city was greatly strengthened. Many months were spent in Hemet, California, and when brother Greer and he left for other fields, they left behind them a number in testimony meeting in a newly erected gospel hall. Thus brother Davis continued obtaining help from God as he went from place to place, visiting small and out-of-the-way assemblies, until natural strength failed him and the end came when he heard the call, come up higher.

H. G. McEwen — by J. T. Dickson

From ancient days God has raised up witnesses for Himself and fitted them for a special work. John Flavel (of the 17th Century) described such as, "Stars which arose, shone, and set in death." This has been the order down the ages. The past few years has marked the home-call of many noted servants of Christ, who like David, "Served his own generation by the will of God" (Acts 13:36). Some of these lived beyond the allotted span of human life, yet they maintained the dew of their spiritual youth, and their loss has been felt keenly by the Church of God. But since 1945 began, the ranks of a younger generation of preachers has been entered by the grim reaper.

In February, Mr. A. Widdison, late of London, England, went home to heaven from Hollywood, Florida, and in July Mr. S. A. Burnham, also late of London, passed into the presence of the Lord from Oakland, California. It is with a feeling of great personal loss we have now to add the name of beloved Hugh G. McEwen, one of America's own sons, and an able minister of the Word of God.

Mr. McEwen was born in Petersburg, Virginia, on September 24, 1880, the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McEwen. His early years were spent in that city, and in 1896 when God caused an awakening there through the ministry of Messrs. Beveridge, Lamb, and Bradford, the McEwen family shared in the blessing so that in the home, Sunday School, and Gospel meetings Hugh was ever reminded of his need of being born again.

In his early life the family moved to Philadelphia and were in fellowship in 20th and Dickinson Gospel Hall. Again Hugh was sent to the Sunday School and had Dr. Cameron (now Editor of Assembly Annals) for his teacher. Thus the good seed was continually sown in his heart. But he remained unsaved, and as he so often told, at New Year's time when the young believers from Virginia came to his father's house for the Philadelphia Conference and gathered around the organ, playing and singing the songs of Zion, their happy faces and the words sung and spoken by them were a continual rebuke as he knew they had something to which he was a stranger.

The Philadelphia Conference in 1907 was approaching, and he had a dread of again meeting these happy Christians. On New Year's Eve, Hugh and two other companions (all three named Hugh) had arranged to go into the city to see the parade. Although in his 18th year, his mother said, "Hugh, you are going to the gospel meeting!" and all three boys went off to the Hall. At the close of the meeting Mr. William Matthews of Boston rose up to pray. He broke down and wept as he prayed for souls on the way to hell in that gathering. As the meeting ended, saints and sinners alike were stirred. The mother of one of his companions threw her arms around her boy and said, "Oh Hugh, are you not going to get saved?" Hugh McEwen, instead of going to the parade as planned, slipped home with the arrow of conviction deep in his heart. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Telfer continued with a series of meetings in the Hall, and after a time of deep soul trouble, one night when all alone in his room, the light of the glorious gospel shone into his darkened heart. He ran to his father's room at midnight,

calling out, "Father, I am saved!" The whole household arose and there was much rejoicing. Hugh was baptized with others, and received into the Assembly, and very soon took active part especially in cottage meetings.

In 1913 Brother McEwen was united in marriage with Miss Jean Herron, and they became identified with Mascher Street Assembly where he was very active in gospel work. One evening in 1916 there was a tea meeting in the hall, and the assembly commended him to the work of the Lord. During the twenty-five years of his ministry our brother travelled far in the United States and Canada. Yet he labored faithfully around Philadelphia, Delaware, and New Jersey, and precious fruit was gathered in.

Brother McEwen first came to our home in New England in January, 1917, and became a favorite in the family circle and continued ever after to hold that place. Sincerity, and a love for souls was very manifest and often long after all had retired, we could hear our brother in prayer and supplication, crying to God on behalf of the unsaved. We began meetings in Manchester, Connecticut, and the first soul he pointed to Christ in New England was May Rainey from Bridgeport, who was visiting our home. The joy that filled his heart when this dear girl was saved seemed to give him much encouragement. It was only a short time until May was taken home to heaven. Later brother McEwen went to Groton, Connecticut. The Lord gave blessing with his word and a hearty little assembly was formed. During the summer of 1919 our brother toiled all alone in a tent in Westfield, New Jersey. A goodly number were saved and later were baptized, and an assembly started. Early in 1920 we went to Virginia

together and had a series of meetings in Petersburg, his own home town. There was a fine interest and precious souls were saved. We then began in Pawtucket, Rhode Island where the presence of God was felt, and a number were saved. One night he spoke from Hosea 6:4, especially the words, "Your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew, it goeth away." Many sat and wept as he portrayed the path of some who have professed to be saved, appearing bright and hearty, but alas how soon they lose the freshness and joy which passed away like the early dew. We also had fruitful seasons together in New Bedford, Chelsea, Pittsburg and Chicago.

Our brother grew in grace and developed a wonderful gift. He was splendid in speaking to children, and as a gospel preacher he excelled. He was a student of the word, and was most acceptable in ministry to the saints. In those days he had a very youthful appearance. One Easter Monday at a conference in Manchester, he took up the unequal yoke. One special point was the unequal yoke in the assembly, illustrated from Neh. 13:4, 5, where Eliashib the priest, being allied to Tobiah, prepared for him a great chamber in the house of God. Mr. John Gill, an aged veteran, sat and wept like many others that day. At the close he said to me, with much feeling, "That stripling amazed me."

In June 1921, Mr. W. H. Marshall drove brother McEwen from Boston to the Nova Scotia yearly conference at Pugwash Junction. The Lord gave a season of blessing. The gospel meeting on Lord's day was a grand sight—the hall being too small, seats were fixed outside, and over 500 were present. Brethren H. G. McEwen and I. McMullen preached the gospel with much power that

summer evening, and it seemed to all present the voice of God was being heard, and fruit was reaped. In 1922 he linked up with Mr. Bradford and was a true yokefellow. They pitched a tent in Midland Park, New Jersey, and labored faithfully in that vicinity for a few years both publicly and from house to house, resulting in an assembly being formed.

The Toronto brethren invited the McEwen brothers, Sam and Hugh, to preach in a large tent in that city. They labored there for two or three seasons, and Eternity alone will tell the full results of the Word of God proclaimed by His servants.

In 1941 brother McEwen seemed at the height of his usefulness. His knowledge of the Scriptures was very evident, and his expositions were helpful to old and young. While he traveled much, he was a "home man," a loving husband and a kind father, and always manifested great faith in God. In times when severely tested, he looked to God alone. It was most inspiring to hear him relate some instances of God's unfailing faithfulness in supplying his need. The brethren in Kansas City, Missouri, invited brother McEwen and me to the conference that year, and to begin a series of gospel meetings afterward. We both looked forward to a season together again, but the Lord had it ordered otherwise. He took a stroke, and for a time was laid aside. He recovered so that once again he set out in the work that was dear to his heart, but another stroke followed resulting in the losing of his speech entirely. For about three years he rallied, tenderly nursed by his devoted wife, daughter, and mother-in-law. His family circle was greatly devoted to him. There was much prayer and

sympathy expressed by the Lord's people during his illness.

On September 5, when the news spread far and near that the weary worker was called home, many were in tears, and many tributes to his memory were sent to his loved ones. The funeral service was held in Oliver Baird's Funeral Parlor in Philadelphia, and an estimated six hundred were present. Mr. Peter Pell and Mr. Harold Harper spoke fitting words, and Mr. Herbert Marshall gave a short word at the grave. The precious body of beloved Hugh McEwen was laid away until the day breaks and the shadows flee away. Besides his wife and daughter, a large circle of relatives and friends mourn his loss.

J. T. Dickson

William J. McClure — by J. T. Dickson

William J. McClure was one who faithfully served his own generation. Over sixty years ago he grasped with a firm grip the lighted torch extended to him by those who preceded him in the Christian relay race, and now, having finished his part of the course, he has handed intact that light which he received to the generation following.

Born on Christmas Day, 1857, in the town of Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, of staunch Episcopalian parents, though unsaved at that time, William grew to be a strong and robust boy and above many in stature. He early learned to work in the forge with his father, who was a blacksmith of some note in that part of the country, but his ambitions were for higher occupations than a lifetime in a smithy and he often had thoughts of going afar to make his fortune. However, as he approached the age of sixteen, his dreams were interrupted by thoughts of death, hell and judgment and caused him deep spiritual anxiety. Moody and Sankey had come over from America and throughout the British Isles the mighty power of God was seen in the awakening and conversion of young men who afterwards devoted their lives to the gospel in the home and foreign fields. Cottage meetings were held in various places and Mr. McClure's sister who was at that time living in Belfast, was persuaded to attend one of these. She immediately became concerned about her soul, for, while she was an active church member, had never known a time in her experience when as a lost guilty sinner she had accepted Christ as her Saviour. She was

genuinely converted as a result of this meeting and her letters home were used to awaken her brother, William. He went through great soul-agony and was unable to get relief from any of the preaching he heard at the town Church. Deliverance came at last and to quote his own words, "Through reading I Peter 2:24, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,' and Isaiah 53:5, 6, I got just what I needed. But such was my state of anxiety as I prayed for forgiveness in my bedroom, that I was looking for some sign to assure me I was saved. Had I looked to the sky, and had I seen, or thought that I had seen, the words, 'W. J. McClure, you are saved,' I would have been very happy. It would have been a sign such as I was looking for, and would have given me assurance. Thousands of times I thanked God that nothing like that occurred, as that assurance would not have lasted long, for very soon after my conversion I met another W. J. McClure. Instantly the question would have arisen in my mind: 'Did those words in the sky refer to you or to him?' And away would have gone my peace and assurance. But I saw in John 3:16 a word which would take us both in and everyone else as well. It was that grand word 'WHOSOEVER.' This verse was not so well known sixty years ago as it is today, and it was not until after my conversion that I enjoyed its blessedness."

The young convert was not favoured like many who have had the great blessing of being raised in a Christian home or even under the influence of a godly Sunday School teacher, and who at the very start of their Christian life have been nourished by those who cared for their souls. But just as in the case of Saul of Tarsus (whom God had called to be a chosen vessel to bear the

name of Jesus before the Gentiles), the Lord had a "disciple named Ananias" at Damascus ready to be the first to call him "brother Saul" and to give him his earliest lesson in the school of God, so the Lord had also his servants ready to be used by Him in leading young W. J. McClure into the right ways of the Lord. Little beginnings, some indeed that might seem of no importance, have often been the seed plot from which fruit has been gathered in later days. Such might be said of the early experiences of brother McClure.

He and a Christian companion, James Ruddock, who had heard much about the wonderful opportunities for work in Belfast, conceived a great desire to go to the city with the laudable object of being able to make money to help their respective families. They started out and after some difficulty obtained work in the Barbour and Coombes Foundry, where they remained for a number of years. About that time, hand-loom weaving had become quite an industry in Northern Ireland as the soil was very suitable for growing flax and thus began the manufacture of the far-famed homespun "Irish linen." With the invention of the power loom, linen factories sprang up in the towns throughout Ulster, Belfast taking the lead, and this industry, with the opening of two large shipyards, drew many working people from all over the country. The town of Belfast flourished and increased rapidly in population, spreading out into what was once farming districts. Foundries and other industries added to its prosperity and eventually the town of Belfast became a city.

But more important than its fine linen and ship-building industries, Belfast became a very fertile field for gospel preaching, especially during the memorable year of

1859, when a mighty revival swept over Ulster. This work of grace began in a very simple manner. A saintly old woman spent her time visiting among the people of the Braid Valley, County Antrim, speaking of God's great salvation as opportunity afforded. The Lord blessed the testimony of his handmaiden and among others three young Irish farmers were saved. Their new life in Christ became very evident, for these young men soon began to feel the spiritual dearth that existed all over, and, as a result, during the winter months of 1858, they came together for prayer in a little school room in the village of Kells. Sincere and earnest were the prayers that ascended to the Throne of Grace from that little school room, the burden of their petitions being that God would send an awakening into the hearts of the people. Early in 1859, these young men began to preach the gospel with much simplicity and yet with a power that gripped the heart and conscience, making it like a new message to the people. Very soon there were tokens of the gospel's wonder-working power. Souls were saved and a sound of "abundance of rain" was heard all over the land. Ministers who were born again and not prejudiced by "tradition" welcomed this visitation which was spreading like a breath of spring all over Ulster, and further afield. During all that summer, thousands of men and women, in every walk of life, flocked to hear the Word of God proclaimed, mostly in fields with platforms raised for the speakers, as buildings were far too small to hold the multitudes that gathered together. One rather strange feature attending this remarkable work was that during the service, men and women, old and young, many of whom had just attended the meetings through curiosity, would fall down "stricken" as it was called, and in bitter anguish of heart would cry out in

despair, as they seemed to get a look into Eternity and saw the coming wrath of God upon the guilty and their cries for mercy were heard all over the audience. In many cases, the light of the Gospel broke in upon darkened hearts, and, it became quite usual to see men who had never before spoken a word in public gathering, rise up and with wonderful eloquence and power, tell out what the Lord had just done for them through the work of the Cross. Thousands were truly born again, while others, in the excitement then existing, made professions which soon faded like the morning cloud. Many who witnessed these scenes were heard to say, "We have seen strange things today."

Belfast shared largely in this great Revival, multitudes coming together to listen to the gospel and all over the city the singing of the songs of Zion could be heard early and late. For many years following these events, God raised up earnest preachers, who kept the fire burning. In 1873 two evangelists came to Belfast, James W. Smith and James Campbell, who, although born and saved in Scotland, had been preaching in the United States, and had been greatly used to the conversion of souls. It was in 1875 that young William J. McClure arrived in Belfast and for the first time met these two evangelists whose godly influence had a wonderful effect on his long life afterwards. These brethren, Smith and Campbell, like many others who were students of the Word, had learned the truth of the priesthood of all believers, and also of the gifts to the Church from the risen Lord for ministry to the members of the Body; that the Lord Himself calls His servants, fits them and sends them forth as ambassadors for Christ, to be guided in their service by the Holy Spirit; that they needed no "Board"

to direct them nor the promise of a salary for their temporal power. From the great commission of Matt. 28, they ascertained the command to preach the gospel, to baptize believers, and to teach them to observe all things whatsoever the Lord had commanded. The result was that the plain searching preaching and fearless manner of these two brethren, as they sought to set forth the verities of Eternity, marked them as men who sought not the favor of men, but whose sole object was to please God.

A large canvas tent was pitched near the center of Belfast and crowds of people from all over the city and surrounding country flocked to hear the burning messages from these servants of Christ which effected the awakening of many who were dead in trespasses and sins and the discovery by others who were mere professors that although they were looked upon as Christians, they had never been born again. It was a time of great rejoicing, for souls were passing from death unto life.

Soon after his arrival in Belfast, William McClure was attracted to the tent. The preaching was a revelation to him, for although he had been saved about one year, little progress had been made in the divine life and he was at times subject to doubts and fears. To use his own words, "My standing in Christ and His work to meet my failures and backslidings were quite unknown to me." How often young Christians, after professing to be saved, perhaps baptized and brought into the Assembly, the truth having cost them little, seem so soon to settle down, giving little evidence of that divine nature and exercise as to vital godliness and separation from the world, but are content to go on without any definite

object in view. Yet, there has come a crisis in many a young life when brought in contact with experiences as brother McClure enjoyed in that early day, and through the power of the Holy Spirit, and the Word ministered, they have seen things in the light of Eternity and the judgment seat of Christ, resulting in a complete change. The life is laid on the altar and used afterwards in happy and fruitful service for Christ.

In later years Mr. McClure often referred to that memorable year when he first met those two messengers of God. Although he had many difficulties to overcome and it took a good while for him to bow to all the truth they set forth from the New Testament, yet the time came when he owned the Lordship of Christ and he thanked God for the ministry he had heard in those days. A short time afterward he linked himself with an assembly of Christians gathering alone in the Name of the Lord in Old Lodge Road Gospel Hall, and took a special interest in the study of the Scriptures, which now opened up to him with new light. Notes on the Pentateuch by Mackintosh provided much food for his soul and in after years he excelled in the line of ministry which exalted Christ and His high ministry as revealed through the types in the books of Moses. The truth he then learned of gathering in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ was a stay and strength to him all through life. He never faltered but lived in the power of it himself and taught it to others.

There was in those days a band of energetic young men connected with assemblies in and around Belfast, some of whom had been saved through Smith and Campbell, but all of whom had come under their godly influence, and in turn were all used of God as preachers of the

gospel: Dr. William J. Matthews, Thomas Lough, James Meharg, David Oliver, William Matthews and John Knox McEwen. All these were earnest workers in and around Belfast and William McClure shared with them in their happy service.

In 1881, when twenty-four years old, W. J. McClure became exercised about going to the United States, purposing to continue working with his hands and as much as possible make known what the Lord had taught him in the gospel and in believers' truths which had become so precious to him. He arrived in Chicago a complete stranger but was heartily received by the saints gathered in the May and Fulton St. hall. Donald Ross was at that time living in Chicago and his ministry was stimulating to the Lord's people and his energy in the gospel was a great help and encouragement to the young men, exercising and stirring up the gift that God had given them. Among these young men were Robert Telfer, very earnest and full of zeal in carrying the gospel message, and Kenneth J. Muir, brother of T. D. W. Muir. Brother Telfer and he became much drawn to each other and were closely associated in gospel work. Happy days were spent as they sought to carry on an aggressive testimony in that large city. In later years while speaking of the preparation for the work of the Lord in broader fields, Mr. McClure referred thus to the education he received for his life work: "We cannot read the Word of God without seeing that He believes in preparation, and so it pleased Him to give me such an education in Chicago where after standing all day before a wood lathe I devoted my evenings to Bible study and gospel work. Another very important factor in my education was the May and Fulton Streets assembly.

Some of the men whom God used as my tutors were Donald Ross, Richard Sparks, Donald Munro, John Smith and T. D. W. Muir. Donald Ross was an out-and-out evangelist and his faithful exhortations kept us from settling down and fostered the desire in our souls to preach the simple gospel of Christ. Richard Sparks was a man very well taught in prophetic truths and was used of the Lord to preserve me from the many deadly heresies that abounded then in Chicago, as they do to this day."

The fields of the West were large and assemblies few and these young brethren, Telfer and McClure, were feeling the call of God to lay their all at Jesus' feet and to go forth in His name to make Christ known in the regions beyond. Deep was their exercise of heart with the result that Mr. McClure went out for His Name's sake, followed later by Mr. Telfer. Mr. McClure began his labors in Ontario, Canada, helped by J. Norman Case and later by W. P. Douglas, who became his fast friend and yoke-fellow in the bonds of the gospel. They endured many hardships as the field was new, but as a result, "much people was added to the Lord." Mr. W. H. Hunter joined him in the work in Ontario and saw much blessing, and in 1893 when Mr. McClure went to the Pacific Coast Mr. Hunter went out there also to help in the tent work. For about nine years brother McClure labored up and down the Pacific Coast, in California, Oregon and British Columbia, associated with John Moneypenny, Mr. McFayden and others already mentioned. He then paid his first visit to Texas and gave ministry at Houston, Waxahachie and other towns in that great state.

However, Mr. McClure's heart extended beyond the boundaries of this vast continent and he became exercised about work in South Africa. The Lord's work in that part of the world had suffered greatly during the years of the Boer War, many of the saints being driven from their homes and scattered to other parts. Following the war there was great activity in reconstruction with a more hopeful outlook and when early in 1905 Mr. McClure arrived in Capetown, his visit was very opportune. He had just entered his forty-ninth year, strong in body and with a wealth of experience attained in the Lord's service that fitted him for the work that lay before him. As an evangelist and a good soldier of Jesus Christ he had learned to endure hardness and his ability to rightly divide the word of truth was very marked. All this, with a resolute mind, ready to undertake great things for God, made him a polished shaft fitted by the Master of assemblies to do a special work in the world and in the Church. He held meetings on prophetic subjects, illustrated by large charts and found great interest in Capetown, Johannesburg and Southern Rhodesia. Not only were souls saved but many were gathered out to the Name of the Lord Jesus. Thus after the years of war and discouragement, this visitation of God in many parts of that land was like the early and latter rain. Not only were the assemblies much cheered and increased in numbers but the spiritual tone was raised, giving them fresh courage and a better hold on the truth that God had taught them.

Mr. McClure loved ocean voyages and after spending about a year in Africa, he turned his thoughts to New Zealand and Australia and spent about two years there giving helpful ministry from charts on prophetic

subjects. He dearly loved to preach on the Seven Churches of Revelation and to dwell particularly on the truth of gathering to the Name of the Lord as shown in the Church at Philadelphia. He strongly opposed division in assemblies that were thus gathered, contending for the principle that unless an assembly had imbibed false doctrine connected with the foundations of the faith, or moral evil and a refusal to judge it, there was no authority from the Word of God for any assembly or company of assemblies to take upon themselves the awful responsibility of dividing or cutting off another assembly that has been gathered to His Name.

Mr. McClure returned to the States and paid visits to California, and other scenes of his former labors, taking in Nova Scotia. Again he thought of Africa and paid a return visit to that continent twenty-five years after his first visit there. His health was not good and the doctor advised an ocean voyage, to which he was not averse. He again found open doors for his ministry and returned by way of Japan, where he was able to visit the missionaries and give help in ministry. The following year after he had undergone an operation for cataract on his eyes, he was much exercised about paying a third visit to South Africa and taking in the long cherished hope of seeing the land of Palestine. Many friends tried to persuade him otherwise, as he was advanced in years and his health none too good, but he seemed to show the spirit and energy of Caleb of long ago, and still felt able for the battle. He set out accompanied by a young Irish evangelist, and stopped at Egypt, where he had special meetings, then proceeding on to Jerusalem. He had meetings there nightly and was an encouragement to the saints in that land. To break bread at Jerusalem

almost in sight of the Hill of Calvary was a blessed experience and he often spoke of it. The two months spent in Palestine passed very quickly and he set out for Africa again. There, in spite of his age and infirmities he was again in active service having meetings almost nightly. He wished to encourage some of the missionaries in China and Japan so stopped at both of these places on his way back to California. On his return in 1936, it could easily be seen that he had reached the evening time of life. He was now aged and worn; his sight and hearing were impaired and other infirmities were becoming manifest, but his ministry was still fresh and helpful. He visited Detroit, Kansas City, Texas, Cleveland and other cities giving help at Conferences and special meetings as he was able. Finally he returned to California to the home of Mr. McIntyre where he had made his home for many years, and on November 21, 1941, he gave his last Conference address from Psalm 127. On December 4 he quietly fell asleep. There was a deep sense of loss among the Lord's people when he passed into the presence of the Lord, for they felt that "a Prince and a great man" had passed away. He was buried in California on December 11.

During the long years Mr. McClure had spent in the Lord's service there were certain principles that governed his life. His standards were high and he sought to hold these in keeping with what is written in the Scriptures. He went forth to preach wholly trusting in the Lord for guidance as to his path in service, and in full dependence on the Lord for his support. In his earlier years he was a true pioneer, and he was often tried as to financial need, but when more than enough came in to meet his own requirements, what was over

went back to the Lord through His servants and their service, and as years went on his giving to the Lord increased. Servants of the Lord in the Gospel plowing their lonely furrow in new territory were made strong to labor by a letter and check from Mr. McClure. Preachers with families of small children were especially remembered by him in this way. Many a widow in her loneliness and sorrow was made to sing for joy as she opened a letter from our brother with words of comfort and a substantial check to help her along. Indeed giving was a grace he cultivated and he loved to pass on the Lord's portion sent him. The children loved to see Mr. McClure come along. Liberality and consideration were true of him at all times when he was travelling and requiring assistance from porters or working men.

Mr. McClure never married. He often said it was not because he made any vows against it or that he did not at times long to have a home of his own, but, "I just never seemed to have time," and he always kept busy with the Lord's work. Our brother never owned property nor did he make any provision for his old age, but was a real pilgrim, a stranger on the earth, and followed his Master more than most.

Editor's Note: The foregoing is a reprint from the new book compiled by J. T. Dickson entitled "William J. McClure."

Copies of the complete book which gives many more interesting details may be had from the author, J. T. Dickson, 1449 Van Buren St., Hollywood, Florida.

We heartily recommend this new book to our readers.

William A. Wilson of Sparta, Illinois — by W. M. Allen and A. B. Rodgers

Born in 1863 in Wishaw, Scotland, William Wilson grew up without the blessing of a Christian background. He was even deprived of a normal childhood for in his early teens he was forced to shoulder responsibilities because of his father's incapacitation with miner's asthma. When he was fifteen, his father died and he had all the care and support of the family. William first heard the gospel from a man who worked beside him in the mines. He had been christened in the church and considered his soul's welfare insured, but his friend pointed out to him some disturbing facts from God's Word about the true place of baptism, and he became distressed in his mind.

One day while eating lunch with some Christian men he received a ray of light in his soul through John 3:16. One of them said, "As you know, we went on a strike a short time ago, until our employers told us to go back to work and they would give us the shilling a day that we demanded. Here we are working although we have not yet received the shilling. We believed them, taking them at their word. We believe God the same way. 'If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.' Christ came to die in your stead. God asks you to believe in Him as your Saviour. It's simply taking God at His Word." The rest of the day he was praising God for His salvation. With his new-found enlightenment he desired to make public testimony of his stand in baptism and to find fellowship with brothers and sisters in Christ. Inquiring of the faithful servant of God who had first given him the gospel, he learned that he could be

baptized in a place called Dunbar Hall. He knew almost nothing about these groups of brethren who gathered simply in the name of Christ. But he was baptized, and he whimsically remarked later that, "he was in the meetings before he knew it."

The single-minded dependence upon Scripture which characterized these people impressed him profoundly, and from the very inception of his Christian life he was gripped by the conviction that the Lord would have him take his place here. As a lad of eighteen, William Wilson came to America to find a new home in the friendly little town of What-Cheer, Iowa. One thing which attracted him to this place was the thriving assembly of Christians there. A fatherless lad in a strange land, he found spiritual fathers in William Sommerville, Sr., and John K. Wilson. In this environment his thirsty soul drank deep of spiritual blessings. The One who loved him and gave Himself for him now filled his heart, and the Christ he first knew as Saviour he now began to know as Lord and Companion.

For this earnest young man there were no half-way measures. The truth found in I Cor. 6:19-20 and II Cor. 5:15 took hold of him, and thoughts and actions were governed by the conviction that he must live not unto himself but unto God. As he studied the Scriptures there came a great desire to be able to read them in the original languages. With this in mind, he skimped and saved for several years, until at the age of 24 he was able to enter Oskaloosa College in Iowa.

William Wilson soon became a well-known figure on the campus. His devotion to his Lord caused him to stand out from the common run of college youth. He wrote all

his themes about Scriptural subjects and the class knew when Wilson recited or read a paper that they were going to hear a sermon. One of them was a summary of debates he had had with some students on the subject of baptism which they believed to be the prerequisite for salvation. This came to the ears of the Dean of Women who called him to her office to hear more of his views on salvation. Without hesitation he plunged into his subject, and the dean was soon listening with rapt attention to this intense young man who quoted Scripture with the assurance of one who made it his daily bread. When he finished, she bowed her head and said, "I see, I see." In his two years of college he began a study of Greek, but it was later in life and entirely on his own initiative that he mastered both Greek and Hebrew sufficiently to be able to read his Bible in these languages.

He received no more formal education; shortly after the beginning of his third year he was called home by the illness of his mother. He had been privileged to lead her to the Saviour several years before. He cared for his mother until her death. He was then faced with the decision of whether to return to school or go out into the Lord's service. Casting this burden upon the Lord he received his answer in the form of a call from Donald Ross to go with him in tent work in Des Moines. That experience was invaluable, for it was his first attempt at preaching outside the home assembly, and the instruction received from Mr. Ross was to him a veritable gold-mine. Many years later they went together for a series of meetings in Independence, Missouri.

Soon after his arrival in Iowa he met John Moffatt, a young man of like ambitions. It was inevitable that a

close and lasting friendship should grow up between these kindred spirits and they became true yoke-fellows in gospel work and ministry, laboring together for several years in parts of Iowa. There were few traveling facilities in those days, and they often walked many miles to tell out the gospel story, preaching on street corners or wherever they found opportunity. Others with whom he labored in those early days were James White in Iowa and Illinois, and James Erskine in Iowa and Kansas.

Although still a young man, he was already becoming a doughty warrior with the Spirit's Sword. At one time he encountered a group of Mormons in Iowa who were sufficiently aroused by his unflinching preaching to challenge him to a debate. A building was rented for the purpose, and the tall spare Scotch preacher faced his sage opponents before a curious and critical crowd. Because of his thorough knowledge of the Word, he was able to meet every argument with Scripture and scored a victory. He remarked later, however, "I had no business getting into such a thing. I should not have side-tracked from preaching Christ."

Mr. Wilson was deeply impressed with the need of teaching those new in the faith, and left his work at the coal mine one day each week to study his Bible and pray that he might be better equipped to instruct them on the Lord's day and at the weekly Bible class. This made it necessary to work harder and longer on the other days. Mr. Wilson's ministry was a vital factor in the growth and development of numerous Iowa assemblies. His years of constant and devoted study of the Word gave him a depth of spiritual insight such as is seldom seen in this Laodicean age. Mr. Alex Broadfoot, with whom he

was at one time associated, recognized this gift and later reminisced, "I was driving nails and Willie Wilson was clinching them."

In 1890 he was married to Miss Christine Moffatt, sister of John Moffatt. After two years of teaching and preaching in Scotland he returned with her to Kansas City, Missouri, where he worked for three years as factory superintendent of the Baker and Lockwood Tent and Awning Company. He never felt content in this occupation, however, and continually chafed at the responsibility and inelastic working hours which prevented the frequent preaching tours which he considered his real vocation. Finally after much prayer and exercise of soul, he moved to Sparta, Illinois to take a less desirable job in the coal mines. As mine manager he was more free to make extended preaching tours whenever he felt the call.

Mr. Wilson's greatest usefulness was in the ministry of the Word at conferences and during special meetings. There was a period of 8 or 10 years during his prime when he moved in and out among assemblies in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri in that important service for the Lord. Those who heard his ministry will never forget some of his apt illustrations and expositions of Scripture.

When he rose to his feet in a new place some felt that they were going to be disappointed. He was a very common man who did not project himself. It was his ministry which soon caused every ear to attend closely to receive and enjoy the rich food from the Word. While Mr. Wilson never made a display of his knowledge of Greek, it did enrich his ministry and by it he was able to

clarify many a passage of Scripture. Mr. Wilson enjoyed visiting in the homes of the Lord's people and knew how to reach the minds and hearts even of those very young in the faith. No home was too humble for his visitation work. He loved to help new assemblies.

While the cosmic disaster of World War I was rending nations, there came a day when tragedy also struck at the Wilson home in Sparta. While Mrs. Wilson was making a fire in the coal stove the kerosene which she was using to prime the blaze exploded. The next instant she was enveloped in a sheet of flame, and in spite of her husband's desperate efforts to quickly extinguish the flame, she died shortly afterward. Mr. Wilson accepted his bereavement with godly resignation to the all-wise will of his Father, but for the rest of his life he could not bear to hear even the screams of children at play, so vivid was the memory they would recall. In 1918 Mr. Wilson married Harriet Jones of Centerville, Iowa, and a year later moved to the little country community of Eden which provided a more healthful environment for his children. He changed from a mine manager to farmer with amazing versatility.

He felt very deeply his responsibility to his children and curtailed his evangelistic excursions while they were young. He would gather his family about him every evening after supper for Bible reading and prayer. Then he, himself, would settle with his beloved Book in the light of the coal-oil lamp to study until bedtime.

Finding a number of children in this community who attended no church, he started a Sunday school in the country school house. God's blessing was on this project, and before long the number grew from 16 to 50 who

came every Sunday. Several were brought into the family of God through this work.

While in Arkansas working as a mine inspector some years before, Mr. Wilson had contracted a malarial infection. In 1926 he suffered a severe attack with a superimposed typhus fever which brought him to the brink of death and from which he never completely recovered. He grew inexorably weaker and a trip to the West Coast failed to benefit his health so he returned to Kansas City in 1930 where he died on November 28, 1933.

Although his memory failed and he was unable to read, his faith never wavered, and he often spoke of the faithfulness of God, quoting "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Mr. A. N. O'Brien who had known Mr. Wilson for many years, at the funeral in Kansas City said: "He was a thinker, diligent student of the Word, and a vigorous preacher of the gospel; a help to many, highly esteemed in those places where he labored." Who can tell the far-reaching influence of a life lived for God.

W. M. Allen and A. B. Rodgers

William Beveridge — by James S. Waugh

In the year 1888 Mr. William Beveridge and his first fellow-laborer Mr. Alexander Lamb both of Philadelphia, and energetic in the gospel were encouraged by our brethren Mr. Campbell and Matthews to spend their summer vacation at Stanton, Va., where on a previous occasion Mr. Campbell and Matthews had a tent season. The vacation of the two young men extended to the end of the year and onward for they never returned to their secular occupations. At the New Year time they returned to their homes in Philadelphia, and it was there and then that they met another brother, Mr. Bradford of New York who afterwards became a life long coworker with Mr. Beveridge.

In the summer of 1889 Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Lamb pitched a tent in Richmond Va., and a remarkable work of grace really began. Mr. Benjamin Bradford joined them in that effort. They had many trials, and persecution at times was bitter and testing yet they labored faithfully and continuously for months. They lived in the tent, and did their own cooking. However the Lord was with them and many were led to Christ. The baser sort nicknamed them Mormons. The baptisms of the young converts were invariably attended by many hundreds of spectators that were anything but friendly to such services. As a result of these fruitful labors the Richmond assembly was formed.

Mr. Beveridge went further afield in the Autumn and began a gospel effort at a coal mining village called Gayton, Virginia, some short distance from Richmond.

Ungodliness and poverty was very manifest which made it difficult to live there, but souls were reached and led to Christ. It must be remembered that the clear simple gospel of the grace of God was practically unknown in these and many other parts of Virginia, hence the difficulties and the persecutions.

In the following summer another season of tent work in Richmond, Virginia, was undertaken, and again Mr. Beveridge and his co-workers faithfully proclaimed the message of grace throughout the summer. The Lord blessed their labors to the salvation of many and to the strengthening of the young assembly.

Petersburg, Virginia, some 15 miles from Richmond and a fair sized city was the next to be visited. With the return of the summer the tent was pitched and there Brother Beveridge and his fellow-laborers continued for months under the canvas. The Lord gave tokens of His favor for it was an encouraging season. Many confessed Christ as their Saviour and as an outcome the Petersburg, Virginia, assembly was formed.

The next little town to be visited was Matoica, Virginia, some 12 miles from Petersburg. Here the tent was pitched and another summer's work in the gospel was undertaken. There with others Brother Beveridge labored long and hard, and again the Lord honored their efforts and gave blessing, a number were saved and at the close of the season the Matoica assembly was planted. The three assemblies, Richmond, Petersburg and Matoica are simple, happy and vigorous in their testimony to this day.

Brother Beveridge and his fellow-laborers were tiring. The strain of constant vigorous gospel ministry was

telling of them physically and mentally so that a rest and change was necessary. Mr. Beveridge went to Scotland to recuperate. In his absence Mr. Bradford found a change and mental rest by building a new hall for the newly formed assembly at Matoica. In this he was assisted by two carpenters and a laborer. Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Benjamin Bradford were now destined to serve together continuously in the gospel and they were real fellow-laborers. Mr. Lamb returned to Scotland and labored extensively and fruitfully in the North of Ireland till his decease.

The testimony in Philadelphia in these early years was more or less feeble so the brethren encouraged brother Beveridge to give the city a tent season. They consented and the two brethren—Beveridge and Bradford as they were to be afterwards known and spoken of—pitched their tent and continued there for six weeks with blessing. The following six weeks was spent at Harrisburg Pennsylvania, at the urgent request of the little assembly there and a number were saved so that the testimony in both cities was strengthened and encouraged. The next season of tent work was spent in the virgin soil of Atkinsons Mills, Pennsylvania. There brother Beveridge and fellow-laborer spent the whole summer and a goodly number were saved. But the persecution of that little ungodly village was exceedingly cruel. The two brethren went into the woods and cut down trees to build a little hall to house the little assembly that was formed as the result of their labors.

In the summer of 1902 Mr. Beveridge was joined by Mr. Waugh and together they sought to evangelize three neighboring sections in Pennsylvania, one a little city called Philipsburg and two villages a few miles apart,

Hawk Run and Windy Hill. These were in the coal mining regions in the mountains of Pennsylvania. It was rough territory but the whole summer was spent there. A few were saved and a little assembly began in one of the brethren's home. Together in the following summer Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Waugh went to the farming sections of Southern Virginia. That section was called Rough Creek. The name was characteristic. We lived in a little reformed chicken coop, and at times slept with an umbrella over our heads as a protection from the rain. The meetings were held in the open fields usually 300 attending some travelling long distances in their farm wagons. We labored there for months. The gospel was a completely new story to the farmers and a few were saved. We were getting tired and with threatened sickness returned home for a rest and change of food and cooler weather.

