

How

They

Were

Won

Basil Miller

.
HUDSON TAYLOR
MARION LAWRENCE
WILFRED GRENELL
RUSSELL CONWELL
R. A. TORREY
WM. BRAMWELL
H. SCHMELZENBACH
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN
A. B. SIMPSON
FRANCIS OF ASSISI
GEO. MUELLER

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CHAS. CRITTENTON
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P. F. BRESEE
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GIPSY SMITH
JOHN BUNYAN
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JOHN WESLEY
C. G. FINNEY
GEO. WHITEFIELD
COUNT ZINZENDORF
JOHN G. PATON
BISHOP ASBURY
CHAS. M. SHELDON
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How **They Were Won**

By
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Bible Readings on Prayer
Bible Readings for Personal Workers
God's Great Soul Winners

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How They Were Won

HUDSON TAYLOR

Won by an Unknown Writer

Weighty tomes of majestic wisdom flow from some men's pens.

But to others it is given that they author a brain child which runs to only a few slight pages. Hail then writers of insignificant leaflets. From among your ranks comes one, whose name is unknown, that reached the heart of Hudson Taylor with a gospel shaft.

Poking around in the library of his father, a lay preacher of Methodism, Hudson Taylor sought something to read. Diligently his father and mother brought him up in the most pious atmosphere, and his mind was bent toward literature with a religious cast. Hunting . . . hunting . . . his fingers finally touched a leaflet . . .

The schooling of this lad, whose hands gripped a tiny booklet without even an author's name, had been slight indeed. When eleven he was permitted to attend school two years; ere the third began the pinch of poverty drove him to work in a drug store. Two years later the growing lad was employed in a bank of Bransley, England. Eye trouble caused him to give up this position with promise of a bright future.

With a leaflet in his hand, torn at random from the shelves of the family library, the influence of evil companions—built while working in the bank—is soon to be outrooted, and the glorious spell of piety which home surroundings threw about him in earlier years are again to weave their mesh around the skeptical lad.

Page Five



In his hands that leaflet cries forth its title—"The Finished Work of Christ"—that was all. No author's name appears on the imprint of the title page.

No indication of the source of this arrow shot into the air was to be found.

Hudson took the booklet to the stable and in the hay loft, stretched at full length, he read the tract of this unknown writer, and an arrow of conviction sent him to his knees.

Out of the darkness of his soul came the bursting of a glorious dawning of light. The beauty of a moral sunrise shot its transforming power throughout his spirit. Later he wrote about this most glamorous experience, "Then there dawned upon me the joyous conviction that since the whole work was finished and the whole debt was paid upon the cross, there was nothing for me to do but to fall upon my knees, accept the Savior and praise Him forever."

Out of the dim unknown of his consciousness he seemed to hear a voice say, "Go for me to China." Carefully he studied medicine; and hearing of George Mueller, he decided to become an apostle of prayer to the Chinese. Waiting for an open door, he availed himself of the opportunity of studying at a London hospital. While there a missionary society offered to send him to China; but courageously he refused to accept their support. On September 19, 1853, without any financial backing he sailed for China. For twenty-six years thereafter he conducted a faith mission and in 1880 there were seventy stations superintended by so many missionaries.

The burden of Taylor's heart was that God should send seventy more missionaries before three more years should close. By faith this prayer was answered in 1883. The number came in God's due time. Four years later he called upon his heavenly Father for another hundred missionaries, who miraculously came with their support assured.

This was another gift of faith.

Coming to America at the behest of Moody at Northfield the China Inland Mission Society was formed.

In seventy years this mighty faith mission numbered one thousand and eighty-three missionaries, and a thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight paid Chinese helpers. More than two thousand voluntary Chinese workers labored in the two hundred and fifty stations, the sixteen hundred chapels, the eleven hospitals, and the hundred dispensaries. Nearly five hundred schools for the natives were conducted, and more than a hundred thousand converts had been baptized.

Just a leaflet was let fly from the quiver of some unknown disciple. Possibly in spare moments the few hundred words were penned. It might have been the work of a man whose entire Christian service was wrapped up in this one deed for his Master! But that arrow reached its intended mark—the heart of Hudson Taylor—and the interior of China received the gospel preached in its power!

