

## They Knew Their God

### Foreword to The Five Volume Series by L. G. Harvey (illustrated)

“Walk about Zion . . . tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.” These words from the fortieth Psalm were impressed upon our minds nineteen years ago, as a commission to search into Christian biography and literature and to pass on to the Lord’s people that which had been so inspiring and helpful to us. And so after this lapse of time, we have the privilege of sending out these pictures of Zion’s towers—her prophets and watchmen, Zion’s bulwarks—her reformers and defenders of the faith, and Zion’s palaces—those human dwellings of God, made beautiful and majestic by the presence of the King of kings.

The title has been chosen as one that includes the introduction to God via the New Birth, the more permanent indwelling of God at the receiving of the fullness of the Holy Spirit (also known as the entire sanctification crisis-experience of entering His Rest), and the further “journey into God”, as the momentary walk with Him progressively reveals His character. It is our earnest prayer in this shallow religious age, that these men and women who removed all barriers and boundaries to their search after and exploration of their own God in His length, breadth, depth and height, might beckon us on to a similar, unlimited grasp of the Unseen.

God never repeats Himself in human experience, and it is refreshing to mark these saints as they ventured their all upon God and left us individual histories which enrich the spiritual kingdom by the delightful variety we discover in all God’s “other” creations. We do not submit these sketches that they should be imitated in detail as to their search for God, or as to their evidence of that attainment. We pray rather that their faith and courage, in proving and knowing God, might encourage us to realise there is no limit, except in ourselves, to what we might discover of His kingdom while here in “time”.

We have included characters from both sexes, from varying nationalities, from successive eras of time and from numerous church backgrounds. We learn through them how God manifests Himself in the signs and credentials that stamp the growing saint with the hallmark of Himself.

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## Book One

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POPE GREGORY sat amazed! In agitation he looked at the two strangers from beyond the Alps. The leader, a man in his sixties, was addressing him in the Italian vernacular. His companion, when he spoke at all, used the language of learning—Latin. Both men were very much in earnest. Surely they must realise that many a man had been burned at the stake for saying less! “Holy Father,” was the message in brief, “the great and grievous sins of Christendom have risen to such a pitch, in all classes of men, that God is greatly displeased. You must consider what is to be done.” Later, was led be the Lord to bring the famous orator John Tauler into the deeper life.13 <sup>th</sup> Century	

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For six years Dr. Tauler gave out the gospel to the living and the dieing in the Black Death, and in the ensuing centuries biographies of godly Europeans who were seekers of the deeper life read his sermons with great avidity and blessing. An account is given of the amazingly strategic way the vain and eminent Doctor was discipled into holiness by the godly Nicholas of Basle. 13 <sup>th</sup> Century	
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WHEN the fashionable young Mrs. Cobb relinquished her status as a votary of the world and became a lowly servant of Jesus Christ, she startled the inhabitants of Cazenovia, New York. But her decision was only the outward symbol of a profound and deep work of divine grace which marked the beginning of sixty long years of sacrificial and Spirit-inspired living. What chain of circumstances could so permanently have altered the entire course of one who possessed every advantage required of the world, for its acceptance? 1793 U.S.A.	
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<p>“LEAVE Robert Chapman alone; we <i>talk</i> about heavenly places; but he <i>lives</i> in them.” These were the words, to a critic, of J. N. Darby, contemporary of George Muller and a leader in the Christian Brethren Movement in England, at a time when the clouds of controversy were very dark indeed. And true it is that R. C. Chapman shines out above all parties and differences, as a man of God; loving, but uncompromising; gentle, but searching; humble, but one who spoke with authority; gifted, but utterly childlike; self-effacing, but never-to-be-forgotten.” 1803 England</p>	
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<p>“SWEEP a circle of three feet around the cross of Jesus, and you take in all that there was of Alfred Cookman,” wrote Dc Witt Talniage after the death of this good man. It had not always been so with this talented but devoted minister. When only twenty years of age, Alfred Cookman had suffered serious spiritual loss while attending a ministerial conference by engaging in foolish and trifling conversation. This forfeiture of abounding grace, he sustained for ten long years, but the lessons learned by such failure were the means God employed in shaping this average Christian into a veritable saint who henceforth inscribed over his hands, his feet, his lips—”Sacred to Jesus”. 1828 U.S.A.</p>	
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WHO would have thought it! Young, formerly ambitious Brengle on his knees polishing eighteen pair of boots! He who had turned down the call to a popular pulpit of a large Methodist Church in an American city was actually performing this most menial task in the Salvation Army Training Barracks in London. The struggle was sharp but short. He wondered if all his educational advantages and personal talents were being thrown away. Then the Holy Spirit brought to his remembrance his Great Exemplar. “If Jesus could wash the disciples’ feet, I can blacken the Cadets’ boots!” was the happy conclusion. And so young Brengle accepted cheerfully the rigorous methods of William Booth in training soldiers of the Cross and for almost half a century he was to be a highly used specialist in promoting a deep concept of consecration and holy living in the world-wide circle of Salvation Army influence. 1860 USA	
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Then the little ‘great man’ spoke so simply, so clearly, so convincingly how this rest was meant to be for us here, as soon as we cease from our own works and enter into the rest of faith, which Christ won for us on the Cross, and into which we can enter, through the fellowship of His death...  “Oh, how often I had longed for rest, had thought to find it only in the seclusion of a convent and inexorable asceticism or, if even not there, then only in the grave. And now this little man spoke not only of the possibility of rest even here, but he himself seemed to possess this rest—and indeed something of this divine rest actually proceeded from his personality.”	
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It was not long, however, before Kaboo became awakened to the need of a still greater change. His dark past had left desires for revenge upon those who had so cruelly tortured him. He yearned for deliverance from innate and nameless fears. Hungering and thirsting for more of God, after a day’s toil, he spent much time in prayer. His companions in the small quarters where he slept failed to understand the deep longings that caused him at times to break out in supplication to God, and he was forced into the woods to talk to his heavenly Father.  Late one night, he returned to his bed, his heart still lifted in prayer when, he said later, “All at once my room grew light. At first, I thought the sun was rising, but the others were sound asleep. The room grew lighter, until it was filled with glory. The burden of my heart suddenly disappeared, and I was filled with a sense of inner joy. My body felt as light as a feather. I was filled with a power that made me feel I could almost fly. I could not contain my joy, but shouted until everyone in the barracks was awakened.”	

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<p>Heartbroken, Iva Vennard felt that her time at Epworth had come to an end. She had been termed by some as “a dangerous and powerful woman,” and it was evident that those in authority were afraid of the influence she wielded and were determined to render that influence void. Thus in October 1909, she offered her resignation to her board of trustees. “You are angular in your positions, Mrs. Vennard,” they told her. “You have not learned how to compromise.” But Iva stuck to her convictions, and when told that “these epochal experiences were outmoded and that the new method of reaching people would be religious education,” she replied, “I understand the issue, and it is because I have already made my choice that I am now presenting my resignation. I also understand the tendency of modernism, and I have made my choice to remain with Orthodox Methodism. I believe that the two epochal experiences in grace are Scriptural. I have sought them, and I believe I have entered into both. Such realities of Christian experience can never become out-of-date.”</p>	
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<p>“We need to see sin, too, as God sees it. I am inclined to think that many of us have a yet unscriptural judgment of sin. For instance, here is a member of the Church guilty of vice. The news of his sin travels from Dan to Beersheba. With one voice, the Christians everywhere believe that he should be censured and barred from communion. I agree with them. But here is the difficulty. Another member, greedy of gain, stays away from worship on Sunday and engages in his trade. The lust for money has gripped his soul, but he is not censured. The first defiled his own body; the second, God’s holy day.</p> <p>“We do need courage. In the Bible Training School, I chose as my life motto, ‘Only be strong and of a good courage.’ Little did I realise then how much I would have to lay hold of this commission. This courage is not mustered by will power. It must be given from above. Never shall I forget when I had to rebuke a teacher evangelist. He had been with the Mission a long time. I was keen to keep him, but he was getting very slack. It took three weeks of prayer before I had the courage to call him up. It would have been so much easier to carry on and say nothing. Only the Holy Spirit can give us courage to crucify personal feelings and follow His conviction. <i>“No one can exercise discipline in the Church and not find his own spirit wounded. Often the offender shows resentment.</i></p>	

## Book Two

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<p>No little stir was occasioned in Mulheim when the young merchant, Gerhard Tersteegen, retired from his business and took up lodgings in an isolated cottage, in order to search after God. For some years his relatives and friends left the youthful twenty-two year old to his odd quest. Another young man, many hundreds of years before him, had retired from his active life in the city of Jerusalem to the Arabian desert, where he too was to be initiated into the deep things of God. And Gerhard Tersteegen, like St. Paul, was to share the secrets that he learned in his “Arabia”, with the sin-burdened and sorrowing, the hungry and dissatisfied souls. These yearned for soul-food instead of the intellectual rationalising of a formal ministry. 17<sup>th</sup> Century</p>	