In the fall and winter months Mr. Beveridge visited small, weak, nearby assemblies in order to strengthen and help them in their testimony. He never traveled very far. I asked him once to accompany me to Chicago. "I am afraid," he said, "that is too far." This is but a brief account of a few of the many self-sacrificing labors of our dear brother Mr. William Beveridge.

In demeanor Mr. Beveridge was grave and inclined to be too sober if that is possible. In conversation his words were few. He was distinctively a gospeller and of no mean ability. His passion and his warmth in his messages was very marked and inspiring. He used to say if sinners were not readily awakened; "we need more dynamite in our preaching," referring of course to Rom. 1:16. He was also a man of prayer, in the home, in private and in all his work he labored in prayer. Busy to

his last few days visiting, reading and praying with needy saints. But the frail vessel began to break and in a ripe old age with a few days' sickness after an operation he passed away to his rest and reward to be with the Lord whom he loved to serve in simplicity and sincerity.

James S. Waugh

H. A. Cameron

Dr. H. A. Cameron, well known among the Lord's people as the editor of Assembly Annals passed into the presence of the Lord shortly after midnight February 5. Our brother was stricken at the business meeting of the elder brethren in the Central Gospel Hall shortly after ten on Monday night, Feb. 4.

Born in Scotland, seventy-seven years ago, our brother was converted at the age of sixteen when an orphan. His early Christian training in Marble Hall, Glasgow, under the leadership of able men including J. R. Caldwell left its mark on his life and labors, which in this country were more or less confined to Philadelphia, Waterbury, Conn., and Detroit. While living in Philadelphia, Hugh McEwen was in the doctor's Sunday School class.

The esteem in which our brother was held by all the assemblies in Detroit and by individual Christians was abundantly manifested at the funeral services which were conducted in the Central Gospel Hall, Lord's Day afternoon February 10. After the Hall was filled to its capacity as well as the Gallery, well over a hundred people were seated in the basement auditorium which was fitted with amplifiers. The services were conducted by brethren F. W. Mehl, W. J. Pell, W. F. Ferguson, and J. Govan.

Our brother Wm. J. Pell, who has been managing editor of Assembly Annals from its beginning states that the magazine will continue to be published D. V. and that no change in name or policy is anticipated.

Fred Horton, the Train Dispatcher

Fred Horton's pioneer work was unique. There is a monument to his memory, erected by himself on one of the hills north of Arkansas City, Kansas, where he lived for many years—the text, "Christ Died for the Ungodly," made of stone, the letters eighteen feet in height; the total length of the text, four hundred seventy-five feet, and seen by thousands of passengers on the Santa Fe trains passing through Arkansas City. This sign had been given publicity in nearly every state in the Union.

Born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1860, Mr. Horton was saved while a young man working as a telegraph operator, through the ministry of the late C. W. Ross, whose close friend he was until Mr. Ross's death, a few months previous to his own home-call.

Soon after his conversion he became a train-dispatcher for the Santa Fe's Oklahoma division and made his home in Arkansas City. He became an ardent Christian worker and Bible student. He often preached before railroad groups and was an indefatigable personal worker. His friend and co-worker, Mr. Thomas Bush, of Waxahachie, Texas, writes of him as follows: "I feel that it is perfectly safe to say that Fred Horton was never exceeded and perhaps never equaled in his life for his godliness and personal devotion to his Lord. . . He was beloved by all who knew him—high and low, officials and all others and in all walks of life. No one ever sank too low for Fred Horton not to be interested in him and solicitous for his soul's salvation."

The story of the text he constructed on the hill is most interesting. Asked for an explanation of his painstaking

labor in erecting the text, Mr. Horton said, "For several years my attention was attracted to the hills north of the city and I wondered within myself how they might be utilized to the service of the Lord. Knowing the Word of God is quick and powerful, far sharper than any two-edged sword, I decided to put a portion of His Word, His life-giving Word, in this conspicuous place where the traveling public and the railroad boys might come in contact daily with that which would remind them of the realities of eternity. This portion, 'Christ Died for the Ungodly' was selected because it directs the attention immediately to the Lord Jesus Christ, who came all the way from the glory to seek and to save that which was lost."

"On account of not beginning work on the project until after office working hours and remaining out as long as I could see, or until about 9:00 o'clock, if the moon was shining, slow progress was made. This required seven hundred miles of walking. A little tiresome to the body, but like the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, I could say my heart burned within me as I communed with Him on the way, and realized the service was for the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

This text on the side of the hill has been built and rebuilt several times in the past by Mr. Horton, improvement being made in size and in the manner of the lettering, until now the letters are more than 18 feet high. The total length of the text is 475 feet. It took seven months to build the original sign. He kept it whitewashed so that it always was visible for many miles. When he was no longer able to attend to this work himself the women from the G.I.A. auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, took it upon themselves to raise

a fund to have this care given, and at his death in 1937, arrangements were made by them to give it perpetual care, so this text will stand as a memorial to Mr. Horton for many years. They set each letter in concrete, which gave it a permanence it did not have formerly.

Mr. Bush, who was always closely associated with Mr. Horton, and who, on his visits to Arkansas City, helped him in the construction of the text, writes further of him, "It would be an easy matter to make a book of the incidents that we remember in the life of this devoted man. So real to him was the blessed hope of the Lord's return that he ardently wished that he could buy only enough of all the necessities of life, even to fuel, to last only until that day. Once at Houston, Texas, a young man attracted and drawn to him, said, 'Mr. Horton, what do you do?' He replied, 'My life's ambition is to witness for the Lord Jesus Christ, the Man who died for me. Then I do train dispatching on the side to keep up expenses.'" His favorite theme was the "Precious Blood," and the longer he lived, the more it became his desire to see Him and be with Him. Most certainly earth became drearier and heaven dearer when beloved Fred Horton left us.

Mr. Horton passed into the presence of the Lord in his seventy-seventh year. His funeral was conducted by Mr. Bush, and was attended by many railroad officials, by whom he was held in high esteem. His pallbearers were his friends in the employ of the railroad. Eternity will reveal the results of his labor for the Lord.

John Halyburton — by W. P. Douglas

Simplicity and godly sincerity were two divine characteristics which marked John Halyburton as a man who feared God above many. Born of humble Scottish parents who were associated with the assembly gathered to the Lord's name at Coatbridge, near Glasgow, Scotland, on November 9, 1851, the first twenty years of young John's life were spent in the condition described in the Word as "without God and without hope in the world." At the age of twenty, through the instrumentality of three former companions, James Jack, Joseph Murray and Sandy Wardrop, who had all been a short time previous to this, made the subjects of saving grace and who interested themselves in his conversion, he was awakened to a sense of his guilt and need and led to rest his soul for salvation on the Word of God, especially such verses as John 1:29, I John 4:10 and John 3:16.

Very soon some of the things which accompany salvation were manifest in the life of the young Christian by his love and devotion to the Lord Christ, his love for the Word and his love for the habitation of His house (Psalm 116:1, Psalm 119:97 and Psalm 26:8) and he sought the company and fellowship of the Lord's people at Coatbridge with whom his parents were associated.

As a young man John Halyburton was employed for some length of time in one of the steel mills of his native town, but on account of failing health and after hearing of times of refreshing then spreading in the North of Ireland, he decided to visit that part of the British Isles. There he found a number of whole-hearted, energetic

servants of the Lord and his modest deportment, his unquestioned sincerity and his kindly manner won him a place in the hearts of these godly men, among whom were Brethren James Campbell, William Matthews, William McLean, David Rae, David Oliver and Alexander Scott. Having in a great measure regained his health, he felt constrained and led by God to spend his entire time serving the Lord Christ and during the years of his early service in the north of Ireland he was associated with brother David Oliver and Alexander Scott. Farmhouses, halls, barns and tents served as preaching places in various parts of the country and the Lord was graciously pleased to bless in a very marked manner by the strengthening in faith of hands and hearts of His dear servants by blessing to many of His own beloved people and in the salvation of a large number of the unconverted. This blessing cheered the heart of his servant and he then began to entertain thoughts of carrying the gospel of God's grace across the sea. In October, 1888, in company with Mr. and Mrs. David Oliver and their family and Andrew Fraser, a gifted servant of the Lord, he left the old country for the new, arriving in the populous city of Philadelphia where he lived for some years. He and Mr. Oliver laboured in that city and also Chicago, New Bedford, Mass., Toronto, Ont., and St. Catherines, Ont., and other large centers. There they met many of the Lord's people they had known in Ireland who now formed the nuclei of some of the assemblies in these cities. They also met other servants of the Lord who had laboured in the British Isles, among whom were Donald Ross, Donald Munro, James Smith, James Campbell, William Matthews, all of whom are held in deep affection and highest reputation

and honor. The Lord blessed the work of our brethren Halyburton and Oliver in all of these centers.

In the summer of 1893 John Halyburton accompanied John Blair, who had recently arrived on this side of the Atlantic from the north of Ireland, to Collingwood, Ontario, a town about ninety miles north of Toronto on Georgian Bay. Here they pitched a tent and continued during the summer and were gladdened and cheered by signs following the preaching of the Word and a number were saved and separated to the name of the Lord Jesus.

The following summer, 1894, I was favored and honored by the Lord uniting me in service with dear John Halyburton. We were urged by an earnest young Christian, Miss Lena Poidivon, whose parents lived near there, to have meetings in a schoolhouse near Sunnidale in the Collingwood district. Later we pitched a tent on a farm a few miles away. We were encouraged in this effort by the attendance at these meetings of two Christian farmers, men of reputation and honor in the community, named Johnston and Armstrong. During the season others were added to the number, and were the beginning of the assembly at Sunnidale.

From this time until his home-call in 1910 I was favored and privileged to spend the greater part of that period as his yokefellow in the gospel. Paul, in writing to the Colossians, makes mention of his fellowlaborer, Tychicus, as a "beloved brother, and a faithful minister and fellow-servant in the Lord." To my mind this was equally true of dear John Halyburton, without exaggeration or misrepresentation. Many places in Ontario and Pennsylvania were scenes of our labors together in the gospel.

In the latter part of the 1800's Mr. Halyburton was united in marriage to Miss Arvilla Chase of St. Catherines, who predeceased him on June 16th, 1906. After a few years of married life she was stricken with a stroke which proved to be fatal after many months of suffering, during which she was nursed faithfully and tenderly by her devoted husband. Soon after death, our brother, wearied in body and saddened in heart by his severe trial, sought change and rest in a visit to the Old Land and his native home in Coatbridge. The anticipated recuperation did not result and he returned to Ontario shattered and broken in health. He was kindly and tenderly cared for by Colonel Beers and his wife in Toronto. In spite of his weakness, he attended the Conference in Galt, Ontario, that same year, and was greatly helped of God in an address he delivered on Isaiah 6, on the throne and the altar. Colonel Beers remarked to him, "John, God helped you this afternoon; you seem to have renewed the dew of your youth." However, his body became weaker and he spent some weeks in a hospital in Galt and some time afterward in the home of James Goodfellow and his wife. When he gained a little strength, he returned to his old home town, St. Catherines, Ont., and was cared for by Mrs. Chase and her daughter, until it was necessary that he be removed to a hospital, where he passed into the presence of the Lord on January 16th, 1910. Three days afterward, in company with beloved John Smith, we laid away the precious body of John Halyburton beside his wife who had gone before him to that land of fadeless day.

W. P. Douglas

W. P. Douglas, James Lyon, Joseph Stewart, W. J. Miller and George M. Schmidt

W. P. Douglas

Word reached us today (May 16th) of the home call of our aged brother W. P. Douglas of Cleveland, Ohio. He went to be with the Lord whom he served faithfully for 66 years, Wednesday morning, May 15th.

He was 86 years of age and was saved for 70 years. The story of his conversion, his going out in the Lord's work four years after he was saved, and reminiscences of early days was published in the June 1945 issue of Letters of Interest. Further details will be published later, D.V.

James Lyon

James Lyon was born in Inverness, Scotland, February 26, 1880. While a young man of 20 years of age, working at blacksmithing in Glasgow, he was convicted of sin and brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. Full details of this great event are not available although many times our brother referred to them when preaching the gospel. About 1900 he came to Toronto and followed his secular calling there. He was received into fellowship with the Lord's people meeting in Central Gospel Hall, then located at the corner of Brunswick Ave. and College St.

Toward the end of 1906 he became exercised about devoting himself entirely to the work of the Lord, and in November of that year was commended by letter to this

service. He labored in company with other of the Lord's servants in Arnstein, New Liskeard, Earlton and other sections of northern and eastern Ontario, and the Georgian Bay districts and afterwards westward through the Prairie Provinces. About the middle of 1945 he found physical strength weakening and realized that his days of service were drawing to a close. He gradually became weaker and soon was able only with difficulty to be found at the Lord's table.

Many of the local Christians will remember how that almost the last Lord's day, he was able to be present. He ministered from Luke 24, the walk to Emmaus, stressing verse 27 and also verse 30. He gradually grew weaker and was soon confined to bed. Many times he expressed the wish that the Lord would take him home. His wish was granted on March 21, 1946, having served the Lord in the work of the gospel for nearly 40 years.

The funeral was held in Galt, March 23. A large number of the Lord's people from the surrounding assemblies gathered showing their esteem for this beloved and faithful servant of the Lord.

These facts are gleaned for some of the Lord's people who were acquainted with our brother, and we are very sure that if there is anything stated that is praiseworthy, it would be our departed brother's wish that ALL glory be ascribed "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and His Father. Unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Joseph Stewart

The news has reached us of the sudden home call of a noted figure in gospel work for many years in northern Ireland, Mr. Joseph Stewart. An earnest pioneer, he was much owned of God as a soul winner. Saved in early life through the ministry of Dr. W. J. Matthews, brother Stewart was soon baptized and took his place in the assembly in Letterkenny, gathering in His name. A burning desire to see the lost and perishing saved seemed to take hold of him when only a babe in Christ and he became an ardent worker.

Mr. Stewart moved to Armagh and worked for his brother in a large grocery business. He bore a bright testimony for the Lord in and around the city. About 1902 he went forth to proclaim the joyful news of salvation and worked for some years with Mr. James Megaw. He was a busy man from morning till night, "publicly, and from house to house" describes this servant of the Lord. This polished shaft was plain and very outspoken, yet the people flocked to hear him, and the day alone will declare the precious fruit gathered in through his long years of faithful ministry. He labored to see souls saved, baptized and gathered in assembly testimony. He was always abounding in the work of the Lord. Our brother paid one visit to the United States and Canada in 1938. His ministry was appreciated in many places, and he was greeted by many of his children in the faith. The special object of his coming was to win his youngest brother, Walter, to Christ. He had lived in the U.S.A. for over thirty years, and brother Stewart had the joy of seeing him saved at meetings he held in Connecticut.

He kept busy in the gospel until the last, preaching in County Down and the Lord blessed His work in salvation. A heart attack on February 16, 1946, took beloved Joseph Stewart to be with the Lord. We received a letter from him written two days before he died, and it finished with the words, soon the cry will go out, "call the laborers and give them their hire."

J. T. Dickson

W. J. Miller

W. J. Miller, Aberdeen, Scotland, passed into the presence of his Lord March 22. He was 68 years of age and for 42 years had served the Lord faithfully, chiefly in the Shetland and Orkney Islands and Northern Scotland. He also visited Canada and the United States at various times, with one or two visits to New Zealand and the British West Indies, also the Fiji Islands. He was the second eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Miller, well-known evangelist in the British Isles, Canada, U.S.A., and Australia. Mr. Miller was saved in Glasgow under the preaching of the late John Ferguson. Mr. Miller did pioneer work most of his life; going to places seldom visited by preachers. He leaves to mourn his loss, his widow, one son and one daughter, also one brother who resides in Canada.

George M. Schmidt

Our dear brother George M. Schmidt passed into the presence of the Lord on April 12, 1946. Immediately upon receipt of this sad news, the following Scripture verse came to the mind of the writer. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man this day fallen in

Israel" (II Samuel 3:38). This Scripture very fittingly portrays this faithful servant of Christ.

He was born in Bad Wildungen, Germany, on Dec. 14, 1867. He was duly sprinkled and confirmed in the Lutheran church, but never was satisfied with it. At an early age, he began imbibing atheistic doctrines. He drifted into Anarchism, thinking that all government should be overthrown, supposing it was a hindrance to human progress. This brought him no satisfaction, and then he decided that religion was the way out. In the mean time, in 1885 he moved to America and settled in Evanston, Ill., He became involved in New Thought. This gave him no lasting peace nor joy. Adversity in business, and sickness in the family, brought conviction of sin. During this time a Christian with whom he worked told him that salvation was not through prayers, nor good works, nor church membership, but through believing in Christ. This struck him as logical, and caused him to study the Scriptures. For some time doubts swept back and forth over him, but finally one day at home, while contemplating John 3:16, he passed from death unto life. He was then 36 years old.

Not long after, he was baptized and received into fellowship with a small group of Christians meeting in the home of Winsor Chase in Evanston. He soon became an ardent champion of Christ and the Scriptures, testifying in the assembly meetings, in personal work, and in the open air. He felt the need of the many German speaking people in Chicago, and began open air meetings on Chicago's north side. Souls were saved and a little assembly formed, which first met in the home of our brother Henry Miller. This little assembly (for some time conducted in the German language, now English)

grew from 7 to around 40. They now meet in a store building at 1844 N. Larrabee St., but have recently purchased a lot, and are hoping to build when possible.

Up to his home call, brother Schmidt was the leader and guiding light to this little group. As time went on, he paid less and less attention to his secular work of portrait painting, and more and more to the work of the Lord. For the past ten years his whole time has been devoted to the Lord's work. He was a great man for visiting in homes and often went from house to house with tracts, speaking to the people. Likely prospects he would visit many times, and he saw quite a number saved in this way. For the past few years he labored very faithfully in the Christian Service Men's Center here in Chicago, seeing quite a few boys reached with the gospel. Some were very striking cases. Towards the last, his eye sight and hearing became very poor, but nothing could stop his faithful testimony for Christ. Now he is at home and at rest. Fitting expressions of appreciation and sympathy were spoken at the funeral by brethren Henry Miller and Joe Nieboer, of Chicago, and R. J. Reid, of New Jersey. The gospel also was faithfully preached at this time. Prayer is requested for the aged widow, and for three sons and one daughter who survive, some of whom are not saved.

John Rae of Aberdeenshire — by William M. Rae

The following sketch of Mr. John Rae's life and labors has been given to us by his son, William M. Rae, who at times was his companion in the work of the Lord.

"John Rae was born and brought up near a village called 'New Deer', a short distance from Aberdeen, Scotland. He was carefully reared under the strict rule of an old-time Presbyterian father and mother—was not allowed either to shine his shoes or to whistle a tune on the 'Sabbath.' His mother even refrained from the customary dishwashing on Sunday, so in very early life he had a conscience in that which he thought to be Christian. Indeed at fourteen years of age he was well up in his religion and was thought to be an exemplary lad. He led religious meetings at this early age and preached on occasion, yet alas! he found out later that all he had was a mere formal, dead religion, and was truly unhappy and dissatisfied. However, in the providence of God, Sir Reginald Radcliffe, a Liverpool lawyer, visited New Deer, holding but one meeting in the village. My father attended the meeting and God spoke loudly to his soul as He did also to many others, and that night ere he reached home on a farm some two miles distant, he faced the matter of where he would spend eternity. Thinking over what he had heard at the meeting and soliloquizing, he said, 'I know that God can save me, but how can I know that He is willing?' At once the Spirit of God brought that Scripture to his memory, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out' (John 6:37). At once he came, there and then, trusted Jesus

and got immediate peace. Hastening home, he found his godly mother had retired for the night, but when she replied to his gentle knock at her bedroom door, 'John, what is it?' he said, 'Mother, I feel a supreme love to Christ tonight.' This was the strongest expression that one dared to use in those early days in Scotland, for to say you were 'born again' or 'saved' seemed nothing short of presumption. She replied, 'John, I am glad that the change has come,' and what a change truly was wrought in his soul, for now he had joy and peace and a power in his life that he had not known hitherto. He soon began to preach to others, both publicly and privately. Ultimately he went out as a Presbyterian missionary, telling out the gospel along the Clyde and other parts of Scotland.

A short time later he was deeply exercised as to believers' baptism and went to his old minister about the matter. Of course, this met with some opposition but the minister finally said to him, 'If you must be baptized, get baptized, and say nothing about it.' The truth of baptism had laid hold of my father's soul so forcibly that he finally went to a Baptist minister and agreed to join the church in order to get him to consent to immerse him. He then went out preaching under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, and was much used of God in leading souls to Christ. However, he felt he was under a yoke, first the Presbyterian yoke and then the Baptist yoke, so decided to break away and take his place outside of all denominations. My mother, one of those firm, hardy Scotch women, had already seen her place outside, owning no name but that precious Name, the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, so she left father alone to finish out his term and to join her later on. From that

time on, my parents stood out in the most steadfast way for the truth, and met with strong opposition from their dearest friends and nearest of kin. Father frequently quoted the words, 'Buy the truth and sell it not,' so he knew what it cost in those days to stand for the simple truths of God. Such was not popular then nor is it popular now.

For a number of years he went up and down through Scotland and the Shetland Islands, making known the gospel and winning souls to Christ, having as his companions at times Donald Ross, Donald Munro, John Smith. Later on he made the acquaintance of Alexander Marshall and George Mueller and many other men of God, so he felt he was in good company, even though no more a Presbyterian.

"He was still a comparatively young man, yet had a wife and seven children to provide for and many a testing-time did he have. One instance of this is as follows: One day he was penniless and his gas bill was due, but as he was walking along the street of one of those Scotch cities, he was lifting up his heart to God to provide the needed money to pay his bill. He said to himself, 'I know God could shower money from heaven, if needs be.' All at once he let his eyes fall on the ground beneath him and there he picked up first one piece of silver, then another and still another and so on, till he had more than was necessary to pay his bill. Of course, his heart was full of praise to God, even though some other unfortunate had doubtless had a hole in his trousers pocket. So He who watches the sparrow fall watched over him that day and all the way along for many years after that. All who are in the work of the Lord, depending on God alone, know a little of the testing of

faith, and this is ever a necessary discipline for the soul and by it we learn to prove God and to trust Him.

"In June, 1884, father and mother with seven children landed about fifty-six miles west of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Another child was born a year later, making the family four girls and four boys. The country was in its infancy and work at times was plentiful, but money scarce, so we settled on a farm for a year or so. Father hoped to make the four boys farmers but not one of us took to this life at all. Father returned to his much-loved work and plodded on for about forty years, carrying the gospel far and near. There were practically no assemblies west of Winnipeg and few, if any, east of there, so most of his work was in new fields, virgin soil in reality. In many cases he saw results in souls saved and a testimony to His precious Name being raised up in a community.

"Father moved the family to Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, some time later, and worked in the surrounding towns and country places. His firstfruits in the gospel were a couple from High Bluff, some eight or nine miles distant and they with their family, who were all saved, would come into town to remember the Lord with the few there. They proved to be a grand and faithful couple. Some time later father decided to settle in Brandon where a work of God was wrought and souls saved and led out from the various denominations. A number of assemblies were formed in the surrounding districts and functioned until the saints moved away. Western Canada was a new country and had a long, severe winter, which discouraged many and caused them to move to warmer regions. At times the temperature went down to sixty or seventy degrees below zero and the cold was accompanied by blizzards

and heavy snows, which obliterated the roads and made traveling difficult. Even the summers were trying and were attended by extreme heat and storms. So the assemblies in these parts have always been small, with a few exceptions.

"It might be fitting to pay tribute to some of those who labored with my father here and there, such as the late Alfred Goff of Beaulieu, North Dakota, a gentle and humble brother and a faithful plodder; also brother R. F. Varder, known to many of recent years in Canada and the United States; Thos. Reid and Alex Monkman (a native). All were wholehearted workers in those days and quite a number of the native element were won to Christ. My father and his associates arranged Conferences to help the saints, and invited Donald Ross, Donald Munro and John Smith, who were now residing in the States and Canada, to these meetings. Never shall I forget the powerful ministry given by such men as Donald Ross. Even in my unsaved days his preaching sank deep into my soul, only to be appreciated more still after my conversion. He really became a father to me after I was saved. The ministry of Mr. Munro and Mr. Smith still lives in my memory today. These were days of Christian simplicity, with love much in evidence. Harmony prevailed and all seemed to be of one mind and dwelling together in unity. As a result, we proved the force and sweetness of the words of the Psalmist in Psalm 133. 'There the Lord commanded the blessing.' Saints were given a welcome without suspicion, and received into their midst because they belonged to Christ. Romans 15:7 was paramount indeed. Among the early workers in western Canada also were the Benner brothers, Samuel, Roland and George. Today a number

of assemblies are carrying on to His praise in the various cities such as Moosejaw, Regina and Saskatoon, Sask., Medicine Hat, Alberta, Lethbridge, Granum, Calgary, as well as Edmonton, Alberta, and several further in the north country and all over northern Saskatchewan where younger workers have seen the hand of God in saving sinners and in forming assemblies, for which we do thank our God. What changes in western Canada in those sixty or more years. Railway travel is available all over the west, homes are modern with every comfort and highways good.

"Because of my mother's failing health, which followed a stroke, my father moved to the Pacific Coast to get the benefit of the mild climate. My mother passed into the presence of the Lord about a year afterward and was buried in Vancouver. My father was unable to reach home in time for her death but she said, 'Just tell him that I have gone on before.'

"After my mother's death, my father seemed to take pleasure in recalling some of his early experiences in Scotland and the Shetland Islands, where he was much used of God. Finally he decided to take a trip over there and spent a happy summer visiting the scenes of his first days in the service of the Lord. He was especially pleased to renew his acquaintance with John Davidson, whom he had baptized and preached with on occasion. This beloved brother passed away while father was visiting there so he had the privilege of laying away his precious remains. Upon his return to this country, he paid visits to Missouri, Kansas and other states and later to the Pacific Coast. However, he saw so much to be done nearer home—isolated saints to be visited, and backsliders to be reclaimed. In this he seemed to have

special help from God. Some called him the "dean of pastors."

"Father's closing days were spent in Estavan where he married a quiet, humble-minded widow, and where a small assembly was formed as a result of meetings held by the writer and another young brother. He was able to be of great help to the saints, attending meeting as long as he could possibly get out, and even though his health was failing and he had to sit in a specially cushioned arm chair for comfort, yet he always had some word fresh from the Lord. He was possessed of a cheerful spirit and all loved to be near him. The Lord took him home in his eighty-second year and some tell us that his place as pastor has never yet been filled on those prairies. Yet we do know that 'God buries His workmen but carries on His work.' 'Whose faith follow' should be our watch-word."

Wm. M. Rae

W. P. Douglas, the Last of an Old School of Pioneers — by J. T. Dickson

Mr. W. J. McClure often told us he had known three generations or schools of preachers, connected with assemblies gathering in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. The first were ancient men when he was a youth, some of whom were used of God as pioneers to recover precious truths, long lost in their value by human traditions. Such as, The Oneness of the Body, The Priesthood of all believers, Gathering in His Name alone, Worship and Ministry, also, The Coming of our Lord Jesus for His Saints, or, the Rapture of the Church. Mr. McClure spoke of these preachers as giants in divine things, and able ministers of the New Covenant. Among them were Mr. Henry Dyer, Mr. Henry Groves and other well known saintly men.

The second, he said, was a band of noble workers for God, and mentioned the names of Mr. Donald Ross, Mr. David Rea, Mr. Wm. McClean and Mr. Donald Monro, with many more whose memory is revered for their work's sake. Some of these witnesses for Christ were used of God during the past seventy years in the United States and Canada. The fruit of their labors is seen in the hundreds of Assemblies planted after the New Testament order, and from these Assemblies missionaries have gone forth to many lands.

These evangelists were gospel pioneers, fitted by the Master of Assemblies to do a special work for God. They went forth for His Name's sake, looking to God alone to supply their temporal needs, as well as to open doors and hearts to receive their message. Following the

instruction of the Lord Jesus, they went by twos, entering cities, towns and rural districts, often unknown and without human prestige. In tents, open air and in any available building, they preached the Gospel of the Glory of the Blessed God, with a power that seldom failed to arouse an interest. Young Christians were taught believer's baptism and assembly order from the Word. The simplicity of gathering in His Name, guided only by the Scriptures was a revelation to many. Some said of those times, "They were days of heaven on earth."

Some of these preachers were gifted as teachers, and were true pastors among the assemblies. They were men of renown who sought not the praise of men, nor were they dismayed at their frown.

With the Home call of beloved Mr. W. P. Douglas on May 15, 1946, having just entered his 87th year, 70 years saved and 66 years as an evangelist and teacher in fellowship with these esteemed servants of God, it seems to us that now the second "school" have, like the first, passed on to their reward.

The third, as described by brother McClure, are those who are now the older preachers, to whom the lighted torch has been handed by those who have preceded them, to keep intact the Light and to pass it on to the next generation.

The ancestors of Mr. Douglas lived in Scotland. They were Presbyterians, and evidently very sincere. His father, William Douglas, with his wife and three children, arrived in New York about 1858 and on May 2, 1860, their second son was born in that city and was given the name William Peter. Mrs. Douglas was an

excellent woman, who sought to train her children in the fear of God. When they were all very young, a tragedy befell the family circle that left its mark for years. The husband and father, set sail on one of the first steam ship to cross the ocean, called, "The Monarack of the Sea." The ship was lost with all on board, and no official news ever reached Mrs. Douglas of the fate of her husband. The young widow was plunged in deepest grief and for years following, when she had tucked her little family in bed, and sat down to darn, every footstep coming to the door caused fresh hope to rise, 'he has come at last,' but only to be disappointed.

As William P. grew up, he was a very devoted boy to his mother and in young manhood, she confided especially in him. Often amid her tears, when they were alone, she related to him the story of the years of uncertainty regarding his father. In 1876, he was now 16, and New York was having a visitation of God. The American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, of international fame at that time, were preaching in the Hypodrome. Mrs. Douglas persuaded her son to attend the meetings. One evening in a crowd of 7,000 people, young William P. Douglas sat near the back. Mr. Moody read Genesis 3:9, and lost no time in applying his text to the heart and conscience of all present. "Where art thou?" was the searching question repeated by the preacher. Among others that day, the arrow of conviction reached young William P. Douglas. Using his own words, "I entered the hall a thoughtless, careless sinner, I left it an awakened sinner." A few weeks later in his own room, with Bible opened at John 5:24, he said, "I read that blessed, soul-emancipating statement which fell from the lips of the Son of God." Through that verse deliverance came and

joy filled his heart. Then words of another became precious to him, "My sin, Oh! the bliss of this glorious thought, My sin, not in part but the whole, is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Oh! my soul." Amid those heartstirring scenes, with many other new born souls, brother Douglas confessed Jesus Christ.

Soon after brother Douglas was saved, he joined the church of his fathers, but he became much dissatisfied because of the mixture of saved and unsaved taking communion together. One evening a Baptist preacher spoke on the subject of baptism and being most anxious to do the will of God, he became much exercised. Dr. S. H. Tyng, who followed up the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey announced one night they would baptize by immersion any believers who so desired. Arrangements were made and as Mr. Douglas put it, "I a Presbyterian was baptized by an Anglican preacher in a Baptist meeting house." He met Mr. R. S. Muir of Orange, New Jersey, whose godly influence had a great effect on the young believer. Mr. Muir sought to instruct him in the right ways of the Lord. One evening he said to him, "Douglas did you ever read 1st Corinthians 14, and compare the order there which is assembly order with the order which prevails where you go on Sunday morning?" The truth of gathering in His Name began to dawn upon him from these and other Scriptures.

One morning in June 1879, Brother Douglas sat back in the Hall on 13th Street New York, and watched the order as Mr. Muir, Mr. R. W. Owens, and others partook of the Lord's Supper. Our brother often expressed his feelings and the effect that meeting had upon him. "I said, with softened spirit and submission of mind and

heart, 'this is the thing which the Lord hath commanded.'" Mr. Douglas rejoiced greatly in the truth he had learned, and he was received into fellowship. The long years that followed he upheld with all his heart what God taught him from His Word and passed it on to others. Mr. John Knox McEwen arrived in New York that same year and began gospel meetings. He often told of two young men with beaming faces who sat drinking in the word. They were Alex Virture and W. P. Douglas. In 1880 Mr. Alexander Marshall and Mr. John Smith pitched a tent in New York and through their ministry Mr. Douglas was greatly helped. He became deeply exercised about devoting his time to preaching the gospel.

Going forth in simple dependence on the Lord, our brother visited New England and was encouraged by godly brethren, such as Mr. George Hunter, Mr. John Gill, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. D. Fales. Mr. John Smith invited him to join him in gospel work outside Toronto, Canada. He often mentioned the hearty welcome he received from Mr. Smith. His consideration, tenderness and faithfulness left a deep impression on the young man just starting out to preach. A bond of fellowship was formed between them that only deepened until the home call of Mr. Smith in 1913. In 1884, Mr. Douglas linked up with Mr. W. J. McClure and they labored in Ontario for some years. Together they witnessed the power of God in many souls being saved and assemblies planted. They also felt the power of the devil and they had many trials and tests, but God was with them. Mr. R. Telfer was also a fellowlaborer and they saw much blessing in different places.

As a gospel preacher he had a strong but pleasant voice, and was most heart searching in bringing before the unsaved the realities of eternity. He was a man dead in earnest and many were convicted as he set forth from the Scriptures the sinners' deep need. Then with tenderness and pathos presenting the work of Calvary, he won many to the Saviour.

In ministering to believers our brother was very devotional. Indeed, he had an all round ministry, edifying, exhorting and comforting the people of God. Seldom did he rise to speak at a conference without a message that endeared the Son of God to the Christians. One of his favorite addresses on such occasions was on Caleb and his nephew, Othniel . . . Joshua 15:16, 17, pointing out that Caleb means a dog and that no animal is so faithful in following its master as a dog. Then using the words of that ancient warrior, "but I wholly followed the Lord my God" ... Joshua 14: 9, he stirred and bowed the hearts of many as he set forth the need of faithfulness to Christ and to His Word. Many can still remember the soul-refreshing ministry that helped them heavenward.

Mr. Douglas was united in marriage with Miss Hargraves of Kirkfield on March 4, 1887. They had two sons and two daughters. Their daughter Mary went to be with the Lord some years ago and all mourned her loss. For some years they made their home in Cleveland and the ministry of our brother was much appreciated by the saints in that city.

For some years Mr. Douglas was in failing health, and was hindered from travelling to more distant parts, but his interest in the Lord's work never lagged. He was

truly "a lover of good men" and always spoke with highest esteem and affection about his fellow laborers, and brethren he had known and loved for years.

It can be said of him, "a man greatly beloved." He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a true evangelist who shared in the affliction of the gospel, a shepherd with a tender heart. Beloved Mr. W. P. Douglas "full of days" and like one of old, "accepted of the multitude of his brethren, seeking the wealth of his people, and speaking peace to all" after a long and fruitful life passed peacefully into the presence of the Lord on May 15.

Many hearts were bowed in sorrow as the news went far and wide that the Lord's CHILDREN'S WORK...

servant had joined the throng on high, and that they would see his face no more. The funeral service was held in Addison Rd. Gospel Hall on May 18, Mr. F. G. Watson and Mr. John Govan speaking suitable words. Mr. D. Roy took the service at the cemetery. His widow, two sons, and one daughter mourn his loss.

J. T. Dickson

Thomas W. Carroll — by R. F. Bayles

Thomas W. Carroll, familiarly and lovingly known as "Tom" Carroll, was called home to be with the Lord on Wednesday, July 17, at the age of 57 years, six months, and eighteen days.

Brother Carroll had undergone a major operation, which for a few days seemed to be entirely successful. In spite of all that skilled surgery could do, and although many earnest prayers went up to the Throne of Grace that he might be spared, he passed away peacefully, conscious to the last, his dear wife being with him.

Tom Carroll was a native of Oakland, the son of a godly Christian mother. He never had the joy of seeing his father come to Christ. The world claimed Tom's early years, and he won distinction as an amateur athlete. But at the age of twenty-six years, as he faced a major operation, he was awakened to the reality of eternal things; and through the faithful testimonies and prayers of brethren of the Gospel Auditorium assembly, who visited him, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. He soon identified himself with the gathering in Oakland, his mother's home assembly.

Within a year he responded to a clear call to the Lord's service and for over thirty years labored in many parts of the United States and Canada. His gift was that of an earnest evangelist, added to which he possessed an especial gift of a rich, powerful, and pleasing voice.