My friend, it may be yours to live thus for your Master. You may never grace the pulpit or chapels may never hear your voice. But a kindly deed grandly done, a few words dropped by the side of life's highway, may touch some soul who in turn becomes God's man for the hour.

Pray around that family altar—for the lad listening may be another John G. Paton, won at family prayers. Drop the tract—for another young Richard Baxter may be walking that way to receive it.

MARION LAWRENCE

Won by His Mother

"Uriah," a tender-hearted, God-fearing mother said, "brush your hair. The bells of the church are ringing and it is almost Sunday school time."

Page Seven



Thus began the gentle influences which were to mold the modern trail blazer of the Sunday school, Marion Lawrance.

On a beautiful fall day, October 2, 1850, so the story of the family Bible tells it, Uriah Marion Lawrance came to bless the home of Christian parents. Early those tender feet were taught to toddle to the Sunday school. The entire family sat in the pew on Sabbath morning, and never a word was permitted to fall by way of criticism of the preacher or Sunday school worker by that fireside.

The lad grew, as boys do, until he was fourteen years old.

Then occurred the event which began to make history wholesale. A mother's life gently lived enshrining the gospel in her heart was now to bear precious seed. In a little church in that Ohio village Dr. H. Summerbell was conducting a revival meeting. Young Marion was strict in his attendance. He could not yet make up his mind to take the step which Mother bade him. Well did the boy know "the step I ought to take," as he confessed it, "but I fought it off."

Out into the pasture lot the duties of the young fellow took him and there he decided that he would take his mother's way.

That night when the invitation was given, Marion arose and started to the front. "It seemed to me," he wrote years later, "that it was a mile and a half across that church. . . . I heard another pair of feet following me . . . when I arrived I felt two arms around my neck. There we stood alone, the mother and her fourteen-year-old boy.

Endowed with a beautiful voice, Marion was asked to become the Sunday school chorister. A few years later he found himself assistant superintendent of the same school. Twelve years after that memorable conversion Marion Lawrance began what came to be the most marvelous Sunday school career of the centuries.

He accepted the post of superintendent at the Washington Street Congregational Church in Toledo, Ohio. Thirteen years later, serving this position during those years, we find Marion the most popular Sunday school worker of his state, and he is called to act as secretary of the Ohio Sunday School Association. This happy arrangement continued until he accepted the same position with the International Sunday School Association in 1899. In this capacity he labored until his death.

For four years he was secretary of the World Sunday School Association, serving with F. B. Meyer as president. When the International Council of Religious Education was organized out of the former International Sunday School Association in 1922, Marion Lawrance, the lad christened Uriah, became secretary emeritus, working thus for the Master until his death on May 1, 1924.

None served the modern Sunday school movement more grandly than he. His books went around the world. His "How to Conduct a Sunday School" has been translated into a dozen languages, and has had the greatest sale of any book on the Sunday school ever printed.

His voice as a lecturer on the Sunday school platform sounded around the earth in challenging Sunday school teachers to achieve for their Master.

His slogans, such as, "Make it down hill from every direction to the Sunday school," and his Sunday school aim, "Every member present, on time, with his own Bible, a liberal offering, a studied lesson, and a mind to learn," have made his a household name in the Sunday school world.

Hail, then, famed mother, who nobly lived and won a lad.



WILFRED GRENFELL

Won by a Golden Voice

The wing of a song, luted from the throat of silver, set in motion a riffle which will strike the shores of eternity as a tidal engulfment!

Here it is: Young D. L. Moody, before he had yet won his spurs, was attending a young people's meeting in Indianapolis, and was asked to conduct a six o'clock prayermeeting. Early that morning but a few were in attendance, and Moody being unable to lead a song, asked if someone in the audience would volunteer to sing.

Out of the crowd near the rear of the hall there stood up a fair faced young man and in a majestic voice sweetly sang an old hymn.

At once Moody recognized him as the man he needed to travel with him. The two met—and happy meeting it was—for thus was formed the most marvelous gospel team to travel the centuries. Moody and Sankey.