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<p>“THE abolition of human slavery unquestionably owes much of its original impulse to the life and labours of a poor, unlearned working man of New Jersey, whose very existence was scarcely known beyond the narrow circle of his religious Society,” observed the famous Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. He continues, “To those who judge by the outward appearance, nothing is more difficult of explanation than the strength of moral influence often exerted by obscure and uneventful lives. Some great reform which lifts the world to a higher level, some mighty change for which the ages have waited in anxious expectancy, takes place before our eyes. In seeking to trace it back to its origin, we are often surprised to find the initial link in the chain of causes to be some comparatively obscure individual, the divine commission and significance of whose life were scarcely understood by his contemporaries, and perhaps not even by himself. The little one has become a thousand; the handful of corn shakes like Lebanon. ‘The kingdom of God cometh not by observation’; and the only solution of the mystery is in the reflection that through the humble instrumentality, divine power was manifested, and that the Everlasting Arm was beneath the human one.”</p>	
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<p>ON a lonely track through the pine forest, the horseback rider pushed his way. He was very young and very happy. But his happiness was not merely due to the hopefulness or exuberance of youth; it was the joy of a man with the greatest mission in the world, coupled with the peace that rests on the surest of foundations. To see him, one would never have believed that almost daily he faced untold hardships and dangers, and that the average life-expectancy of those following his particular calling was only thirty-five years.</p>	
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<p>It was, however, while preparing a sermon on the Atonement that Robert Aitken heard a Voice—not audible, but as distinct to his spirit as an outward voice, saying, “You are making a Gospel for God, instead of believing God’s Gospel.” Perplexed, the young man fell upon his knees and supplicated for further light. Again the Voice spoke. This time it was even more distinct than before, and he looked around to see who was in the room. The Voice continued, “All thy righteousness is as filthy rags.”</p> <p>Assured that this had been a warning from God to him, Robert Aitken neither ate nor slept for sixteen days, not finding help from God or man. His young wife, fearing for her husband’s mind, sent for their physician who, however, was not at home. On the sixteenth day, in utter exhaustion, Robert threw himself upon his bed, exclaiming, “Now, Lord, let me see Thy salvation.” He then sank into a deep sleep and later awoke with joy unspeakable flooding his soul. Climbing the neighbouring mountain, the new convert shouted aloud God’s praises where he would not disturb or be disturbed!</p>	
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<p>step as she passed onward, by a careful searching of the Bible, in order to prove the validity of each step as successively taken,” led Mrs. Phoebe Palmer into a life of holiness and usefulness beyond anything she could have imagined in her former state.</p>	
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<p>“I AM better acquainted with Jesus Christ than I am with any man in the world,” said Robert Murray McCheyne. This striking statement came from the lips of a young Scottish minister who, dying at the age of thirty, left an impress of Godliness that influenced successive generations.</p> <p>In writing McCheyne’s biography a year after his death, Dr. Andrew Bonar, a personal prayer-partner and an associate in the ministry, did a greater service to Christians in many lands than he possibly could have visualized. Within twenty-five years after the first appearance of the “Memoirs”, which included a collection of letters and sermons, the book had passed through 116 editions in the British Isles and an unknown number from presses in America.</p> <p>The train of blessing that followed was most singular. A lady in the Highlands of Scotland read it, and her soul, long dead in trespasses and sins, was quickened. A curate in the Church of England was given a copy and several Sabbaths in succession read the sermons to his congregation. As a result, members of his church came to him with questions about the life of God in the soul that he never before had been asked. A gentleman in America, whose life was transformed by its perusal, crossed the ocean and spent his first Sunday in Scotland in St. Peter’s Church in Dundee, that he might worship in the sanctuary where the young minister had preached.</p>	
<p><b>WILLIAM BURNS</b></p>	
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<p>THE young Scot, completely dedicated to the preaching of the Gospel, anywhere and everywhere, was faced by a mob in Dublin, Ireland. As the crowd became more hostile, he realised that to talk longer only meant increasing antagonism, so he decided to return to his lodgings by way of the quay. A policeman, watching the scene, knew that if he did so, he would only be followed and harassed, so kindly but firmly insisted that he take a ferry boat to the other side of the river. “I cannot pay for the ferry,” was the response.</p> <p>“It costs only a halfpenny.”</p> <p>“I have no halfpenny.”</p> <p>“Here is one,” the big-hearted constable said with a smile.</p> <p>Accepting it with thanks, the young man stepped into the boat, held it up in plain view of the people on shore, saying, “See, my friends, I have been given a free passage. In like manner, you may have a free Gospel, a free passage to the kingdom of Heaven, without money and without price.” From this unusual pulpit, he preached to a dual congregation, comprising the mob ashore and the fellow-passengers afloat.</p>	
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<p>THE picture on the wall of her lodgings in Germany impressed the youthful twenty-one-year-old tourist, as she sat down, exhausted and weary, after a strenuous day. The words underneath, “I Gave My Life for Thee,” awakened the muse. In a flash, the lines of the poem came into her mind, and she hastily wrote them down upon a scrap of paper.</p> <p>As she read them over, they did not seem to be what she wished, so she tossed them into the open fire at the end of the room. Strangely enough, they fell out intact. Her father was so impressed by their merit that he composed music for them, and so the best known hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal, “Thy Life for Me,” was given to the world.</p>	

<p>She was a most precocious child. By the time she was four years of age, she was able to read the Bible and also to write in quite a firm hand. At seven, she began to compose hymns and poetry.</p> <p>When she was six, she received her first spiritual impressions under a discourse on the wrath of God. Two years later, another sermon produced a disturbance of soul in the little girl. Although she had no clear conception of the way of salvation and was too reticent to talk to any of the family in regard to it, she felt that to be a Christian would be the highest state of happiness possible.</p>	
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<p>Hsi Shengmo, a thoughtful child, had been born into a Chinese home of wealth and culture in Western Chang village in the province of Shansi, in the year 1837. As he grew, no one, not even his closest relatives, knew that, underneath his smart gown and bright jacket, lay, buried deep within his childish breast, thoughts of immortality. Only the God he did not know—the Father Whom he had never been taught to love—saw the little silent figure, who, on many a summer’s night, would wander alone beneath the starry heavens, searching their depths for an answer to the problem of existence. “What,” he would question, “is the use of living in this world? Men find no good. And in the end—?”</p>	
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<p>GEORGE D. Watson seems to have been a man who stretched his soul to capacity in order to explore the limitless continent of Grace. For that reason he deplored the complacency of Christians, satiated with temporal blessings, who after a crisis experience, remained stunted and stagnant. He constantly urged on all who would listen to or read his messages, that they might comprehend the exceeding greatness of God’s power to “usward who believe”.</p> <p>This faithful preacher by word and pen was indeed an Apostle to the Sanctified. How many Christians will call him blessed in the Great Beyond because he answered their most poignant questions at critical points in their experience! He is one of the few who instructs the man or woman who, trusting God for purity and victory, sees much in character that requires attention if God’s greatest glory is to be achieved. As he himself states, many have dealt with the subject of Christian holiness from man’s side—how to obtain it, what to expect from it, etc.—but scarcely any have shown God’s side. Few have begun to grasp our Father’s boundless provision, His great desire, His patient pursuit and His faithful application of providence that we might mature and be pleasing in His sight.</p>	
<p><b>JESSIE PENN-LEWIS</b></p>	
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<p>“All that I have, all that I am, all that I may be is Thine, wholly, absolutely and unreservedly. And I do believe that Thou dost take me and that Thou wilt work in me to will and to do Thy good pleasure. Day by day draw me nearer.”</p> <p>Mrs. Penn-Lewis penned these lines on her twenty-third birthday, and such strong heart-longings after God characterized her entire walk with Him. This is doubtless the reason why she appeared to enter more deeply into the mysteries of the Lord than any of her women contemporaries. While there were crises in the life of this remarkable woman, her insatiable desire to know God better and better led her on and on into the deeper meaning of the <i>Cross</i>. But we cannot understand the woman without knowing about her background and early life.</p> <p>Jessie was endowed with a tremendously active brain set within a very frail body. The parents were warned by the doctor not to teach this precocious child, as an over-active mind was her physical enemy. At nine months, she just got up and walked, and continued from that day to be active on her feet. She also taught herself to read, learning the alphabet from papers and books around the home. By the time she was four, she could read the Bible freely. For reasons of health, a normal school life was denied her.</p>	