In December of 1920 he was united in marriage to Miss Marian Banford of New Westminster, B. C., who through the years has been to him a gracious and faithful

helpmeet. He leaves behind his three grown sons and a young daughter, all followers of Christ—a splendid testimony to his godly life.

Tom Carroll was a most gracious and lovable brother making and holding warm friendship wherever his labors led him. The highest tribute that can be paid to a servant of Christ is that his ministry has been Christ-centered and Christ-exalting. Tom Carroll ever exalted Christ and Him crucified. His platform bearing was ever earnest, dignified, and reverent. He possessed a true sense of what was becoming in one who would handle the Word of God and speak of things eternal. He will be greatly missed among the assemblies of the West.

The funeral services were held in the Gospel Auditorium, which was filled to capacity. Words of comfort to the bereaved and of gospel invitation to the unsaved were ministered by R. F. Elliott, Robert Deans, and R. F. Bayles. Interment was in Mountain View Cemetery where R. F. Elliott gave a gospel message.

R. F. Bayles

John Moffatt — by E. G. Matthews and A. B. Rodgers

The following contribution by E. G. Matthews of Waterloo, Iowa, who was intimately associated with John Moffatt in his early labors in Iowa, is most timely and acceptable:

John Moffatt, who was one of the first in meetings in southern Iowa, often visited Waterloo, in the early days of the work in northeast Iowa. In fact, the first two brethren who visited Waterloo after we started to meeting in our home were Mr. John Moffatt, then of Forbush, Iowa, and Mr. Alex Broadfoot of Berea, Iowa. The Scripture that always comes to my mind when I think of brother Moffatt is Acts 11:23 and 24: "Who when he came and had seen the grace of God was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." "For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and much people was added to the Lord."

Whenever Mr. Moffatt came to a place where other laborers had been and had seen a work of God, he was glad. Mr. Moffatt literally wore out his life in the service of the Lord and His church. He believed that Christianity is GIVING, and this is illustrated by an incident in his life which was told me by his friends, Mr. William Sommerville, Sr. and Mr. William Wilson, Sr., (but was never told by himself). When offerings were taken up to buy an old Methodist church building in Centerville, Mr. Moffatt sold his little home in Forbush, and did he put a certain percent in the box? No!!! He put it all in—about $750 or $800.

What will it be when the Lord comes again to have Him say: "I told you I would repay you when I come."

—E. G. Matthews.

John Moffatt was used in the conversion of many in Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, some of whom are in the service of the Lord today. He had a tender, helpful ministry for those young in Christ, and, loving the Lord, he drew out a similar response in the hearts of others. Reading Psalm 116, he would say, "We like to have our loved ones tell us that they love us. When did you tell the Lord so?" His ministry at conferences in the middle west had a formative value in the lives of many.

Mr. Moffatt was born in Galston, Scotland, in 1860. A few years later the family moved to Wishaw, where his father heard the gospel and was saved. At the age of fifteen he was awakened to see his lost condition before God and while walking home from meeting one evening the gospel was revealed to him as his father quoted John 3:16. There on the street corner he was saved.

In a short time he was meeting with a company of Christians in Wishaw and soon was giving testimony in the street meetings, which were common in those days. He, in company with other young men, often visited the outlying villages to engage in that work.

About four years later the family came to the United States and settled in What Cheer, Iowa, where they found a company of hearty Christians. A little later William Wilson came from Scotland; then Mr. William Sommerville from Maryland. These young men with others had been longing for someone who could teach them. Mr. Sommerville was the answer to their prayers and they were glad to sit at his feet. "I rejoice at Thy

Word, as one that findeth great spoil," was true of these young men. They would meet nightly in Mr. Sommerville's home for Bible study. So eager were they to learn and so thrilled as the Word was opened up to them that time was forgotten and these sessions often went on far into the night. Then they hurried home for a few hours sleep before another ten hour day in the mines. Thus we see the Lord preparing these young men for a work to which He would later call them, although they had no thought of it at the time.

In 1886 John Moffatt was married to Elizabeth McGee at What Cheer. A few years later they came to Forbush, Iowa, a mining community near Centerville. There he worked every day, taught a Bible class on Sunday, preached the gospel in the evenings and conducted a Bible reading on Wednesday evenings.

That little meeting room was usually filled Sunday evenings and during three years over sixty in that place and the surrounding community were saved and most of them were received into the assembly. A few years passed and this assembly was scattered because of working conditions. Many of those who sat under his teachings were later leaders in small assemblies that had sprung up in several places in southern Iowa.

The third summer after coming to Forbush, the mines were closed because of a strike. Having received an invitation to help in gospel work in Kansas City, Mr. Moffatt spent the summer in tent work there. When he was about to go back to his work in Iowa, Mr. C. J. Baker said to him, "John, I believe you are making a mistake. There are many who can dig that Iowa coal, but few who can preach the gospel." It was becoming apparent that

the Lord would have him go out in full time service and Mr. Baker's words were like an echo of his own convictions. However, he returned to the mines for a few months while waiting on the Lord in the matter. The following spring an invitation came to help in tent work in Kansas City, and he put away his tools and went, never to go back to the mines.

Then followed some eighteen or twenty years of incessant work in the gospel and ministry to the church in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and other places. Many times when at home for a little time between his evangelistic excursions he would be ministering each night at one of the six little assemblies some few miles apart, often walking to and from these places. He and Mrs. Moffatt also made many calls on the sick, the shut-ins and others who needed help.

In the summer of 1914 while he and Wm. Wilson were holding tent meetings in Kansas City, Mr. Moffatt was stricken with the illness that resulted in his death. He came home the early part of August a very sick man. There was real sorrow among Christians in Iowa when on Sunday, August 9th, 1914, at 7:30 p.m., the word came, "John Moffatt has gone home." He was a man greatly beloved. Many were heard to say, "Oh, who will help us now," "No one can take his place," "There will never be another man like him." But in his case as in others, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." Mr. Wm. Sommerville and Mr. Wilson spoke at the funeral which was largely attended by Christians from all parts of Iowa. Mr. Moffatt was highly esteemed by the townspeople and many of them came, among them Jews and Roman Catholics.

Mr. Moffatt was a gifted gospeller, an excellent teacher of the Word and a true Shepherd. He seemed always ready with words that could fit the occasion. Few could minister words of comfort as he could, and should there be need for rebuke he could give that in such a way that hearts were touched and humbled. Should there be strife or contention, his ministry was like oil on troubled waters. The following story will show his character, tact, resourcefulness and patience in dealing with men:

In Blackhawk County, Iowa, lived an infidel farmer who disliked preachers, but made an exception of Mr. Moffatt. Whenever our brother came to the neighborhood for meetings, this farmer would invite him to come for dinner. On one of these visits, the farmer entertained Mr. Moffatt by showing him something of great interest to himself but of no real interest to his guest, namely the plat-book of the county. For a half-hour he turned the pages, pointing out pieces of land he owned, describing them in detail. At last he finished and closed the book. Then Mr. Moffatt produced his Bible, laid it open upon the plat-book, saying, "Now let me show you some of my property; this is my plat-book." Having been a good listener, he was rewarded at least by respectful attention while he turned page after page, pointing out his possessions, forgiveness of sins, peace with God, the love of God, an inheritance above, the earnest of the inheritance, etc. He told the farmer how he came into possession of all these, and before he was through another half-hour had passed.

John Moffatt was a real pioneer and his work in Iowa stands to this day.

A. B. Rodgers

Pioneer Work in Iowa — by W. R. Simpson

The vast state of Iowa, whose population is about 2,500,000 people, has not only been productive of corn, hogs, horses and cattle, but has also been a fertile field for the gospel.

In writing about the beginning of testimony in any particular locality, we refer only to the work which we are directly associated and in no way disparage any real work done by others who may not be connected with these assemblies.

The work in northern Iowa began in November 1891 with a visit from Mr. John Blair from Ireland to his sister who lived about five miles from Dunkerton, Iowa. While there he held meetings in a school house where several were saved including his sister, Mrs. William Orr.

Mr. Blair made other visits in 1893 and in 1895, holding meetings in the school house, also in a church building in Dunkerton. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunkerton, who had been saved among the Free Methodists, were greatly blessed and helped by brother Blair's meetings and it was in their home that the first meeting was begun about 1893. At first just Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerton and Mr. Blair sat down to remember the Lord. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Ed Nesbit were saved and gathered with them. These two hospitable homes of the Dunkerton's in the town of Dunkerton and the Nesbit's five miles away were open to the Lord's people and were the scenes of many happy gatherings of Christians. The sons and daughters of both of these families are now associated

with assemblies in Waterloo, Des Moines, Minneapolis and New York.

Following Mr. Blair's pioneer efforts others came to help and encourage the little gathering, among whom were Robert Bultman, Dr. Lockwood, Charles Hoehler, Alexander Broadfoot and John Moffett.

About 1896 Mr. E. G. Matthews, who covered Iowa for a Chicago firm, began making Dunkerton for week-ends where he could remember the Lord and give help in the gospel. At a special gospel effort in 1896 conducted by brethren Bultmann, Dr. Lockwood and Matthews in the Town Hall a number were saved. A young lady also took her place to remember the Lord who later shared in the early testimony at Waterloo by becoming the wife of E. G. Matthews. In 1898 a meeting was begun at Waterloo in the Matthews home. During those early years there were many discouragements and the work was plodding. Mr. C. W. Ross came with his tent for several summers and gave much help. Brethren Harcus, O'Brien, Broadfoot and others also helped in those days of pioneering.

The Dunkerton and Waterloo meetings were only fifteen miles apart and were closely associated in all the early gospel efforts. When automobiles came into general use the Dunkerton gathering was given up and all met at Waterloo. The gathering was further strengthened by the moving of the Leask family from Mason City and the Charles Herman family from Manchester. The help of young men who had good voices for street work was sought and brethren Jack Charles, Donald Charles, Tom Olson and others responded. Those who shared in the meetings will long remember those early days when

thousands heard the gospel in the open air. Only the great day of manifestation will tell the results.

About 1913 the Lord saved a young farmer named Oliver G. Smith at Waterloo. Brother Smith from the time of his conversion was aggressive in the gospel. He soon became so engrossed in gospel activity that he had to give up farming and devote all of his time to the Lord's work. Many in the country districts around Waterloo were reached through his efforts. Now several good-sized assemblies are in the following places: Manchester, Clayton, Garnavilo, Stout, Hitesville, Aredale and Cylinder.

Gospel work was also carried on at Mason City, Iowa, for a number of years by Sam Hamilton, Wm. Warke, B. Jamison, Archie Stewart, Sam Keller, Oliver Smith and others, and later an assembly was begun there.

About 1915 a meeting began in the home of Mr. Frank Payne at Fort Dodge, Iowa. There is now a good-sized assembly there. (The above account is taken from "Light and Liberty," 1935.)

A word should be said here to encourage business men as well as preachers to become pioneers. So many think of pioneer work as the business of preachers alone. Godly leadership in assemblies by business men who are devoted to Christ and willing to invest time and money in caring for His interests and His people are much needed. Mr. E. G. Matthews is a living example of this type of a pioneer. When the work began in Waterloo he and his wife were practically alone and many a time would hold a street meeting by themselves. The Matthews home was always open to the Lord's servants and year after year, amid discouragements, a tent was

pitched and the gospel sounded out clearly. Mr. Matthews was a busy man, his business often taking him out of town, but his whole interest was in spreading the gospel, and his income and his time apart from what he had to devote to his business was spent to this end. His motto always, "If you believe in a thing, invest in it," and this he did with a whole-heartedness which is seldom found. His business was turned over to the Lord, and in personal conversation he has often told how that when more money was needed for the Lord's work, God would graciously put business in his way and the money would come in. The Lord knew the money would be used, not for self-gratification, but for the spread of the gospel and the building up of His people. Many a servant of the Lord who labored at that time in Iowa can testify to the unselfishness and devotedness of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, who dispensed liberally of their goods to all who could help in the work of the Lord. Mr. C. W. Ross, who spent a good deal of time in Waterloo in the early days, said that Waterloo was the hardest place to preach that he had ever entered. There seemed to be no impression made for so long. In spite of that, Mr. Matthews and those associated with him went on year after year, and the result was that a large meeting was gathered in Waterloo and many assemblies were started in the surrounding districts. Mr. Matthews and others were "faithful in that which is least," so unto them were committed the "true riches," which are spiritual blessings and the privilege of ministering to others. This is not said as a eulogy to Mr. Matthews, who has now retired from business and is spending his whole time helping the little scattered assemblies, as his health permits, but it is hoped that it will be an encouragement and incentive to other young men, now in business, and

who do not feel they are called to leave that path, to devote their time and money to the Lord's work. "For your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Southeastern Iowa

In the early days of the church the Christians were scattered abroad because of persecution and went everywhere preaching the gospel (Acts 8:1, 4). As a result churches were established. The work in Southeastern Iowa was the result of Christian men having to move from town to town seeking employment. To the best of our knowledge the first assembly of Christians gathered in Christ's name alone in this state was formed some time prior to the year 1888 at What Cheer, Iowa. A group of Christian men, who were engaged in coal mining, settled in this locality and from them sounded out the Word of the Lord. They were much used of God in the salvation of souls and through their efforts a company of fifty or more Christians were gathered in simple church fellowship.

When work in the mines ran out at What Cheer some of these brethren moved to Carbondale and Excelsior. They continued their gospel activity and worked hard underground to pay expenses. Their efforts were owned of God and a good work was done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Finally the mines closed there and they were compelled to move further afield into Southern Iowa. Assemblies were gathered at Forbush, Rathbun, Jerome and Centerville. Among those who worked and preached were Messrs. Wm. Sommerville, John Moffat, W. A. Wilson, John McGee, John K. Wilson, John Hargrave, Jas. S. White, W. W. White, and Thomas McCully. These men carried on for a long time before

any of those giving their whole time to the Lord's work arrived on the scene. Mr. Wm. Sommerville was a true shepherd and a good gospeller. John Moffat and W. A. Wilson were gifted men and spent their later years in full-time service. They were used in establishing the testimony in Centerville about 1897. Brother W. W. White helped brother Moffat and others in tent work at Centerville, Numa, Jerome and other places. Many of the Lord's honored servants have at conferences and by their visits helped to strengthen the testimony in this district, among them being Donald Ross, John Carnie, I. R. Dean, C. W. Ross, A. N. O'Brien and James Erskine. The Horn borthers, David Lawrence, George T. Pinches and others have helped in more recent years.

Assemblies are found in this section at Centerville, Jerome, Albia, Numa, Williamson, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Davenport and Muscatine, where the Rodger brothers and J. P. Patterson have labored.

Central Iowa

Des Moines is centrally located in the state and also in the nation. It is well served by trains and busses and is the hub of many paved roads, both state and federal. An assembly was begun here in May, 1912, when J. D. Green, a local brother from Centerville, Iowa, was obliged to move to Des Moines with his family. The first Lord's Day brother Green spread the table in his home, intending that he, his wife and three saved daughters would remember the Lord together. Before the hour of meeting another brother who happened to be at Des Moines, having heard of their purposed meeting joined them. The second Sunday brother Livingstone from Hocking, Iowa, met with them and the third Sunday J. H.

White and family, also of Centerville, had moved to Des Moines. In July Mr. Livingstone moved his family from Hocking and thus within two months three families from assemblies in Southeastern Iowa were banded together in testimony for the Lord. In November of that year the place of meeting was moved to the Livingstone home. The assembly grew slowly and was strengthened by other families of Christians moving to Des Moines, among them Mr. Thomas McCully from Albia.

One year after the testimony had started the brethren felt they were sufficient in number to have a conference. The same was arranged to be held May 30th, 1913. The meetings were held in a tent and meals were served to the visitors in the several homes. This was the beginning of the Memorial Day conferences which have been held each year in Des Moines.

Immediately after the first conference a store building was secured for meetings and in October and November of 1913 brethren Greer and McCracken held a series of meetings. A number were saved and among them some of the Christian's children. The assembly moved several times, occupying store buildings and a gymnasium and later obtained a Lutheran Church building, centrally located, which served their purpose well. There is a large assembly at Des Moines at the present time and a growing Sunday school. Some of the brethren conducted a Sunday school at Youngstown, five miles from Des Moines, for several years and a number were saved. Street meetings were held in all the small towns around and there was tent work done in the summer. The assembly has been helped by the ministry of many gifted brethren and the Lord has also raised up local gifts.

There are a number who can preach the gospel acceptably and some who can teach His Word.

Southwestern Iowa

The gospel was brought into the district southeast of Anita, Iowa, known as Berea in 1884 when Mr. A. Broadfoot moved to this part of the state. Souls were saved through his efforts and the labors of others, among them brethren Both, Little, Gotchel, and McLarian. These brethren traveling by horseback, team and buggy over the open prairies carried the gospel to the neighboring towns of Mt. Etna, Massena, Fontenella, Anita, Greenfield and Atlantic, holding meetings in country school-houses. The assembly at Berea first met to break bread in the Berea schoolhouse not long after Mr. Broadfoot's coming.

About the year 1898 the testimony was strengthened by visits from other servants of the Lord, namely; C. W. Ross, C. J. Baker, John Moffat, W. Wilson, A. N. O'Brien, and James Erskine. In later years others have continued on preaching in the Gospel Halls, schoolhouses, church buildings and in the summer months, in tents. The Charles brothers helped in this district for years and more recently James Gilbert gave valuable aid. A church building at Greenfield was rented for a time and each Sunday evening a gospel meeting was held. Price Patterson and the Baird brothers also gave help to the local brethren.

God often uses isolated Christians who are burdened in prayer and exercised in heart for lost souls to bring the gospel into new fields. Such exercise on the part of S. A. Brown resulted in getting Mr. Broadfoot and D. R.

Charles to bring the gospel into the district near Lyman, Iowa.

In the year 1906, these two brethren began meetings in a church building four miles north of Lyman. The Word went forth with power and a number of souls were saved at the meetings. In the same year, during the winter months, these two servants of Christ went to Lyman and preached in the schoolhouse. Mr. Broadfoot had to leave but Mr. Charles continued throughout the winter. The Lord added His blessing to these meetings and quite a large number were saved. Sometime later Mr. Jack Charles held meetings in an old creamery building using planks on top of pop boxes for seats. Later this building was purchased and made into a gospel hall, which the assembly used for some time. Later a church building was procured which is still in use. Mr. D. R. Charles gave help for years until he moved to California and then Jack Charles gave considerable time to preaching gospel in the district. The tent was pitched in different localities and numbers were saved.

A Conference was held shortly after the work started in the year 1907 and has continued each year. Such gatherings have proved a source of blessing to numbers.

In the beginning of the work the Assembly at Lyman numbered about 120. A large number have moved to other parts and not a few have departed to be with Christ but there is still a large gathering there.

Many of the Lord's servants have labored faithfully ministering the Word and preaching the gospel in this district, among them C. W. Ross, James Erskine, John Moffat, A. N. O'Brien, Wm. Thomas, A. B. Rodgers, Horn Brothers, David Lawrence and others.

(Taken from LIGHT & LIBERTY, 1935).

William Robertson — by J. P. Conaway

William Robertson was born at Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland, April 20th, 1879. He was saved November, 1893, at the same place at meetings held by the YMCA.

Arrived in U.S.A. from Scotland 1903. Went out in the Lord's work October 28th, 1903 with William Beveridge to Virginia. Married September 8th, 1908 at New Bedford, Mass.

In 1907 because of ill health he was unable to continue full time in the Lord's work. In 1918 he spent a tent season with H. G. McEwen. Our brother went out again in the Lord's work from the Olney assembly September 7th, 1932 and continued until September 28th, 1946, when he died in the pulpit while speaking to the Christians at the Midland Park Bible conference on the text, I Corinthians 12.

The funeral services were held Monday, September 30th, at the funeral parlors of Oliver Bair and was one of the largest ever held there, showing the esteem the Lord's people had for our brother. At the services brother Glasgow prayed, brother Bradford spoke most acceptable words, God giving him unusual help. Sinners were warned, saints were spoken to, and the bereaved comforted. Brother Geo. Duncan prayed.

Brother Robertson was buried in the Rural Cemetery, New Bedford, Mass., October 2d, 1946. Brother James McCullough prayed and read hymn No. 75 in the Believers Hymn Book. Wm. Farquhar of Boston took the service there and spoke on II Corinthians 5.

The writer first became acquainted with brother Robertson at Philipsburg, Pa., in the year 1904 where the little group met in our home. I could see, though unsaved, that preaching the gospel and ministering the Word to the saints was a serious matter with our brother. There was none of the lightness and foolishness and unreality that is sometimes seen. As a result he was a great help to the little company. Our brother possessed a gift for opening up the Word that few could boast of. Though he could preach the gospel well, his real gift was that of teacher and expositor of the Word in which he excelled. His homecall removes one of the ablest men of our day. He will be missed much by real Bible students especially.

Our brother called me on the telephone on September 26th and asked me to direct him to the Midland Park Conference (as it was his first visit there) which I did and we met there. He seemed tired. On Saturday afternoon brother Bradford gave us an excellent word, and after he sat down brother Robertson took the platform and gave out for his text I Cor. 12. Before he spoke on the text he gave us an excellent line of thought on the Gentile Christian epistles. He mentioned that although Thessalonians was the first epistle written, it is placed last in order in that group, as "the coming of the Lord" is the prominent truth contained therein. Romans, which was written later, is placed first in order as it is the gospel epistle. Then Corinthians and the other epistles give us the Godly order to be maintained from the time we are saved until the Lord comes. Our brother remarked at one point, "I don't know whether I will be able to get through or not." He then said, "We now come to what we have to say," or something like that, but his

body slumped. Kind hands caught him and laid him gently on the platform where his soul took its flight to the bosom of Him whom he loved so well. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

J. P. Conaway

Gospel Pioneering in Virginia — by J. T. Dickson

Virginia was settled in 1607 and became a British Colony. In 1609, 500 immigrants were sent out from England, each receiving a grant of 100 acres. These were planters and soon much land was cleared and cotton and tobacco growing were the chief industries.

When the colonies gained their independence, Virginia became a very important southern state. The capital was Richmond and it grew rapidly into a center of commercial activity. The state flourished, taking a lead in the affairs of the south, but about 1860 political strife was tearing apart the northern and southern states, and the next year it flared into a war.

The five years following witnessed the dark and terrible days of civil strife, and on the soil of Virginia many bitter battles were fought. Wealth and prosperity gave way to poverty and desolation; schools were closed and there was distress all over the land. When hostilities ceased, one thus described the home-coming of soldiers, "Their houses were in ruins, farms devastated, slaves free, barns empty and money worthless." Reconstruction was very slow and the people in general suffered much.

Under such circumstances in the past, the glorious gospel has found a place in many hearts, and this became true also in parts of Virginia. There had been faithful witnesses for Christ among some of the denominations who were used of the Lord; also God wrought among the Negro slaves on the plantations, and

the converts were very bright, so that in some cases their masters were won to the Saviour.

One slave who rose to wonderful renown, "John Jasper, the Negro preacher of Richmond," was born in slavery and owned by Mr. Sam Hargrove. John was awakened about his soul in 1839. For six weeks he was in distress and he says, "My sins piled up like mountains, my feet were sinking down to the regions of despair, and I felt that of all sinners I was the worst." But that morning in July as he worked in the tobacco factory in Richmond, the light of the glorious gospel shone into his dark heart, and in real Negro fashion John gave a shout, "Glory to my Saviour," and then went to a fellow-slave who had often prayed for him and said, "Hallelujah, my soul is redeemed."

The change was so marked John became the center of interest, and one day his master questioned him and then said, "I believe that way myself! I love the Saviour you have found!" He then walked over, gave the slave his hand, saying, "John, we are brothers in the Lord!" He gave Jasper many privileges to carry the gospel to his race, which he did with earnestness and zeal. For twenty-five years after the emancipation John Jasper was a preacher of great fame. Multitudes, among them city officials, as well as the colored people, flocked to hear his soul-stirring messages. One described this unique preacher as "The king of hearts who could sway throngs as the wind shakes the trees."

However, little was done to reach the people of Virginia by our assemblies until more than twenty years after the war. Henry Catts, from an assembly in Chicago, opened a business in Staunton and became instrumental in

bringing two well-known gospel pioneers, Messrs. James Campbell and William Matthews to the city. These brethren pitched a tent there in 1887, resulting in an awakening and many were saved of both white and colored people. The joy of these new-born souls abounded over all racial feelings and all were baptized together. The planting of an assembly with white and colored mixed was evidently a mistake, but it was the beginning of a good work in Virginia.

Alexander Lamb, a young carpenter, was saved in Philadelphia through these evangelists a few years before and he and William Beveridge, both from Scotland, became busy workers for the Lord in that city. Mr. Campbell encouraged these brethren to spend their vacation preaching Christ in Virginia. They went down together the following summer and God used them as a number were born again. They did not return until time for the Philadelphia Conference at the New Year, and an interest was aroused among the Christians as to the need of the gospel in Virginia.

In 1890 Mr. Campbell shipped his tent to Richmond and brethren Lamb and Beveridge pitched it in Fulton, a suburb. This was something entirely new and nightly the tent was packed, while crowds of colored people stood outside and all listened with rapt attention to the story of the Cross, told out in earnestness and simplicity. The work continued into the fall and a rich harvest of souls was reaped. When the tent was taken down, these brethren secured an old building and made it ready for meetings. They continued there until the end of the year.

Meanwhile on October 8th, they had their first baptism in the James River. The whole community had been

stirred and all kinds of evil reports were in circulation about the preacher and the "new doctrine." Many said they were Mormons. The throngs came to witness the baptism that day and small boats were lined up the river as far as could be seen. Then, as Mr. Ben Bradford describes it, "The devil let loose in all his fury." However, among the converts was a man who had been a confirmed drunkard and he became a living monument of the grace of God. This was but one of the many cases which made people say, "We never saw it in this fashion."

Late in October the preachers and the converts sat down to remember the Lord in breaking of bread, and soon about sixty were in assembly fellowship at the Lord's table. One of the very few still living who was saved in those stirring times says, "The people stormed on us, calling us many unfit names, and plots were made against us, but we did not care, we were all so happy."

Mr. Benjamin Bradford was a mere youth at that time. He had come to New York from Ireland, and was saved about the age of sixteen while attending a gospel meeting in that city, held by the noted evangelist of that day, Mr. Alexander Marshall. Ben had gone down to Nova Scotia and labored with Mr. D. R. Scott in a tent at Spring Hill where he got a taste of pioneer life and what it means to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

At the Philadelphia Conference brother Bradford met the preachers from Virginia and they encouraged him to go down to Richmond and continue in the hall while they went on a visit to Canada. When the preachers returned in the spring, Mr. Bradford was still holding forth with a

full hall, and more souls had been saved. To quote Mr. Bradford, "The devil was raging." Brethren Lamb and Beveridge went to West Point to begin meetings. A secret order called the "White Caps" had become very bold in their opposition and threatening letters were sent to some of the Christians, with a rope, a pistol and cross bones pictured on them. One morning all over Fulton placards were seen and on these a time limit was set for the "Mormons" to get out.

The following Sunday night, the hall was crowded and as brother Bradford came along, two policemen were stationed in the side door. Evidently the time limit had expired and this was the night for the eviction, but God stood by His servant that night and the hush of eternity was very manifest. God gave utterance in the Holy Ghost. The devil was defeated in his purpose, for the leader of the "White Caps" was saved, and the saints were left unmolested.

During the early summer of 1891, brethren Lamb, Beveridge and Bradford labored in a tent at Chapel Hill. They moved later to South Richmond where a few souls were saved.

In the fall, Mr. Beveridge remained in Richmond while brethren Lamb and Bradford went to Staunton but the prejudice had become so strong it was difficult to get a hearing. However, in a place outside the city the Lord opened a door and a number of souls were born again.

Mr. Beveridge found a new fishing ground in a coal mining village called Gayton, noted for ungodliness. "The Company" gave him the use of an empty house for meetings. He and Mr. Stephens from Cleveland began to proclaim the gospel message and crowds filled the place

nightly. It became the birthplace of many souls, among them real trophies of grace whose lives after adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour.

The next summer the tent was again pitched in Richmond, but the preachers took turns in going out to Gayton to help the young believers. In the fall, brethren Beveridge and Bradford baptized a number of the converts. Mrs. Clairborne had a remarkable conversion and became a helper in the Lord. Her husband was also saved and was one with her in showing hospitality in the years that followed. The preachers often walked the twenty-five miles from Richmond, having no money to pay their fare.

One Saturday they came along and Mrs. Claiborne came out to greet them. "Where are you going?" she asked. "To the boarding house," was the reply. "Would you not rather stay with us? We have a room," she said. They gladly accepted this invitation and the next morning (Lord's day) they gathered in this home to remember the Lord for the first time in Gayton, and to quote Mr. Bradford, "It was a never-to-be-forgotten meeting; the tears flowed and thanksgiving in all simplicity ascended as incense to God."

While they were thus engaged, the Methodist preacher came to the village to hold a service. He generally preached under the pine trees, but that morning he took possession of the house where the brethren were having their gospel meetings. At 7:30 p.m. the place was packed and crowds stood outside who were unable to get in. The preachers were sitting in the corner awaiting the time to start when an elder of the Methodist church made his way inside the door and behind him the

minister who, without any question said, "We will begin this service." He took for his text I Cor. 12:4, 5, 6. He then proceeded to speak of the "gifts" and how God uses them. "Some will say," said the speaker, "that unconverted people are not used of God. Who prints our Bibles? Who runs our trains? Who carries our mail? Are not many of them unconverted?" Then he continued, "I have a friend who has a large jewelry store. There are all sizes of clocks in that store; one stands on the floor and reaches almost to the ceiling. It keeps good time and I liken that to the Methodists. Another one, not so large but equally good, is like the Baptists. Another I liken to the Presbyterians. All these have kept the faith and are faithful. But in the last year I notice my friend has a new one. It is about the size of my fist and when he winds it up, all at once it goes off with a terrific buzz. This is a new invention!" Then with great emphasis he said, "I compare this to the new preachers who have come into our midst!" pointing to the preachers still sitting in the corner. A great laugh was heard from the people outside, but the gospel continued to be proclaimed and much fruit was gathered in.

At the end of the week the preachers asked Mrs. Claiborne how much they owed her for board, and this modern Lydia said, "I am in your debt and will never be able to pay for it. While there is a bed and a loaf in the house, it will be yours." Her husband earned nine dollars a week and she did some work for a factory nearby. She was learning at the feet of Jesus, yet many today with a good education, modern homes and goodly incomes, have not attained to this high standard of being "lovers of hospitality." For twenty years that home was a real

Bethany, and all preachers who came along, including the writer, shared their hospitality.

Mr. Hugh Campbell, who was saved in tent meetings held by Mr. Matthews and Mr. McGill in Westerly, R. I., came to Petersburg and opened up a stone yard. This was another open door and the brethren pitched their tent in that city and again the work took hold. The preachers went to Matoaca, a town about five miles away, so brethren Lamb and Beveridge secured a hall there with only planks for seats, but the place was crowded and when the meeting ended, another crowd just as large filed in and they had to begin all over again. A tent season followed and the power of God was at work until there were very few homes in that village that did not witness the grace of God in the salvation of some of the members of their families. Mr. W. R. McEwen had a tailoring business in Petersburg in those days and a number of his daughters and his son, Sam, were saved in those seasons of blessing. Sam became a well-known servant of the Lord and was much used of God in leading souls to the Saviour in Virginia. The youngest son, Hugh, was also born in Virginia and saved early in life. He, too, became a fervent soul-winner and minister of the Word of God. He also has finished his course.

In Matoaca the preachers built a new hall. Mr. Lamb was a carpenter, Mr. Bradford a plasterer, and Mr. James Hamilton from Scotland, who labored fervently in the gospel with them, made and carried the mortar and a good hall was built for the young assembly. The home of Mr. Brockwell was opened then for the Lord's servants.

In those pioneer days trials of various kinds abounded, yet through evil report and good report, "as poor, yet

making many rich," these heralds of the Cross kept on their way, laying a good foundation in clear-cut gospel preaching, planting assemblies and teaching after the pattern of the New Testament. They had but "one purse," in the form of a little box and all funds were put in there, but often it was empty.

Two young men who worked with Mr. Campbell invited him to bring the preach- [Here two lines of type are transposed in the printed magazine, and part of this sentence is missing.] ...from door to door with tracts and preached in the tent. There was an ingathering of souls and many were baptized and an assembly planted.

They had many long walks in the broiling sun, lived in their tent and were content with any kind of accommodation.

One day as Mr. Bradford walked along the highway and like his Master on one occasion was hungry, he saw a large ripe apple on the top branch of an apple tree near by. As he passed, the apple fell to the ground and he went to pick it up. However, a sow in the pasture also saw it fall and ran to get it, but it seemed God's provision for His servant that day and he reached it first.

It was a life of faith, and often the Lord's servants were severely tested. As Mr. Bradford puts it, "money was a scarce commodity." Brethren Beveridge and Bradford had a tent in Richmond. They were living under canvas, had no money and little food. Mr. Bradford, being the younger, did the errands and went to the market in the afternoon to get some withered vegetables—sometimes for nothing, again for a cent or two. They boiled these and gathered mushrooms in the fields. One day after they had spent some time in visiting from door to door,

Mr. Bradford went to the market but found he was too late to get any left-overs, so returned to the tent tired and discouraged. When he pulled the curtain aside, a welcome sight met his eyes. Instead of a bare table, there it was laden with a ham, a roast duck, bread, and all kinds of good things. Seated with Mr. Beveridge was Mr. Campbell who had brought the well-filled basket and they were enjoying a hearty meal. Mr. Bradford looked on a moment, then lifting up his hand exclaimed, "Boys, you are living high today." Mr. Bradford also reports, "Many were the like experiences in those days, as assemblies were not accustomed to send gifts to young preachers. The Lord knew we had need of these things and supplied most of our need through sisters who worked hard in service up north, and to them belongs a big share of the pioneering work in the south."

These brethren toiled on for years. Mr. Bradford is the only one surviving of these early preachers and most of those who opened their doors to show them hospitality are gone to be with the Lord. There are still a few aged saints there who remember these early days. Many shall arise in that day and will praise God for the work accomplished by these servants of the Lord.

J. T. Dickson

Donald McGeachy

Donald McGeachy was born in Argyleshire, Scotland, June 3, 1868. He came to Canada with his parents when four years old. He attended school in Ontario and Michigan. His parents finally settled in Huron County, Michigan. His mother, sister, and several brothers were saved. He was saved in Saginaw, Michigan, in March, 1892.

He first preached with Mr. Robert Jamieson about a year later, in Saginaw and Bay City, Michigan. He was married on June 22, 1896, to Anna Jannet Jamieson, a sister of Robert Jamieson. He lived at Bruce Mines in Algoma and later in Collingwood, Ont. He moved to Sarnia in 1901 where he resided till his death. He was a pioneer in opening up new territory, and preached in many parts of Canada and the United States. His wife's death in 1944 was a great loss to him, but he continued preaching as his strength permitted. He had an automobile accident in June 1945, and never fully recovered from same. He died in the hospital at London, Ontario, October 11, 1946, and was buried on Monday, October 14th. Private service was held at Stewart's Funeral Home at Sarnia, thence to the Gospel Hall for a public service.

Mr. A. W. Joyce and Mr. Fred Watson of Toronto were in charge of the service. Mr. Watson opened the service with prayer and Mr. Joyce gave the opening hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," No. 90 in the Believer's Hymn Book. The Scriptures read by Mr. Joyce were Matthew chapter 11, verse 8; Revelation chapter 14, verses 9 to 13, with special reference to verses 12 and

13: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." He also referred to Nehemiah chapter 7, verse 2: "For he was a faithful man and feared God above many." Mr. Watson closed the service at the hall reading Colossians chapter 4, verse 7: "A beloved brother and a faithful minister, and fellow servant in the Lord." Mr. Watson recalled his personal experiences with Mr. McGeachy as being the same as mentioned in this Scripture. He made special reference that Mr. McGeachy was reached and finally saved through the result of reading a gospel tract given to him by his sister, who was present at the funeral, "When I see the Blood I will pass over you." The service was closed with prayer and singing of Hymn 81, "I am waiting for the dawning of the bright and blessed day."

A long procession of motor cars accompanied the body to Lakeview Cemetery.

At the grave Mr. Watson read the Scriptures and closed with a short prayer and singing of Hymn 207, "O God our help in ages past."

Our brother left a family of three daughters and one son to mourn his passing. Mrs. Erwin Schuller, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. W. MacLeod, Winnipeg, Man.; and Miss D. J. McGeachy, Toronto, Ont.; and R. A. McGeachy of Sarnia, the son.