Again the scene shifts—this time to foggy London. During the revival of 1885 a brilliant young London physician was passing by the hall in which Moody was preaching. Stirred by curiosity he went into the meeting to see what might happen. By a chance occurrence some brother was praying a long, long prayer, lingering so at length over the finishing of it, that the young doctor arose to leave.

But before the brother's invocation was completed, another young man in business suit arose and said, "While the brother is finishing his prayer we will sing hymn number eighty-two."

The young doctor smiled and remained to see what the singer, Sankey he was, would do. An arrow of conviction touched the spirit of the doctor, and when Moody had finished

young Wilfred Grenfell consecrated his life wholly to the Master.

The wave started by that volunteer song, the common sense of young Sankey, began to pay dividends.

Trace the trail back farther than the volunteer song, you will find a young shoe salesman who in turn won young Moody, that caught in his gospel net younger Sankey, who in time reached the heart of Grenfell. A shoe salesman, or a drummer, met a lad working in an uncle's shoe store, who won the cashier in his father's bank, to become one of the world's most famous gospel singers, and he repaid the debt to the world by reaching Grenfell of Labrador fame!

Tiny ripples—yet they make a mighty ocean of influence!

Grenfell's story is too well known to demand retelling. Visiting one day the fishing fleet from Newfoundland, he is struck with the direful plight of the fisher folk on the vessels. Through an accident of falling overboard he consecrated his life to the cause of these people of the ice and snow.

We soon find him living the most vivid drama of the modern age. Trekking the snows of Labrador—sailing his faithful crafts through the iceberg infested waters of that far-off northland—building hospitals—establishing schools—opening preaching appointments—for some fifty years he has consecrated his life to the cause of Labrador.

He has literally remade the land that other people forgot.

Now as word reaches the world that he is retiring from active service he can look back upon those days of near tragedy and see the guiding hand of Providence, as a thrilling voice singing so graphically the story of redemption, touches his heart.

Shoe salesman, drummer, bank cashier, consecrated singer, devoted, famed preacher, and then missionary!



What a trail of circumstances and history making events are thus set in motion through the efforts of a personal worker.

Friend, lift your voice also, for nearby there may be a Wilfred awaiting God's arrow.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Won by An Orderly

He was a stalwart captain in the army during the Civil War. His avowal was that of infidelity and atheism. None of God would he allow in his life. When he told his father, a pious Methodist, that in Yale he had changed his belief, the old man said, "Son, I would rather see you in your coffin, or live in ignorance, than for you to forsake the God of your father and mother." During the war it was his (mis) fortune to be attended by one John Ring as an orderly.

Noble John did not know much so far as the theories of the world were concerned, but he did know enough to want to read the Bible while in the tent. But the captain would not permit this.

During a battle in North Carolina, Pickett's brigade surprised the Union Army and drove them across the river. During the turmoil, Conwell forgot to carry with him a gold-mounted sword which he prized very highly. When Ring remembered that the captain had left the sword in the tent, at once he ran through the Confederate lines, to the tent, and with the sword in his hand, he started back across the burning bridge.

The Confederate officer ordered firing to cease, and commanded, "Tell the boy to jump into the river and we will save him." John did not heed; with clothing ablaze he ran on until he fell. He was rolled into the water but it was too late.

Page Twelve



He died in the hospital, leaving the words for his captain, "I wanted to give him his sword, and then he would know how I loved him."

Touched by this turn in affairs, Conwell became a changed man. Six months later he was left for dead on the battle field. When he was finally rescued he said, "I am going to die and meet John Ring and his Master whom I have spurned." Crying day and night to God, finally peace came to his soul. He was never able to return to the field of service again. But he kept the sword, which Ring had retrieved, hanging over his bed, and daily in prayer he would say, "O Lord, help me to do my work and the work of my dear heroic soldier boy also." He felt that upon him rested the life labors of two men.

Ring's work at last was to be rewarded. Conwell started to preach. From fame to fame he soared, until he became the pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia. Here his great work really began. He builded Temple University, from which thousands have gone into the ministry. He personally assisted ten thousand young people to secure an education; several hundred thousand were trained in the university which he founded. He baptized over six thousand converts. He founded three hospitals in connection with his church.