<p><b>THE THREE GARRATT SISTERS</b></p>	
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<p>“Through the letters from my brothers we knew God had done something new for them, and from their notes we were led to see there was a blessing and a fulness to which we were strangers.</p> <p>“A most terrible conviction for holiness was wrought in my heart. Not even at the time of conversion did I see myself so sinful and so needing the cleansing of the precious Blood as at this time. Though it is now many years ago, yet even now I could take you to the house and the very room where I knelt and cried to the Lord Jesus in agony of soul as I told Him that, unless He came into my heart and cleansed me from sin and all these worldly cravings, I would give up religion altogether. I felt that nothing in this world was worth keeping if only I could have Him in fulness in my heart, and if only I could have Him cleanse my heart from sin.</p> <p>‘When we come to that point of desperation, God is not long in coming to meet us and do that for which we are seeking. That very hour, as I knelt in an agony of longing for holiness, He came to my heart in a fulness in which He had never come before. He then and there delivered me from the things which had held me before, and I knew I was free. I can truthfully say that life from that day has been as different from what it was before as night from day. I knew I had given Him my all, and in return He had given me His all.’</p> <p>“Helena, faced with issues to be met before she could receive a clean heart, hesitated for a time. She feared that God might ask her to engage in a public ministry or to be a foreign missionary. Such a price seemed too high to pay. While reading comments on the words of the prophet Malachi, “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,” this earnest young seeker found help. Next, taking Frances Ridley Havergal’s beautiful Consecration Hymn, she surrendered each point mentioned, “moments, days, hands, feet, voice, lips, silver and gold, intellect, will, heart, love and self.” How wonderfully God answered !</p> <p>“He opened the windows of Heaven, pouring out a blessing that satisfied my whole soul and changed my whole life. Though once I had found sin too strong for me, I now found that Jesus was too strong for sin. I proved that in one moment He could do what all my ineffectual striving could not do.”</p>	
<p><b>PAGET WILKES</b></p>	
<p><i>Able Defender of the Faith</i></p>	<p><b>118</b></p>
<p>“Let us remember that these souls, out here (Japan) as everywhere, are surrounded by ‘wicked spirits’ in heavenly places and so our fight, and your fight is the same—Prayer . . . A thought that has been a great blessing lately is II Tim.2:25, 26, where we are bidden to instruct with all meekness the unsaved, or backsliders, yea, and cold Christians too, for that matter. That is to say, when we meet with some exceptionally difficult, irritating and hopelessly conceited soul, how easy to see the man, and put down to his account all his sin and folly. But the Lord bids us put it down to the devil, to the devil’s trap and the devil’s captivity. The man is to be pitied as a captive. If we lay hold of this by the Spirit of God, beyond and below the sinner, and see all the hideous power of evil and Satan taking the man captive at his will, it will be easy to love with compassion as the Lord loved us, yea, and still loves them. We poor saved sinners have but to discern the spirits of evil, and war with them, by faith, and prayer, and love, seeking their deliverance from the captivity of which they are ignorant.”</p>	
<p><b>BASIL MALOF</b></p>	
<p><i>Apostle to Russia</i></p>	<p><b>128</b></p>
<p>EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Basil Malof laid aside his work and stepped to a window overlooking the busy street. As he meditatively watched the passing throngs, his reverie was broken by a gentle voice calling, “Basil Malof.” Turning to see who was speaking, again he heard his name. He saw no one. Within himself, he became conscious of the fact that he had heard the voice of God and, though he could not have explained it, he also became aware of its message. “No, Lord, I cannot be an evangelist,” the young</p>	

<p>employee in the office of a machine factory in the city of Riga, Latvia, argued most decisively. “The gift of preaching I do not have.”</p> <p>“Do you not see the Russian masses who have no saving knowledge of My Gospel?” the Voice questioned. “They are a religious people, to be sure, but how to be delivered from sin, they know not. You have experienced the power of Calvary’s Cross and you must devote all your energies to reaching your countrymen with the ‘good news’ of salvation.” And so the divine call came to Basil Malof, destined in the plan of God, to spend fifty-four years in the harvest field of the Slavic races the world over.</p>	
<p><b>THOMAS R. KELLY</b></p>	Page
<p><i>Searcher and Finder</i></p>	<b>138</b>
<p>“FOR God Can Be Found....</p> <p>The audience was electrified by these words, coming as they did from a learned scientist and philosopher who had studied in their Quaker schools and taught in their colleges. He had been a most interesting expounder <i>about</i> the things of God. The exact approach of the rationalist had been his. Dynamic of character, jovial of disposition, forceful of personality, Thomas Kelly had been the centre and life of any group in which he had found himself. But now there was a “new dimension”. From knowing about God, it was evident that he had experienced a personal encounter with Him. His face glowed. His words flowed. The people were curious; they were gripped; they were shaken and challenged. A paragraph of the speech which formed the context for the above declaration was as follows:</p> <p>“To you in this room who are seekers, to you, young and old who have toiled all night and caught nothing, but who want to launch out into the deeps and let down your nets for a draught, I want to speak as simply, as tenderly, as clearly as I can. For God can be found. There is a last rock for your souls, a resting place of absolute peace and joy and power and radiance and security. There is a divine orientation in God, a Centre where you live with Him and out of which you see all of life, through new and radiant vision, tinged with new sorrows and pangs, new joys unspeakable and full of glory.”</p>	
<p><b>JOHN AND BETTY STAM</b></p>	
<p><i>Their Death was Gain</i></p>	<b>145</b>
<p>IN December 1934, on a lonely hill in China, John and Betty Stain, young American missionaries, still only in their late twenties, were led out to die at the hands of Red Soldiers. The reaction to such a tragedy throughout the world was at first one of benumbed shock. Then came the question into the minds of many, “Why such waste?” But as faith triumphed over seeming defeat, into Christian lands everywhere, came an upsurge of missionary zeal. It is probably true that more was accomplished for God in that supreme sacrifice than would have been possible had John and Betty lived to give years to normal missionary effort.</p> <p>The parents of both these young martyrs met the news of their children’s death with the calm and fortitude one might expect of those whose lives had been long conformed to the will of their Heavenly Father. Dr. Scott, for many years a missionary in <u>China</u>, gave this tribute to his daughter and her husband: “John and Betty had heavenly perspective. Given that, all other things fall into their proper proportions.”</p>	
<p><b>GEORGE HENRY LANG</b></p>	
<p><i>God’s Obedient Servant</i></p>	<b>155</b>
<p>From his own words, we understand the great struggle and victory, which marked the beginning of the overcoming life, which only those who discover the fuller possibilities of Calvary can hope to live.</p> <p>“A vicious habit learned at school had continued to master me for ten or eleven years. I was a slave, and cruel was the slave-master. How desperately I struggled, how dismally I failed. How bitterly I mourned, how sincerely I confessed, how sweetly was I forgiven. I knew the unfailing grace of God in fulfilling 1 John 1:9 ‘If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.’</p>	

“But pardon so freely accorded did but make me the more ashamed of my sin. The way of pardon I knew; the way of victory I knew not. I had been well instructed and well assured as to justification; the means of sanctification I had not been shown. I could tell the lost how to be saved, but could not tell the saved how to be holy. Calvary was a precious reality; of Pentecost (sanctification) I had no experience.”

**Book Three**  
**Contents ( 143 pages )**

<b>MARQUIS DE RENTY (1611-1649)</b>	Page
<i>The Nobleman Who Stepped Down</i>	<b>7</b>
<p>It was now that he formed habits of a devout life, spending two or three hours in prayer, in heat or in cold. From his own writings we get a glimpse of his rigorous manner of life.</p> <p>I generally rise at five o'clock (after having spent a part of the night in prayer. As soon as I wake I sink myself into my ground of nothingness before the divine Majesty. After rising I fall on my knees and adore the benefit of the Incarnation which gives us access to God. After dressing (on which I do not spend much time) I go into my chapel and kneel down to worship God. I hold myself before Him as an empty vessel and think of myself as low and needy. I keep my heart in this disposition, then take refuge in God's Holy Son and His Spirit, desiring to please Him in all things. Then I read in the New Testament, and, after a brief meditation, go to my work.</p> <p>Before midday dinner there is another period of prayer. During the meal a helpful book is read. Afterward an hour is spent talking with people who wish to see me. Then I go out where God leads me. If there is nothing special I often enter a church and pray there. Every evening an hour is again given to prayer. During supper a portion from the lives of saints and martyrs is read. After supper I have a talk with my children. At nine o'clock I have prayers with them and the domestic staff. Then all leave me, and I remain in prayer until ten o'clock.”</p> <p>It might be said of De Renty as it was said of Enoch: “he walked with God”.</p>	
<b>STEPHEN GRELLET (1773-1855)</b>	
<i>French Nobleman on Foot</i>	<b>12</b>
<p>I thought I saw, he says, “ a large company of persons, or rather purified spirits, on one of those floating vessels which they have at Lyons, on the Rhone, occupied by washer women. They were washing linen. I wondered to see what beating and pounding there was upon it, but how beautifully white it came out of their hands. I was told I could not enter God's kingdom until I underwent such an operation, that unless I was thus washed and made white, I could have no part in the dear Son of God. For weeks I was absorbed in the consideration of the subject— the washing of regeneration. I had never heard of such things before, and I greatly wondered that, having been baptized with water, and having also received what they call the sacrament of confirmation, I should have to pass through such a purification: for I had never read or heard anyone speak of such a baptism.”</p> <p>Through his teaching, Stephen had been led to expect that, during the rites of confirmation in the Catholic Church, he would experience a change in his inner life and deportment. But what was his disappointment to find that “his sense of sin still remained, that his propensities to evil were that very day as strong as ever. Thus, at a very early age, I learned that neither priests nor Bishops could do the work for me.”</p>	
<b>SAMUEL PEARCE (1766-1799)</b>	
<i>The Brainerd of the Baptists</i>	<b>29</b>
<p>I have borne the most positive testimony against the prevailing evils of professing Christians of this city;” he said, sensuality, gaiety, vain amusements, neglect of the Sabbath; and last night I told an immense</p>	