Hugh Cameron Thorpe — by J. T. Dickson

There was much sorrow among the Lord's people when the news spread rapidly October 9th that our beloved brother Hugh Cameron Thorpe had been called home to heaven. This busy worker and pioneer in the gospel was a very familiar figure from Nova Scotia in Canada down to Florida in U.S.A. He labored for years to win souls to Christ and to establish young Christians in the right ways of the Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe were planning a long trip to Australia, especially to visit their youngest daughter, Mrs. Harry W. Halls, who makes her home in Sydney. All arrangements were made, but the Lord had it otherwise planned for His servant. While on a short visit to a few smaller assemblies in Rhode Island and Connecticut, our brother was stricken ill while in New Haven. A minor operation was performed but peritonitis and pneumonia followed, and at noon on the 9th of October our beloved brother Thorpe slept away peacefully and was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

The funeral service took place on Lord's day, Oct. 13th in Providence, R. I. The large number of Christians from New Jersey and other distant parts, as well as practically every assembly in New England being represented, told of the high esteem in which our brother was held. Mr. R. J. MacLachlan of New York, an old friend of the family, took the service and in his address compared brother Thorpe with Tychicus as to what he was—(a) "A beloved brother," (b) "A faithful minister," and (c) "A fellow-servant of the Lord." With

Samuel as to what he did—(a) "Served the Lord's people to the end of his days," (b) Took long and arduous journeys to minister to the small groups here and there, and (c) Maintained a spiritual atmosphere in his home, and when Samuel died, "All Israel gathered together to lament him." So brother Thorpe, having left behind him a sweet savour of Christ and having the love and esteem of the Lord's people, brought them together as already stated to show their love and esteem at the service.

Mr. Wm. Farquhar of Boston opened by prayer, four brethren from different assemblies sang as a quartette and Mr. Jas. McCullough closed the service in prayer. At the grave, brother MacLachlan read a few verses, the quartette sang, followed by a closing prayer by brother Wilson.

The following poem was written by Mr. Thorpe as comfort and cheer to a sister who had lost her husband some time ago, and he may well have written these words for his own family and friends:

With Christ now is our brother
Free from all pain and sorrow
Why should we wish him back again
Into this world of sin and pain.
Not lost, but only gone before
Ere we shall meet to part no more,
Blessed thought—with Christ to be
Ever—throughout eternity
Redemption song we then shall swell
God surely hath done all things well.
—Composed by Hugh Thorpe

J. T. Dickson

Reminiscences of the Lord's Work and Workers, 43 Years Ago — compiled by A. J. Cotton

The following items of interest were taken from "Our Record" of 1904, 42 years ago:

Mr. Munro went East, specially to visit our brother Mr. Campbell before his death, who, as our readers probably know, was ill in brother Matthews' home in Somerville, Mass. He wrote as to Mr. Campbell, that the doctors gave no hope of his recovery. He was not suffering any pain, but the blood vessels of the brain were simply worn out by his constant hard work. As to meetings, Mr. Munro says the attendance in Boston was rather poor but as he was only beginning when he wrote, we hope this will improve. He writes of the tendency in these days on the part of the Lord's people to become mere breadbreakers. That is to say, there is a class, unfortunately on the increase, which regards all their Christian responsibilities met by going to the breaking-of-bread on Sunday morning.

* * *

Brother Soper writes from Darbyville, Iowa: "This is the second week of gospel meetings, and the people are turning out in large numbers from this and neighboring places. Great attention and order prevails. From here I hope to go on to Hocking, Mystic, etc. Traveling in these parts just now has to be on foot, owing to the awful condition of the roads, and yet groups of a dozen to twenty will come several miles to hear simple preaching. What a contrast to some more highly-favored places

where not half a dozen strangers will attend the ministrations of the Lord's most honored servants."

* * *

Mr. James Waugh writes that he has just finished a four weeks' siege with the Word in Harrisburg. The meetings were good, saints refreshed, a few backsliders restored and sinners again attracted to the Hall. He went on from there to Chambersburg to invade new territory.

* * *

The monthly meeting of the New Jersey assemblies was held Feb. 7 at Passaic, N. J. Brethren F. C. Jennings, C. I. Scofield and Richard Hill spoke to profit.

* * *

Hamilton, Ont.—The conference held here January 23rd to 25th was well attended. The ministry was varied and wholesome, going into every department of life. Brethren Munro, Smith, Stack, Oliver, Dickson, Erskine, Bradford and others took part. Brethren Oliver and Bradford have continued since the conference with gospel meetings and are seeing some blessing.

* * *

Larchwood, Ont.—J. Silvester had some meetings here, also visited the lumber camps with tracts and preached to the men, a very needful work indeed.

* * *

Maple Lake, Ont.—Brethren May and Morton had four meetings in this out-of-the-way place, but had to leave owing to snow-blocked roads. They hope to return (D.V.) later on.

* * *

Waxahachie and Houston, Texas—Conferences were held here as announced in our last issue. They were quite encouraging and helpful to the Lord's people present, and we believe the Lord visited us with His blessing. Mr. Mathews, of Boston, was at both places and we left him in the latter place to go on with a gospel siege. In addition to him, the laboring brethren in Texas, Dean and Bush, were present, and also Capp and Heskett from Kansas City. Mr. Dean is quite encouraged over the outlook in Dallas, and Mr. Bush has seen some blessing this summer in Western Texas and Oklahoma. On the whole, the South West is a hard field, but on account of the healthfulness of some parts, it is quite likely to be well settled by people from the North. Already there are several in San Antonio, Texas, and we should be glad to see a handful in every town of the great West, provided they would become a nucleus for a work of God. It is more helpful, from a godly standpoint, when people move in quest of health, than when it is merely to better their worldly position. In Houston, brother Jamieson holds on his way; often feeling discouraged, he says, "still pursuing." In Waxahachie, they have built a very comfortable little hall, and feel quite hopeful.

* * *

Kansas City, Mo.—Our brother Mr. Baker has recently undergone an operation which kept him confined to the house for some days. He is now recovered enough to be at meeting all the time, and he and his brethren in Kansas City keep up a constant testimony outside and in that is most refreshing; and they are not without

manifest tokens of the Lord's blessing. Moreover, their testimony is not confined to Kansas City, for help is given to the few assemblies around, especially at their Conferences—a help that reaches even to Houston, Texas, and in other ways much farther than that—even to Central and South America.

* * *

Mr. John Moffatt has been visiting Norris, Illinois, a large mining camp. He found the people not only without God, but almost wholly without any religion at all. He got the use of a Methodist meetinghouse, and had a good hearing. A few meet in a private house to remember our Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread. John H. McGhee would gladly correspond with any who might be led to visit the place.

Charles W. Ross — with tributes by E. G. Matthews and R. E. Littlefield

It has been said that grace does not run in the blood but often in the line. Charles Ross, or "Charlie Ross," as he was more familiarly known, was a case in which this was true. The son of the pioneer evangelist, Donald Ross, Charles was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, on April 16th, 1861. Reared and taught by his godly father and mother, he learned in his early years the truth of the fall of man through sin and the necessity (as his father so often proclaimed it) of being "truly born again." He was a thoughtful and studious boy and at the age of ten years made a profession of salvation, but, as he said in later years, "It was only a profession, induced by a little pressure and the thought of being left behind if the Lord should come." At the age of fifteen he became exercised about his worldly life and one night while sitting in a theater which he attended without the knowledge of his parents, the Spirit of God spoke to him for the first time, saying, "The path you are on leads to hell." He often said, "If I had not had that old profession I would have been saved at that time, as God really spoke to me then." But this exercise led only to the cleaning up of the outside—a change in his outward life. He turned away from the world and went in for the study of the Word of God and the things of God, but all the time there was an unsatisfied heart. He even spoke on the platform and showed some gift in teaching, but, as he put it, "I had never gotten to Christ." Finally when he was about twenty-one years old, he was really saved through Romans 5:6, "For when we were yet without strength, in

due time Christ died for the ungodly." He said, "For the first time in my life, I came to the end of my own efforts and rested entirely on the work of Christ, and I had peace and rest of heart which heretofore I had never possessed." These experiences through which he passed made a mark on his preaching in the following years. He put great emphasis on the difference between profession and reality, feeling that one of the signs of declension in the testimony today was the shallowness and emptiness of some of the experiences which were accepted as conversion. During his last days when he was ill, he said, "Conversion has been whittled down until it is nothing but a mental assent to the truths of Scripture, instead of a real dealing with God."

While Charles studied law and prepared himself for a career in that field, after he was really saved he became exercised about spending all of his time in the work of the Lord. He was encouraged along this line by elder gifted men who felt he had unusual ability in opening up the Word of God. At the age of twenty-five he married Austria Turner of Crown Point, Indiana, who was a true partner in all his labors, privations, trials and joys in the work of the Lord. Shortly after his marriage he gave up his position and went into full-time service for the Lord. He began working in and around Chicago, and as the meetings were few and far between at that time, often he would walk fifteen miles to preach at one of the small assemblies. Horse-drawn street cars were the only means of transportation and sometimes he suffered from the cold when making long trips to outlying districts in the dead of winter. The trials were many in those days, and while he never spoke of them publicly or allowed his children to know the strain he was passing through, yet

in later years in his talks with his family he would tell some of his experiences. In the midst of one of his severest trials an offer came from the Pennsylvania Railroad, in whose office he had worked at the time he went out into the Lord's work, begging him to return and to name his own salary. The temptation was great but he felt it was from Satan himself and, encouraged by his wife, he refused the offer and went on trusting God to meet his needs. Another time he found himself with only two cents in the house on Sunday morning. His wife, who was ill in bed at the time, said, "Charlie, it is all we have, but put it in the box this morning." This he did and before he could rise from his seat after the meeting was finished, a brother, whom evidently the Lord had touched, pressed a two-dollar bill into his hand. As he said, the Lord paid a hundred percent on that investment. There were many experiences of this kind through the years but these only served to strengthen his faith in the living God and he lived many years to prove God's faithfulness in every trial. He was a companion in labor with his father and was frequently associated with Donald Munro, John Smith, John Carnie, Alexander Marshall, W. J. McClure, T. D. W. Muir and others.

Donald Ross was the editor of many publications, the last of them being "OUR RECORD," and Charles was a ready contributor. After his father died he was sole editor and carried on this work for many years. He was always outspoken when it came to defending what he believed was the truth of God. He used as his examples the methods of the Lord Himself when He dealt with Nicodemus and the woman at the well. There were no well-oiled phrases to please his audience, but a simple,

direct declaration of the truth which he felt would reach the hearts and consciences of the people. His friend, John Bloore, once wrote to him, "Brother Ross, fighters are needed. I am not a fighter, but you are. Keep on fighting for the truth of God." Mr. Ross once made the remark to a friend, "I have always hated conflict, but God has seen fit to put me into it time and time again. I wonder why."

His family and close friends among the Lord's people saw other sides to his character. He had a never-failing sense of humor and his children looked forward to his coming home as a time when there would be "lots of fun." To one in trouble he was a compassionate and understanding friend and many a one of the Lord's people received help when in soul distress.

Mr. Ross and his family moved to Elgin, Ill. in 1892, where they lived for over seven years. During that time the assembly there was greatly helped and a number added to the Lord. In 1900 he returned to Chicago, first living in Austin and later on the south side, where he ministered in the assemblies when he was in the city. During this time he travelled much through the United States and some in Canada. He was much in demand for conferences in various places and worked indefatigably in tent work and halls even when his health was poor. At an urgent invitation from Mr. C. J. Baker and others, he moved to Kansas City, Missouri, in 1907, and labored there in the assembly until his death, February 22nd, 1937. During his stay in Kansas City he lost his oldest and youngest daughters, which were sore trials to him, as he was an affectionate father. However, God sustained him through all his life. Among his last

intelligible words were these, said to his grandson, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . . seek ye first."

Mr. Ross in Waterloo, Iowa

Mr. E. G. Matthews of Waterloo, Iowa has written the following tribute to Mr. Ross:

"My first meeting with our brother, C. W. Ross, was during the time of his residence in Elgin, Illinois, about 1896. I was saved in February of that year and in July attended the Elgin Conference. The unique character of brother Ross's ministry reached me in a special way and had the effect of turning my heart from every earthly ambition to share in Christ's rejection.

"I can only liken the friendship formed then between us to that of David and Jonathan. Our mutual love for one another begun at that time lasted through the years until his home-call in 1937. I often sought his company to go over the Scriptures with me and received much help over difficult questions of interpretation, as well as the application of the Word of God to problems of life and Christian service.

"Soon after the meeting began in my home in Waterloo, Iowa, Mr. Ross came along and spent many happy and, to us, very profitable days in our home. His timely and intelligent ministry helped to form the character of the testimony in Waterloo and surrounding districts. His ministry was distinctly to the Church, although he loved the gospel and was happy to preach it to the last, and encouraged any young man who had a divine experience of salvation, to tell out the gospel to others. He often told me of the early ambition that laid hold of his heart soon after he was saved, to get hold of the Word of God

and its wonderful revelation of Christ in such a way as to be a help to the Church of God.

"The Lord answered that desire in a remarkable way in not only giving him a deep insight into the Holy Scriptures, but also the ability to put these great truths into plain enough language to be understood by the simplest and most unlettered Christian.

"He was educated as a lawyer, and could have used great words to give himself a place, but I have often heard him say, 'I hate that evil ambition that is in my heart as in every other heart, to seek a place for one's self.'

"I think of his ministry as fulfilling the desire expressed by the Apostle Paul, 'That ye may excel to the edifying of the church,' and also that other word in I Corinthians 14, 'I had rather speak five words with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.'

"No young man who had a real desire to be of any service to the church of God could sit under Mr. Ross's ministry without being stirred to a deeper study of the Word of God in order to give intelligent service as well as by the Spirit's power.

"I was close enough to our brother to know some of his faults as well as his good points, but I often heard him say, 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' and I am sure that only the things that God by His Spirit has wrought in and through us are worth speaking about.

"Personally, I can say that I owe more to brother C. W. Ross than to any other of the many men of God who influenced my early life as a Christian."

Mr. Ross at Kansas City

Contributed by Dr. R. E. Littlefield:

"Mr. Ross came to Kansas City just a short time before I was saved. I heard him preach several times and was deeply impressed with the clarity with which he presented the gospel and found myself stripped of one thing after another that had been a refuge of lies and falsehoods under which I had tried to hide.

"After I was saved, his interest in me made him a true 'spiritual father' that moulded my Christian life. In remembering his ministry at Kansas City, the thing that stands out most clearly is simple truths simply stated that left one with a grip of a truth that was not easily lost. It gave the truth of God a grip on the heart and conscience that, in a measure at least, affected the life.

"An assembly, perhaps any assembly, comes so far short of what it ought to be that one hesitates to express anything that might sound like boasting of spiritual attainments, but I am sure that Mr. Ross's ministry at Kansas City has been responsible, more than any other one factor, for any measure in which the assembly has pleased God or borne fruit for Him. This is so evident, even to those who are not connected directly with the assembly, that it has been common for visiting preachers or other Christians visiting here to comment on the mark that Mr. Ross's ministry has left on the assembly.

"He was never given to fanciful interpretations of the Scriptures, confining himself to the text and the illumination of other portions bearing on the subject. He would frequently say that while the Scripture was given to many applications, there was always one interpretation. He always sought to give a clear

understanding of the basic meaning of a portion before going on with an application.

"His teaching was always so clear and simple that a babe in Christ could grasp his meaning and yet possessed such depth and richness that the oldest and best-taught, who were themselves teachers, were edified and built up.

"He always avoided extremes, never becoming involved with groups of those called 'tight' or those called 'loose.' The result was criticism from both, being called 'loose' by the 'tight' and 'tight' by the 'loose' faction, the proof of a 'middle-of-the-road' position. To refuse to take sides on these questions oftentimes leaves one to walk alone; while fellowship with beloved brethren is forfeited in a measure, it may well enhance fellowship with God where the whole desire is to please God rather than men.

"The great emphasis Mr. Ross always put on the new birth indirectly had an important part in my own salvation, for the cousin who had taken me to hear Mr. Ross a few times asked me if I had been born again when I told her of my intention to join the church. This was such an arrow of conviction to my conscience that I was saved before the week was up. Naturally that made his preaching on the new birth something I have never forgotten. Later the 11th chapter of Romans made a deep impression on me. Present world conditions have brought vividly to my mind that this is exactly in accord with the truth that had been presented from this chapter.

"Mr. Ross's last public ministry was given one Thursday night in Kansas City and was on the sixth chapter of Matthew. The three things that our Lord speaks about in

the first part of this chapter, viz.: giving, praying and fasting, covering so much of our spiritual life, are never to be done before men. If all is done secretly for the eye of God alone, He will reward openly. If the praise of men is sought in what is done, the praise of men is the only reward. For the child of God to live before God in his daily life is the only path of blessing. The grave danger is that the Christian may fall into the snare of living to please his fellow Christians, his family or his worldly companions, and have his life barren of that which pleases God.

"The foregoing presents just some of the highlights of thirty years of contact with Mr. Ross in Kansas City. I am sure he never shunned to declare to us all the counsel of God. If we failed to take heed to it and have not profited by it as we should, it is not from a lack of faithfulness on his part, but rather failure on ours. His memory will be fresh and sweet in Kansas City as long as there remain in this assembly those who profited by his godly example and faithful testimony."

The Marked Man — by W. Herbert Marshall

In Psalm 37 and verse 37 we read these salutary words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end [reward] of that man is peace."

Today we are living in a world of unrest and turmoil and apprehension. Fear fills every breast. The spirit of distrust is rampant and real peace is nowhere enjoyed. For the poor worldling this is solemnly true. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the lawless" (Isaiah 37:21). The peace that was forfeited in Eden's Garden can only be found at Calvary for, "He made peace by the blood of His Cross" (Col. 1:20). The marked man of the world as exemplified in Cain is one who is continually seeking to get out from the presence of the Lord. Any place rather than the presence of the Lord and any voice rather than the voice of God. But in striking contrast to this we are called upon to look at, to carefully examine, to inspect this God honoring man of Psalm 37, for in so doing we shall learn that the secret of his favor with God and man lay in his pursuit of peace, Romans 14:19. For did not our Blessed Lord Jesus say in His sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the sons of God." "Peacemakers" not merely they who reconcile others but they who habitually cultivate peace. For as Calvin has beautifully expressed it in his commentary on James 3:18, "Those truly wise towards God, whilst peaceable and tolerant towards their neighbors, yet make it their chief concern to sow righteousness, not cloaking men's sins, but reproving them with such peaceable moderation, as to be the

physician rather than the executioners of their fellowmen."

Mark the man of Psalm 37 in the home, mark him in his conduct in the world, mark him in the assembly of God's beloved people and the one outshining characteristic of his Christian walk that makes him beloved by all is his love of those things that make for peace. Hebrews 12:14.

It may be digressing from the subject but I never read Psalm 37 and verse 37 without recalling an experience which I had some 25 years ago. It was in January, 1922. I motored down from Boston to New Bedford to visit my father-in-law who was seriously ill and evidently drawing near to the end of his sojourn upon earth. His name was Damon W. Fales, and the very mention of his name today among the assemblies in the East brings to mind a life and ministry fragrant with the graces of Christ. As we sat together talking matters over, among other things I said to him, "Father, would you kindly give me some guiding principles that would enable me to complete my course as you have done?" He raised an objection to this remark, but I reminded him of the honored place he occupied in the home and family affections—of the choice place that was his in the assembly, being beloved by all—and then I reminded him of the sweet relationship we had enjoyed these many years. He hesitated for a moment or two, and then said, "Well, there are four things that I have sought to preserve since God saved me, and I will now give them to you." There was a solemn pause between each as if to give full import to its value.

He said, "the first is a tender conscience; the next, a single eye; the third, a love for His Word; and the last, prayer."

A few weeks later he entered the peaceful presence of His Lord, leaving with me these four cardinal guides that will enable the child of God to be the perfect and upright man of our Psalm, to be a blessing to the world and to God's people and to finish his course with joy.

Richard F. Varder: Memorial of a Quiet Life

One has said, "There is not a more interesting or more profitable form of written ministry than the biographical. Throughout the Scriptures God speaks very often to us in this method. The fruit of the Spirit is not only presented to us doctrinally but we are made to see in the lives of peasants, prophets and patriarchs, love and longsuffering, patience and peace blooming like beautiful flowers in a garden." The story of the life of Richard F. Varder is entitled, "Memorial of a Quiet Life" —"quiet," not in the sense of being inactive, but because most of his service for the Lord was carried on among isolated groups, far removed from the busy haunts of men, in out-of-the-way places, up in the backwoods of northwestern Canada, where often the temperature was fifty degrees below zero for weeks. Sometimes he lived in mud huts, eating bread, lard and salt, with a change of menu only when someone shot wild meat. In some of these places there were no churches or schools. The people were sent there by the government to homestead because the drought had destroyed everything in the south. Mr. Varder saw many souls saved among these poor people and once said in reference to his experiences, "God has given me a strong body and I want to use it for Him." At a Chicago Conference when giving a brief account of his work in Canada, he said that he would much prefer to stand before a few simple country folks and declare the message of God than to stand before crowds. He was a pioneer in the truest sense of the word.

Richard Varder was born in England, April 30th, 1858, the seventh of eight children. His mother died when Richard was only fourteen. He was a very studious boy, so was educated to be a school teacher. He tells of God's dealings with him relative to his conversion in the following words: "I had always been somewhat religiously inclined, at times zealously so. I was the son of devout Christian parents; said my prayers from early childhood, read my Bible regularly, attended Sunday school, and when I was old enough, was a Sunday school teacher, a member of the choir and a Good Templar. I persevered in this manner of life until I was nearly seventeen years of age, but I was not happy. My religion was a heavy burden to me, sometimes almost intolerable. The fact is, I was a 'goat' trying to adopt the manners and habits of a 'sheep,' and found it hard work, and beside this, I had so many falls in the path I had mapped out for myself that it was getting more manifest to my conscience that I was not a 'sheep' after all.

"One thing that made me more uneasy than anything else was that the things which were burdensome to me were a delight to my father, who knew what it was to be truly born again. I could see that he possessed something to which I was an utter stranger. He had discernment enough to see beneath the surface of my outwardly religious life and told me firmly but affectionately that I must be born again or I could not enter the kingdom of God. On the morning of my sixteenth birthday he grasped my hand and said, 'Dick, my boy, I trust that ere you are seventeen you will be a Christian,' and I hoped so, too, although I hung my head and said nothing. I began then to be really anxious about my soul. A picture of the judgment spoken of in Matthew

25 was used of God to bring more vividly before my mind the subject of eternal torment and I trembled at the thought of having to meet God. God's arrows were fast in my heart; my religion was tottering, and although it had given me a good name in the sight of my fellow-men, yet I saw that it was an insufficient covering in which to stand before God. Conscience was aroused and sins of the past in thought, word and deed, which had been forgotten, were brought to memory until they seemed to be a dark cloud, an insurmountable barrier, to shut me out from heaven and happiness.

"After much agony of soul, deliverance came at last. I had come to an end of myself and now God graciously met my need and by His Spirit graciously directed my mind to Isaiah 53:6. I had often sung the words when going through Handel's Oratorio, 'The Messiah,' and knew them by heart, but up to this time they had been merely a string upon which so much music was hung. Now I was able to enter into their meaning and began to take this verse, sentence by sentence, and consider it. I admitted that I, like a sheep, had gone astray and had turned to my own way. And then, 'Can it be that my sins were laid on Jesus?' I thought. 'Oh, it is too good to be true.' But it was true, nevertheless. God had said it and it could not be otherwise. With the simplicity of a little child I took Him at His Word. The burden was gone, the cloud had vanished, despair was a thing of the past. Peace, perfect peace was mine. The sins which had troubled me were gone forever. 'Whosover believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins' (Acts 10:43). 'Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more' (Heb. 10:17)."

Soon after Richard Varder was saved, he learned the truth of baptism and identified himself with brethren meeting in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ alone. Many of the truths so precious to him in all his life were learned in association with Robert Chapman and Henry Dyer. He began to serve the Lord in open-air work.

In 1881 Mr. Varder emigrated to Winnipeg, Canada, which was a town of tents and log huts at that time. Here he worked at his carpenter's trade in the summer, preaching when he had the opportunity, and gave himself wholly to the Lord's work during the winter. In 1884, in the company of Roland and George Benner, he took up a homestead in Saskatchewan, and while there conducted Sunday schools, gospel meetings, and Bible readings. He was there at the outbreak of the second Indian rebellion and learned to speak the Cree language.

Later he sold his farm and was associated with John Rae, John Grimason, Donald Ross, Alfred Goff and others in their work in Manitoba and the Dakotas. A great number were saved through the labors of these men of God and assemblies started. Their hardships were many. Mr. Varder would preach until his funds were exhausted and then go back to carpenter work for a few months. Like William Carey, he could say, "My business is to preach the gospel, and I build houses to pay expenses."

In 1895 Mr. Varder married Miss Edith Newcomb and a year later their first son was born. For a few years they lived in Kenora, Ontario, and then returned to Winnipeg, living there four years. In 1904 he took up a homestead, much against the wishes of the assembly who felt he should devote all of his time to the Lord's service. The

move seemed to have been a mistake. He lost all he had; his gospel work here was much hampered; an audience was hard to get, and he felt this inactivity keenly. During these years his two youngest children were born. In the winter of 1916 he was much cast upon God as to his path, and the Lord graciously opened the way for his return to more active service. He moved to Selkirk and the following month the eldest son was saved—the first-fruits of coming back into the Lord's path.

For two summers he ran a market garden, preaching whenever he had opportunity and later got work in a government fish hatchery which was being built on the Dauphin River. In the evening he would get some of the men to row him across the river where he would preach to the Indians with the aid of an interpreter. He was always a good testimony to his fellow-workmen and they heard the simple gospel frequently from his lips.

In 1922 Mr. Varder gave up all outside work and devoted all of his time to the Lord's service. He spent some time with William Wilson in tent work in Saskatchewan, living in the tent, cooking their own food and sleeping on straw, which was not too uncomfortable except when it rained. During these months a number were saved and a small assembly formed. The end of that year the family moved to Minneapolis but Mr. Varder continued to visit Manitoba and Saskatchewan, calling at points in Minnesota and North Dakota en route. Because the farming season was short in northern Canada and the farmers worked long hours in the summer, he usually went up there in the winter, facing storms, blizzards and sometimes very severe temperatures. He was often gone seven or eight months at a stretch, and while he was always glad to get home, yet after a month or two of

local helpfulness he would become restless and begin to talk of places that needed the gospel or assemblies that needed teaching while he was at home "doing nothing."

In 1928 the Varder family moved to Chicago and in 1932, when seventy-four years of age, Mr. Varder made his last trip north where he spent a hard winter in northern Saskatchewan. In September, 1933, while ministering the Word among colored Christians in Cleveland, he suffered a stroke and passed into the presence of the Lord.

One of the most outstanding traits of Mr. Varder's character was lowliness of mind and a desire only to be found faithful. Coupled with this was that other rare and rich natural endowment, ripened and strengthened as the years passed, purpose of heart. Quietly, humbly, patiently, throughout a life of unusual length, he continued with purpose of heart to serve the Lord, until almost the moment of his death.

Among the Assemblies in Ireland, England and Scotland, 1946 — by W. Herbert Marshall

The following letter sent to our brother A. J. Cotton by our associate editor, W. Herbert Marshall, from Ireland contains so much interesting information about the assemblies of the Lord's people he visited in Ireland, England, and Scotland that we felt such information would be of interest to our readers even though it was written several months ago. Many of the Lord's people who pioneered in the gospel through Canada and the United States were reached and saved through the gospel in these parts of the homeland.

W. Herbert Marshall

Belfast

Northern Ireland

November 11, 1946

Dear brother Cotton:

Here I am getting ready to start back for the U.S.A. and home. For the past ten weeks my wife and I have been enjoying the most wonderful Christian hospitality and kindness that the good friends over here have so generously lavished upon us. Our experiences have been thrilling. Last evening I had the joy of preaching the gospel in an Orange Hall away out in a country district to upwards of 300 people. It was one of the most touching events of our trip to the homeland—To see my old school chums, my friends of early life, my neighbors and my relatives fill the hall to overflowing until finally

we had to close the doors, and then sit with earnest attention to the moving, melting story of the Cross—to watch the tears course down many a cheek as by God's help we sought to press home the fact that no doubt this was our last appeal to many there that evening. It was the acme of thrilling delight and an experience we shall never forget. We feel sure that work was done that will redound to the praise of our glorious Redeemer. And that was just one of our many wonderful experiences.

To begin at the beginning, we left New York at 4:00 p.m. on Monday, September 2nd and arrived over the green fields of Ireland at 5:00 a. m. Tuesday morning, exactly 12 hours flying time. It was a lovely sensation when the wheels of that great plane struck the earth and we were once more safely on terra firma. We flew from Limerick to Dublin, visited amongst other places whilst there, the old Merrion Hall, met a number of the Lord's people and were received by all most graciously. From there we went to Limavady in County Derry, where we were received lovingly by our relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson very kindly let me have his car which proved such a great help in getting around on our visits to different places. We spent a great deal of our time in and around Belfast. We went one Lord's day morning to Apsley Street—the meeting with which I was associated when I left Belfast forty years ago. I only saw three present who were there when I left. We received a most cordial welcome and were generously entertained by Dr. and Mrs. John Boyd. I had the great honor of sharing a meeting with Mr. Fred Bingham, who was conducting a series of gospel services in the Ballyhackamore Hall. His meetings were being well attended—some three hundred on week

nights and five hundred or more on Sunday evenings. The Lord was blessing His Word to saint and sinner, and when I left he was entering his seventh week. I had the pleasure of visiting Donegal Road Hall, where I was received into fellowship over forty-five years ago. I was also in Old Park Road Hall where I saw over six hundred gathered in to their gospel meeting to hear Harold Paisley tell his conversion. I spent a Saturday evening at the Victoria Memorial Hall where over six hundred young people were gathered to listen to the message, "Things that retard progress in the young Christian's life." One thing that impressed me as I moved in and out among the assemblies was that Philippian characteristic, "striving together for the faith of the gospel." It was truly inspiring.

I had the honor of being present at the annual Lurgan Conference in October. It was a three-day Conference. The first two days—for brethren only—were spent in prayer, and an opening up of the Hebrew epistle. Mr. E. W. Rogers of London was the leader and one felt a real sense of the Lord's presence as the great truths concerning our exalted Lord Jesus Christ were unfolded to us. The last day of the Conference found over one thousand gathered together. Although some seventy preachers were present, about eight took part in ministry. It was searching, stimulating and instructive. At the close of the second day's Bible reading it was suggested that an offering be taken up for missionary work. It met with a willing response—about $700 in the offering with less than two hundred brethren present. Hearts were touched and hence the result.

I met many preachers and friends whom I had known in earlier life, and all were eager to send greetings to the

Lord's people in the U.S.A. During our visit we had the privilege of seeing and meeting with many of the Lord's beloved people in different parts of the British Isles. We flew from Belfast to London where we met a great number of the boys who used to attend our servicemen's meeting during their stay in Boston. Amongst these were two who were saved at these meetings and who were going on steadfastly for their Lord. It was a joyful reunion and one which brought great cheer to our hearts. Our visits to St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have left reverent and indelible impressions upon our hearts. The feelings that surge through the soul as one stands by the tombs of such men as Livingstone and Watts and others cannot be expressed in words.

We went down to Exeter where we met and were royally entertained by Mr. Charles McEwen and his good wife and mother. Mrs. McEwen, senior (wife of our departed brother, John Knox McEwen), is wonderfully well, despite her advancing years. We visited the last resting place of that venerable servant of Christ, John Knox McEwen, in the nearby cemetery and were able to get good pictures of the stone, with Charlie standing by it.

From Exeter we passed on to Plymouth, where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Jones, known to a great many in the U.S.A., especially on the eastern seaboard. The devastation in Plymouth is frightful. The whole center of the city is completely wiped out. And this is true in a great measure of the afore-mentioned places, especially Exeter. The scarred walls, the blackened edifices, the gaping holes are still mute evidences of the terrific blasting received during these bombing raids. And yet the Lord's people will recount these experiences

in such a calm, matter-of-fact manner that one cannot help but admire their wonderful fortitude. The food situation in England is still more or less acute, but you will never hear a word of grumbling or complaint.

Our stay in Plymouth was most refreshing even if we were kept busy—a meeting on Saturday night and four meetings on Lord's day. Happy, hearty Christians, everlastingly at it, would aptly portray the activities of the assemblies in this city. From Plymouth we travelled by train to Liverpool where again we met some who were with us in Boston and we had a most enjoyable time recounting past experiences. Our next stop was Glasgow, and although we were here for only a day, we managed to meet a number of the Lord's people, and had a lovely time of fellowship with them. We visited Pickering and Inglis on Bothwell St. and learned somewhat of the activities regarding foreign missionary and home efforts for the spread of the gospel. From Glasgow we flew back to Belfast, refreshed spiritually by our contact with those whom the Lord calls "The excellent of the earth." Upon our return we spent a few most enjoyable weeks in County Down being the guests of the MacNeill family of Sally-will-will. Making this exceedingly hospitable home as our headquarters, we visited the surrounding assemblies and interesting places. Going to Warrenpoint, I saw the very home where I I fell in love with my Saviour forty-seven years ago. I was in Newry, Annalong, Dromone, Rathpiland and Newcastle. In Newcastle we had times of happy fellowship in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bingham and Mr. and Mrs. John MacNeill. Had a good time also with brother Thomas McCabe of Banbridge who drove

me to Seagoe cemetery to visit the grave of that honored servant of Christ, Mr. David Rea.

From County Down we went to County Armagh. It was here we had the great joy of having the Orange Halls in the country districts—near my old homestead—filled to overflowing. In Armagh City we were graciously taken care of by our relatives, the Marshalls. Had a good visit with the Lennox family from whose home we phoned our family in America. It was truly exciting to hear voices so far away and yet so clear. From Armagh we motored out to Cookstown, Portadown, Lurgan, Markethill, Richhill, Dungannon and other nearby towns. It was outside of Richhill where we met the Williamson family of Ahovey House. Saw the very spot where, as a lad of nine years of age, I attended the twelfth July Conference and where the big tent was pitched. In this lovely home we spent many happy hours. In Dungannon I had the signal honor of sitting in the chair once occupied by Henry Moorhouse. This was in the home of Mrs. Trimble. I assure you this was a thrilling experience, but it was the scenes of early childhood and boyhood days that really touched our hearts.

With my nephew, John Marshall, I preached in the Gospel Hall just a stone's throw from the old home. The hall was well filled with friends and neighbors and we had a solemn time together. We visited the old schoolhouse which we attended as a boy and we hoped we could secure it for a gospel service, as it could seat three hundred, but the enemy was busy and this was denied us. However, the Lord wonderfully touched the hearts of kindly Orangemen and they willingly gave us their halls for this purpose. It seemed as if the whole countryside was moved and I shall never forget these

meetings. The enemy evidently had outwitted himself, and the Lord heard and answered prayer. As one dear sister in Christ expressed it, "This is what I have been praying for during the past ten years." To Him be all the praise.

Well, like all good times down here, we had to see our visit coming to a close and had to take our leave. For ten weeks we had been living seemingly in a different world. We had spoken at children's meetings where sometimes hundreds would be gathered to sing and to listen. We addressed young people's gatherings where an earnest and attentive ear would be given to His Word and oftentimes we visited many a home where advancing years told us that these loved ones would soon end their pilgrimage down here. We motored from the north back to the Shannon Airport by way of the west coast. It was interesting but yet it made one sad to see the superstition and darkness of these towns and villages held under the sway of Rome. We visited the city of Cork and the Lakes of Killarney and Blarney Castle. We spent a lovely week-end at Limerick where we found a number of Christians who gather to that precious name. Among these was a family named "Faulkner," who whilst attending the Belfast Easter Conference had a miraculous escape from instant death during those air raids of 1941, when 1500 were killed and 2500 wounded.

We left the Shannon Airport on Wednesday, November 13th at 8:00 p.m. (3:00 p.m. U.S. time) in a terrific rainstorm and a howling wind. It seemed as if the elements. were expressing our feelings as we said good-bye to the land of our birth and the friends whom we love. For fifteen hours we were above the clouds with

the great, deep Atlantic below us. At 6:00 a.m. on Thursday we got our first view of land—the coast of Maine—and arrived in New York at 8:00 a.m.

Home again!!! Glad to have had our visit, glad to have had our lives enriched and our vision enlarged, and glad that if in any measure the Lord was honored and His beloved people refreshed by our sojourn amongst them.