<p>crowd of these of the first rank that if they made custom and fashion their plea, they were awfully deluding their souls. Yesterday morning from Psalms 5:7 I seriously warned them against preferring their bellies to God, and their own houses to His. . . Never, never did I feel more how weak I am in myself, and how strong in the omnipotence of God. I feel a superiority to all fear, and possess a conscious dignity in being an ambassador of Christ.”</p> <p>His biographer writing of him said, “Clearly this gentle lamb could be a lion. He could twist the cords into a whip. He could lay the axe to the tree roots. His voice could be ‘stormy in men’s ears.’ Nevertheless he was a very prince of courtesy towards all of different convictions from his own. He had a strong distaste for controversy. When he was compelled to draw the sword, he at least kept it clean of all malice.</p> <p>‘Pearce’s passion for the Christly life was the secret of all his influence. Upon his face men caught the light that shone on Moses and Stephen. They knew he practised God’s presence, that God could whisper in his ear, that he dared to be God’s friend. ‘Truly his spirit to God’s silence listened.’ He felt that he had built his booth upon the holy mount, not for the tarrying of any prophet but for the sole abiding of his Lord. His chief solicitude was for the culture of the Holy Ghost. ‘Oh, for more of Enoch’s spirit!’ he kept crying. ‘May I know more and more the blessing of the beloved disciple,’ was his abiding prayer—the very prayer which was richly answered for those who knew him best entitled him just that—the beloved disciple.</p>	
<p><b>JOHN SMITH (1794-1831)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Man with Calloused Knees</i></p>	<b>43</b>
<p>Upon receiving this endowment of the Holy Spirit In His cleansing and empowering grace, his entire style of preaching was altered. ‘Those homiletical niceties he laid aside that he might give more room for the Holy Spirit to operate through him. He determined that his preaching would not be with enticing words of man’s wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit who would never give His glory to man. He saw the way in which the flesh can exalt itself even in ministry, and he determined to change his plan. This meant losing his reputation with even some spiritual elements in the Church. To be thought destitute of talents was one of the hardest lessons he had to learn in humility and self-denial. This was especially so when he knew he possessed those talents which could embellish his preaching with words of man’s wisdom but he stoutly refused to display them.’</p> <p>This earnest, young Christian would now urge his listeners to expect little by way of progress in the Christian life until the depravity of the human heart were purged.</p>	
<p><b>ANN CUTLER (1759-1794)</b></p>	
<p><i>Too Young to Die</i></p>	<b>56</b>
<p>“Ann Cutler seemed out of this world, but rather a pure being descended from heaven to bless the Church in these days of strife. She consecrated herself to a single life, that she might have convenience for public usefulness.</p> <p>‘I am Thine, blessed Jesus,’ she wrote in a formal covenant. ‘I am wholly Thine. I will have none but Thee. Preserve Thou my soul and body pure in Thy sight. Give me strength to shun every appearance of evil. In my looks keep me pure, in my words pure, a chaste virgin to Christ for ever. I promise Thee, upon my bended knees, that if Thou wilt be mine I will be Thine, and cleave to none other in this world. Amen.’</p> <p>‘The sanctity and usefulness of her life would have recommended her, had she been a Papal nun, to the honors of canonization. Her piety rose to a fervid and refined mysticism, but was marred by no serious eccentricity of opinion or conduct. It expressed itself in language remarkable for its transparent and pertinent significance and self-possessed demeanor which was characterized by a sort of passive tenderness and a Divine and tranquil ardor. The example, conversation, and correspondence of Wesley, Perronet, and Fletcher, had raised up a large circle of such consecrated women, and had left with them a fragrant spirit of holiness, which was like ointment poured forth about the altars of Methodism.’”</p>	

<b>UNCLE JOHN VASSAR (1813-1878)</b>	
<i>God's Sheep Dog</i>	<b>58</b>
Often God must needs allow some tragic circumstance to be thrown across the path of a person who has loved Him, when He sees they have become so absorbed in some plan, project, or earthly Eden that they are missing the best. "I had been ruined had I not been ruined," said a famous man. And many a Christian, when he reaches his final goal, will thank God for the upset of plans which terminated his career. He will see the purpose in that frustration or scandal which suddenly spoiled the picture he had been painting. It may even have involved his work for Christ, yet it was making him forget the ultimate end for which His Master had called him.	
<b>GEORGE RAILTON (1849-1912)</b>	
<i>The Man Who Cared Intensely</i>	<b>70</b>
He had always argued that, like the dying thief, he would prepare to meet his Maker upon his death bed, but this kind of flu was known to plunge the patient into unconsciousness. The deeply thinking lad knew that if he left his salvation too late, he might not be able to make a sensible commitment of himself to God. So while his parents were out at a service, George made his solemn pledge to the Lord and was born again. The joy that flooded his soul was such that he danced around the room forgetting his former pain and miserable feelings. The boy had no question about his acceptance with his Heavenly Father, and he also believed that after the new birth there was an experience of full consecration resulting in heart purity which was available to all. Yielding his life totally to his Maker, George received the blessing of a cleansed heart at the age of fifteen. This experience proved to be genuine as his whole after-life illustrated.	
<b>JOHN G. GOVAN (1861-1927)</b>	
<i>The Shepherd of Rural Evangelism</i>	<b>82</b>
I came out from that meeting and said to my friend, 'I have a clean heart: I trusted the Lord, and I know He has done it, though I don't feel any different.' When I got home that night and went down before the Lord, then I knew the difference. The glory of God flooded my soul, and it has been different ever since. What a different experience it has been! Why, it was just a new life from that day! The Bible opened up to me. I enjoyed it; I saw holiness in it through and through; verse after verse spoke to my heart. I felt the truth of them, and I felt that God had brought me to know something of that truth, hymns that I had never noticed before had new light on them. These 'other lords' were all overthrown, and now I was altogether Christ's, and He was King of my heart and King of my life. Oh, do not think that the chief blessing of a clean heart is a clean heart; the chief blessing is that it is a heart In which Christ comes to reign. <i>It is Christ Himself Who is the chief blessing.</i> But Mr. Govan paid a price for this great Gift. As he testified to a clean heart, people did not like it. In fact, it was to cost him some of his friends as they thought he was taking things too far. At one time, describing the process, he said, "God has been taking me to pieces bit by bit." What a change he now discovered had transpired! This transformation affected every area of his life, both inwardly and outwardly. New desires, new victory, new zeal, and new fruitfulness immediately followed.	
<b>OSWALD CHAMBERS (1874-1917)</b>	
<i>Apostle of the Haphazard</i>	<b>92</b>
Just before Oswald Chambers came upon the religious scene, bocks by the score had come out on holiness doctrine. Some of these were excellent, but many sadly reduced that great provision of Calvary to a mere man-defined doctrine. It often degenerated into a legal bondage to certain do's and don'ts which kept it cabined in the narrow confines of man's small mind. Instead of being that living well of water springing up within a soul. Any doctrine which Christ came to bring has an infinity and vastness about it which challenges all the powers of the human mind to grasp. When you define a divine truth you limit it. How can a finite mind fully comprehend the infinite Mind? However seemingly correct it may be, if void of the Holy Spirit it becomes death, or as someone aptly put it, "Straight as a gun barrel and just as cold."	