W. Herbert Marshall

Alexander Broadfoot — by Arthur B. Rodgers

Let me present this gospel pioneer in a manner characteristic of himself. It is early in the century. We approach a low, gray building far out on the prairies of western Nebraska, Others, like ourselves, in lumber-wagons, buggies or on horseback, converge toward the spot from farms and ranches over a radius of fifteen miles or more. We enter the sod-house country school and find the seats filled, so stand for a while,—then sit on the floor or on the edge of the platform or bring a cushion from the wagon outside. Someone lights the kerosene lamps. But where is the preacher? He is usually ahead of time. The grapevine whispers that a neighbor ten miles away must have had wagon-wheel trouble or something. But here he comes at last, and the preacher is with him. Expectant silence!

A large figure enters, but instead of giving the usual cheery, "Good evening," he amazes the company by stooping, slipping his fingers into his boot-straps, and walking to the front in that bent-over posture. Then, rising to his height behind the teacher's desk, he speaks; "Friends, that's what many of you are doing—trying to lift yourselves by your own boot-straps." It was one of Mr. Broadfoot's unique approaches to a message, showing the impossibility of bringing ourselves nearer to God and heaven through self-effort; hence the need of a Saviour. His strong face and sideburns, his Scotch-Canadian accent, his use of every-day illustrations, his ability to make his points stand out graphically, all

combined to produce a unique gift in the gospel and a personality never to be forgotten.

Alexander Broadfoot was born in Seaforth, Ontario, in February, 1850. His people were Presbyterians, and as a young man he became choir-leader. He married in Canada and not long after the young couple moved to the state of Kansas. In that new country a Mr. Scott was stirring hearts with his faithful preaching of the gospel, and the man from Canada lost his empty religion and met the Saviour. He seemed never to lose the thrill he received when he first heard the wonderful news that salvation was completed by the Lord Jesus on the Cross and could be his forever if he would but take Him.

Mr. Broadfoot loved and revered his mother, and yet now he had misgivings about her salvation, so returned to Canada to tell her his good news. He often told how she reacted: "Tut, tut, Sandy; don't be too sure, I've been a member of the kirk for forty years, and I have but a mere, humble hope." He turned to I John 5:13 and asked her to read it aloud, which she did, correctly. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life," etc. But he said she must have made a mistake and asked her to read it again and again, "Does it say hope or know, mother?" "Well, I never saw that before," she said in amazement and the Lord saved her and his father, too; and his visit to Canada was not in vain. Mr. Broadfoot farmed and preached around Abilene, Kansas, for some time, seeing blessing from his labors, and there is still an assembly there. But it was in western Iowa, in the farming community known as Berea, that he settled permanently, and where his pioneer labors left their

deepest impress. The Berea assembly is now over sixty years old,

Our brother continued to be a farmer most of his life but in later years left the farming in the hands of his sons while he labored in the gospel in Iowa and further afield. In his early work he would go on horseback or by team and buggy. At one time he had just returned to the farm from a gospel effort when he began to be exercised about another needy field, but it was so good to be at home and there were so many things to do around the place that he put the thoughts of the "needy field" aside for the moment. One morning his son mentioned that he had seen rats in the barn and they undertook to exterminate them. They called the dogs, pried some boards from the floor and found a rat's nest. In the excitement Mr. Broadfoot stepped on an upturned board, running a nail through his shoe into his foot. Reaching the house, his first remark to his wife was "I ought to be out catching men instead of rats." It was the spontaneous expression of the conscience of the real evangelist.

Among present-day assemblies that owe their beginnings or some of their early development to Mr. Broadfoot are Lyman and Greenfield, Iowa, Omaha and Palisade, Nebraska. Among those who were saved through his labors were some who became soul-winners and were used in the beginning of testimonies elsewhere; including J. E. Brown who was instrumental at Long Island and Kanorado, Kansas; John Allen at Long Beach, California; Sam Brown who moved to Lyman, Iowa, and opened the way for Mr. Broadfoot and Don Charles to come there and start the work which resulted in the Lyman assembly, Others of his fellow-laborers

were James Erskine, John Moffat, William Wilson of Sparta, Illinois, A. N. O'Brien and C. J. Baker.

Mr. Broadfoot was called up higher in 1916 at the age of sixty-six.

Arthur B. Rodgers

William H. Hunter

"A true Christian gentleman." His gracious, unassuming manner, his habitual kindness and gentle courtesy, his tact and patience under opposition and ill treatment, combined to bestow a peculiar charm to his personality.

He ever kept his body in subjection and his spirit was indeed the Spirit of Christ. He bore the fruit of the Spirit —love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance (self-control).

His whole Christian life could be summed up in the words of the Lord's people who knew him intimately for many years, "I can think of no more fitting words to describe our dear brother Hunter than those of Paul to the Philippians (chap. 1:23), 'For me to live is Christ.' He was a living epistle known and read of all men."

William H. Hunter was born in the town of Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, on Feb. 25, 1866 and died Feb. 28, 1944. At the age of 17 he left his native land for the United States and came to New Bedford, Mass., where an older brother lived. Although brought up in a Christian home he was not yet saved although he kept on the clean footpath by the "grace of God," as he always said when referring to his life at that time. His brother was a devoted Christian and much concerned about his young brother and did what he could to win him to the Lord. Two years later (1855) two well known servants of the Lord, Messrs. Donald Munroe and John Smith, visited at his brother's home. At the supper table Mr. Smith addressed him by asking, "Young man, are you saved?" This question aroused him and he began to think seriously and when on another night Mr. Smith

said, "Young man, it will be a terrible thing to be in hell," he was thoroughly aroused and miserable. A few weeks later these two brethren pitched a tent in New Bedford, resulting in William's conversion, Mr. Munroe pointing him to Christ through Isaiah 53:3-5. From this time on to the end of his course Mr. Hunter's motto in everything was "God first." Shortly after this he became acquainted with Mr. William Matthews and Mr. James Campbell. In the summer of 1890 they pitched a tent in the city of Providence, R. I., and asked him to spend the summer with them as their helper. He left his work for the time and had a good training with these men of God who were very helpful and kind to the young beginner and encouraged him to give his full time to the work of the Lord, which he did soon after this.

In the early '90's Mr. Hunter met brother Benjamin Bradford of New York and the two young men became fast friends and had many happy times of service together. Brethren William J. McClure and T. Telfer visited New Bedford later and took Mr. Hunter with them to Canada, introducing him to those parts, especially the outlying towns of Ontario. Here he labored for a time with Mr. Cyril Bird who afterward went to Africa. Mr. John Moneypenny was also one of the friends of these days, also a brother beloved. Mr. F. Black was also a fellow-worker in Canada for a time. Mr. Hunter visited Canada many times and used to say there was a more ready ear for the Gospel there. He loved the Lord's people he had contacted in those early days, whose friendship continued to the end. Mr. McClure and Mr. Hunter had good times in Canada together in tent work and many interesting stories were told about cooking, eating, sleeping and preaching in the tent. Like

all servants of God, Mr. Hunter had many testings of faith but the Lord always brought him through.

In connection with times of testing which all experience, one such time stands out as a wonderful instance of God's power and care. He had invited a young lady to visit his home and meet his wife. When the day came for her arrival no money was in the house. He could walk to the railway station, a long walk, but must have two nickels to bring the young lady and himself from the station, she being a stranger in the city. Many times he went and prayed to the Lord to make a way. Not long before train time a knock came to the door and a little girl stood, the daughter of a sister in the meeting who was very fond of the three-month-old baby, his first born. The child brought a book that had been borrowed, and also a brand new dime, saying this was for the baby because it had the year of her birthday on it. Needless to say, thanks were returned to God, the friend met and none the wiser of conditions. This was a greater miracle than if a ten dollar bill had been sent in and strengthened faith for days to come.

In 1898 he was married in Westerly, R. I., and established his home in New Bedford, Mass. The Lord blessed him with three daughters and two sons. From the beginning he always saw to it that a "prophet's chamber" was in readiness. During the following years Mr. Wm. Matthews was his co-worker in the tent for several consecutive years in various parts of New England. Mr. McClure and Dr. E. A. Martin and others followed on and the Lord blessed His work. He accompanied Mr. McClure on several itinerating trips across the continent but the latter years were spent mostly in visiting and helping the smaller assemblies of

the Lord's people, as a heart condition kept him from too strenuous activity and he kept up this quiet service to the end. He was ever desirous to have the approval of God on whatever he did.

On Feb. 25, 1944 his whole family gathered to celebrate his 78th birthday. Although a little frailer he was bright and happy and all hoped to have him for a few years more, but God had willed it otherwise. On the Sunday following after having come home from the Lord's table he was suddenly stricken with great pain causing unconsciousness. He rallied, however, and was able to converse cheerfully with his family through the night but the next day the pain returned and after just 24 hours of sickness his spirit took its flight. Almost his last words were "The Lord is good." Thus ended the labors of our beloved brother, William H. Hunter, at 4:45 p.m., February 28, 1944.

"*His well beloved spake,*
And said unto him, Rise up, my love, my fair one,
And come away.
For, lo, the winter is past."

For him it is better on before: for him it is home indeed; while here, this world was to him but a wilderness. Frequently he remarked he was "a day's journey nearer home." Saved as a young man, a chosen vessel, he ever kept looking unto Jesus the author (leader) and finisher (perfecter) of faith.

Shortly after being saved he was found testifying in his local city of New Bedford, Massachusetts at street meetings, etc. Fifty-one years ago he went into pioneer work in Canada and for forty consecutive years spent the summers in tent work at various places. His Victor's

Crown of Rejoicing shall consist of many from various highways and byways of these United States and Canada.

The past decade was, for the most part, spent in pastoral work, which work was just and blessed; he liked especially to visit the smaller companies of the Lord's people. He fought a good fight, finished the course, kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for him a Victor's Crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him at that day. His work was never spectacular but his gentle Gospel messages were used of God in bringing many souls to Christ.

After his death letters came from all over the country and Canada expressing love for him and sorrow for his departure.

One brother wrote, "It was a benediction to look upon his face in life and it was so in death with the marks of the grace of God so sweetly upon his pale countenance." Another wrote, "To me as to many others he always stood out as a true Christian gentleman in all that the word implies. When ruthlessness seemed to get the upper hand for a while, his example of sanity and charitable consideration while not unconscious of the dangers that confronted God's people were a great help. May God raise up others of a similar disposition." When the mailman looked at him lying in his casket he said, "He was always a gentleman." Another wrote, "Alas for the church, made poorer by his going, how many hearts comforted by his words and manners over the years will miss him, save to reflect upon his memory and many will do so with pleasure so that he being at home still speaketh to us, who have known him over these many

years." The late Dr. Cameron of Detroit wrote, "His long life of devoted service was spent for Christ and is not ended but what is done for Christ will last. Now in His holy will and wisdom God says Call the Laborers. He has been called for rest and reward and his cessation from labor is a lesson to us to work while it is day and do with our might what our hands find to do."

Mr. James McKee of Stratford, Conn., has written the following tribute to Mr. Hunter:

"It was in February, 1898, that I first met the late William H. Hunter at a Conference in New York City, and from that time, until his departure to be with the Lord, our fellowship in the things of God was constant and precious.

"I can think of no more fitting words to describe our dear brother Hunter than those of Paul to the Philippians (Chap. 1:23) 'For to me to live is Christ.'

"On one occasion we were talking of some of the hymns of the late Fanny Crosby and I told him she lived in our city. He expressed a desire to meet her and so I arranged to call on her. He talked with her of some of her hymns and especially about the hymn 'Rescue the Perishing.' He asked her if she believed in the total depravity of the human heart and she answered, 'By all means I do.' Then, he asked, 'What do you mean by the verse, "Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore?" 'Oh,' she said, 'I don't mean that there is anything in the human heart that God can patch up—we all need the "New birth." ' He was delighted and enjoyed meeting her and she him.

"On another occasion brother Hunter was conducting the funeral service of an aged brother and sister, who were asphyxiated by gas. There was quite a crowd of Roman Catholics present. After the service they gathered around and wanted to know where brother Hunter preached. Like those in Luke 4:22, they wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. 'Speaking the truth in love' characterized his ministry to saint and sinner."

William Matthews — by J. T. Dickson

One summer day in the year 1859 an Irish jaunting car was passing along a street in the city of Belfast, Ireland. A man lay across the car weeping and groaning and apparently in great agony, but this was not an unusual sight in those days. God was working in the countryside and similar scenes were being enacted daily as men and women were being convicted of their sins. Meetings for preaching of the Gospel were being held everywhere. The fields were white unto harvest and the sheaves in abundance were being gathered. The midnight air was filled with singing of psalms and hymns. The policeman on his beat hummed as he went along the street,

> "*Oh, I have got good news to tell*
> *My Saviour has done all things well*
> *And triumphed over death and hell,*
> *That's the news.*"

The mailman on his morning route sang heartily the fortieth psalm. In the memory of the oldest residents nothing to equal that revival had ever been witnessed before. Men and women in all walks of life had been stirred and God's great salvation was the only topic of interest.

A witness to all of these scenes was a seven-year-old boy named William Matthews. Naturally they made a deep impression on his young heart and mind. At the age of fifteen, while working in a foundry, he became troubled about his own soul after seeing one of his companions saved. However, as he said, "I had lived a good life and never felt I was one of the worst in the world." Just then he was laid low with typhoid fever and his soul trouble

deepened. He said, "God often makes His providential dealings to work with His blessed Spirit in dealing with sinners, and He dealt with me." God raised him up but his mother took the disease and died. He was filled with grief over his loss, but again it was the voice of God, and his sins became a heavy burden.

One afternoon, in his distress, William turned the leaves of his Bible idly looking for something to help him. His fingers seemed to stop at the first chapter of Revelation and his eyes lighted on verse five, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Through these words God opened up the truth to his heart and he saw that Christ on the cross at Calvary had put away his sins. In after years, when telling of his conversion to God, his face beamed and he would say, "I did not know that hymn, 'Oh, happy day,' but I sang with all my heart, 'Glory, honor, praise and power, be unto the Lamb forever.'"

In 1873, through the ministry of James W. Smith and James Campbell, William Matthews saw and obeyed the truth of believers' baptism and shortly afterward was received into assembly fellowship. There were a number of godly young men in the city at that time and Mr. Matthews joined with them heartily in their efforts to win souls. In after years a number of these young men became outstanding servants of Christ whose ministry was owned of God in planting assemblies after the New Testament order. Among those were William J. Matthews (not related to William, the subject of this biography), who was a medical student in Queen's University. After he took his degree as M.D. with honors, he went forth to preach Christ, sharing with others the affliction of the

Gospel for over fifty years; Thomas Lough, who became a soul winner in northern Ireland, and W. J. McClure were also closely associated with young William.

In those days the opposition was very bitter and young Christians were well tested. Sham conversions, as such were called by brethren Smith and Campbell, soon faded like the morning clouds, but William Matthews and his companions grew in grace.

One day on a street in Belfast he saw John Knox McEwen carrying a large text on a frame. He aproached him and said, "Praise the Lord, John, this is splendid." "Yes," said the fiery young preacher, "but I have no one to help me carry it." "I'll help," was the prompt reply. They were excellent singers and marching at slow pace they sang, "God loved the world of sinners lost and ruined by the fall." Soon about one thousand people had gathered and going into a vacant lot they preached the Gospel to a very attentive audience. As a youth, William had an impediment in his speech, but he gradually overcame it and became an eloquent Gospel preacher.

In 1877, while holding some Gospel meetings with William Jameson in the markethouse in Keady, County Armagh, a great work was done and among the converts was young Robert John Johnston, who became a preacher much used of God. He left his native land with a little band of workers to help Mr. F. S. Arnot in Central Africa in 1889 but took ill and died just as they landed in Garengenzie country.

In 1878 at the grave of James W. Smith Matthew 6:33 was read, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc., and the speaker, referring to the loss of brother Smith, said, "Who will fill the gap?" William Matthews said in

his heart, "By the grace of God I shall." Early the following year he joined Mr. Campbell and eternity alone will tell the results of the ministry of these two men in Cookstown, Kings Mills, Anghevey and other parts of County Tyrone where souls were saved in every place and assemblies planted.

In 1883 brethren Campbell and Matthews came to the U.S.A., and reached the country in time for the Chicago Conference that year. Their ministry was most heart-searching, the leading theme being the reality of conversion. Many who sat under their ministry were greatly shaken and some found Christ, who had had nothing but empty professions. Meetings were held in other places in Illinois and the presence of God was with His servants.

Later, at the invitation of John Knox McEwen, who had spent a short time preaching in Philadelphia and who had found an open door for the Gospel, these two brethren journeyed to that city. They pitched a tent on Broad Street and also set up housekeeping in the tent. The meetings were advertised and tracts distributed with the result that the people flocked to the tent. The Christians were warmed and enriched by the glorious Gospel proclaimed and many stood nobly by the preachers. Soon there was "sound of abundance of rain." The Lord's hand was manifested in a wonderful way and many were saved, in several cases whole families being led to Christ. On Lord's day morning the Lord's table was spread in the tent and seven sat down to remember Him. This was the humble beginning of assembly testimony in Philadelphia. Later a hall was rented on South Broad Street "and believers were the more added to the Lord" (Acts 5:14). The first Philadelphia

Conference was held in that hall in 1887. John Knox McEwen described that hallowed season thus, "Faces beamed and tears were shed in abundance under the ministry of God's Word."

In 1885 these brethren pitched a tent in Pittsburgh but found the soil hard, so they were greatly exercised as to the opening of an effectual door. William J. McCandless, who had been saved in Ireland and had known brethren Campbell and Matthews over there, was now living in Toronto, Ohio, and seeking alone to witness for Christ in the open air. He heard about the work in Pittsburgh and, upon investigation, found the preachers to be the same that he had known in Ireland. So at his invitation they pitched a tent in Toronto, where some were saved and an assembly planted. Brother McCandless became a real overseer and a man of note among the brethren.

Each summer the tent was pitched in some new field. They were busy workers, seeking in every way possible to win souls to Christ. Mrs. D. P. Harry, who had entertained the preachers in her home in Philadelphia, in her booklet, "Looking Backward," gives a vivid description of them as follows: "Mr. Campbell, in preaching judgment, did so with a loving spirit toward the unsaved. He was very sincere and preached in such an earnest, enthusiastic manner that many hearts were won to the Saviour." "Mr. Matthews followed this searching 'wrath to come' preaching with the most glorious display of the mercy and love of God. His humble and assuming manner graced the object of his love in such a remarkable way that souls that were not awakened by Mr. Campbell's spirited message, were drawn and won to the Redeemer by Mr. Matthew's quiet efforts. These evangelists, opposites in disposition,

formed a perfect combination for the presentation of the Gospel message."

In 1889 there was a fruitful season in Providence, Rhode Island. W. H. Hunter, who was just a youth, became a "John Mark" for them, and from that time devoted himself to the work of the Lord. In 1890 Mr. Matthews was united in marriage to Miss Emma Copp, and the pair settled in Boston. Their devotion to the Lord and to each other excelled and many saints were entertained, instructed and refreshed in their hospitable home. Mr. Hunter became Mr. Matthews' fellowlaborer and pioneer work was continued in tents for years. Mr. Hunter related the following incident to show Mr. Matthews' eloquence as a preacher.

"One evening a rain storm had hindered the people coming to their tent. However, the storm subsided and a man looked in and retreated. In a few minutes he returned with a crowd of 'hoboes' and marched them into the tent, addressing the evangelists, 'There is your audience.' They sang some hymns. Then Mr. Matthews read Luke 14:16-24, 'A Great Supper' and with much feeling described the table spread at the Gospel supper and the dishes offered so freely. He waxed eloquent as he presented the dish of 'forgiveness of sins,' followed by the dish of 'communion with God.' The audience sat spellbound. One poor fellow jumped up and in all earnestness called out, 'Mister, is there a dish on that table for the likes of me?'" Mr. Hunter described it as a wonderful meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews entertained and tenderly cared for their beloved friend and brother, Mr. James Campbell until his death in 1904.

The following year they visited the north of Ireland and his ministry was much blessed to saint and sinner. An all-day meeting for believers in County Armagh in June 1905 was a red-letter day, as described by one who was there. The ministry began with Mr. Thos. Wales reading Eph. 5:14, "Awake thou that sleepest," etc. He spoke of Samuel asleep, Samson asleep, Saul asleep and gave it a present spiritual application. Mr. Matthews followed with Ephesians 5:16, "Redeeming the time because the days are evil." Old and young were moved by the power of God. He spoke of buying up the opportunities. Strong men wept. Mr. A. Lamb followed with "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not." At the close of that meeting many Christians rode off on their bicycles without supper to get alone with God. In many cases breaches were healed and fellowship restored. Truly, "He sent His Word and healed them" (Psalm 107:20).

In 1908, while busy in his loved work in a tent with Mr. Hunter, Mr. Matthews had a complete breakdown. He recovered sufficiently to take a trip to Ireland, which was a means of improving his health some, and when he returned he was able to take a little part in meetings. However, he gradually wailed and in 1929, he passed into the presence of the Lord whom he had loved and served for over sixty years.

Mr. Matthews was a true evangelist and had a natural care for the people of God. His ministry was always wholesome. He said, "True shepherds are brethren who have won souls for Christ."

"The memory of the just is blessed." (Proverbs 10:7)

J. T. Dickson

Joab, the Son of Zeruiah — by W. R. Simpson

The history of Joab, the son of Zeruiah, King David's near kinsman, his most successful servant, and the valiant and victorious captain of his host, is recorded by the Spirit of God for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come.

Lord Macauley wrote, concerning the first Duke of Marlborough, that he "never fought a battle without winning it and never besieged a city without taking it," and his words are literally applicable to Joab as a military leader. Every excursion ended in the bringing in of fresh spoils to David's treasury. Every skirmish, battle and campaign, whether directed against foes without or rebels within, served to consolidate David's kingdom and establish David's throne.

Such a course of material success, such a career of unbroken triumph, without a single reverse, is unique in Scripture. There is no history like unto Joab's in the Word of God, and that of itself makes it a subject worthy of contemplating by the Lord's people, who, in this present "difficult day" seek to serve according to their measure, the Lord Jesus Christ—God's true David—His anointed and His King.

To how many today, in the mater of their own service, or of that of other men, is success the goal to which their desires are directed, and the standard by which their judgments are formed, as though the word which they expected to hear at the day of the revealing of the

secrets of their hearts was, "Well done! thou good and successful servant!"

And by how many, also, is the appearance of that success accepted as evidence that the blessing of God rests upon efforts put forth and upon work carried on in a manner which is without warrant, either by precept or precedent, in the Scriptures.

"Look how God is using it!" Such say; "how many souls are being saved! How Christians are being aroused! How much good is being done!" and thus a judgment of misconception is built upon a basis of ungodliness; that is, upon a judgment formed through what the eyes see and what the ears hear, in distinct opposition to that which is written of the Master Himself.

David did not refuse to accept the spoils Joab brought in. He did not judge Joab at once for actions which were positively hateful to him (II Sam. 3:37). But he remembered them at the close of his long life and reign. And in his last words, when the spirit of Jehovah spoke by him and God's Word was in his tongue; when success was as nothing to him, and when faithfulness and righteousness were all in all, he charged Solomon, his son, concerning what Joab, the son of Zeruiah, did to him (I Kings 2:5); calling to mind his self-will in the service—self-will which stopped at nothing. Not even murder, to attain its ends—he commanded Solomon to do according to his wisdom (wisdom distinctly typical of the "wisdom of God," see I Cor. 1)—and to suffer not the hoar head of the great captain to go down to the grave in peace.

Not only was Joab's end one of darkness, of miserable failure, and of judgment, but Joab's loss remained even after his career had closed.

Twice in the Scriptures (II Sam. 23 and I Chron. 11) those who were honored of God as warriors and captains who fought for David (described as "the mighty men whom David had") are mentioned by name, the repetition marking the importance of the matter.

In both of these lists the name of Joab, the captain of the host, is conspicuous by it's absence. His two younger brothers appear, only emphasizing the fact that there is no place for him. Not by accident does this happen, nor without purpose is the utter failure of Joab's life pressed upon us. It has been said that "the silence of Scriptures is often as eloquent as its words." There it is necessary for us in seeking to know the mind of God, not only to give earnest heed to what He has written, but also to stop and consider the significance of marked omissions such as that of Joab's name from the list of David's worthies.

The Divine order was, and is, the first book of Samuel first, and then the second book. In the first book David is seen in rejection, in unpopularity, an outcast man, having with him only a small and faithful band of followers, who, believing in him, shared his sorrows and his rejection—and of whom it is written, that "they gathered themselves unto him and he became captain over them."

In the second book of Samuel David is, on the contrary, seen in prosperity and in power. The outcast had become the King and the little band had been swollen into a host, "a great host, like unto the host of God"; and

it is then and only then, that Joab turns up, and meteor-like, flashes out at once as captain of the host, prominent and successful.

How had he attained that position? He had never been one of the little faithful band who had known what it was to toil for David only, and to suffer with and for him, and yet he apparently eclipses and outruns those who had. The answer to this question is, remarkable to say, not to be found in the books of Samuel, upon which this article is based, but is given in I Chron. 11:6. In that chapter is a brief record of the taking of Jerusalem, and is on this wise—David having summoned the city to surrender, received from its inhabitants an answer of insulting defiance, upon which, turning to those there with him, he cried, "Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites first shall be chief and captain." Joab, the son of Zeruiah, had just joined David; he had marked David's progress, had noted that he grew "stronger and stronger," more and more successful; so, for his own sake, lest he should be left out in the cold as David grew popular, he, who had no part in the day of rejection, cast in his lot with David in his partial triumph. He wanted to be a leader, a great man among his brethren (doubtless he knew his own ability, such men generally do), and David's offer quoted above gave him the opportunity he wanted. Not slow to seize it, he fought, not for David, but for himself—for a position, a name and a reputation.

Joab's career is not intended as a warning to the mere empty professor, who has a name to live while he is dead. Joab was a blood relation of David himself, he was one of the chosen people of God, and his story concerns the man who is truly "born from above," redeemed with

the blood of Christ, and who actuated in what is professedly work for God and Christ.

It is sad to think how little of the will and way of God there is in much of what passes for "Christian Work" in the present day. How little those who take the place of servants concern themselves about the mind of their Lord and Master, as he has declared in His Word. Satan, as an angel of light, has doubtless succeeded in turning the eyes and thoughts of many Christians from Christ and occupies them with the WORK instead of the MASTER.

One of the principles of the Kingdom of God which the history of David is designed to illustrate is: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He also will deny us" (II Tim. 2:12). Personal faithfulness and obedience, such as does [not] shrink from taking its place in His p[resent] rejection, and maintaining of th[e] revelation of His way and His truth in these [days, has] its reward. [Some words at the ends of these lines are blotted in the scan; the bracketed words are the most likely reading.]

"Behold I come quickly," He cries, "and My reward is with Me to give every man according as his work shall be," not merely as the work is now.

The writer acknowledges the excellent article on life and history of Joab appearing in Northern Witness ([year blotted in the scan]) from which excerpts have been selected as the basis for this editorial.—Ed. Note

John Silvester

In the year 1892 an announcement was made that revival services would be held during the first two weeks of March in the Western Congregational Church, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada, and that they were to be conducted by Evangelist Ferdinand Schivere, a preacher of the old school.

If it were possible for that old building to speak, many an interesting tale it could tell of the happenings within its walls. The services commenced and God the Holy Spirit, who was sent into the world to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, was surely present to bless His Word to the awakening and conversion of many, among whom was John Silvester. From earliest days he had been deeply impressed with the importance of divine things, for his father and mother were Christians, and they sought to bring up their family in the fear of God. When John was but a little lad they left their home and friends in England and came out to Canada, in the hope of improving their means of livelihood. In this new land, surrounded by strangers, they were made more than ever to realize the presence of God in the family circle.

During some of those long, and possibly lonely evenings, they used to gather their children together and sing with them the songs of Zion. One evening as they were thus sitting and singing together:

"*Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,*
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,"

little John, only seven years old, began to turn over in his mind the possibility of anyone being washed from his sins and being made whiter than snow in blood. It was a great problem to his young mind, and it left a very deep impression upon him. Years had rolled away since that night, and John was now a young man employed by a large biscuit manufacturing business in Toronto, so with some of his chums he heard Evangelist Schivere. Under the powerful preaching of the Word of God he was made to see something of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and while he had long known that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23), he was made to realize it in his soul until, like the publican of old, he was ready to cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13). One night in his distress he remained behind after the meeting, the language of his heart being "What must I do to be saved?" Then through Isaiah 53:5, "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed," read to him by a Christian worker, he saw for the first time that it was for his sins that Jesus had died and he also knew and realized with force that peace and healing of the soul were his because at Calvary Christ was wounded and punished. He knew that he had eternal life.

Almost fifty years later, very shortly before he was called home to heaven, he wrote to one of those chums with whom he had first heard the gospel, and who had been converted to Christ on the same night, "We can joyfully sing together in remembrance of that night,

'O, happy day! when first we felt
Our souls with deep contrition melt

And saw our sins of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.'

"When the glorious light of the gospel reached my sin-burdened heart through the precious words of Isaiah 53:5—

'*O, happy day! when God to me*
A vision gave of Calvary,
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound,
I sang upon redemption ground.'

"And, O, what patient grace He has shown towards unfaithful, failing me all through those many years, proving the truth of His own gracious words, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Bless His name!"

In the year 1899 John Silvester was commended to the work of the Lord by the assemblies in Toronto, Canada, and for over forty-two years he bore witness in this public way to the saving grace of God. He loved to speak to others of the substitutionary work of Christ by which he had been saved, and none who came in contact with him missed hearing of God's way of salvation. For those also who shared but little of this world's material things he had a special care. Indeed he loved the poor.

In his early married life brother Silvester lived at Parry Sound, Ontario. Brother Charles Draper, who served in the gospel for some years, was saved under his preaching. He later moved to the town of Midland, Ontario where he spent some twenty-five years spreading the gospel and ministering to the saints. Although never physically robust, he labored much and travelled often in the service of the Lord, and results of those labors still remain in many places. Bracebridge,

Gravenhurst, Walkerton, Red Wing, Allendale, Penetanguishene, Elamvale, Port Hope and Arenstein were all scenes of his labors and in some of these places assemblies were planted as a result of his efforts and the help of others. There was considerable opposition in this district and at that time there arose a circumstance which in later years furnished our brother with an illustration which he occasionally used in the preaching of the gospel. Some who had become too aggressive in their opposition and in their disturbance of the meetings found themselves eventually before the magistrate who imposed upon them a fine for their disorder, which apparently they were not able to pay. The magistrate himself rose to the occasion and paid for the convicted men the fine which he himself had imposed. He was righteous, yet merciful.

Another occasion to which brother Silvester sometimes made reference reveals something of the character of this esteemed servant of the Lord. While in company of another brother he was visiting in a certain town and met two men who were raising church funds by calling from door to door. In conversation with these men they discovered that one of them was a sincere Christian. He brought before him the unscripturalness of raising money for the work of the Lord and told him how the servants of the Lord among the assemblies were supported. Mr. Silvester pressed upon the brother the care the Lord had for those He called to serve Him and how God answered prayer and met His servants' needs. He said, "He not only meets our need, but at times even allows us a little surplus which we are able to pass on to others." "Oh," said the young man seriously, "the next time that happens to you, please remember me." So

deeply imbedded in his mind was the evil practice of soliciting funds that even in such a conversation he could not forget it.

Mr. J. J. Rouse writes the following, "The first summer in Bracebridge, Canada, 1901, I put up a tent. John Silvester, a young brother commended by the assemblies in Toronto became my fellow-laborer. We found it difficult to get strangers to attend meetings in Bracebridge. There were so many people belonging to different sects,—Free Methodist, Holiness Movement and other branches of religious organizations, holding much in common as to doctrine and practice. One incident that occurred one night will serve as a fair sample of what was too often common in town. In our tent meeting this night I preached first and while Mr. Silvester was preaching, I was sitting at the door, when a man entered the tent and persistently asked me, 'Do you allow testimonies here?' I did not say 'Yes' for then I would have committed myself; and I did not say 'No,' for then I was afraid he would become boisterous and create a disturbance, as these people too often did. So I told him to wait until Mr. Silvester was through. When the meeting was dismissed, he was quite agitated and insisted I should allow him to give his testimony. When nearly all the people had left the tent, and I was ready to turn out the light, he was pressing us hard to allow him to speak. 'Well,' I said, 'as long as you speak scripturally we will let you talk, but as soon as you get off, out goes the light.' He began by saying, 'My dear friends, I have not had a sin to confess unto God for thirteen years.' Well, out went the light, and if he did not have a sin to confess unto God for thirteen years, he surely had one then, for I thought he was going to massacre me then

and there. When he got outside the tent he jumped about two feet off the ground and shouted, 'Glory, Hallelujah, Fire!' until he could be heard away up town. Next morning our tent was in a sorry looking mess. Someone had made long gashes in it with a sharp-bladed knife and only one of the large cotton Scripture texts escaped slaughter. We had a strong suspicion that the man who had not sinned for thirteen years was guilty of this deed."

Mr. Silvester and Mr. Rouse spent tent seasons at Kearny and Huntsville, where they saw some blessing and suffered a good deal of opposition from Satan. They then went north to a new country opened by the government for settlement at the north end of Lake Temiskaming, and preached the gospel there for some time. There was some blessing and an assembly formed.

Mr. Silvester received a sudden home call at Midland, Ontario on Thursday, May 29, 1941, and many were saddened and shocked by the news. But he had passed into the presence of the Lord whom he loved so well and had served so long.

The funeral which was held on the following Saturday was one of the largest in the history of Midland. The Gospel Hall, in which he had so often preached, was more than full, and crowds could not get in. The large number present from the town and the great number who travelled from distant parts to be present, proved the esteem he had won in the hearts of many.

Tent Work, 65 Years Ago (from The Barley Cake, 1882) — compiled by A. J. Cotton

We are indebted to a sister in Chicago for the gift of six volumes of the "Barley Cake" for the years 1882 to 1887 inclusive. This early magazine was edited and published by Donald Ross, in Chicago. Items of interest concerning early efforts among the assemblies in the United States and Canada, taken from these issues of the "Barley Cake" and early issues of "Our Record" will be published from time to time as space permits.

At Minissing, near Orillia, Ontario, Canada, the Canadian tent has been pitched. Brethren Harcus and Douglas are operating it with fair prospects, and sure promises of success. Brethren Irving and Faulkner are also in the district. July 1882

The Detroit tent has been pitched on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Fourth Street of that city (population 116,322) and is being operated by Bro. Muir —good meetings. July 1882

One of the Chicago tents is pitched in St. Louis, Mo. (population 350,522) and worked by Brethren Carnie and Charles. The meetings are both large and good. July 1882

Another of the Chicago tents is pitched in Pittsburgh, Penn., (population 156,381) which with the Alleghany city (population 78,681) on the other side of the river makes an immense field for work. Brethren J. Smith and

C. W. Ross operate this tent—meetings improving. July 1882

The third Chicago tent is pitched at 390 Sedgwick Street, on the north side of the city, among a people, a very large number of whom are sceptical and others have spurious religion—The Chicago Christians are helping in this work. July 1882

The tent operated in St. Louis in July was moved to Belvidere, Illinois, and is being operated by W. P. Charles and C. W. Ross. The meetings are large and good. A tent double the size is required. Sept. 1882

The tent operated in Pittsburgh early in the summer was moved to Elgin, Illinois, and with the help of Brethren Baker and A. McIntosh, these were most precious and large meetings. It had to be lengthened by nineteen feet to accommodate the numbers coming out. Brethren John Smith and J. M. Carnie ran it. Oct. 1882

The Detroit tent was taken down the middle of September and transferred to a hall secured for that purpose. Brother Muir conducts these, while Brethren Ronayne and Goodfellow are working in the neighbourhood of Brockway Center. Oct. 1882

The tent at Belvidere, Illinois, was taken down in the beginning of September and a hall rented for the purpose of continuing the meetings. John Smith and C. W. Ross are carrying on here. Oct. 1882

The Elgin tent was taken down September 25th, with much reluctance. The weather was cool and rendered it very uncomfortable but as no other place opened up for the meetings, it was considered advisable to keep it up as long as possible. The meetings have been good and

profitable, Mr. Carnie, with the help of Chicago brethren, conducted the meetings during September. Oct. 1882

Thus the tent work for the season is over. Doubtless thousands have heard the gospel in these tents who would never have heard it otherwise. Now the fall and winter begins, and this vast continent lies like an untouched harvest field. Laborers are required—laborers who have among other qualifications that indispensable qualification, "perseverance."

The need is crying, the people in general are away from the Word of God, and as a consequence are wandering in midnight darkness. Hell is filling fast, and for the great majority, the darkness of unbelief is being succeeded by the gloom, outer, and impenetrable darkness of Hell.

Are you, dear saints of God, in earnest about this matter? There were some burdened for you—are you in earnest for others. Oct. 1882

Work in Kansas and Colorado — by John Chambers

Kanorado, a city in the northwest section of Kansas, is on the state line between Kansas and Colorado, from which it derives its name, Kan-orado.

The Apostle Paul in writing to the Thessalonians saints could say: "For from you sounded out the Word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad." The same is truly applicable to the work at Kanorado, Kansas.

We are indebted to our brethren, Arthur Rodgers and John Chambers for the following article on the beginning of the Gospel testimony in this sparsely populated spot of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado.

"The articles appearing in LETTERS OF INTEREST regarding Pioneering have been most interesting and have been the means of stimulating our thinking about the vast areas of the United States that have never as yet been favored with a vigorous gospel testimony and a Scripturally gathered assembly of the Lord's people. Is there not a definite need for ministry on this subject? It seems to me that many young believers think that if only they had a gift to proclaim the gospel they would like to go to some neglected place and make known the story of the Cross.

"These articles on Pioneering reveal that many good assemblies got their humble start (with God's help) through the invitation from some isolated Christian to

some servant of Christ to come to his farm or his city to have meetings either in the home or schoolhouse.

"The work at Kanorado began this way. Our dear departed brother, 'Ned' Brown moved to a farm fourteen miles from Kanorado thirty years ago. He invited David and John Horn for a series of gospel meetings and opened his home for the first meeting, and from there to the country schoolhouse. Preaching the gospel in a country schoolhouse was something entirely new in that part of the country and it was not difficult to get the friends and neighbors under the sound of the gospel. The power of God was present in the proclamation of the Word and some who were saved were the means of bringing others. God came in and saved many. Soon the schoolhouse could not hold them all and it was necessary to build a Hall to accommodate the people who came. Many times I have seen the Hall packed all day Sunday with good crowds coming every night also. The Lord richly blessed the humble efforts of this local brother who had invited two young gospel preachers to his home in order that his neighbors might hear the gospel.

"This work reached over into the state of Colorado where many schoolhouses throughout this section were used for the proclamation of the gospel.

"Did the work stop there? No! The second part of the Lord's commission given in Matthew 28:20, (so sadly neglected today) was not overlooked. These saved ones were not only baptized, but were 'taught to observe whatsoever the Lord had commanded.' The Scriptures were searched and appealed to as the one and only guide for assembly gathering and practice.

"The saved ones who have been gathered together in the Lord's name throughout this area would form a very large assembly if all were to meet in one place. Since the beginning several have moved to other parts of the country and are now identified with other assemblies.

"Another example of this pioneering spirit and the fruit it bears comes from our own experience. Twenty-eight years ago we left Philadelphia for Denver. We had been in fellowship with the down-town assembly in Philadelphia for five years—a large assembly with a lot of activity in the gospel. When we reached Denver we found a very small meeting with little activity. The Lord's people there gave us a warm welcome and received us into their happy fellowship. However, we missed the visits from the Lord's servants that we had enjoyed so much in Philadelphia. There was no one to entertain them on their way to and from the West Coast. The Lord exercised our hearts about this condition and we decided to try to find a house large enough to entertain the Lord's servants traveling through and to invite them at least to stop over on their way East or West.

"In 1922 we invited the Horn brothers to come to Denver for tent meetings. They stayed several weeks but, while the Christians attended faithfully, few strangers came in. This was the first effort in tent work carried on by the Denver assembly. It was not long before other servants of the Lord were stopping over to help the assembly and other homes were opened to entertain them. While the work in the large cities has not been as fruitful as that in Kanorado, the Word of the Lord sounded out from Denver to all parts of the State of Colorado and other assemblies have been started. The

full result of this exercise will be revealed in a coming day.

"There are still many towns and cities in Colorado and Kansas that have not been touched by brethren from our assemblies.

William MacPherson

A visit to the home at 1918 E. 71st Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri, will introduce to you William MacPherson, a man over eighty-one years old, who is seemingly accomplishing the impossible. Mr. MacPherson is without sight and without hands, but he sits at a sliding easel made especially for him, and reads the Word of God with his tongue.

He was born in Inverness, Scotland, February 5th, 1866, and began working in rock quarries at the age of eleven. When seventeen years old he came with his father to the United States, where he continued his work in the quarries, but read his own story:

"While working in Wyoming at the age of twenty-one, a Christian young man came to work in the quarry whose daily life bore witness that he was born of God. He often spoke to me of eternal things, and of the great need of being born again, of the Saviour who died for sinners, and of the great love of God. His life, as well as his words convicted me and convinced me I was a sinner deeply in need of a Saviour. For two weeks I was in terrible soul trouble.

"Taking my Bible from my trunk where it had been safely kept, but forgotten, I began to read God's Word, trying in every way to save myself, but to no avail. At last I was in despair, feeling there was no salvation for a sinner like me, yet still longing to be saved. I was dressing to go down town in an effort to rid myself of this misery, when God, in wonderful grace, revealed Christ to me as the lost sinner's Saviour, through John 3:16. 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' How gladly I accepted Christ as my Saviour none but those saved through His precious blood can know. There, standing in our little tent, God saved me and has kept me by His power ever since.

"Nineteen years later, while superintending some rock quarries in Colorado, a premature blast of dynamite left me sightless and handless. In my helpless condition I turned to my blessed Lord who alone could help, and through all my suffering, helplessness and despair, He comforted, sustained and, oh, so graciously met my every need. Of His faithfulness and love, words are powerless to tell. Great indeed is His faithfulness."

"Four and a half years later a servant of God, while preaching, spoke of a blind lady, who, losing the sense of touch in her fingers, had learned to read with her lips. I was greatly impressed and resolved, if ever an opportunity were afforded, I would learn to read the same way. About eighteen months later, a blind teacher for the blind came to the house. I told her the story and of my great sorrow in not being able to read the Word of God, and how anxious I was to learn. She laughed at the idea of reading with the lips but said it was worth trying. On her next visit she brought a card containing the Moon alphabet for the blind.

"I prayed God, if it were possible, to give me a few words at least. Trembling, I placed my lips upon the type but could not distinguish the letters. Putting out my tongue, however, I could trace the letters and began to try to read. My God and loving Father gave me the sense of touch in my tongue.

"Today by His wonderful grace, I have read the Bible through many times. I spend most of my time reading the living Word. Words fail to express my joy, for my Heavenly Father has done far more for me than I could ask or think, yes, exceedingly abundantly above all I could ask or think. My cup runeth over. Truthly the twenty-third Psalm is my experience."

For a time Mr. MacPherson lived at the Railroad Men's Home in Highland Park, Illinois. During the winters he had been a fireman on the railroad so was entitled to this home, but in 1917 he moved to Kansas City, and has been cared for by the Christians ever since. He lives in the home of Mrs. Mary Littler who looks after his needs and gives him excellent care. He attends the meetings regularly and his prayers lead the listeners into the very presence of God. He often speaks from the Word of God and has always been glad to give his testimony in the Gospel meetings. He has sometimes spoken on "the darkness that may be felt," warning the unsaved of the "blackness of darkness" that awaited the Christ-rejector, and saying "You young people don't know what real darkness is; it is Hell to be in the dark."

One visitor to Mr. MacPherson came upon him while he was singing joyfully,

> "*If I may but see Him, if I may but see Him,*
> *I care not how dark it may be*
> *No sorrows shall harm me, no dangers alarm me*
> *If Jesus my Lord I may see.*"

His constant testimony to all his friends is,

> "*For the love of God is greater than the measure of man's mind,*

And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

"I am only waiting for the summons, 'Child, come home!' The first One I shall see will be Jesus, who gave Himself for me. Blessed hope! I shall soon see Him and be with Him, to go no more out."

Conferences of 1883 and a Pioneer Report of 1882 — compiled by A. J. Cotton; report by Alexander Marshall

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Conferences 64-65 Years Ago

Chicago, Jan. 1883

The third Chicago Conference took place as advertised on Thanksgiving Day, November 30th, and three following days, in the Gospel Rooms, May and Fulton Streets. On the Saturday and Lord's Day, before the evening meetings, a number of Christians were buried with Christ in baptism, precious times these were.

The first day was said, by persons usually attending such meetings, to be among the best first days known to them, and the Lord's Day morning meeting was, according to our judgment (Donald Ross) among the best we have known.

On the whole the meetings were the best of their kind as yet in the Northwest—both as to attendance, power, order, etc. Some of the Christians carried home some holy fire with them, and the results were conversions at home. Several of these took place at Elgin.

At the time of the fire in this city no doubt some Christians lost their all—perhaps some were busy all their days, not in accumulating the riches which could not rot, be stolen, or burn, but which could be destroyed. Doubtless worldliness is a great snare to many of the saints. When the grosser temptations are unsuccessful, this usually succeeds. Worldliness is creeping on the saint imperceptibly, i.e., they themselves are not conscious of it—God deliver us who are here present. Beware, if the devil cannot keep the saints out of Heaven, he spoils the most of them on the way to it.

Hamilton, Ontario

Conference Jan. 18 thru 21, 1883

These precious, annual meetings are once more past. The attendance was larger than ever, the weather being favorable. The truths brought out at the meetings were both for the conscience and heart. We fully expected when the meetings were in progress that there should be blessed results, but were not prepared for what subsequent correspondence brought to light concerning it.

Brother Jas. Campbell said, "Whatever we may derive from these meetings, if it does nothing more than merely stir us up for the time being, and fails to lead us to increased pleasure in and desire for secret fellowship with God, that blessing is unreal."

Another preacher said, "I remember an incident that occurred some time ago in the state of Illinois. A dear Christian woman lived there whose husband was unsaved. She was anxious for his salvation and prayed

over and over again for his conversion. I may tell you her own life wasn't very straight as a Christian. She used to read novels and rubbish as the 'Fireside Companion' and one day her husband spoke to her about it, and then she thought, how much have I been hindering my husband's conversion by my ungodly reading, and there and then she quit. Soon after the husband was born again, and in a letter she said to me, 'What a change in our house now.' "

"For one door shut against you for Christ's sake, God can and will open a dozen. Depend upon it, our field of usefulness is larger than we ever occupy. It is no use complaining of limited fields of usefulness."

Orillia, Ontario

First Conference Dec. 30-31, Jan. 1, 1883

The preachers were D. Munro, A. Marshall, J. Grimason, W. P. Douglas, R. Irving, W. L. Faulkner and A. McQuiston. Some 200 were gathered around the table on Lord's Day morning.

The dear children of God were much refreshed, and returned to their homes greatly revived. Frequently throughout the meetings different brethren were led out in thanksgiving to God for His grace as seen in these parts. It is not two years since the first few were gathered out to His name in this town, and now there are eight gatherings in this district. Truly God has done wonderful things up in this northern part. We ask you, then, to thank God with us for this our first conference, and unite with us in the request that "We may be kept steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A Letter of Interest, 1882: Report of Pioneer Gospel Work in the United States and Canada

The following report from the pen of the veteran evangelist, Alex. Marshall, is most interesting, giving us some insight into the labors of some of the early pioneers in North America—1882. This report appeared in the Northern Witness—forerunner of present Witness, published in Glasgow, Scotland.

United States

The work makes steady headway in the "States." Little, comparatively, is being done in aggressive gospel work in New York, Boston, Buffalo, and other large centers of population. Since our brother Ross has gone to reside in Chicago he has been plodding away, and has now gathered around him a band of earnest and devoted workers; and most of the gospellers who have been laboring in the tents have made Chicago their center.

Chicago—Preaching was carried on in a tent on the south side of the city, chiefly by local brethren. Some made a profession of conversion, though I am not in possession of particulars.

St. Louis, Missouri—This is a large and important city of 333,000 souls, situated on the banks of the Mississippi. A large proportion of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics. Six or seven years ago an evangelist, whom God has greatly owned, became deeply exercised about the conversion of some relatives in St. Louis. He became satisfied that it was God's mind that he should cross the Atlantic and speak personally to them; and the message that he delivered was blessed to the salvation of their souls. Others were converted and gathered to the name of the Lord. Seeing that the little company needed care

and instruction, and there was no one in the assembly with much gift, he decided to continue with them until the Lord showed him that he could leave. He sought and obtained employment at the business he had been engaged in before devoting himself entirely to the work of the gospel; and after remaining for a considerable time helping the saints and preaching the gospel in his leisure hours, he re-crossed the Atlantic to resume his labors on the "other side." In the month of June, brothers John M. Carnie and W. P. Charles pitched a tent in St. Louis. God gave blessing with the Word. The heat, however, was intense. In the tent the thermometer sometimes registered between 90 and 100 degrees, making it extremely trying to preachers and hearers. It eventually became so overpowering that brother Carnie was compelled to return to Chicago, leaving brother Charles to continue the meetings, which he did for some time after.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania — During last spring our brethren John Smith and Charles Ross had a series of good gospel meetings at Harrisburg, the capital of the State of Pennsylvania. They decided to pitch a tent in Pittsburgh, where there is a little assembly. This city, which is a very important one, is situated in the center of the coal and oil district of Pennsylvania. The meetings, which were fairly attended, were continued for a month; but brother Smith's health gave way and Charles Ross, not feeling capable of carrying on the work alone, the tent was taken down and shipped to Chicago.

Elgin, Illinois—Elgin is a rising town in the State of Illinois, 40 miles from Chicago. Brethren Carnie and Charles, after leaving St. Louis, began "under canvas" to

tell out "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love. The interest, attention, and attendance were very encouraging. The tent had to be enlarged to a seating capacity nearly double its original size. On Lord's days it was always full, sometimes crowded, and on week evenings the attendance was good. A number were saved, and at the time I now write there is an assembly of believers gathered to the name of Jesus, seeking to own Him as Lord. A nice hall has been secured, and is being fitted up for gospel work.

Belvidere, Illinois — Our brethren Smith and C. Ross pitched the Pittsburgh tent in this town. The people came out well to the meetings, and seemed much interested. The opposition on the part of some of the religious teachers was very strong, and specially so when a number of the converts sought to act out the truth of God regarding baptism and the breaking of bread. The young assembly has secured a hall for the preaching of the gospel, owned by the Universalists, used on Sabbaths by the Seventh Day Adventists, and had by the Christians on Lord's days and several week evenings. Brothers Carnie and Ross have been following up the work since the tent was taken down.

Detroit, Michigan—Our brethren in the Lord, T. D. W. Muir, E. Romayne, and James Goodfellow, were the preachers in the Detroit tent. Brother Muir has been toiling on in that city, bearing the burden and heat of the day amidst many discouragements. God has blessed his labors, though it has been a very hard uphill fight for a length of time. The tent was pitched on the same spot where it stood last summer. The congregations last year were of the itinerant stamp and, with but few exceptions, were the low classes. This season it has been

altogether different. A more respectable class attended, and a number professed conversion. In a letter received lately from brother Muir he says he has baptized 10, who are now in fellowship, and more are expected to follow. The great difficulty hitherto in Detroit has been the lack of a suitable building in which to have meetings. God in His grace has now provided a good hall, on the ground floor, in one of the principal thoroughfares. It is well lighted, ventilated, and seated with chairs.

Canada

During the season there has only been one gospel tent in operation throughout the Dominion. Instead of one there ought to have been at least a dozen. It will be of no use next season, having done good service for four years. It was the gift of Christians in England and Scotland, and was obtained through our brother Rice T. Hopkins. If the Lord delay His coming until next summer, is it too much to expect that His stewards in Great Britain will provide a couple of new ones for the carrying on of His work in this great country?

The Canadian tent was erected in the village of Minnesing, 10 miles northwest of the town of Barrie, County of Simcoe, in the beginning of June. Our brethren Richard Irving, W. P. Douglas, and James Harcus, were the preachers. The services on Lord's Days were well attended, though not so good on week evenings. A few confessed Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and are "continuing steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship and breaking of bread."

After the meetings had been continued for five weeks, it was deemed wise to remove the tent to Cannington, a small town 60 miles north of Toronto. The attendance at

the meetings here was cheering. There were some clear cases of conversion, and there is now a little assembly. They have secured the use of a comfortable hall in which to continue and follow up the work. Pray that the assemblies gathered to the name of the Lord may be preserved from the rushing tide of worldliness and covetousness, the false liberalism and infidelity that threaten to roll over this continent; and that they "might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, walking worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." Yours in Christ Jesus,

Alexander Marshall

James Erskine, Scotch Evangelist — by Arthur B. Rodgers

The assemblies of the middlewest owe far more than many realize to James Erskine and his fifty-odd years of active service. He was a successful soul-winner, a hard worker and a true pioneer. The writer spent his first summer in the Lord's work under his experienced leadership, as did others also. Dr. E. A. Martin used to say that he had "gone to school to brother Erskine."

He was born in Faulkirk, Scotland, June 13th, 1854. His father owned a tavern and dance hall, and such was his childhood atmosphere. As a youth he worked in a grocery store, and went to night school. Later he entered the coal mines and there met the man who dealt with him about his soul and persuaded him to go to Glasgow to a street meeting where he was saved through the glorious truth of John 3:16.

He would often tell of how he enjoyed that verse of Scripture that night after he reached home. He felt it was so good that he could actually "eat" the Book, and would remark that he really was "eating" it. This all-important event took place at the age of twenty-five years.

Unlike many who are content with salvation, and remain at a stand-still in the usual rut of tradition, James Erskine bowed to the Word of God as the truth was brought to his attention. He learned the truth of separation, saw that as a believer he should be baptized, and was soon in assembly fellowship at Glasgow. The zeal for souls that characterized him through life stirred

him as a young man to speak to his family and the men who frequented his father's tavern. He was told that he would have to stop preaching or leave, but he continued to speak to them until a year later when he emigrated from Scotland.

When he reached United States he sought the coal-mining regions in Kansas and settled near Scranton in that state, where he and three others met to remember the Lord. When, a few months later, he moved to Carbondale where the mines were better, he walked the six miles for meetings at Scranton. Soon after this other Christians from Scotland settled near Carbondale and several persons were saved at the Gospel meetings. Then an assembly testimony began. Among those who came from the East to Carbondale was Jane McFarland who became Mrs. Erskine, December 25th, 1883.

Mr. Erskine worked long hours in the mines and had Gospel meetings at night. He was increasingly exercised about going out into the Lord's work, and while at a Conference in Kansas City, Missouri, was urged by Donald Ross, John Smith, Donald Munro, C. J. Baker and others to do so. The whole country was open to the Gospel and there were few to enter the open doors. Assemblies were few and far between. After a meeting in which there had been much prayer, a sister said to Mr. Erskine, "I think your coal is about all dug." And she was right, for in the fall of 1885 he left the mines, devoting all of his time to preaching the Gospel in new places and giving help to small assemblies in Kansas. It meant walking miles in sub-zero weather and in tent season, sleeping in the tent and doing his own cooking.

In 1893 he took up residence in Garnett, Kansas, where he and Donald Ross spent several summers in tent work. Six years later he moved to Kansas City, Kansas. About this time his field of service widened to include other states, especially Iowa, where he labored with John Moffat, Alexander Broadfoot and others, at What Cheer, Hocking, Albia, Centerville, Berea and later Lyman and Des Moines. In 1901 he went to Elgin, Illinois to live and during eight years' residence there labored in Chicago, Detroit and Canada. Constant exercise about souls and activity in the Gospel resulted in a nervous breakdown and he was ordered by physicians to take a rest. He obeyed orders in a characteristic way by joining Mr. Arthur Loomis of Diamond Springs, Kansas, who was traveling across the country in a covered wagon, nailing Gospel texts to fence posts and telephone poles along the road. In western Kansas they met the late brother J. E. Brown at Long Island and a series of tent meetings resulted. The interest was so good that when cooler weather came they continued meetings in various school houses, and in the spring he brought his family to Long Island to live. That summer Donald Charles joined him in tent work and it was a time of real blessing for them both. Many were saved and added to the assembly. Though the assembly later passed through a number of years in a depleted and weak condition, it is now prospering again and the little hall has just been replaced with a new and larger one. Mr. Erskine made his home for four years at Topeka, Kansas, five years at Monrovia, California and thirteen years at Des Moines, Iowa, where he died February 28th, 1936, at the age of eighty-one.

Working with Mr. Erskine, I learned from his own lips some experiences that such a man would not tell every one. Yet I believe the Lord's people should know how pioneer evangelists are sometimes cast upon God and how faithful He is to their trust.

Our brother had been exercised about going to a certain place for meetings and when a letter came from that neighborhood asking him to come, he felt sure that it was the Lord's time for him to go. He had no money in his pocket, and his wife had only a dollar or two. She offered it to him but he said, "No, God can pay my way." She prepared his clothes for the trip that evening; he had an early breakfast and he was off to the railroad station. The train could be heard approaching in the distance when a Christian man came along and during the course of a short conversation asked Mr. Erskine where he was going. He gave him the name of the town, though he had no money with which to buy the ticket. Not knowing this, of course, the brother said, "Let me buy your ticket," rushed in, purchased the ticket and brought it to him just in time for him to board the train.

As an example of God's ways with his servants, keeping them humble and fitted for the peculiar place that each is to occupy in His purpose, he told me that he, as a young man decided to go to school for a while to improve his education, but that he took the "grippe" in a severe form which was then prevalent, weakening him to such an extent that he could not study for some time, and in the meantime he had become fully occupied with Gospel work. That fall he attended Chicago Conference and was sitting near the platform when Mr. Donald Ross was speaking on God's over-ruling ways in our lives. To illustrate his point he leaned over the pulpit and said

words to this effect, "Brother Erskine, you were going to study Greek, or was it Grammar, and the Lord gave you the grippe!" In these days of formal education, it is well to be reminded that the Lord has His own methods of preparing His servants for their work. The schools of men have an important place, but the school of God is essential.

Arthur B. Rodgers

Richard Irving — compiled by M. G. Naomi Irving

Richard Irving of Hamilton, Ontario, went to be with Christ on April 25th, 1944, aged 87, having been sixty-eight years with the assemblies of God's dear people.

The following account was found in a writing pad on his desk, probably written a day or two before he entered the hospital:

"I, Richard Irving, was born in Cumberland County, England, on the 14th day of January, 1857. In the month of April, 1876, I heard, as far as memory serves me, for the first time, the Gospel, preached by John Vine and others. I was awakened to a real sense of my position as a sinner and also was enlightened about God's provision to meet my need, in the sacrifice of Christ. Not more than ten days elapsed after my first hearing the precious simple Gospel before I had my title clear to mansions in the sky.

"Before my conversion I was religiously devoted to the Church of England. There I was baptized in infancy and as a young man confirmed. The Catechism taught me that by baptism I was made 'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven.' At no time, however, on reaching years of accountability, did I imagine myself being a child of God. On hearing the precious Gospel, preached in the power of the Holy Ghost, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, died for our sins, paid our debt in precious blood, yes, finished the work, the good news fell upon a good-

ground hearer, and I believed in my heart and was saved.

"Yes, I was now by grace saved, but just a babe in Christ, and uninstructed as to walk and with what to be associated. I had no wish to leave the Church of England, and went a few times after my conversion, but never got anything to help and feed the young man, and always came away sorely disappointed. In the providence of God I made contact with some I had met at Mr. Vine's meetings, and went to their meetings—the Bible reading and prayer meeting—and never went without getting some food for my soul. The leading brethren evidently saw marks of a convert and took me to the Lord's table, and for the first time in the breaking of bread and drinking of the cup I fondly remembered my Lord and Saviour.

"I remained in Workington in business for over two years, during which time I was associated very happily with the assembly meeting in His name alone. During this time I had a true appetite for the Word of God; and fellowship with His people in this assembly, in worship and service, was most precious and profitable. I began to take some part in the different meetings, in prayer and in open-air services, also sharing in the Sunday evening Gospel service.

"About a year after my conversion I began to be exercised about the 'regions beyond' and prayed much about it. Hearing that H. Grattan Guinness of London received young men into the Institute for training with a view to foreign-mission work, I made application."

The account written by himself ended here.

In the fall of 1880, in company with Mr. James Wharton of Barrow-in-Furness, Mr. Irving left England for New Orleans, stopping at Coruna, Spain and Havana, Cuba en route. Upon reaching New Orleans they immediately began preaching among the colored folk. Early in 1881 brother Irving started north and spent a month in St. Louis and about the same time in Pittsburgh and Harrisburg. After this he joined David Hughes in Blackrock, near Buffalo, and together they crossed the border into Canada, halting at St. Catherines and then proceeding to Hamilton, where he first met the esteemed and much beloved brother, Alex Marshall. He had been preaching for months in Orillia, part of the time assisted by W. P. Charles, and he spoke of real openings for the Gospel in that vicinity, strongly urging us to go there. When we arrived we found many young converts and before long there were sixty gathered together in the Lord's name alone. Many others were saved who did not identify themselves with this company. The whole district around was stirred by the Gospel preached with freshness, joy and power by our brethren. The movement was given publicity by the press in censure and commendation and this brought the people from far and near to hear what was regarded as "the new doctrine." Later that year, the quartette of preachers (Marshall, Charles, Hughes and Irving) made excursions into different parts of the surrounding country, always seeing signs following the preached Word. Notably at Severn Bridge, a village fifteen miles north of Orillia, blessing followed in the form of genuine converts, who were not left to drift but were instructed in the things which follow salvation. Thus the believers were established and confirmed in the faith; and in due

course an assembly was formed there on the same scriptural lines.

In the month of June a Gospel tent was pitched in the village of Warminster, seven miles from Orillia and meetings continued nightly until late in September. The interest was widespread and the tent was crowded with anxious souls. In many instances whole families in that community were saved and a conservative estimate of the number of what appeared to be genuine conversions would be one hundred. The work was followed up with instruction as to the believer's security, the two natures, the coming of the Lord and the ordinances. As a result, an assembly was formed and in the fall a suitable hall was erected. During that year, Mr. Marshall baptized over two hundred professed believers and some more were baptized by his helpers. In the fall of the same year, Mr. Marshall found an opening in Hobart, fifteen miles from Orillia, and nightly meetings were held by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Irving. The people responded to the Gospel and a goodly number were saved. Helpful Bible readings were then conducted upon such subjects as "The Holy Spirit," "The One Body," "The Church of God," etc., the outcome being that another assembly was formed.

It is worthy of note that these assemblies were comprised almost entirely of young converts, and bore a striking resemblance to the New Testament pattern. It was pioneer work as at that time there was no assembly north of Toronto. The Gospel was preached in the open air and at various fairs in the fall, and tracts were distributed by the thousands, so that almost every home covering a wide district possessed Gospel literature. In those days not many farmers owned buggies and Mr.

Irving walked a good deal over the corduroy roads, sometimes from Orillia to Warminster for the morning worship meeting and then on to other places. It was not unusual to have the tent stoned or the ropes cut or to have it blown down. In the days of his early ministry Mr. Irving labored with brethren Charles, Munro, McQuiston, Ross, Carnie, Law, S. Benner, Bird, Smith, McClure, Matthews, Faulknor and others.

In 1883 a great work was done in Belleville, Ontario. There were only about a dozen in fellowship, but the firms, Haines and Lockett, rented the Metropolitan Hall and three or four hundred would attend the services conducted by brethren Marshall and Irving. At this time Miss Annie Lake (authoress of "Little is Much" and "Sweet Sixteen") was saved and subsequently married to Mr. Cyril Bird. They became the first couple from Canada or the United States to go to the foreign field (Africa), and she has the distinction of being our first woman missionary.

Two years later a young convert of a needy section of country about one hundred miles north of Belleville wrote Mr. Irving that he had been having cottage meetings and found such a hearty response that he believed it would be a good time for some Gospel work among them. Mr. Irving went and found a very poor farming community, the settlers living in log houses on small clearances—everything bearing the marks of poverty. He also found among these simple settlers, converted people of the old-fashioned Methodist type. They listened hungrily to the Gospel, preached perhaps in a simpler way than they had previously heard it, with constant reference to the Scriptures. The Bible became a new book to them; many were saved and others

established. Thus the first assembly was formed in this locality and after fifty years it is still standing. Later Dr. J. N. Case joined brother Irving and they preached together in the log schoolhouses in the district for some time. These two brethren had first met in Grattan Guinness' College in London, England. After a few years Dr. Case went to China where he served the Lord for twenty years before he went to be with Christ.

Recalling these days, one aged saint spoke thus of Mr. Irving, "He loved the poor; he would come and stay at my little log house and I didn't mind him any more than a neighbor—no, not as much,—and he always did us so much good."

In 1887 Mr. Irving married Alice Maude Haines, a noble helpmeet, who for six years had labored in the Annie MacPherson Mission in East London, England. In 1889 he pitched a tent at Springbrook, Ontario and was joined by John Smith, Cyril Bird, W. J. McClure, Thomas Black and others. This was the beginning of the assembly there. With the exception of two trips west as far as Edmonton, five months in the West Indies, a winter in Bermuda and several visits to the homeland, Mr. Irving's diaries give a record of plodding in Ontario, confirming the churches. The following is a quotation from a letter to his daughter, "My! as I read your father's diaries, I am amazed at the round and round of visits to the same districts—little meetings—the care manifested for the progress of each and all—faithfulness personified. Surely he was a good husbandman and purposed a crop as did Spurgeon."

Although his concern for the soul was of paramount importance, he was intensely interested in all the affairs

of God's dear people—their children, farms and business—his great heart taking all in. Their sorrows and problems were his, and his counsel was sought in many matters. He walked miles visiting. The following excerpt could be duplicated many times, "We considered Mr. Irving a real friend. Often in our home we have talked over problems with him, both spiritual and temporal, and invariably a solution became evident."

Dr. Max Isaac Reich remarked, "The reason Mr. Irving ploughed a straight furrow was because he never looked back." His great love for all saints may be attributed to prayers such as the following in his diary, "Draw out my affection after Thee, Lord; help me to love brother Venn and all Thy children very much." His daughter recalls his pointing out to her that Abraham's seed was to be as the "sand which is upon the seashore" (Gen. 22:17) and the fact that God gave Solomon a heart the same size (I Kings 4:29)—to take in all God's people. His exercise concerning the Gospel in which he had great zeal and joy, is expressed in a notebook dated Nov. 27, 1879, as follows: "I have asked God this day to give me a clearer view of the atonement—how sin and sins have been put away. And also how to present the Gospel to sinners."

A few hours before he went to be with his Saviour, brother Irving sang in a weak voice:

"*My faith hath found a resting place*
Not in device nor creed,
I trust the ever-living One
His wounds alone can plead.

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I need no other argument
I need no other plea,

It is enough that Jesus died
And that He died for me."

This material has been compiled by Mr. Irving's daughter, M. G. Naomi Irving.

John O. Brown, Farmer Evangelist — compiled by Arthur B. Rodgers

John O. Brown was born in Davis County, Missouri, August 11, 1869. His people were Baptists and John joined the church at the age of sixteen. He became an active worker and Sunday School Superintendent.

Some years later he was married and moved to a farm at Panama, Nebraska, near Lincoln. When brethren Erskine and Burge came into this neighborhood with the Gospel, John became a faithful attendant at their meetings. He was considered by all to be an exemplary Christian. He was very much interested in the truth presented by these men as to meeting in the Lord's name alone. To use his own words, he "joined the Brethren," four years before he was saved. The story of his conversion has been written by T. B. Gilbert as a Gospel tract under the title, "John Brown, the Tramp." He was listening to James Erskine preach the Gospel when an illustration used in the message aroused his interest and deepened into conviction. It was the story of a man of the same name, John Brown. This man lived a life of idleness, moving about from place to place. One day a stranger asked him, "Are you John Brown, the Tramp?" His pride touched, he replied, "No, not altogether, I do odd jobs occasionally." "Then you are not the man I am looking for." So he lost a legacy of one thousand dollars left to "John Brown, the Tramp," because he would not take such a humble title. Another statement of the preacher struck John Brown, the listener. Mr. Erskine asserted that since he was saved he was as sure of going to heaven as though he were

already there; and in his closing prayer he thanked God for the blood of Jesus.

Next day while John Brown the Farmer was husking corn, he thought to himself, "Did I ever thank God for the blood?" "Can I say that I am just as sure of heaven as though I were already there?" He tied his horses and knelt down to pray, telling God of all the religious works he had done. But he remembered that the John Brown who lost the legacy had lost it because he did "odd jobs" occasionally, and wouldn't admit he was just a tramp. The Spirit of God brought to his memory the verse, Isaiah 53 and 6, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." (He thought of a neighbor who had gone astray drinking, but now saw that he himself had taken his own religious way); "and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." These words revealed to him the value of the death of Christ for John Brown, the Sinner—and how he loved to tell it.

Wherever J. O. Brown lived as a farmer, whether in Nebraska, Iowa or Colorado, it could always be said of him that he lived to preach the Gospel and he farmed to pay expenses. He also would get other servants of the Lord to come to his neighborhood and conduct Gospel meetings in a tent or country school house or an unused church building or even in his home. He spent the last twenty years of his life in pioneer work, devoting all of his time to it. Mr. Brown built a Gospel car and he and his wife made it their home for several years. In this way he was able to remain in western Nebraska, in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, and in other neighborhoods where otherwise he might have been able to hold only a few meetings. Later he and Mrs. Brown lived in rented houses in the Arkansas Ozarks, at

Springtown and a hundred miles east, at Alpena Pass. It was not an easy life for people of their age, and eventually they retired to Massena, Iowa, where he died September 27, 1941, at the age of seventy-two.

John O. Brown was a prepared vessel for his place in the service of the Lord. As a farmer, he knew how to reach farm people. He knew their life, their speech and their problems. He could converse intelligently about their work. This made him an excellent personal worker among them. He could visit with the whole family in the home; he could go with the farmer to the field, and squat down with him at the end of the row for a chat while the horses rested. Conversation concerning livestock, plowing and harvesting would lead to more important matters of the soul. While preaching in country places and small towns he would often make his points clear to rural audiences by illustrations from their own life. Many of these people were reached and saved and revere the memory of the man who brought them to the Gospel. (Compiled by Arthur B. Rodgers)

T. C. Bush (death notice)

On Saturday, February 7, at 9:55 p.m. at his home in Waxahachie, Texas, our beloved and highly esteemed brother, T. C. Bush, departed to be with Christ whom he loved and served for over fifty years. Extreme weakness of body for more than a year kept brother Bush comparatively inactive and at home. His going is a distinct loss to the church and he will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. The funeral was held in Waxahachie at 2:00 p.m. Tuesday, February 10, brother Leonard Sheldrake of Kansas City and brother Curry of Houston taking the service. A large number of Christians were present from Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, Pineview, Manvel and other places, in addition to a host of local friends. He is survived by his widow and son, William M. Bush.

Charles Bellinger — by the officers of The Fields

Dear Brethren:

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the sudden home call of our beloved brother, Charles Bellinger, on Lord's Day, February 8th.

The Fields, of which he was editor and one of the treasurers, has sustained an irreparable loss which only those who have been most closely associated with him can rightly estimate. We feel that the greatest tribute that we can pay to our brother's memory is to continue, as the Lord may enable, the service to the Lord and His servants which has been in the past so signally honored.

Charles Bellinger of Maplewood, N.J., passed into the Lord's presence on February 8, at the age of 74.

He had been warned to "slow up" from his many strenuous activities, but being a man of dynamic strength and having a desire to serve the Lord, was active until the minute the Lord took him. He had given a precious Word to the Christians gathered at Maplewood Chapel, went directly home, shoveled the snow from a path leading to a bird-feeding place in his backyard, came into the house, sat on a sofa, leaned his head back and without warning his spirit took its flight.

Born in Cohoes, N.Y., Brother Bellinger was saved when a young man. He was graduated from City College in New York as a civil engineer. In 1901, he entered the insurance business, joining the firm of E. E. Klapp & Co., general agents for the Fidelity & Casualty Company of

New York. He served as metropolitan branch manager until 1921, when he resigned to become a partner in the W. L. Perrin & Son agency, of which he was president and manager at his death.

Long active in Christian circles, he was at his death editor of The Fields, a publication and clearing house for many missionary activities. As elder and correspondent for the Maplewood Chapel, he was aggressive in pointing an unsaved person to Christ as Saviour, whether in the Chapel, at his office, or elsewhere. He was a director of the Chester Crest Home in Katonah, N. Y., and treasurer of the James Slip Gospel Mission. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Beatrice Y. Bellinger, and three children by a previous marriage, Mrs. Florence E. Myers, of Maplewood, Mrs. Lois B. Robinson of Hollywood, Fla., and R. Paul Bellinger of Chatham, N. Y.

Yours in His service.