<p>In refreshing contrast, the writings of Oswald Chambers enable one to glimpse that majestic provision of Calvary for all the wants of man in the Person of the living Christ taking up His permanent abode in a heart. Through his books, the author “ruthlessly smashed through the thick plate glass of human tradition and the ignorance that had clustered round it, and found the God of love to Whom we could pray.” In other words, he clarified the doctrine of holiness or sanctification, which had become misty through the confused clutter of men’s limited conceptions. So thoroughly was his spirit-led entrance into this experience, that he brings to it many most delightful aspects.</p>	
<p><b>GERTRUDE CHAMBERS (1885-1966)</b></p>	
<p><i>Maker of Books</i></p>	<b>104</b>
<p>We have heard much of Oswald Chambers through his books which have had a powerful effect upon the Christian reading public, but we know little of the woman behind the scenes who made these publications possible. Recently, however, we had an interview with her daughter, Kathleen Chambers, who is living in London. Very graciously she gave information about her mother which we recorded and wish to pass on in this sketch. The quotations we have used from Kathleen have received little editing and are printed much as they were spoken so that the meaning of her words remains unaltered.</p> <p>It is most fascinating to see how God, in His foresight, prepared an Instrument to preserve the secrets of the Lord as revealed to Oswald Chambers. One stands amazed to trace His hand moving purposefully but quietly and unobserved amidst the chaos and seeming meaninglessness of this world’s scene of action in order to bring about His divine will. The Bible often speaks of this moving of God’s hand on behalf of His chosen people.</p> <p>Rarely can we realize, in our short-sightedness, the loving kindness of God in those providences which appear to thwart us in our plans.</p>	
<p><b>EVAN HOPKINS (1837-1919)</b></p>	
<p><i>Messenger of Victory</i></p>	<b>112</b>
<p>Christ had indeed become to him the ‘Fountain within’ springing up. It was not merely that his Lord would help him. It was that He would do all, and would live in him His own Holy Life—the only Holy Life possible to us as we would often say.”</p> <p>No one at that time could possibly have imagined the importance to the Christian Church of that event in one man’s life. Evan Hopkins truly became inflamed with a desire to see the Lord’s people possess their possessions.” So strongly did he feel the needs of the struggling, oft-defeated Christians as well as the boundless provision to meet those needs, that it became the central theme of his messages. Surrender and Sanctification by Faith rang through every address, given at conferences, house meetings, and especially at conventions, the most outstanding of these being the annual one, which was to be instituted at Keswick and which is now well-known throughout the evangelical world.</p> <p>And so it was that Evan Hopkins developed into a very clear Bible expositor on this subject. It seems that he possessed a gift for clarifying deep truths in such a manner as to dispel confusion and to prepare the way for immediate action and faith. His teaching reveals clearly that he had first received a glimpse of the natural depravity of the human heart. He was convinced also from personal experience and scriptural knowledge that all the self-efforts of a lifetime would never effect a cleansing nor produce real godliness.</p>	
<p><b>MARY MOZLEY (1887-1923)</b></p>	
<p><i>She Chose the Good Part</i></p>	<b>124</b>
<p>Mary Mozley stood on board waving good bye to friends and relatives. She was about to begin that long voyage which would take her to her chosen mission field. The future was mercifully veiled from the young voyager as she watched the receding shores of her native land. Little did she realize that she would be given only nine brief years to serve her Savior among the natives of the Congo before being called Home, for she was still in her twenties and life seemed to stretch out ahead. But brief though her life was to be, it would be one filled to the full with learning those lessons which would fit her for her everlasting reign with Christ. When the final call was to come, Mary Mozley would be ready!</p>	

<b>FRANCIS ASBURY (1745-1816)</b>	
<i>The Fearless Itinerant</i>	<b>136</b>
<p>Someone has said that Methodism really had its birth in Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles. And it might also be said that Elizabeth Asbury, in giving her only son to the ministry, was the <u>mother of American Methodism</u>.</p> <p>Writing about his mother, Asbury said:</p> <p>“I well remember my mother strongly urged my father to family reading and prayer; the singing of psalms was much practiced by them both. As a mother above all the women in the world would I claim her for my own, ardently affectionate; as a ‘mother in Israel’ few of her sex have done more by a holy walk to live and by personal labor to support the gospel, and to wash the saints’ feet. As a friend, she was generous, true, and constant.” (Ezra SquierTipple, <i>The Prophet of the Long Road</i>. p. 55)</p> <p>Asbury as a boy hated all forms of deceit and was known for his industrious habits. Writing of his early life he said:</p> <p>‘I abhorred mischief and wickedness, although my mates were among the vilest of the vile for lying, swearing, fighting, and whatever else boys of their age and evil habits were like to be guilty of. Sometimes I was much ridiculed and called Methodist Parson because my mother invited many people who had the appearance of religion to her house.’”</p>	

## Book Four

### Contents ( 156 pages )

<b>PHILIP HENRY (1631-1696) AND MATTHEW HENRY (1662-1714)</b>	
<i>The Making of a Commentator</i>	<b>7</b>
<p>After over two hundred and fifty years the commentaries of Matthew Henry are still selling and are to be found on the bookshelves of many ministers and Christian laymen. To this able commentator we still go for light upon the sacred page. Wherever there is a book that does not die, we know that it was founded upon prayer and carried on by prayer. This was certainly the case with these volumes of helpful studies on the Scriptures.</p> <p>When God wishes for an outstanding man or woman to perform a monumental task, He starts with the ancestors, building into the structure of the family the godliness of not only father and mother but often of the grandparents as well. This was true in the life of Matthew Henry. In a biography of his father, Matthew comments upon his grandmother, Mrs. Magdalen Rochdale, of the parish of St. Martins-in-the-Field in Westminster, London, England:</p> <p>She was a virtuous, pious gentlewoman, and one that feared God above many. She was altogether dead to the vanities and pleasures of the court, though she lived in the midst of them. She looked well to the ways of her household; prayed with them daily, catechized her children, and taught them the good knowledge of the Lord.... She devoted Philip in his early years to the service of God in the work of the ministry. A little before her death, she said, ‘My head is in Heaven; and my heart is in Heaven: It is but one step more and I shall be there too.’”</p>	
<b>FREEBORN GARRETTSON (1752-1827)</b>	
<i>Saint in the Saddle</i>	<b>17</b>
<p>One day, while crossing a fast flowing stream, he slipped and fell. After this narrow escape from death, the faithful Questioner asked, “What would have become of your soul had you been drowned?”</p> <p>1 wept bitterly,” Freeborn tells us, “and prayed to the Lord under a sense of my guilt. Still my stubborn</p>	

<p>heart was not willing to submit, though I began to early a little hell in my bosom. Another encounter with death reminded him of God’s claim on his life. This time, while riding down a steep hill, his horse stumbled and threw him. Hitting a rock, he lay there senseless with his horse “blundering over him.” At last he regained consciousness and immediately began to thank God for saving him, promising to serve Him all the days of his life.</p> <p>From that time on he read all the religious books he could, fasted once a week, often prayed in secret, and went to church regularly, but still he knew he was not a Christian. If he had lived in the days of our degenerate form of evangelism, he would perhaps not have had so fierce a struggle, but neither would he have experienced so decided a new birth. The preachers whose lives had influenced him were suffering opposition, had little of this earth’s goods. and were absorbed with but one passion— that of doing the will of God. To be a Christian meant for him not affluence, prosperity, and health, with all the good things of this life thrown in as a bonus. To him it clearly signified the way of the cross.</p>	
<p><b>CATHERINE GARRETTSON (1752-1849)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Gracious Hostess</i></p>	<b>33</b>
<p>The Livingstone family, for the most part, felt truly exasperated! That a humble Itinerant Methodist minister should aspire to one of the most illustrious women in early American history was indeed outrageous in their eyes. It was little wonder therefore that Catherine’s mother objected strongly when Freeborn Garrettson proposed to her daughter. This meant that the couple, who were thirty-six years of age when they first met, had to wait patiently for another five years before they finally overcame her prejudice and gained her consent. But good things are worth waiting for, as Freeborn Garrettson soon discovered. How often we miss the best because we will not wait God’s time and plan! Truly blessed are they that wait for Him.”</p> <p>The preparation of such a partner as Catherine Livingstone for one of God’s noblemen is most interesting to trace. The Livingstones were both notable and conspicuous in the early history of the Republic. They were also the wealthiest family in the State of New York and one of the most honored in the American colonies. Catherine’s father, Judge Livingstone, was a man highly respected for his integrity. He could rightly boast of his ancestry which he could trace back to the godly Scotch Presbyterian minister, John Livingstone, whose prayers and preaching resulted in a revival in the 1600’s which is often spoken of in the annals of the mighty workings of God in Scotland. His wife was also worthy of note and considered a true “mother In Israel”.</p>	
<p><b>JOHN GOSSNER (1773-1855)</b></p>	
<p><i>Intrepid Adventurer in Faith and Prayer</i></p>	<b>41</b>
<p>He was led also to see his nothingness. “I am nothing,” he said. “and Thou takest but a heap of sins.” His was New Testament repentance. How he desired fellowship with those of a like mind, and upon hearing of Feneberg, he wasted no time in visiting him. The coming of Gospel light meant the beginning of his long life of being hounded by the Inquisition. He was summoned to Augsburg and imprisoned. But God uses the ills of man for our highest good. He was placed in a dungeon with Martin Boos who had already been the means of the jailer’s conversion.</p> <p>We do not know much of Gossner’s sojourn In Augsburg for those three years. We only know that tradition was dying hard. Truth is brutal, for it pays no deference to our sentimentality toward our traditional teaching. She asks that we embrace her, regardless of the consequences. Gossner did just this and, consequently, became less enamoured with the religion of his day, for in his diary he wrote:</p> <p>“Neither the spirit of the times nor the philosophy of the day can redeem men from their sins; neither do the ruling superstition nor the mechanism of its popular worship and the daily priesthood redeem men from their sins. One can see that with both eyes. What is to be done? This is a question I am not yet ready to answer. Neither Rome nor his holiness, the Pope, frees us, but they only empty the purse by their dispensations, and screw down upon us countless forms, and bring us under a yoke which we can no longer bear.”</p> <p>Gossner afterward moved from Augsburg to the village of Dirlwang, and much of his learning in the school of prayer could be identified with this place. He was now thirty-eight years of age, and he began to gather around him like-minded friends.....</p>	