THE FIELDS

Richard Hill, President; W. Herbert Marshall, Treasurer; Walter J. Munro, Treasurer; Donald R. Parker, Secretary; Lloyd Walterick, Publisher

The Homegoing of T. C. Bush — by Leonard Sheldrake

You will appreciate hearing, I am sure, of the details of the homegoing of our dear brother, Thomas Bush of Waxahachie, Texas. He was the pioneer of the work in connection with the assemblies in this state. He died about 10:00 p.m. on Saturday, February 9. The funeral was in Waxahachie on the following Tuesday at 2:00 p.m. The family requested Mr. Curry and myself to take the service. A number came from Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth. The tears showed the genuine grief of loving hearts. He was greatly beloved. In spite of Mrs. Bush's broken wrist from a recent fall and her confinement to a wheel chair, and in spite of her great loss of her devoted husband to whom she had been married over fifty years, and in spite of the prospect of having to leave the place of happy memories in Waxahachie, Mrs. Bush was able after the funeral to speak in a most uplifting way about the Lord alone. It was an inspiration to me. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." This was the thought that filled her soul with joy. She said to me, "In an hour I may be weeping my heart out, but right now I can only think of the Man of Sychar's well, the Man of John 8, the Man of Calvary being satisfied with His own work for me and in me."

The valley of the shadow of death was bright with the presence of the Lord Jesus Himself. That funeral service and the departing of our beloved brother seems to have written the last page of the history of the work of God in the assemblies in Waxahachie. But that page was a page of triumph and of joy to God I am sure. Like a corn of

wheat that falls into the ground and dies, no godly life will ever be in vain. There will surely be a resurrection. Like the "Burnt Offering" the "fire shall never go out."

Leonard Sheldrake

James Goodfellow — compiled by James Gunn

In the year 1885, on the 3rd day of October, a young man sat in a little school house in the village of Clyde, Ontario, listening to the Gospel being preached by Donald Munro and John Smith. He was twenty-three years of age, and had discovered that he was a lost sinner. Before the meeting, the third he had attended, was closed, James Goodfellow had passed from death unto life. In later years he used to say that he never doubted his salvation, because he was the "whosoever" of John three and sixteen.

Prior to his conversion he had been the dance fiddler of the community, but the violin was broken across his knee, and its pieces thrown into the fire, for salvation also meant separation from the world to this young believer. Shortly afterwards he, along with about fifty others, was baptized, and these Christians were gathered into a local church at Clyde.

Two years later, this young and progressive assembly commended our brother Goodfellow to the Lord's work, and he, in company with brother Donald Ross moved westward toward the Pacific Coast. Enroute they stopped at Chicago. A small edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary, purchased by our brother then, bears the date, Chicago, Nov. 29, 1887.

Brother Ross and brother Goodfellow were absolutely unknown to all but God in that great city; nevertheless, that was enough. The Word was preached and some were blessed.

On returning to Ontario about a year later, brother Goodfellow joined brother Kernohan of Forest, and until the home call of the latter, through the intervening years, these two men were real yokefellows in the Gospel.

In the course of his travels our brother became acquainted with Miss Annie F. Bowman, from the assembly at Painswick, Simcoe County, and in the year 1891 they were married. Both of them were spared to a long and useful life of joint partnership in the Lord's service. The young couple made their first home at Newbury, where there was a small assembly that had been planted by our brother, with the assistance of other servants of the Lord.

Those were busy days, for God had raised up men of grit and grace to pioneer with the Gospel in this favored Province of Ontario. The efforts at Toronto and Hamilton which were being made by brethren Munro, Smith and others were being crowned with success. Brother T. D. W. Muir was laboring, not far from our brother Goodfellow, at the village of Straffordville, where his efforts resulted in the planting of the assembly. A group of young energetic gospellers had penetrated as far north as Orillia, where a mighty work for God was accomplished by Alexander Marshall and others. From time to time, brother Goodfellow would break away from his own district, and visit other servants of Christ, giving them help and cheer in their labors. We find him present with Mr. Muir at the first conference in Straffordville, and we likewise find him up in the more northerly parts also preaching the Word.

It was about this time that our brother secured a Bible carriage, and with it visited many little assemblies where he gave words of counsel and comfort as well as preached the Gospel. All intermediate points between the assemblies were worked from door to door with tracts, and open-air services were held. Fall fairs were visited, where tracts were given out and Bibles and books were sold. In this way New Market, Holland Landing, Queensville, Sutton, Cannington, and Orillia were visited. The work in these places was further augmented by the presence in the Bible carriage of such men as Arch. McKellar, John Carnie, John Grimason.

The work of evangelization and scriptural teaching was gathering momentum. It looked as if much territory would be claimed for Christ. The potential success of the Word was making impressions everywhere, when the great Antagonist of God and the Adversary of the brethren exercised his Satanic influence to annul the power of testimony and to neutralize the benign influences of the Spirit of God. What might have been the final outcome of the united efforts of those revered and honored servants of God, who pioneered in those days, Eternity may unfold, but the Devil, who had marred God's work in creation, and who had harassed and hurt the early Church, put forth his hand, and wounded this progressive work, greatly hindering further development, and in many localities leaving behind only a devitalized witness to what otherwise might have been. On the return from the trip to Orillia, brother Goodfellow was joined by brother J. J. Rouse, who had just recently gone forth for His name sake taking nothing of the Gentiles.

These brethren with the Bible carriage moved south and visited that year the Toronto Annual Exhibition, where they gave out tracts, displayed text banners, and preached the Gospel. In later years brother Rouse used to say of brother Goodfellow that he was the prince of open-air preachers. He was blessed with a very strong voice, a round full voice, which was easy to listen to. Some claim that he could be heard from a mile and a half to two miles distance, depending upon weather conditions.

A letter which was written about that time, the original of which now lies before the writer, probably reveals the character of this eminent pioneer as no other words could.

"Dear brother in Christ,

"I now write you a few lines this morning in the precious name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our reading this morning was in Matthew 26, the soul agony and betrayal of Jesus, a story that the world cares nothing about but I wish it had more weight on our hearts. It would keep us humble and make us truly thankful for such love manifested toward us. We remember when the first sight of the love of God and the love of Christ broke down our stubborn wills and softened our hard hearts, and brought tears to our eyes. O!, I sometimes long to be as soft and broken as at the first. O!, God, give us fresh sights of Calvary.

"At a prayer meeting the other night brother McPherson read to us from Rom. 12 about giving our bodies a living sacrifice unto the Lord, and be not conformed to the world. He also read I John 3:13, 'Marvel not my brethren if the world hate you.' And we were asked the question: 'How much does the world hate us?' If the world does

not hate us, it is because we are conforming in some measure to the world. The world hated Jesus and crucified Him. The world hated Paul and put him to death also, because of godliness and faithfulness. If we sometimes wonder that we have so little joy and consolation in Christ, is this not one great reason, the lack of godliness and faithfulness on our part. We are far behind the stamp of Christians in the early days. They were out and out for God. They were all for Jesus. In the prayer meeting last night we read Matthew 21 and verses 12, 13, and 14. Jesus came to Jerusalem, and entered into the temple, and overthrew tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said, 'It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' Often this has spoken to me. What is this temple now? 'Ye are the temple of God.' 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost?' and prayer should characterize us. Does the world know us as praying men and women? Ah, there are thieves of one kind or another taking the place of prayer and God is being robbed. We need to awake, watch, and pray."

After a few years at Newbury our brother and his wife found it necessary, because of the illness of Mrs. Goodfellow's father, to move west to Chilliwack Valley, and from that point our brother extended his efforts down the Pacific Coast.

About 1900 they moved back again into Ontario, and their place of residence for a time was at Jarvis. Our brother felt led to locate there; first, because in those days there was an assembly in the village, and in second place, because of blessing which he and brother Kernohan had experienced some years previously at a

near-by settlement which had been nick-named "The Dog's Nest."

After two years of labors in this district the Goodfellows moved to a farm outside of Forest, and they attended meetings at the Lake Shore assembly. About this time our brother felt, that since the Bible carriage had proved such a success, a wooden tent might prove even a greater success; therefore, the first such structure to be used in Ontario was made for him by brother Alex. McKenzie in his lumber yard at Oil Springs, Ontario. While still living near Forest our brother operated his wooden tent from Sarnia south throughout the villages along the St. Clair river, such as, Coruna, Courtbright, Sombra, Port Lambton, Wilksport, Brigden, and Petrolia. In most of these places souls were saved, and there is fruit that remains until this present day.

In the course of time brother Goodfellow felt the urge to return once again to Newbury. It was his practice to move his family frequently, so whole districts might be worked around his own home, which he could use as his headquarters; consequently, once more we find him working out from Newbury. In company with brother Kernohan, the wooden tent was used in the villages of Alvinston, Glencoe, and at Ekford township, where an assembly was founded through these efforts. Our brother at this time also labored at Thamesford, Catham, Wallaceburgh, and Merlin.

His second stay at Newbury came to an end in 1907, when he moved nearer his old home. He took up residence at Galt, but within the year moved to Guelph, where a small assembly gathered in the home of James Parker. He worked northward from this point. Brother

Goodfellow was not only a man who entered new places with the Gospel, but he was a man willing to help others, and many a younger man was blessed through association with him, for with those exercised about the Lord's work he was always ready to share his knowledge and experience. The names of many younger men are found linked with him in his labors, some of whom are: John Silvester, Gordon Johnston, William Bailie, Arch. Stewart, Thomas Dobbin, Thomas Touzeau, and Robert Barr.

In the year 1915 he took his leave of the saints at Guelph, and moved to Park Hill where he remained until the time of his home call.

In the year 1930 he suffered a stroke which greatly impaired his health, and brought an end to most of his more aggressive evangelism.

In his eighty-second year, on April 26, 1933, he was promoted to a higher sphere, and a more perfect service, but he being dead still speaks.

The funeral service was too large to be accommodated in the Gospel Hall at Park Hill, so it was held in the town hall. Brethren Robert Telfer and Donald McGeachy preached the Word, and the six younger servants of Christ who acted as pall bearers, had, at one time or another, been associated with him in his labors. Thus devout men carried this worthy veteran to his burial, and one of the strongest links with early pioneer work in Ontario was broken.

In many places the work of pioneering has become a work of maintenance and consolidation, but may the same enthusiasm and zeal, along with the

compassionate love for the souls of men, burn within the heart of every reader.

Compiled by Mr. James Gunn

Thomas Baird — compiled by John Hill

Thomas Baird, Missionary, Evangelist, Teacher and Writer, was unique—his originality was stamped on every department of his service for the Lord, and he was unforgettable to everyone that knew him. He was born on Nov. 30, 1861, in Dunfernline, Fifeshire, Scotland; he died Sept. 20, 1932, in Kearny, New Jersey, U.S.A.

While a young man he was converted to God at evangelistic services held in the town where he was staying. His own record of the event states "a friend (now my wife) being herself converted, induced me to attend these services, and there, between the public preaching and private dealing, I embraced the Son of God as my Saviour." In his early Christian life he was baptized as a believer, and associated himself with Christians who sought to carry out the New Testament principles of worship and ministry. He soon began to testify, and ere long, as God gave him ability, he preached the Gospel, first among his fellows, and then farther afield. His zeal and devotion to the work of the Gospel commended him to his brethren with whom he met, and when later he informed them of his desire to labor for the Lord in the Straits Settlements, they gladly encouraged him. He and his dear wife set sail for the East in the year 1893. He spent several years doing pioneer work in Kuala Lampur and in Singapore, evangelizing the Chinese settlers in that part of the Malay Peninsula. He spoke "hakka" fluently, besides knowing two other of the Chinese dialects. Prisons, hospitals and leper settlements were diligently visited, and from among their inmates many souls were won

from idolatry and sin. From the condemned cell and from the deathbed of the leper came testimonies of what the Gospel had accomplished. He also paid a visit to Borneo and to Burma preaching the Gospel.

While on his first visit home to England, the South African war broke out, and Mr. Baird volunteered to go as a Chaplain with the troops. He was assigned to one of the columns bound for Bloemfontain and Pretoria, and on one occasion barely escaped capture by the Boers. He served with Lord Roberts' army, and was awarded the Queen Victoria medal. He was ever faithful in his dealings with the souls of the men, and many were won for the King of kings during that time.

After the war he returned again to Singapore for another term of service, but due to ill-health he was obliged to return home in 1910, after which he devoted himself to the preaching of the Word of God in the home-lands. Receiving a number of requests to visit the United States, he went there in 1912, and, with the exception of a visit to Great Britain in 1927, his work from that time on was among the assemblies in the United States and Canada.

He lived a very busy life, and his energies took him into several fields of service for the Lord. He combined in a rare degree the gifts of evangelist, pastor and teacher, for he was equally at home in a Gospel Tent, a Conference platform, or in visiting the sick. In addition to being a dynamic speaker, he had a wonderful personality and manner all his own. He also possessed a facile pen, and many were the articles, gems, outlines and poems which came from his pen and appeared from time to time in the "Witness" and other magazines, and

in tract form. He was the author of "Back to the Beginning" and "Conscience." He was a frequent speaker at the Fulton Street Daily Noon Prayer Meeting in New York City, and was a familiar and greatly loved figure in the assemblies throughout the United States and Canada.

During World War I he did good service for the Lord in evangelizing many of the army camps, preaching to and reaching the soldiers as they left for overseas service, this in connection with other activities. During this period, in 1914, he and brother Alfred Ainslie conducted tent meetings in Union City, N. J., which resulted in the formation of the assembly there, and in which he maintained his interest and help the rest of his life. This is but a sample of many such fruitful services for the Lord. He was a deep student of the Word; he had a lively and trained mind, and kept himself informed of world affairs with their relation to prophecy, and kept abreast of current scriptural literature both of the present and earlier generations. All this made his ministry particularly helpful in establishing young Christians in their most holy faith, and in stimulating them to practical Christian living.

The week before he passed away was characteristic of his activities. The previous Lord's day he had visited the assembly in Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., where he ministered the Word happily at both the morning and evening meetings. In the afternoon he went with others to the great Sing Sing prison and helped in the Gospel. On returning home, accompanied by his dear wife, he expressed himself as having spent such a happy day in the service of the Lord. Early next morning he suffered a stroke; the doctor was called, but he lapsed into

unconsciousness, and passed into the presence of the Lord the next day, Sept. 20, 1932,

To accommodate the crowd at the funeral service, the Knox Presbyterian Church in Kearny was kindly loaned, and brethren Charles Young, John Thomson, Wm. Jelley and John Hill took part in the service.

The widow, Mrs. Baird, continued to live with friends at Kearny, until Dec. 8, 1940, when she passed away, and was laid beside her husband in Kearny cemetery, awaiting the resurrection call of Him whose they were (and are) and whom they served, to join in the great general gathering whence the saints shall go no more out.

Two children survive, Eugene, whose home is in Orange, N. J., and Diana, who married Rowland H. C. Hill: Mr. and Mrs. Hill are now in Bangalore, South India, where they have been laboring for the Lord for about thirty years. While present-day conditions in India are uncertain and ominous, they feel the Lord will keep the Gospel door open in that dark land: they are conducting a training school for native believers who may preach the Gospel to their own people: they are also using a printing press for scriptural literature in both the native language and in English, and suitable for both saint and sinner.

Compiled by Mr. John Hill with the help of Mrs. Rowland Hill

Frederick C. Jennings, Servant of the Lord for Eighty Years — submitted by F. M. Biffen

Submitted by F. M. Biffen

On April 17, 1948 our beloved brother Frederick C. Jennings passed into the presence of the Lord from his home in Plainfield, N. J. Born over one hundred years ago in Calcutta, India, of British parents, our brother sailed around Cape Horn to England, where he was educated. Coming to this country as a young man in 1871, he prospered in the tea importing business and was enabled to retire in the late 1890's. For many years he ministered to the Lord's people in his own assembly and in different parts of this country.

Shortly after his arrival in the United States brother Jennings married Miss Annie Beatrice Pond of New York who, in 1876, went to be with the Lord. It is interesting to note that his wife's mother did not think he was very robust and as our brother was very fond of repeating, she told him that he would "never make old bones."

Several years later Mr. Jennings married Miss Louise Loizeaux of Vinton, Iowa, a union which was to last for fifty-four years. In 1882 they moved to Plainfield, N. J., of which he was a resident for 66 years.

With several other brethren, our brother was instrumental in commencing the assembly now meeting in Grove Street Chapel, North Plainfield, which assembly he consistently and faithfully served until he was forced to remain away due to infirmities of age.

The last eight years of his life were brightened by his third wife, the former Mrs. Mary Stuart Carter Tyler of Virginia, who was a tender and happy attendent upon him during the very last years of his long life.

Mr. Jennings was known to many who were not privileged to meet him personally, as a precise and deeply spiritual writer upon many scriptural themes. An educated gentleman, and always of a critical mind, his writings are keen analyses of Scripture and always stir, not only the emotion, but also the heart. His best known books, both classics of their kind, are his expositions of Isaiah and of Revelation. Several smaller but most helpful books and numerous articles came from his pen even to within a year or two of his departure.

The language in which he clothed his thoughts, whether on paper or from the platform, or in the assembly family, was always choice. A poet of no mean order, he published a little volume for private circulation entitled, "A Little Bunch of Forget-me-nots."

Up to a year or two ago our brother was remarkably active in the local assembly and would not willingly be absent from the Lord's Supper nor from the mid-week Bible reading and Prayer Meeting. How he clung to these meetings and sought to instruct the younger ones amongst us of the great importance of meeting, worshipping and serving the Lord along Scriptural lines alone. His meditative ministry at the Lord's table will long be remembered. Truly it may be said of him —"Whose faith follow."

A centennial service of thanksgiving and praise to the Lord was held on his hundredth birthday, December 3, 1947, at Grove Street Chapel, Plainfield, N. J. Mr.

Jennings was most eager to attend and was able to do so seated on the platform in a wheel chair. He spoke in his characteristic heart warming manner and in a clear and strong voice for twenty minutes, returning thanks to the Lord for His love and forbearance towards him during the past eighty years.

After this eventful occasion his wonderful determination and recuperative power seemed to quickly diminish and, after a day of being unable to recognize anyone, he slipped into the Lord's presence—he was not, for the Lord took him.

The funeral service was held on April 20 at Grove Street Chapel, when brethren Richard Hill and Walter Munro brought to our remembrance some of the good things imparted by the Lord through His servant to the church. At the grave in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield, Joseph McKellin committed the body to the grave and to the Lord.

Surviving him are his widow, a daughter by his second marriage Mrs. Howard [surname not printed in the magazine], two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The Home Call of John M. Bernard — by W. Herbert Marshall

In the early morning hours of Wednesday, May 19th, John M. Bernard fell asleep in Jesus. His was a peaceful end. Before he lapsed into his final sleep he looked up and gave me his parting message. It was this, "Speak well of Him." And thus came to a close the final chapter in the life of one of God's honored and highly esteemed servants.

John McDermott Bernard was born at sea—off the coast of Newfoundland in the year 1875. He had reached the age of 21 before God in His rich mercy led him to a saving knowledge of His Son. And with his new-found joy came a corresponding passion for souls. He was anxious to spread abroad his Saviour's fame. For 9 years he faithfully labored in the north of Ireland and the Lord richly blessed his labors. A great deal of this time was spent with his fellow laborer, Robert McCracken, (now of Cleveland). Then brother Bernard decided to go over to Wales and for 23 years he labored there. Souls were saved and assemblies planted.

In the year 1928 he decided to visit America, and for 20 years he has been carrying this message of peace to the lost, unfolding the glories of Christ to His people.

He made his home in Newton, Mass. a suburb of Boston.

The funeral was held on Saturday, May 22, from the Gospel Hall, Roxbury, Mass. Representatives from most of the New England assemblies, and from Hamilton, Ontario, and Pittsburg, Pa., as well as several ministering brethren were present. Mr. Robert

McCracken of Cleveland took for his text Psalm 107:30, "So he bringeth them into their desired haven." He referred in a most touching way to beloved Bernard as a man of unique personality and experience. I followed with a brief word on II Sam. 3:38 "Know ye not that there is a prince and great man fallen this day in Israel." Mr. James McCullough of Bridgeport, Conn., spoke at the grave to a large company on Rev. 14:13, "Blessed are the dead which died in the Lord," and Rev. 20:6, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter to mourn his loss. We bespeak for them a place in our prayers that the God of all comfort will sustain in this hour of their great trial and loss.

W. Herbert Marshall

Samuel Greer — by John Trew Dickson

The sudden death of Samuel Greer in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on August 6, 1941, cast a gloom over the Lord's people, especially on the Pacific Coast, and it brought to a close the very active life of this servant of the Lord. Mr. Greer was a well-known evangelist. He pioneered in the Gospel for over thirty years from San Diego, California, to Vancouver, British Columbia. In tents, halls, schoolrooms, cottages, and in the open air his clear ringing voice was heard warning the unsaved of judgment to come and proclaiming with warmth and power the glorious Gospel of Christ. His messages reached the heart of old and young. Summer and winter this busy worker kept on publicly and from house to house, and that day alone will declare the fruit that was gathered through his labors in the Gospel.

Samuel Greer was born near Belfast, Ireland, February 28, 1886, and was raised in a Christian home, together with eight brothers and sisters, all of them now saved. He attended the Gospel Hall from childhood and was taught his need of salvation; however, at an early age he left home and became an apprentice in a large shoe shop owned by a Christian. At the age of seventeen Samuel was seeking with some companions to drink at the world's cisterns, and the pleasures of sin for a season were sweet. Suddenly he was aroused from this lethargy by the unexpected death of his friend in the next room. The thought came to him, "If that had been I, my soul would now be in hell." The arrows of conviction had sunk deep into his heart, and he resurrected from the bottom of his trunk the Bible which was given him

when leaving home. He began to read it and attended Gospel tent meetings held by David Rae in Belfast, where many souls were won for Christ. Having gone home for the weekend, as the clock in his father's kitchen struck seven on Saturday night, he decided that he must be saved then, or perhaps be in hell before eight o'clock. In his distress he ran down the street to the home of Tommy Jordan and found this godly man reading the Bible. He told him he wanted to be saved and know it. He turned over the pages of God's Word and read John 3:14 and 15, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." He there and then saw that Christ was lifted up on the tree, and he was saved. Like Rahab of old, Josh. 2:21, according to the Word he had the full assurance of salvation. As he often expressed it, "I was saved in my home town, Edenderry, on a Saturday night, in Tommy Jordan's kitchen."

The new life became very evident as he witnessed for Christ. He made a clean cut from the world. He was baptized as a believer and received into the Ormeau Road Assembly in Belfast. Mr. George Gould, Sr., who lived near, took a deep interest in the young convert, and his godly life and testimony had a great influence on him in molding his life for God.

There was a number of active young men in Belfast, and Samuel went in heartily with them conducting cottage and street meetings in the surrounding villages. Through these efforts souls were saved and added to the assemblies. In 1904 Mr. Thomas Lough of Belfast, a well-known servant of the Lord, was called home. Devout men carried him to his burial, and there was great

lamentation as in the olden time at the funeral of Stephen. A heart-burning message was given at the open grave, and the question was asked, "Who will fill his place?" The answer came from the heart of Samuel Greer as he watched the casket lowered into the grave —"I will go" —and at the age of twenty he began to serve the Lord as an evangelist. On Christmas Day, 1905, I attended a meeting for ministry in Keady. Two young men came together from Belfast, Wm. Gould (now of Chicago) and Samuel Greer. There were not many preachers present, and Samuel arose and read from Exodus 14:13 and 15, "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. . . . Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." The youthful preacher spoke with great earnestness, and all present felt the power of the Word.

Two years later at a similar gathering in Cookstown we heard him give out the hymn,

> "*Have you counted the cost, have you counted the cost,*
> *Ye warriors of the cross?*
> *Are you fixed in heart for your Master's sake*
> *To suffer all earthly loss?*"

It was sung with much feeling and gave tone to the meeting, and in a great measure these words marked our brother during the thirty-four years that followed. In 1906 brother Greer joined with Mr. R. Hawthorne, and together they opened up a new field in Co. Cavan. Having a strong body and of a cheery disposition, he was well suited to carry the gospel to the rural districts of Ireland. They encountered bitter opposition, and many slanderous reports were in circulation. One

Saturday afternoon the young preacher called on a widow, and handing her a Gospel paper, quoted the words of Heb. 9:27, ". . . it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." He repeated the words again and left. The strange incident spoke to her, and soon with some of her family she was rejoicing in Christ. The work went forward and later an assembly was formed. Similar work was done in other parts of Ireland where he labored with William and Robert McCracken and other servants of Christ.

In September 1910 Mr. Greer and Mr. Fred Hillis arrived in New York to labor for the Lord in this large country. They were welcomed in California by Mr. McClure who was interested in their coming. They found acceptance and labored with much zeal, one of the firstfruits being the assembly in Fresno. In 1914 Mr. Greer was united in marriage with Miss Rachel Porter of Belfast. Mr. McClure gave an address on "The Bride" that was long remembered. They took up residence in Los Angeles, and through all their life "Given to hospitality" was true of them, and there was always an open door for the Lord's people. Day or night when strangers arrived in the city and called up, brother Greer, in his cheery manner, was always at their disposal with his car. Many saints were ministered to both physically and spiritually in their home.

Mr. McClure and Mr. Greer were preaching together in a tent in Gardena, California, when World War I broke out in 1914. Mr. McClure was always quick to take advantage of current events, so he put up a prophetic chart, drawing large crowds, and a number were saved. They were called by many the Bishop and the Curate, Mr. Greer being always ready to help and serve his older

brother. In later years when Mr. McClure was old and feeble, brother Greer took him at times long distances in his car, led him to the platform and read for him, acting as a son with a father. Throughout Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, California, Arizona, and Texas, Mr. Greer labored in the Gospel and many souls were saved. Much of his time was spent in Los Angeles and outlying districts where year after year tents were pitched and neighborhoods canvassed personally from door to door. San Diego was one of the first assemblies formed through his efforts in California. Many interesting events as well as remarkable cases of conversion could be related that would stir the heart of the reader and encourage young brethren to go in for winning souls for Christ. In later years El Paso, Houston, San Antonio, and Manvel, Texas, were also fruitful fields in the Gospel. In 1938 brother Greer went to Jerome, Arizona, a small mining town. He found a few Christians there desirous of following the Lord, among whom was Mr. Harold Kesler, who was gathered out at that time and is now in the Lord's work. His brother-in-law, Mr. Carlton Jones from Oklahoma City, was visiting in Jerome and through the Word ministered was led to see the truth of separation. Back home in Oklahoma City, he brought before a few believers there the wonderful truth he had learned. Soon an assembly was planted that has grown in number and in the knowledge of assembly order.

In May 1941, on Mr. Greer's last trip across the country by bus from Calgary, Alberta, to Oklahoma, he was much stirred and saddened as they passed through different states to see the vast expanses of country where little or no Gospel had been preached in its simplicity and power. He expressed the desire that the remainder of his life

would be spent bringing the Gospel to these backward places. May this great need touch the hearts of young men that they may go forth.

The tent was pitched in Oklahoma City where our brother preached the Gospel faithfully helped by some local brethren. During a storm it was blown down, and a schoolhouse was secured for meetings while repairs were being made. On Tuesday night, August 5, he preached his last message from John 12:23-26, emphasizing "Where I am there shall my servant be." The following day while Mr. and Mrs. Greer were downtown looking for a suitable hall for the assembly, Mr. Greer complained of a pain at his heart and they drove home. An hour later, while lying on the couch in brother Jones' home, this beloved servant of Christ passed into the presence of the One he loved and served. His desire was to be "in harness" till the end, and so it was—he finished his course still busy in the work he loved.

On Saturday, August 9, at 3:00 o'clock, over four hundred friends from near and far gathered at the funeral service in Los Angeles, and there were many expressions of sorrow. Mr. J. T. Dickson read Acts 11, dealing especially with the words, "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and much people was added unto the Lord." His old fellow-laborer, Mr. F. Hillis, read Matthew 20:8, "Call the laborers." He referred to his long association with Mr. Greer, and spoke of him as a real pioneer, untiring in his labors up and down the Pacific Coast, breaking up the fallow ground, and going out into the highways and hedges after the souls of men. Mr. Kesler spoke on the Lord's call to other servants, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest." It was at

this funeral service that Mr. Kesler received the call from the Lord that resulted in his going into fulltime service, just as Mr. Greer had said "I will go" many years before at the grave of another servant of Christ. At the cemetery Mr. E. B. Wallace, who had known brother Greer since his coming to California, gave goodly words, and Mr. S. McEwen read from Psalm 30, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The service was closed with his favorite hymn, "In the Land of Fadeless Day." The body was laid to rest in Rosedale Cemetery near the graves of John Blair and Andrew Fraser.

At the same hour in Chicago, another large company of believers had gathered to pay loving respect to beloved brother George Gould, Sr. These two Gospel laborers, one who had lived to a good old age, full of days, while his younger brother was still in the zenith of his usefulness, went in to see the King in His beauty and to await the coming of the Lord, when the shadows shall have fled away.

John Trew Dickson

Guarding the Treasure — by W. R. Simpson

"And the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that He did for Israel. . . . And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers: and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel" (Judges 2:7, 10).

Over a century ago God graciously recovered to the church much of His blessed Word that had been hid for centuries in the darkness and superstition [of] the great religious bodies in Christendom.

We are reminded of a parallel condition in the Book of Ezra, where we find an account of the return of a remnant of Israel from Babylon to Jerusalem. Ezra did not return with the first company—not until we get to the seventh chapter do we read of his own activities, where we are introduced into a new phase of the work of God when with a number of others, he leaves Babylon to join those who had already begun the worship and service of God according to what was written.

But this man when he went up with his companions did not go empty handed; he took with him valuable vessels for the house of God, adding to the wealth of the remnant by those precious treasures for their use in worship and service. True, he found much treasure already there, but he did not come merely to enjoy what had been brought by others, he brought something that they might be enriched by his coming.

So it was with many of the Lord's dear people in the last century who witnessed the first wave of divine blessing in the recovery of the many precious truths which had been lost to the church for centuries. At that time God raised up men, able in the Word, whose written ministry has been the means of opening up the Scriptures to many of the Lord's people from that day to this. We thank God for them. We honor them for their work's sake. They have left a priceless heritage to the church in their written ministry.

And the following generation that outlived these earlier saints valued these precious truths and, like Ezra, brought with them that which enriched the people of God in the form of spiritual experiences and practical knowledge of God, priceless treasures for their help and blessing.

Dare we say, "And there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel"?

It is ever the trend of things in a spiritual movement to decay, and while God alone can maintain it in freshness and power, is there not a solemn responsibility placed upon each of us, like those in Ezra's day, in keeping the recovered treasures that have been committed to us?

The Lord used faithful men and women to carry on His work. The Apostle Paul in writing to Timothy says, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed unto thee. . . . And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also. . . . Preach the word. . . . For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall

they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears" (II Timothy 2:2; 4:2, 3).

What are some of the precious treasures that were recovered to the church in the last century at such a great cost which are in danger of being lost again?

1. The reality of the new birth and the indwelling of the Spirit of God in every believer.

2. The oneness of the Body of Christ.

3. The priesthood of all believers.

4. The Lordship of Christ in the midst of His people.

5. The imminent return of our Lord Jesus Christ to the air for His saints.

6. The return to the Scriptures as the sole authority for church rule and practice. "They found it written."

Like the people of God, who returned from Babylon, we have no room to boast of our position or condition. Are we not, like them, just a remnant seeking to carry out the principles laid down in the Word?

What was the attitude of the Lord's people in Ezra's day? "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy" (Ezra 3:12).

How becoming of us to bow our hearts in confession and prayer. First: confession for the low spiritual condition of the church today and the loss of much of the spiritual power that characterized our forefathers in the faith. Second: for a proper estimate of the value of the treasures in the Word committed to our trust, and for a

revival of these truths in the hearts of His people in the closing hours of this dispensation.

"And to make all men see what is the plan of the mystery hidden for ages in God who created all things; that through the church the manifold wisdom of God might now be made known to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places" (Ephesians 3:9, 10).

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." (Ephesians 3:20, 21).

Joseph Jamison — compiled by H. W. Dedman

Three titles can be most fittingly applied to Joseph Jamison, the subject of this biography,—those of Saint, Evangelist and Shepherd, for he was always whole-hearted for the Lord, was a most gifted Gospel preacher, and like David, he fed God's flock, "According to the integrity of his heart and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." Psa. 78:72. Undoubtedly, there are at least two crowns which will be his in that day,—the soul-winner's crown, I Thess. 2:19 and the shepherd's crown, I Peter 5:4. The following words written by the saintly Robert Murray McCheyne, at the death of a dear saint of God in his day, seem very appropriate on the occasion of the death of our brother Jamison:

> "*Return, Oh, mourner, from the cruel grave,*
> *Praise God who to him all his grace He gave,*
> *Follow his faith, and may his mantle be*
> *A cloak of holy zeal to cover thee.*"

Joseph Jamison was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1860, and born again on February 11, 1880, at meetings conducted by James Campbell and William Matthews. He was called into the presence of the Lord on December 30, 1924. Immediately after he was saved, he took a firm stand for the Lord and was baptized and received into fellowship in the local assembly near Cookstown, Ireland. After about two years he came to the United States, settling in Chicago, and entered the employ of Mr. C. J. Baker, who was in the tent and awning business in that city at the time. When Mr. Baker moved to Kansas City, Mr. Jamison went with him and

remained there until 1893, when he and his wife, whom he had married in Kansas City, paid a visit to his cousin, Mrs. J. J. Sweeney at Houston, Texas. They decided to settle in Houston, brother Jamison taking a position in the jewelry firm of J. J. Sweeney and Co., and there he remained until his home-call.

He bore a bright testimony to the saving grace of his Lord from the beginning, and both at Chicago and Kansas City was active in seeking to make the Gospel known at every opportunity. When he moved to Houston there was no assembly nor did he know a single Christian, but began to preach the Gospel in the streets and he and his wife carried on a Sunday School and remembered the Lord in their home. Before long they met a brother and sister who had recently come from Germany and who had been in fellowship in the assemblies there, Mr. and Mrs. Meschkat, who were glad to find some like-minded with themselves, and they had happy fellowship together. Soon God began to save souls and the little meeting began to increase in numbers, necessitating the renting of a hall. This was followed by other larger halls, until in 1918 a hall was built at the present location, 2402 Louisiana St. The present assembly numbers over one hundred and from the parent assembly two other assemblies have been formed in the district, all in happy fellowship until this day.

The population of Houston in 1893 was small, perhaps not over thirty thousand, but at this date is over five hundred thousand souls. Tent meetings were kept going in season for many years until every part of the city had at some time been visited with the Gospel. Many souls have been saved and most of them continued well to the

end. Those who are still living are the mainstay of the assemblies. There have been many changes in the last forty years. Many have gone and others have moved from other parts to Houston so the testimony goes on.

The following account of Mr. Jamison's conversion was told by himself: "I was brought up in a religious home in the north of Ireland, surrounded by many Christian advantages, attended church, prayer meetings, Sunday school, etc., but with all these privileges I remained a stranger to the grace of God and ignorant of His salvation. It is true that I was quite familiar with many portions of Scripture and had a general knowledge of the doctrines of Justification, Sanctification, etc. I could even discuss points such as Baptism and Election and thought I was equally as well-informed as my compeers. But all this head knowledge brought no comfort to my heart, no assurance of salvation, and no peace regarding the future. I always thought Christians should be happy and not grovelling in worldliness, but possessors of a bright, genial spirit, imparting comfort and joy to their fellow-men. All this I knew I lacked and much more. I tried oft-times to be good and do good but my best attempts seemed only to be a miserable failure and I was again driven back to satisfy myself in the pleasures of the world, following the cravings of my own heart and the desires of my sinful nature, wishing often that there was no hereafter, no eternity and no judgment to come.

"My brother frequently spoke to me of my need of a Saviour and often prayed for me. But I put it off, thinking I had plenty of time. Adverse circumstances which threw me into debt made me realize in some measure that the world had little to offer in the way of happiness or certainty, and I often felt gloomy and sad at

heart. I knew not God and could expect no comfort from that source. About that time notices were posted of two men who were going to hold a series of Gospel meetings in a house belonging to a neighboring farmer. I, with others, attended the meetings. I admired the preachers from the beginning, although I was not saved. Their frank, open style of preaching, and the wholeheartedness they manifested for the good of others, asking nothing in return, not even a collection for their labors, led me to conclude that they were not servants of men, but of God. I went regularly, sometimes exceedingly careless, but at other times having a desire to be like they were, frequently discussing with my neighbors the merits and demerits of the strange preachers; sometimes there were storms of opposition from church members because they preached the certainty of salvation and the possession of eternal life. I frequently took sides with the preachers because I believed they were better men than those who condemned them, and then again when others would condemn them I would find fault.

"After three months of nightly meetings, I began to hear of several of my neighbors professing to be saved, and I was convinced of the reality of their conversions when I would see the manifest change in their whole manner of life. I then began to wish that I was a possessor of such joy and my anxiety increased when I learned that the preachers were about to move elsewhere. I thought seriously indeed of my opportunities, of the three month's faithful preaching and the unquestionable testimony of some of my neighbors. I felt as if God had sent them for my benefit and how I did regret wasting those precious opportunities. I was familiar with such

Scriptures as 'To whom much is given of him also shall much be required,' (Luke 12:48).