<p><b>JOHN HUNT (1812-1848)</b></p>	
<p><i>Apostle to Fiji</i></p>	<p><b>53</b></p>
<p>Once when the speaker engaged for Swinderby failed to fulfil his engagement, Mr. Wilkinson asked his ploughboy to give the message. The listeners were convinced that latent talent was hidden behind the rough exterior, and soon opportunity after opportunity opened up for him. Nearby city chapels were asking for John Hunt to minister to them. Once when ascending the pulpit all his former preparation seemed to fade from his memory, and he went home to spend a restless night wondering if he had intruded upon so sacred a calling without due fitness for the task.</p> <p>During this period a deeper relationship with the Lord was strengthened when he began to spend two whole nights a week in prayer, reading the Bible with the additional help of Wesley’s, Fletcher’s, and Watson’s works. When a new minister was appointed to the Lincoln Circuit and heard John Hunt speak, he was convinced that uncommon unction rested upon the rustic youth. The practice of daily meditation together with long hours spent in prayer had given the farmer lad’s words a power not of this world. When encouraged to enter the ministry, John did not take this lightly. “I see to be useful as a public speaker, I must be eminent as a private Christian.” Intense intercession preceded his pulpit ministries. Once when so pleading another young man had entered the room; but the intercessor was so rapt in God as to be completely unaware of the intruder who quickly left the sacred scene awed by the sight of a man earnestly talking with an invisible Being.</p> <p>When John felt it time to begin training for a missionary career, the Secretaries of the Missionary Committee in London were amused at the letter which described the Lincolnshire farm-boy and thought the report was unusually extravagant. Examination by the Committee, however, only displayed his capabilities, and he was given an opportunity to study at the Theological Institution at Hoxton which had only been opened the year previous. So, at twenty-three years of age, John Hunt.....</p>	
<p><b>ELIZABETH PRENTISS (1818-1878)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Suffering Succorer</i></p>	<p><b>74</b></p>
<p>Then she refers to the following utterance of her father’s, where he wishes he had known this blessedness twenty years before: “Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one’s will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God’s will may be accomplished. Christians might avoid much trouble if they would only believe what they profess, viz: that God is able to make them happy without anything but Himself. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.”</p>	
<p><b>LORD RADSTOCK (1833-1913)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Lord Who Served</i></p>	<p><b>90</b></p>
<p>“The man who buttonholed the world for Christ!” “The man who wore the worst hat and the best religion!” “That madman Radstock!” “The world will never see another like him!” These statements, complimentary and otherwise, were said about Lord Radstock, the Christian gentleman who first made everything subservient to finding out God’s will and then fulfilled that will unequivocally. He was an ambassador of the King of kings, traveling through many countries, invading different continents, and spreading the good news of salvation to every creature.</p> <p>We can see the hand of the Lord and His loving forethought for the peoples of Russia previous to the purges of Stalin, in the fascinating story of this English Lord. He was particularly sent to the palaces and large estates of the Russian nobility, turning ballrooms into prayer centers and Bible study groups where rich and poor, high and low could hear the message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.</p>	

<p>Long before the Marxist regime, which denied the people religious privileges, God had been silently planning His campaign of loving redemption for the peoples of that country. God is never behind time and never before. While human beings engage in trifles, fuming and fretting only about present issues, His eternal purposes are being silently performed with perfect precision. In the fulness of God’s time, this ambassador of Jesus was to come and preach to stately women in long evening gowns, and aristocratic men in uniform of State, occupying high positions in the government, but who nevertheless were starved for that which their dissolute and uncaring clergy had denied them for many years.</p>	
<p><b>DR. FREDERICK BAEDEKER (1823-?)</b></p>	
<p><i>A Man Sent from God</i></p>	<b>104</b>
<p>It was the mid-nineteenth century and The Lord of Harvest was looking for someone to travel the vast Asian continent and parts of Europe as His messenger of hope. While many in the Western world were grasping for pulpits which had promise of remuneration, God had heard the sighing of the prisoners across Siberia and in the Caucauses and elsewhere. Someone was needed to lend his body so that the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ might indwell and so enter through human beings these dungeons and minister to those bound in chains just as He did when on earth. The ascended Lord who had been anointed by the Spirit of God to preach deliverance to the captives wished to continue His ministry through men and women on earth. This same Lord of Harvest was also aware of the secret heart-longings of many among the nobility in these continents, longing to be fed the pure Gospel. Who would go for Him? Where could He find a man willing to face the uncertainties of such a nomad life?</p> <p>If Committees and Boards had selected someone for this arduous task, reason would have dictated that they seek a man with strong physique, who could endure the rigors of inclement weather and the dangers that he would meet in traveling isolated mountain trails alone, What kind of a man would <u>God</u> choose?</p>	
<p><b>FRANK CROSSLEY (1839-1897)</b></p>	
<p><i>God’s Paymaster</i></p>	<b>113</b>
<p>“There is no holiness of a radical sort without divine, positive, everyday guidance. This differs not only in degree, but in kind from negative restraint. The latter may be no more than the rebuke or cry of our own alarmed conscience. Conscience is born with us— born with every man. We possess it without choice of our own. It is liable to error like other human faculties, even though of inestimable value. But God intends us to know Him of our own free choice and much more intimately than by laws written involuntarily upon our heart. These latter we have in common with the heathen. They operate upon our fears. Guidance appeals to our faith.</p> <p>‘There is a poise of the spirit which God, when truly sought, produces. It is without bias from self or other influences and may be as sensitive to divine impressions as the photographer’s film is sensitive to the light. Its possession is rare, yet how to possess it is an open secret. The conditions are of the simplest order— a real preference for the will of God, and an approach to Him by our Lord Jesus Christ.</p> <p>Inbred or inherited sin is no other than a born preference for our own way. Actual sin is the carrying out of this preference in practice. Holiness on the other hand is a ‘born from above’, preference for the will of God, resulting in love and everyday good works. When the will of God is thus preferred and practised, sin has no longer a place within us. The sinner prays, ‘Not Thy will but mine be done.’ Jesus, our Leader, and His people pray, “Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.’ How beautiful is this exchanged will! This is no other than that death to self or self-will which we hear so much about.”</p>	
<p><b>EMILY CROSSLEY</b></p>	
<p><i>Partner in Giving</i></p>	<b>127</b>
<p>I heard of the teaching of a clean heart and took a prejudice against it. It seemed to me an impossible obtainment and I was secretly glad that, as I thought, David alone spoke of it and the New Testament did not teach such doctrine. I became very much prejudiced against those who taught this. I was drawn by circumstances much into contact with the Salvationists, and their methods, vulgarities, and profanity (as I called them) grated on me and I wished they had never crossed my path. I congratulated myself on my</p>	

<p>superior refinement and was encouraged in this by my friends. My husband’s admiration for them was a source of real trouble to me. I did not put it into words nor did I confess it to myself~ but I was jealous of them. I thought it unfair that he should get more spiritual help from them than from me. I tried to overcome my prejudices; I gave in apparently as far as I could but I see now my heart was rebellious. I knelt down, not particularly expecting anything but the attitude of my mind was dissatisfaction, unrest, self-despair. I could do no more. I knelt, and in spirit rolled my burden on the Lord. Almost immediately I had a very distinct consciousness of the presence of God— not a vision— but I felt Him beside me and in a moment I was conscious also of the sin of my heart. He showed me how I had been resisting Him; that the feelings on which I had prided myself were jealousy and pride. I saw them as the vilest sins. My heart seemed to open to the all-searching eye of God and I let Him look me through and through.</p> <p>“I had never felt sin so deeply before. Now I saw how it had been separating me from God. Then came a strong and firm conviction— God is able to cleanse and remove the root of these sins at once. I claimed His power. I seemed to feel Him do it, and a rest and calm hitherto unknown entered my soul. He seemed to say, ‘Will you let me do It?’ and I answered, ‘Yes, Lord, of course I will.’ ‘Will you do anything I ask you?’ ‘Yes, Lord,’ was the response of my heart, ‘Even if You ask me to join The Salvation Army.’</p>	
<p><b>MATHILDE WREDE</b></p>	
<p><i>Angel of the Prisons</i></p>	<p><b>134</b></p>
<p>This angel of the prisons treated each case as a distinct personality and had no routine briefing which she gave to all. “Trust draws out trust,” she said. “Sow the love of one heart, and you will reap the love of many. Love is not mere philanthropy. Love is sharing privations, accepting everything, finding nothing too unpleasant or too dangerous. Love is fellow-feeling— putting oneself in the place of the other, looking from his standpoint, entering into his limitations. Love expresses itself in giving and also in receiving. ‘Love believeth all things. hopeth all things; Is convinced that in every man is something divine needing only to be awakened; and, so believing, stands in Infinite reverence before the mystery of God in the human soul.”</p> <p>Often she amazed the prison officers by her youth and culture. This was especially so when she first started out upon this angelic ministry. They felt that a ballroom was more suitable for such as she. But nothing daunted her. She insisted upon seeing the worst criminal in the prison who had committed eighteen murders and whom the warders treated with great caution, although she was told she could be knocked down with one blow from his fist. Visit after visit she made upon this poor man.....</p>	
<p><b>HENRIETTA SOLTAU (1843-1934)</b></p>	
<p><i>Venturer into Faith</i></p>	<p><b>140</b></p>
<p>Henrietta Soltau described her inner heart-hungering at this time: “I felt under the searchlight of the Holy God, and I cried in secret for deliverance from inward sin, but my condition only seemed to worsen” God answered her prayer in His own way, however, and sent a messenger of His to her very door, The visitor was seeking for a street address, but something about her person made Miss Soltau ask, “Can you tell me what Frances Ridley Havergal meant when she spoke of a ‘second blessing’?”</p> <p>Yes, the visitor could and did explain, but Henrietta was still struggling against early prejudices. “You are unwilling to see where you have been trained in error,” said her instructor. “Beware lest you regard the tradition of man as more important than the commandments of God.”</p> <p>Henrietta saw through an opened vision how she had sheltered behind men’s commandments and she heard the Lord say, “Loose her and let her go.” She arose a free woman, An ecstasy of joy overwhelmed her. Even the children wondered why all the lines on the aching forehead had disappeared.</p> <p>I have spent this afternoon with the Lord Jesus and He has made me so happy,” was her explanation. Physical renewal for the body came simultaneously with this spiritual renovation, and all her faculties seemed to be energized by a divine empowering. When she spoke to her Bible class of young women, the girls were in tears and one after another yielded her life to Christ. Attention was then focused on the neglected servant-girl class in Hastings’ elite society.</p>	

<b>JAMES CAUGHEY</b>	
<i>The Fearless Itinerant</i>	<b>151</b>
<p>In secret before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply impressed heart, in language something like the following:</p> <p>I see, I feel now, as I have never done before, upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. “The absolute necessity of the immediate influence of the Holy Ghost to impart point, power, and success to a preached Gospel.</li> <li>2. “The absolute necessity of praying more frequently, more fervently, more perseveringly, and more believingly, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry.</li> <li>3. “That my labors must be powerless, comfortless, and valueless without this aid; a cloud without water, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless; a sound uncertain, unctionless and meaningless; such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significancy and power to the Word preached.”</li> </ol> <p>“The world was a blank, a bleak and howling wilderness to my soul without the smiles of my Savior. With many tears I besought Him to reveal His face to my soul. ‘Lord God,’ I said, ‘If my will crosses Thy will, then my will must be wrong; for Thine cannot but be right.’ Now I cared not what He commanded me to do or to leave undone. I stood ready to obey. I was fully prepared for it, but I no more expected such an order as came soon after, than I expected He would command me to fly upward and preach the Gospel in another planet.</p>	

**Book Five**  
**Contents ( 204 pages )**

<b>1</b>	<b>GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632)</b>	
	<i>Poet of the Heavenly Court</i>	<b>6</b>
<p>His love and esteem for the Bible can be judged from the following quotation from his own pen:  The chief and top of the knowledge of the Country Parson consists in the book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: precepts for life, doctrine for knowledge, examples for illustration, and promises for comfort. But for the understanding of these, the means he useth, are first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith that, “If any do God’s will, he shall know of the doctrine.” The second means is prayer; he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, “Lord, open mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law” (Psalm 119:18), the third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture. The fourth means is Commenters and Fathers, which the parson by no means refuseth; he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture.’</p> <p>In this connection Barnabas Oley wrote of him:  Above all things his chief delight was in the Holy Scriptures, one leaf of which he professed he would not part with for the whole world in exchange. That was his wisdom, his comfort, his joy. Out of that he took his motto, “Less than the least of all God’s mercies.” In that he found that substance, Christ; and in Christ remission of sins; yea, in His Blood he placed the goodness of his good works.</p>		

<p><b>2 MIGUEL MOLINOS (1627-1696)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Priest Who Knew God</i></p>	<p><b>13</b></p>
<p>Miguel Molinos was a Spaniard born of a noble family in Minozzi, Aragon, on December 21, 1627. Being duly educated for the priesthood, he took his theological degree and, after a time, went to Rome, anxious to acquire a deeper knowledge of the life of God in man's soul. When forty-eight years of age, he published in Italian his little book, <i>The Spiritual Guide</i>, which was later translated into Spanish and found wide circulation. Many who were wearied with outward ceremonies which had proved to be so incapable of giving inner rest, and who were tired of the controversies then raging, found in Molinos' writings the way to "find within the peace denied without."</p> <p>Molinos taught that the soul of man was the temple of God. It was man's duty to be holy and he could find the fellowship with the God he so much hungered for within the very temple of his being which God had fashioned for Himself. He felt we were the habitation of God, and therefore we should watch against anything which would defile this dwelling-place.</p>	
<p><b>3 JOSEPH ALLEINE (1634-1668)</b></p>	
<p><i>A Living Sacrifice at Thirty-four</i></p>	<p><b>19</b></p>
<p>He was ready to instruct and to exhort, and to reprove, which he never failed to do (when he thought it necessary) whatever the event might be: but he performed it usually with such respect, humility, tenderness, self-condemnation, and compassion, that a reproof from him did seldom, if at all, miscarry. None could live quietly in any visible and open sin, under his inspection; when he came to any house to take up his abode there, he brought salvation with him; when he departed, he left salvation behind him. . . . He was much taken with Monsieur de Renty (whose life he read often) and imitated some of his seventies upon better grounds; how often I have heard him to admire (among many other things) especially his self annihilation, striving continually to be nothing, that God may be all...</p> <p>Men universally almost, do need a spur, but he did rather need a bridle. When other men gave little out of much, he gave much out of little. . . . His heart was an epistle, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God.</p> <p>He was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls, wherein he had no small success in the time of his ministry; to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and in preaching; he imparted not the Gospel only but his own soul. His supplications and his exhortations many times were so affectionate, so full of holy zeal, life and vigor, that they quite overcame his hearers. He melted over them, so that he thawed and mollified, and sometimes dissolved the hardest hearts. But while he melted thus, he wasted, and at last consumed himself.</p>	
<p><b>4 JOHN FLETCHER (1729-1785)</b></p>	
<p><i>Apostle Of Madeley</i></p>	<p><b>45</b></p>
<p>Here it was that I saw, shall I say, an angel in human flesh? I should not fan exceed the truth if I said so. But here I saw a descendant of fallen Adam so fully raised above the ruins of the fall, that though by the body he was tied down to earth, yet was his whole conversation in heaven, yet was his life, from day to day, hid with Christ in God.</p> <p>And as to others, his one employment was to call, entreat, and urge them to ascend with him to the glorious source of being and blessedness. He had leisure comparatively for nothing else. Languages, arts, sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, even divinity itself as it is called, were all laid aside when he appeared in the school room among the students. His full heart would not suffer him to be silent. He must speak, and they were readier to hearken to this servant and minister of Jesus Christ than to attend to Sallust, Virgil, Cicero, or any Latin or Greek historian or philosopher they had been engaged in reading. And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul.</p>	