"I was burdened and longed for rest but did not know how or where to obtain it. Thoughts of death and the coming of the Lord came frequently to my mind, and these brought only deeper anxiety and soul-trouble as I thought that I wasn't ready. I could not enjoy the world's pleasures nor could I share the Christian's joy. Thoughts that maybe I wasn't one of the elect bothered me and I was afraid that Hell must be the portion of my cup. Finally the two preachers called on me in response to an invitation given them and among other Scriptures they quoted John 3:16 and asked me to read it again after they had left. This I did but my mind seemed so confused and dark that I got no light. However, after reading it several times the thought crossed my mind, 'Why not read the text, clause by clause, and try as I go along to understand it?' So I began anew to read, 'For God so loved the world.' I halted and meditated and came to the conclusion that I understood this part. 'I am one of the world and God says He loves me'; and it did seem wonderful. I never knew before that God loved me, although I had read this text often. Then I read the second clause, 'That He gave His only begotten Son.' I saw this told out the vastness and reality of that wondrous love, and continued to read, 'That whosoever believeth in Him,' and I stopped and said, 'The first part seems clear, but this clause is an overwhelming difficulty; this believing puzzles me; it's a mountain I cannot cross.' I said to myself, 'What is it to believe, or what have I to believe?' And as I there in perplexity asked myself these questions, the answer came. 'From where?' you ask. There was no audible voice, but the

answer came, 'All I have to believe is that Jesus died for me.' From that hour I had settled peace as to my acceptance. I simply believed in Jesus, that He died for me, and I finished the verse, 'Should not perish but have everlasting life.' I closed the precious volume and at once knelt at my bedside and all my heart could utter was, 'Thank God I'm saved, thank God I'm saved.' I entered that room a guilty man, but I left it justified, pardoned, forgiven and could say from the depths of my heart:

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine,
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

I could not refrain from singing:

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
It brought my Savior from above
To die on Calvary.

"Nineteen years have rolled along since that memorable February afternoon. There have been many changes in that home circle where I was brought up; another family occupies the thatched cottage where I was born twice; that home, humble as it was, has for me some pleasant recollections, pleasant, not only on account of it being my birthplace some thirty-nine years ago, but far more pleasant because God condescended to stoop down in my deep need and in that home revealed to me His great salvation. And now, ere I close, I must tell you of His unchanging love for nineteen years. He lifted me up first and has been carrying me as on eagles' wings, soaring up with me occasionally into almost unspeakable joys,

and at other times carrying the poor straying lamb in His arms, and gathering me in His bosom. But whether it has been mounting up to the heavens or going down to the depths, He is going to bring me safe to His desired haven, blessed be His ever gracious Name.

"Reader, would you not like to know Him? If you could only realize that you are lost, then you could claim Him, for 'He is come to seek and to save that which is lost.' The One who saved me on the 11th of February, 1880, is willing to save you and you need not be afraid that He will cast you off; He would bring you to His embrace and hide you under the shelter of His wings, and after a little service on earth, would call you home to the eternal mansions to praise Him more fully than you could ever do in the wilderness, and to understand the mighty love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Compiled by H. W. Dedman, Houston, Texas

Charles Alexander Leonard — from information supplied by A. B. Rodgers

The subject of this biography, Charles Leonard, was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, October 5th, 1860, and moved with his family to a farm in northeastern Nebraska where they settled and where he grew to young manhood. His family was completely irreligious but Mr. Leonard in later years related that often when he would be walking out under the starry heavens, he would look up at the sky feeling that he surely must be accountable to the One who made all those shining worlds. His exercise of soul increased and finally, when he had reached the age of eighteen, God put into the lips of his unconverted mother the life-giving message as she turned to him one day and said, "Charlie, did you know that Christ came into the world to die on the cross for sinners?" It was just the message for which he had been longing and he quickly made his way to a grove of trees above the house and there fell on his knees, thanking God for the gift of His Son.

He fitted up a little study in the granary and there pored over the Word of God and prayed. He had been attending Clark Seminary, near Silver Ridge Community in Nebraska. Desiring further preparation for what he now wished to be his life-work, that of preaching Christ, he entered Park College, Parkville, Mo., September 22nd, 1881. After graduation he ministered at various places. Later he attended Theological Seminaries in South Carolina and finally the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. In 1890, Mr. Leonard was married to Harriet M. Hill at Bloomington, Ill., and in the two following

years he preached in Presbyterian Churches at Colfax, Ill., and Stanley, Kansas.

In his diary he writes as follows, "The Church is in a very low spiritual condition. Nearly all the people oppose the higher spiritual truths or are indifferent to spiritual things altogether." In 1894, an entry in his diary reads: "Went to Garnett, Kansas, and attended a Conference of believers. Broke bread with them. Withdrew from Presbyterian Church in April, 1894, and published reasons for withdrawing."

Mr. Leonard then established his home in Montrose, Missouri, where he lived for five years, laboring in tent meetings in different localities in Missouri and Kansas. Later he moved his family to Ponca, Nebraska and from this center he travelled over various sections of the country preaching the Gospel and ministering to the Lord's people as doors were opened. He covered the West Coast, Minnesota, South Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Idaho, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana.

In the years 1918 and 1919 he was very definitely seeking the Lord's will regarding future service. The great need of other lands was brought to his attention and the opportunities for service in Bermuda and the West Indies were laid on his heart. With these fields in mind, he sold his home in Nebraska and sailed for Bermuda in the latter part of 1919. He saw much blessing there, but in June, 1920, he was seized with an attack of fever and obliged to return to the States for a few months. He returned to the field in the fall and held meetings in various places, including St. David's Island, a much-neglected place spiritually. In February, 1923, he went to Jamaica and was much used there for the

blessing of those in spiritual darkness. In July, 1926, Mr. Leonard returned to the States. The enervating heat of the tropics was very hard on him in his advancing years. He often suffered from physical exhaustion. The work there was now passing into the hands of younger workers and he felt his part in it was over. Throughout the remaining years of his life he devoted his efforts to the work in United States and Canada. He made his home in Ponca, Nebraska again and from there he travelled throughout the central and western states, ministering to the small scattered assemblies of the Lord's people and preaching the Gospel in tents and halls wherever there was an opportunity.

His diary records that in November 1935 he went down to San Antonio, Texas to get relief from the northern winters and the bronchial asthma which had afflicted him since 1933. One day in December while driving to town in the interest of others, he collapsed and was brought back home. He rallied somewhat and was hoping to be up soon so that he could engage in work among the Mexican children in their Sunday school. On January 2nd, he took a turn for the worse and after all medical science could do for him he failed to rally. His last words were "weary . . . so . . . weary . . . weary," and he was home with the One he loved and served so long.

Our dear brother Leonard had the heart of a true Gospel preacher, and sought out fields where there was little or no Gospel effort going forth. He possessed a deep yearning for souls and was never happier than when in meetings where God's power was in evidence. One entry in his diary written while in Jamaica, reads: "Yearning for souls. Happy in the work. Asking God to pour His love into my heart. Yearning to be wholly and only for

God until I see His face." He longed to be constantly busy for his Lord. He often said that when he became too feeble to mount the platform, he hoped someone would carry him up so he could still proclaim the Gospel message. He wanted to "die in the harness" and, to a large degree had this wish fulfilled for his diary states that on December 22nd, 1935, ten days before he died, he gave ministry on Psalm 32 at the Breaking of Bread and at night spoke on "Three Questions." In spite of weakness and suffering of his last two years, he ministered as much as was possible.

Mr. Leonard also had a real shepherd heart, and constantly sought out small gatherings in isolated places in order to give them help. He often went far out of his way to meet and help lonely ones, and very faithfully followed up souls he was seeking to help. He also had a heart of love and sympathy for all in sorrow or distress and many burdened ones went to him for advice and sympathy. He was always keenly appreciative of all favors, however small. "All so kind to us," was a frequent expression in his diaries. Even in his sufferings and weakness his heart often overflowed to God. He wrote in his diary January 12th, 1935, "How good is the God I adore. Hallelujah! Many, many mercies." Of him it could be truly said that he kept short accounts with God. His diary bears eloquent witness to the fact that he constantly kept his heart open to the searching light of God's Word, and immediately judged anything that might interfere with his fellowship with the Lord. One entry reads, "Longing to be of utmost use to my Lord."

He was a man of much prayer. He knew what it was to prevail in prayer for souls. He was also constantly seeking God's face for leading at every turn of the way.

The Bible was indeed to him THE BOOK. He constantly feasted on the treasures he found in it. The very last entry he made in his diary reads, "Precious messages from the book." Similar expressions are found repeatedly in his diary.

In a letter written after Mr. Leonard went home, Mr. C. W. Ross said of him, "He was a man of singular uprightness of character and unusual conscientiousness in all his ways. He was a devoted man, too, and served the Lord with earnestness and zeal. The last time I had any conversation with him he was as always thinking of the Lord and His work. One grace shone in him very brightly and that was his modesty. He never pushed himself forward among his fellow-laborers but took without murmuring whatever place was given him in the service of the Lord."

The ruling passion of his life was the Lord Jesus Christ. Much of his ministry to the saints was with the view of drawing out their hearts in devotion to the person of Christ, and to lead them into a life of fellowship with Him. A diary entry for 1917 reads: "Felt much impressed that heart fellowship with Christ in glory was the burning question for the times."

(From information supplied by A. B. Rodgers)

Alexander Livingstone — by James S. Waugh

Mr. Alexander Livingstone was born in Govan, a large suburb of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, on January 28, 1859. He was a boiler maker and riveter by trade and wrought in the great shipyards of that city. In his young life he never went into gross wickedness but was fond of dancing, music and swimming. When he was 19 years of age he was startled by a friend who touched him on the shoulder and said "Aleck, God is love." The Spirit used this great truth to awaken him to a sense of his need as a sinner. He experienced great unhappiness and could neither eat, sleep nor work because of the anguish of his soul in the conviction of sin. In his distress he went to the McGregor mission hall near his home and heard the gospel. At the close of the service Mr. McGregor said to him "Young man, do you want to be saved?" He answered "I do." Mr. McGregor pointed him to the Saviour. He read and explained to him the truths of John 3:16 and almost instantly he learned that though he was a poor hell deserving sinner yet God loved him and gave His Son to be his Saviour and that believing he would never perish. The light of the glorious gospel shone into his troubled soul. He went home that memorable evening quite exhausted but had a most refreshing sleep because as he confessed "I have such a peace." The next day he went to his work as usual in the shipyard. He decided that he would not tell anyone what had happened but he knew a Christian in the yard and he could not resist telling him that he was saved. "Aleck," he said, "I knew it for I seemed to see it in your face."

The young convert's heart was fired with the gospel and just four weeks after he was saved he sought to the best of his ability to preach the glad tidings in the open air at the town square near his home. A large crowd listened and some were nudging others and saying "that's the cymbal boy of the Govan band."

Some two years after his conversion he went to the North of Ireland to spend his vacation in the gospel. He joined Mr. David Rea of gospel fame and instead of a two week's vacation he continued helping and preaching the gospel for months. One of his first series all alone in a barn continued for six months. The Lord blessed his earnest and continued labors. Quite a number were saved and a good sized assembly was planted. At the close of this series he said to Mr. Rae, "I must go home now to see my blind mother." His mother lost her eyesight in the first year of her married life and some time later his father a sea captain was drowned in a disaster to his ship. "Go home," Mr. Rae said, "I dare you to leave all those lambs. They need to be taught for they do not know their right hand from their left. Leave your baggage," Mr. Rea continued, "Go home and see your mother for a week and return." He took Mr. Rea's advice and returned to Ireland and remained with the young assembly for another six months.

He continued throughout the years in the gospel with other fellow-laborers in Ireland teaching and preaching at Belfast, Lurgan, Ballymena, Coleraine, Bushmills and many other large and small towns with manifest blessing. He also spent long seasons in England, at Newcastle, Nottingham, Derby, Lancaster, and the hand of the Lord was with him. In 1908 he came to America and his dear wife and daughters followed. His first home

was in Philadelphia and here too the Lord blessed his labors. In the vicinity of that city and as a result of a tent season in which Mr. Lamb from Ireland joined the assembly at Camden was planted. In journeyings oft and labors abundant he peddled the gospel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as far afield as British Columbia. He spent his last 20 years in Canada making Toronto his home. He ministered much in the small assemblies of Canada a work he was very fond of in his latter years.

My first recollections of Mr. Livingstone goes back to almost 60 years. I was then in my teens. Together and with others we were having an open air meeting. Mr. Livingstone was the chief speaker. I was the hat rack holding the speaker's hats and took charge of the singing. Mr. Livingstone had a good strong voice. He was an intelligent and forceful gospeller and never lost his gospel spirit. He was also a unique expositor of the Scriptures and enjoyed confirming the assemblies in definite Scriptural testimony for the Lord. He was a man of much prayer and kindly spirit and read his large Newberry Bible with avidity.

As Mr. Livingstone neared the four score years his voice began to weaken and his physical strength began to fail and yet he remained in harness for the Lord to the very end.

After a brief sickness Mr. Livingstone peacefully fell asleep in his home at Toronto on Feb. 11, 1940, in his 82nd year. Many of his brethren came to his room to wait and watch the home going of this well known and loved servant of the Lord. Fitting burial services largely attended were held in the Pape Avenue hall, his home assembly, and the earthly remains were laid to rest in

the Pine Hills cemetery to await the resurrection of the Just and the reunion of all the saints.

"'Twas a noble life, well lived for God."

James S. Waugh

James Kay

James Kay, a much-loved servant of Christ, had a short but fruitful life in the service of his Master. He received a sudden home-call at the age of forty-two, on August 13, 1908. "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work" is undoubtedly true, and the fruits of Mr. Kay's work are still seen today in parts of Michigan.

Born in Saltcoats, Scotland, May 25, 1866, coming with his parents to America when three and a half years old, he lived about fourteen years in Forest, Ontario, where he heard the Gospel preached in simplicity from his earliest childhood. At the age of nineteen he was laid down with typhoid fever, and when convalescent, his friend and boyhood companion, John McFadyen (who was lost in a wreck off the coast of California in 1907), who had just been converted, visited him to seek his salvation. James often related his conversion saying: "I was saved on February 5, 1885, in Forest, while sitting in my parents' house in an old rocking chair, about five o'clock, while my mother was preparing supper in the kitchen." He was deeply convicted after his visit with Mr. McFadyen and when Donald Munro and John Smith called on him later, they were able to point him to Christ through the Scriptures, Isaiah 53:5, "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed," and also Romans 5:6, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

He early manifested an earnest desire for the Word of God, which was precious to him, and over which he

pondered and feasted his soul. He soon gathered children into his mother's kitchen to tell them of Jesus, thus commencing the Sunday school which has been carried on in Forest for many years. He also took part in street meetings in that place. On the fly-leaf of one of his first Bibles, he had written in large letters, "SOULS FOR CHRIST," and that was ever his ambition. About three years after his conversion he started out with an elderly servant of Christ to visit different places and never got back to working at his trade as a machinist, but went from place to place till, in about six months, he came to Saginaw, Michigan, almost exactly twenty years before he was called home. He gave help to Mr. T. D. W. Muir in a tent in that place and finally decided to make his home there. One of his co-workers was Mr. Robert Jamieson, who was an excellent man for ploughing up the soil and Mr. Kay would then pour the oil on the troubled waters. They were a good team and many souls were brought to the Lord. Most of the time they labored in the lumbering towns of central Michigan, and also in the Indian villages. Parts of Canada also were visited and results were seen.

In 1895 Mr. Kay was united in marriage to Miss Edith Williams of Bay City, Michigan. During the greater part of their happy married life their home was in Saginaw, though he was often away from home in his labors. He generally held meetings in a tent during summer months, spending nine seasons out of twenty in Saginaw, pitching in eight different locations and much fruit remains. He was very much interested in children's work and was greatly loved by them. He always held a children's meeting in connection with his tent campaigns and was ever able to interest them with his

presentation of Bible stories and the Gospel in its simplicity. Mr. Kay was a fine singer and his wife also was possessed of a beautiful voice. Together they would sing in street meetings and their fine voices would draw a crowd, who would remain for the preaching of the Gospel. Mrs. Kay was a great help to her husband in many ways.

James Kay was a humble man, always self-effacing, but always busily engaged in helping the people of God and unsaved sinners in any way he could. He was known to walk many miles taking baskets of food to families in adversity and giving them the Gospel before he left.

He had just finished a three-week's series of meetings in Saginaw and gone to Midland, twenty miles distant, on August 7. Together with Mr. Thomas Dobbin (formerly of Ireland) who had been his fellow-laborer for about six months, they began tent meetings on August 9. They had four nightly meetings for adults, with a children's meeting on Thursday night. After the meeting Mr. Kay proposed that they go to the river to bathe. He had been only five minutes in the water when he got into a deep hole and called for help. He seized Mr. Dobbin with both hands but soon relaxed his hold and Mr. Dobbin, being exhausted struggled to a place of safety not two yards away. It was about half an hour before the body could be recovered and though a physician was at hand, nothing could produce respiration. No doubt his heart was overcome and his life ebbing when he relaxed his grip. He had undergone an operation about two months previous and had not regained his strength, which likely explains why he succumbed so rapidly. Though he left no farewell word as he departed, his experience in the hospital was a thorough test of his faith in Christ on the

verge of eternity, and he witnessed a good confession before nurses and doctors and everyone who came in contact with him there. One nurse said that the reason he took the anaesthetic so easily was that "he went to the table in perfect confidence in God." The extremely sad news was a severe shock to his grief-stricken wife and four young children. The news spread rapidly giving a shock to many, and causing grief in many a heart and home in numerous cities of United States and Canada, where he had been wont to visit, ministering the Word to saved and unsaved. It could truly be said of him that he presented his body a living sacrifice, and also that he counted not his life dear unto himself. Just a few days before setting out for the last time he remarked that he felt loath to leave home, and would prefer staying with his family, though he never intimated that to them. But he seemed to have no rest in spirit till he should try Midland with the Gospel, often saying, "If God wants the tent left here, we don't want to go, and if He wants us to go we don't want to stay." His entire life was a bright testimony that adorned the doctrine of Christ. On the last afternoon of his life he had held a children's meeting and even on the way down to the river, he had handed a woman a tract, speaking to her about her soul. He had finished his course and he ended well.

Mr. Robert Telfer wrote of him, "It all seems too strange to us, who only 'know in part' and 'see through a glass darkly,' how one who was in the vigor of manhood, with a gift both for saints and sinners, an excellent singer, and one who sought to please God and keep His ways, would be suddenly taken Home, while some of us more worthless are left down here a while longer." One remarked that he was no ordinary man. He was

unusually humble in his thoughts of his own abilities, and certainly esteemed others better than himself. He was truly an example to the flock. If one reminded him of possible dangers that he might encounter he would say:

"*Not a ball or shaft can hit*
Till the God of love sees fit."

God saw fit to call Him home, a kind, considerate husband and father. His four children are all saved and in the assemblies and waiting for the home-call, when we shall all be with the Lord."

Ashamed of "Him" — by W. G. McCartney

I John 2:28

"And now, little children abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming." These are heart searching words, "Ashamed before Him at His coming." One is almost made to shudder when we think that such an experience may be ours when we meet our Lord Jesus. And yet how many times we have sung:

> "*Were the whole realm of nature mine,*
> *That were an offering far too small*
> *Love so amazing, so divine*
> *Demands my life, my heart, my all.*"

One thing which will cause many of us to bow in shame before Him will be the matter of our "giving." How easy it is to hold back that which rightfully belongs to Him. The writer once heard brother Hugh McEwen voice these words while giving an address on "Giving to the Lord of our substance." "Would we," said he, "put into the pierced hand of our blessed Lord if He appeared in person to receive our offering the amount we put in the box?" Searching thought, isn't it? Let us then be exercised before God concerning our giving unto the Lord as He prospers us so that the work of the Lord may prosper and that we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

W. G. McCartney

Hugh Kane

Hugh Kane, evangelist and Bible teacher, was born in Dromore, County Down, North Ireland, on June 17th, 1869. He was brought up in a Presbyterian home and attended church and Sunday school regularly; learned his catechism, committed to memory many portions of the Psalms, and believed he was just as good as many who said they were saved.

Shortly before he was seventeen years old a series of evangelistic meetings were held in the Presbyterian Church in Dromore, conducted by a godly Presbyterian minister. He attended these meetings regularly and became concerned about his eternal welfare through a message given from the text, "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Hebrews 3:8). This brought conviction to his soul and led to his salvation six months later.

Immediately a great longing came into his heart to tell others of the Saviour he had found and he, with some other young men, began giving out tracts and holding cottage meetings.

In studying God's Word, he saw the truth of believers' baptism, and later on became pastor of the Baptist Church in Derryniel. After three years of service he felt the Lord wanted him to go to America. He left Ireland for New York in 1906 with his wife and four children and accepted a call to a Baptist Church in Herrman, N. Y., where he labored for four years, leaving there in 1910 for Elmira Heights, N. Y., where he was the Baptist pastor for eight years. His heart was grieved as he saw the apostasy which was creeping into the churches. This

led to a closer study of God's Word as to his position. He met brother Harold M. Harper who was visiting in Elmira. They had many discussions over the Word of God and his unscriptural position, but he fought against the truth. After some time he resigned and accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church in Erie, Pa. While there he studied the Word of God much, now willing to obey it implicitly, and after four years of service there he resigned and stepped out in faith, leaving his comfortable home with his dear wife and youngest son who was then in his second year of high school. They rented a little apartment in Erie, waiting on the Lord for guidance as to his future path. At that time he knew only two brethren who were gathered out to the Lord's name alone,—brother H. M. Harper and brother E. D. Monroe, Buffalo, N. Y. He wrote Mr. Monroe telling him of the step he had taken and received a reply from Mr. Monroe inviting him to spend some time with him in his home in Buffalo, seeking the Lord's guidance. Mr. Monroe took him to meet the brethren in Assembly Hall and after some time he was commended by the assembly to the Lord's work.

From there he went to a Believers' Bible Conference being held at that time in one of the assembly halls in Toronto, Canada. The Lord seemed to lay the needy and out-of-the-way places on his heart where he labored for many years. He preached in school houses and wherever he could get an opening, far away from any assemblies of the Lord's people. He in company with another brother held meetings in Western Grove, Arkansas, in the Ozark Mountains where a number were saved. Some years ago he and brother A. B. Rodgers held meetings at

Crownville, La. Mr. Rodgers writes the following in connection with this work:

"About twenty-five years ago and for a number of years thereafter, brother Kane and I labored together in a pioneer effort in Louisiana. The call to that field came through Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Lingle, who had been saved in St. Louis and had started a Sunday school out in the country among share-croppers and small farmers, having no meeting-place but an abandoned tenant-shanty, into which seventy-five children and adults crowded, some sitting on planks laid on log-blocks, others in the windows, on the floor, or outside on the "gallery," as they called the tumble-down porch.

For a year or two we had our Gospel meetings in the homes of the people. If it was winter, the speaker would stand beside the log-fire in the fire-place, surrounded by his audience on beds and chairs and floor, the room lighted by a kerosene lamp, revealing the inner surface of the unpainted siding or sheathing, there being only one board between us and the weather. If it was summer, we usually met out on the "gallery" with some listeners out on the ground. We did a lot of visiting in those days, and learned to love the people who lived such simple lives. Some customs and habits were quite a shock to the man who had lived in Ireland and the eastern states. One day he came to me with the exclamation, "Do you know, brother Rodgers, that if anything were to happen to either of us down here, they would have us buried before our wives would know of it?" He was reassured that though it was a common practice for burial to take place on the day of death, there were exceptions, even in the country. He was outspoken in his disgust at the prevailing habit of

"dipping snuff," especially by some of the women. The contrasting lives of the Christians gave him real joy, and he was a welcome visitor in their homes. Some of them were his children in the faith.

His letters to Christian friends in the North and East contained graphic descriptions of these conditions and the need of a building in which we might meet these people and give them the Gospel. It was a subject much on our hearts and in our prayers. An acre of land was purchased and we erected a plain but very suitable chapel, calling it "Shady Grove Gospel Meeting House." Brother Kane and I enjoyed the days we spent doing carpenter work with the builders and helping with the painting. No one enjoyed the new building more than our brother. He returned to Louisiana again and again, sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Kane, for meetings in "Shady Grove" and for visitation work among the people.

The building is still being used by the small company remaining in the neighborhood. In recent years, the roof had fallen into dis-repair. When Mrs. Kane heard of it, she was enabled to provide funds to put it back into condition. Here is an opportunity and a challenge for younger men to enter the field, with zeal and patience, to "strengthen the things that remain," and to reach out further afield with the Gospel."

Mr. Kane wrote a number of Gospel tracts and poems which have been used in the salvation of souls, and many weary and discouraged saints have been strengthened. His little book, "A Return to First Principles," has been owned of the Lord in leading Christians to see the truth of gathering to His precious name alone.

In 1942 while giving help in the little assembly in St. Petersburg, Florida, he became suddenly ill and was taken to a hospital there on April 2nd for an operation from which he never rallied. He went home to be with the Lord on April 6th. His body was taken to Linesville, Pa. for burial, to await the resurrection morning. The service was taken by our beloved brother, Harold M. Harper.

(Information supplied by Mrs. Kane)

God or Golden Calf — by A. J. Cotton

The first commandment given by God to the children of Israel, through Moses, was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." The second one was, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. ... Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God."

God wanted the first place in the hearts of His people then, and He still wants the first place in our hearts today. The people were so overcome with the manifestation of the glory and power of God that they answered with one voice and said, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do." Were it not for the knowledge of the deceitfulness of our own hearts we would find it hard to conceive how they turned so quickly from their solemn vows to keep God's commandments. While Moses was still in the mount with God, they actually broke off the golden earrings in their ears, gave them to Aaron and he cast them into the fire and made of them a golden calf. How quickly they broke the first and second commandments as they fall before the calf and cry, "These be thy Gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." God was quickly supplanted in their hearts by a god of their own making. His wonderful and glorious wonders in delivering them from the power of Pharaoh were soon forgotten, and this god received all the glory for having brought them out of Egypt.

Is this sad picture not repeated over and over again in our lives, as one by one other gods, golden calves of our own making, replace God in our hearts? However, there

is another sad sequel to Israel's sin in making the golden calf and from it you and I should learn a valuable lesson. At the very time the people were worshipping the image they had made, and were eating and drinking and making sport, God was giving Moses the pattern of the glorious tabernacle which was to be the dwelling place of God in their midst. "Let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." This sanctuary where God was to dwell was to be made from the free will offerings of His people. What a privilege was theirs, making a sanctuary for God. Among the many things the people were requested to give towards the tabernacle, and the first one mentioned, was gold. They had gold, their earrings, their bracelets, their rings, and other ornaments were made of gold. But also with most of them, their gold was gone, used for a golden calf. The golden calf rather than God got the gold and to what avail? In the end it was ground to powder and turned to bitterness, as they were made to drink of the water into which the dust was poured.

Let us now consider a more pleasing side of the story. The golden calf was destroyed, their sin was judged, the sword was used, and the people were restored. We read, "They came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted and brought bracelets and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord." So thorough was their restoration and so thoroughly did they enter into the work of the Lord that we read, "They spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough... so the people were restrained from bringing." Is it then any wonder that we read later, "And Moses did look upon all the work, and, behold, they had

done it as the Lord had commanded, even so had they done it, and Moses blessed them."

Brethren and sisters, how are we using our talents, our time, our means—for God or golden calf? With what regret has many a Christian seen his golden calf for which he neglected the things of God, ground to powder, and turned to bitterness—"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Today the privilege is ours, to use our means for God, to further His work, to help spread the glorious gospel and to build the church which is His body. The gold of the wise-hearted Israelites adorned the sanctuary of God. Shall we lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven or spend our means on that which perisheth? Which shall it be—God or a golden calf?

The Question of Salary — by Dan Crawford (from Our Record, October 1905)

(Extracts from a letter to a fellow-missionary by Dan Crawford, of Luanza, Central Africa, taken from "Our Record," October 1905.)

"I was thinking of your salary today, and how sure it all is. You and I are on God's salary—drawing the wages of heaven. A society missionary friend expostulated with me as a married man not claiming a fixed salary—something sure was his idea.

"It was then that God spoke out of His Word to both of us. What settled the matter as to faith being the only definite thing was the following truth of God: "The promise was by faith that it might be sure!'

"The only sure thing is faith! There is nothing else sure but faith. That in my purse or hand is not sure. This is a creature-humbling, Christ-exalting ministry.

"This, too, brings us on to what positively is sure as against what is not sure. The only thing sure is that purpose God has stored up in His own heart for me. His purpose, beloved, concerning my breakfast—my bank is God's heart—my bed is His bosom.

"We travesty this good word of God—'purpose' when we use it concerning high-sounding phrases as to everlasting salvation, and everlasting security, and yet refuse to remember that God purposes a dinner for me. Tremblingly we can write: "The eternal purpose of God concerning my dinner.' God's purpose for you and me is

like the third chapter of Colossians. It begins in heaven and ends in the kitchen. It speaks of the heavenlies and descends to the earthlies. It is of faith, beloved, that it might be sure! My crust of bread is in the heart of God —cupboarded in heaven, and what is a crust in heaven is a feast on earth. "This brings us to another precise consideration regarding the path of faith—it was remarked by Dr. ———, of L———, to one of our number that we should be relieved of the burden of the money question and left free for service.

This is so common and specious a mode of referring to glorious faith that we should nail the lie down as we meet it. The only thing concerning faith that constitutes it faith is here attacked. Nobody can believe for me. I must, before all High Heaven, have faith myself for myself. It is the only thing another cannot do for me. If another can trust for me for my daily bread, then he can trust for me for my soul's salvation. "Faith is the great integral unit of the spiritual world. A committee cannot bear this burden for me. Every man must bear his own burden in this matter, but then that, beloved, is the very burden concerning which the good word of promise is given: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' The Lord likes me to cast my burden on Him—not on a committee. Thus it is—He first of all fixes me with the burden, with this lone intent, not to desert me with it, but to shut me off from rolling it on a committee. Every man shall bear his own burden up to the Lord, He is jealous of a committee. It is the old apostasy of the Church instead of Christ. "Now in its true sequence, as in Galatians 6, comes into full view, God's rule for practical, fraternal fellowship. He fixes me with my burden, and then lo: there in full view, comes the brethren bearing one another's. There he is, the

brother who could not go to Africa—so I fulfilled his lack of service. I bore for him the burden and heat of the day, and he bears for me the temporalities of the thing. He bears me up in prayer too—no little burden that. I seek to serve on such upborn grace.

"'For every man shall bear his own burden,
"but" (marginal reading) let him that is taught in the Word communicate with him that teacheth in all good things' (Gal. 6:5-6).

"We have called this 'but' as to its grammar a link, but do we not see more than a mere grammatical link here? Do we not see here the fellowship of stewardship in that linking 'but'? Yet the servant has often been left to bear his own burden by those who forgot to bear one another's burdens. There was no 'link'—no conjunctive stewardship. We are laborers together with God—we, the laborers, and we, the helpers. "It is, therefore, dear brother, needful that having struck this high, apostolic note, we should be found of our God truly out in the sunshine of this path of faith—nothing shady, and nothing halting in our gait."

Love One Another — by Virgil Hollingsworth, Jr.

"But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Galatians 5:15

There is every reason to expect Christians professing to walk in obedience to the words and doctrines of our Lord to be more blameless in life than those who do not make this profession. It is an empty thing to speak of the deep things of God as though they were most precious when one's manner of life is shallow.

We sincerely believe, generally speaking, that those who have separated themselves from unscriptural church position and have gathered with believers unto the Lord and in His name alone do more to adorn the doctrine of Christ in their day by day living than others. This is as it should be. Yet we would warn—stir up your pure hearts that you may be more conscious of the peculiar temptation to those who should be most faithful to the Word. By that we mean temptations that are particularly alluring to that type of believer. No doubt spiritual pride would be one temptation Satan could use effectively upon a spiritual person when he could not use so effectively this weapon on the carnal. When Satan cannot win success in moral temptation, he can then appeal to moral pride. We are thinking most particularly, however, of a different type of temptation that is perhaps very real to most who read this editorial. We do not mean to imply that most yield to the temptation but surely we must confess that the temptation is there. We are thinking of our intolerance and bitter criticism of one another, perhaps the motive is jealousy or lack of

love. At first it may be denied but there is good reason to believe that the more separated a believer becomes the more vulnerable he is to this type of attack.

We believe there is a definite cause for this. When our fellowship with like minded believers is limited to a small group, and this is the case with those who seek to put scriptural church principles into practice, when over and over again there is occasion to come together, to hear the same speakers, to go to the same places, etc. This is not only applied to our spiritual life but to our social life as well and it is really brought about because we love the same things and to love the same things is most commendable. Surely the "Fellowship of minds is like to that above." It is none the less true, to use the words of a secular proverb to express it, "Familiarity breeds contempt." It is this precious fellowship, this intimate association, one with the other, that affords an opportunity for this sinister temptation. Because we know our fellow Christians so intimately, we see clearly their faults and become accustomed to their virtues. We see the manifestations of fleshliness, the lack of prayer life and all the rest. Those who preach the Word are seen at close range and their lack of study and lack of freshness is quickly detected. These are hard facts. The faults that overtake us are despised so much more than virtues are appreciated. This is why we say "Christians Beware." These things which tempt us to criticize and to stumble can be made stepping stones to true piety for the humble heart. They are cause for much prayer. They are the opportunity for the exercise of forbearance and love. For only the spiritual and loving are in a position to restore such ones in the spirit of meekness. Each fault we see in others is recognized by one only because we

are made of the same stuff. It is the overcoming of this temptation that makes our fellowship one with the other the sweetest communion this side of heaven. It is that which makes us appreciate the beauty of Christ and our fellow Christians. We may learn many wonderful things from the Scriptures but we will never learn a more spiritual, practical exaltation or one that will make us more like our Lord than our Lord's familiar injunction "Love one another."

Are We Losing Our Heritage? — by W. G. McCartney

We have often heard it said, "Somehow assembly principles do not appeal to the American people." Such an expression should cause us to bow in shame in the face of the great commission given by our blessed Lord ere He went back to glory. Did our Lord make a mistake when He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you?" Did He forget that the teaching concerning the administration of the mystery would not fit into the thinking of the American people? Far remove the thought. The divine principles do work in every country under the sun. The fact our Head is in heaven and not upon the earth enables the Church to function under every form of government, and still be subject to the powers that be. The question then may be asked, "Why then have the assemblies not multiplied as they should?" The fault cannot be with the principles given in God's Word, but the manner in which they are administrated. In Titus 2:10 the Apostle speaks of adorning the "Doctrine of God our Saviour" in all things. What does it mean to adorning the "Doctrine of God our Saviour" [a line appears to be missing here in the printed magazine] to make "more appealing"? How can we apply this to our assembly life and testimony so that the growth of our assemblies may be continual? Let us look at some Scriptures.

1. Speaking the Truth in Love. Eph. 4:15. One has well said "For every ounce of truth we receive, we should pray God for five pounds of love to speak it." We are

never told to enforce truth, but to teach it, and that in "Love." A harsh presentation of either the gospel or ministry will never adorn the "Doctrine of God our Saviour."

2. Cooperation Instead of Criticism. Phil. 2:3. Fault-finding has ruined many a splendid testimony for God. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than ourselves." What a beautiful adornment that would be to the "Doctrine of God our Saviour."

3. Our Attitude Toward Christians Not Meeting as We Do. A negative attitude toward Christians who do not meet as we do, is certainly not an attitude savoring of love. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:34, 35). In Ephesians 3:8, 9, Paul's desire, besides making known the gospel to the Gentiles, was to make all men see what is the fellowship or administration of the Mystery. Aquila and Priscilla found Apollos, took him into their own home, and instructed him in the way of the Lord more perfectly. What better way could one adorn the "Doctrine of God our Saviour" than to make it a practice to do as Aquila and Priscilla, in order to make all men see the administration of the Mystery. It is not enough to get hold of the truth, but it is when the truth gets hold of us we will be willing to sacrifice all, that men may come to the knowledge of that same truth. Space fails us at this time to write of the many other ways our assemblies may be made more appealing to those without. Think of our "Lack of Sincerity," our "Lack of Courtesy," our "Lack of Pastoral Care," our

divided condition, both in our local assemblies and the testimonies as a whole. Brethren, remember the principles which God has given us to govern a New Testament Church cannot be improved upon, but the manner in which they are administered should be the deepest concern to us all, that the "Heritage of Truth" which was brought to us by the sacrifice of Godly men of old, may be maintained and the "Doctrine of God our Saviour" adorned. May the prayer of Hab. 3:2, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years," be ours upon whom the end of the age has come.