<p>These seasons generally terminated in this: being convinced that to be filled with the Holy Ghost was a better qualification for the ministry of the Gospel than any classical learning (although that too be useful in its place), after speaking a while in the school room, he used frequently to say, “As many of you as are athirst for this fullness of the Spirit, follow me into my room.” On this, many of us have instantly followed him, and there continued for two or three hours, wrestling like Jacob for the blessing, praying one after another till we could bear to kneel no longer. This was not done once or twice, but many times.”</p>	
<p><b>5 MARY FLETCHER (1739-1815)</b></p>	
<p><i>Sherpherdess of Orphans</i></p>	<p><b>67</b></p>
<p>Again, looking back, she says, “I was the happiest of women. I had everything which friendship, the most heavenly and refined, could give. My helps were too many; I could not feel my deep nothingness. God has stripped me of all! Yet I will look every moment for the complete victory.”          God was indeed enlarging her. She notes that Philip Doddridge had said, There must be an enlargement of soul before any remarkable success on others; and a great diligence in prayer and strict watchfulness over my own soul previous to any remarkable and habitual enlargement in my ministry; and deep humiliation must precede both.          It is most remarkable to note how God would use this prepared vessel in Madeley. Mr. Fletcher had once said to his wife, “My dear, when you marry me, you must marry my parish.” This union of the shepherd with the sheep of Madeley was to continue in a rich manner for thirty more years.</p>	
<p><b>6 FREDERICK OBERLIN (1740-1826)</b></p>	
<p><i>Pioneer Benefactor to the Vosges Dwellers</i></p>	<p><b>83</b></p>
<p>The following is but a portion of his covenant, which Frederick renewed ten years later:          In the name of the Lord of Hosts, I this day renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me—the joys of the world in which I have too much delighted and all carnal desires. I renounce all perishable things in order that God may constitute my all. I consecrate to Thee all that I am and all that I have; the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my fortune, and my time. Grant me grace, Oh Father of mercies, to employ all to Thy glory and in obedience to Thy commands for ardently and humbly I desire to be Thine through the endless ages of eternity.          Shouldest Thou be pleased to make me in this life the instrument in leading others to Thee, give me strength and courage openly to declare Thy service and to persuade my brethren to dedicate themselves to it also.          M. Stouber had heard much of the piety and devotion of Oberlin and determined to search him out. He may well have had strong misgivings as he considered presenting the need of his parish to this twenty-six year old doctor of divinity who could command any post in Strasbourg. But perhaps he had also heard how this same young man had refused several calls to churches, because he had felt that the living was too comfortable and that he was not yet ready to take up pastoral life.</p>	
<p><b>7 SAMUEL POLLARD (1826-1877)</b></p>	
<p><i>He Waited for the Fulfilment of His Vision</i></p>	<p><b>99</b></p>
<p>Although China was indeed a land of varying interests, life was not all novel and exciting for the young missionary. There was the inevitable cross that preaching Christ will always bring. Seldom could Pollard pass down the street without being sneered at as a “foreign devil.” And grown men “spat to express their loathing and the women covered their noses to avoid the offensive smell of the stranger.”          A Chinese scholar in later years paid this tribute to Pollard: “He preached incessantly at the capital; and men laughed at him because they did not understand; but though reviled and persecuted, he was undaunted; for he knew it was the sowing time. Seeing that the people disbelieved, he strove to put forth still greater efforts; some teachers have come to us and then resenting the contumely paid to them, they have shaken the dust off their feet and retired. Not so did the teacher Pollard. Gradually, though the Chinese still withheld their belief in his message, they delighted to converse with him, for he never cherished any thought of his own superiority, but treated them as brothers.”</p>	

<b>8</b>	<b>GEORGE MATHESON (1842-1906)</b>	
	<i>The Blind Poet Who Saw Too Much</i>	<b>121</b>
<p>The dying of the Lord Jesus was not the passing from earth to Heaven; it was the passing from Heaven to earth. <i>Every step of His dying was a step downwards.</i> He took the servant's form. He took the human likeness. He took the fleeting fashion of a man. He took the image of the humblest man. He went down deeper than humility. He lost His personality in love. He became one with the poor, the outcast, the erring. He felt the pains that dwelt in other bodies, the griefs that lived in other souls, the sins that slept in other hearts.</p> <p>At last He touched the lowest ground, and therefore the common ground—He completed His dying in the Cross. It was the final stage of His union with man. It brought Him into the heart of the world. It made Him in the deepest sense a citizen of time.</p> <p>Say not, then, oh my soul, that to bear Christ's dying within thee is to lose thy hold of earth; it is to double that hold. It is to come from high thought into menial action. It is to empty thyself into the commonplace. It is to descend into what men call reality. It is to leave the green fields of speculation for the thorny paths of practice. It is to give up thy poetry for other people's prose, to resign thy sunlight for thy weak brother's candle. Art thou prepared for this sacrifice, oh my soul?</p>		
<b>9</b>	<b>JONATHAN GOFORTH (1859-1936)</b>	
	<i>He Suffered the Loss of All Things</i>	<b>135</b>
<p>One Sunday afternoon Jonathan had occasion to go with horse and buggy to see his brother Will, whose farm lay some fifteen miles distant. He remained overnight and early Sunday morning started homeward. As he was leaving, Will Goforth's father-in-law, Mr. Bennett, a saintly old Scot, handed Jonathan a well-worn copy of <i>The Memoirs of Robert Murray Mc Cheyne</i>, saying, "Read this, my boy, it'll do you good." Laying the book on the seat beside him the young man drove off.</p> <p>The day was one of those balmy, Indian summer days in October. Jonathan had not gone far when, remembering the book, he opened it and began to read as he drove slowly on. From the first page the message of the book gripped him. Coming to a clump of trees by the roadside, he stopped the horse and tethering it to a tree made a comfortable seat of dry leaves, and gave himself up to the <i>Memoirs</i>. Hour after hour passed unnoticed, so great was his absorption in what he was reading. Not till the shadows had lengthened did he awake to how time had passed. He rose and continued his journey, but in those quiet hours by the roadside, Jonathan Goforth had caught the vision and had made the decision which changed the whole course of his life.</p> <p>The thrilling story of McCheyne's spiritual struggles and victories, and his life sacrifices for the salvation of God's chosen people, the Jews, sank deep into his very soul. All the petty, selfish ambitions in which he had indulged vanished forever, and in their place came the solemn and definite resolve to give his life to the ministry.</p>		
<b>10</b>	<b>ROSALIND GOFORTH (1864-?)</b>	
	<i>She Climbed the Ascents With God</i>	<b>153</b>
<p>A sketch of Jonathan Goforth, a Caleb who wholly followed the Lord, would not be complete without a companion sketch of Rosalind, his undaunted wife. Her story has many humorous sidelights as she sought to ever keep step with her aggressive life-partner. Never flinching, she traveled with him until the end of his long life, over almost impossible roads, gave birth to eleven children, and faced angry mobs as well as friendly Chinese inquirers. She wrote his excellent biography, choosing the splendid highlights of his life, and showing a willingness to let her readers know of her mistakes and of her husband's kindly reprimands; this openness can be a great help to many another. We have retained her own words as much as possible, for we could not hope to improve on her talents as a spiritual writer.</p>		

<p><b>11 KATE LEE (1872-1920)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Angel Adjutant</i></p>	<p><b>177</b></p>
<p>She loved the worst people in the world. The Pharisee might turn away with disgust, the judge might condemn, science might pronounce the case hopeless. She smiled and waited, waited at the prison door, waited in the pit of abomination, waited at the hard heart. And while she waited, she prayed quietly and calmly; and while she prayed, so great was the love of God in her heart, she smiled. There is no hope for the world until the love that was in Kate Lee is in us. I never looked into a human face so full of the love of God, so shining with love of humanity, as the face of this “Angel Adjutant.”          Kate Lee’s call to love the unlovely began with a small event which, insignificant in itself, helped to decide the whole course of her life. She resided with her sister Lucy and her widowed mother in a modest little dwelling in the suburb of London.</p>	
<p><b>12 W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE (1877-1954?)</b></p>	
<p><i>The Unusual Keswick Speaker</i></p>	<p><b>189</b></p>
<p>“When Heaven is about to confer a great office on a man it always first exercises his mind and soul with suffering, and his body to hunger, and exposes him to extreme poverty, and baffles all his undertakings. By these means it stimulates his mind, hardens his nature, and enables him to do acts otherwise not possible to him.” So wrote Mencius, the Chinese sage, two thousand years ago. And as we peruse the biographies of great musicians, painters, and authors, who have left a heritage of beauty and usefulness behind them, we recognize the truth of the above. But if this be so in the non-Christian realm, how much more does this hold true of those who seek to turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. Dr. W. Graham Scroggie illustrated the above truth, for his arduous climb to usefulness in the ministry was up toilsome ascents in lonely places before he could be used to minister bread to the many hungry who gathered yearly at the Keswick Convention for spiritual help.</p>	