He delivered his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds" more than six thousand times, and made more than eight million dollars from it, all of which he gave to educate the poor. Many books flowed from his pen. When he died in 1925 at the age of eighty-two the nations of the world mourned his home going.

With him was buried the sword, which through his life had been a constant reminder of John Ring, faithful orderly of a captain in the war, and faithful servant of the King of kings! John Ring died having touched but one man! But John Ring, when the corridors of heaven ring with the call for Conwell to receive his crown, will also be called. For he



bore the torch from the Master, as a faithful servant, that lighted the great man's soul.

Friend, are there other Conwells around you, for whom you may be a John Ring? It is glorious to be heralded as a Conwell, famed and honored, which but few can attain. But all of us can race back for the sword!

R. A. TORREY

Won by His Mother

Hail mothers, winners of noble sons! A line of mighty mothers take their place among the personal workers of the ages. See Monica praying in the long, long ago. All of a sudden out of the blue a voice speaks to her son, Augustine, and he is converted. The work which he wrought for the Lord stands as a tribute to his mother. Susanna Wesley joins the group for it was she who first shed the tender radiance of Jesus upon her fifteenth child, John. Black-skinned she might have been, and a slave she was, but that praying slave mother put within the soul of her little Booker a desire to lift the status of his fellowmen. Booker T. Washington, colored friend of the colored man, owes his achievements to his mother.

Another great preacher, who was destined to belt the world with a revival, was won by the prayers and godly influence of his mother. R. A. Torrey when a young man became skeptical, and decided that he would have no more of his mother's prayers, nor would he hear again the sobbing voice as she besieged the throne of God for the salvation of her boy. He left home with a vow never again to return. Out from under the influence of his mother's prayers he declared he would go. Without God he sought to build his name into the fabric of his century.

Page Fourteen

But his mother prayed on. Her last words were, "Son, when you come to your greatest hour of need remember your mother's God."

With the young skeptic life did not glide so smoothly. Sooner than he had dreamed his hour of tragedy slipped upon him. He determined to end it all. One night in a hotel he arose from his bed and reached for his revolver which was nearby. Like a bolt of lightning there flashed upon his memory the last words of his mother, "Son, in your darkest hour, remember your mother's God."

This indeed was his most tragical time, and he felt the pull of a godly life. Then he called upon the Almighty. Into his soul came that sweet assurance of victory and salvation.

At once he started home. When he arrived his mother met him, and said, "You think you have surprised me. Not so, for I know what has happened. I have been praying too."

Again the personal worker had won.

God called him into His service. Within a few years we see him one of the most influential preachers of America. One day he called for a band of volunteers to pray for a world-wide revival. Soon God opened the way whereby he was to travel around the world and hold successful evangelistic campaigns. Multiplied thousands flocked to hear him, and the conversions ran into the thousands likewise.

His pen soon became busy and from it there rushed a course of books which are still blessing the world. Later he was called to the presidency of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, the position left vacant by the noble Moody himself. When he said his eternal goodbye to this world, he was not remembered as the skeptical lad, but was honored and revered by the multitudes whom he had blessed.

He was but a trophy of a mother's prayers. When the throngs stand around the rainbow circled throne in the land above, two shall march out arm in arm to receive their re-



wards, an unnoted mother faithful to her trust and the renowned soul winner, Torrey.

Your sphere of influence, my friend, may be limited so far as worldly contacts are concerned. But the heights of the heavens cannot measure the power of your prayers. Put a lad on that prayer list and prevail, he also may be a Torrey, destined to move the world.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL

Won by Unheralded Workers

In the annals of God no event is insignificant. The smallest deeds accomplished for the Master will bear mighty fruit. The dropping of a tract won Richard Baxter. The chance meeting of Calvin and Farel in Geneva gave to the world Calvin the Reformer. A group of singing Moravians amid a terrific sea storm, produced that revival of religion known to the world as Methodism. A providential attendance at a Sunday school class resulted in the making of John R. Mott. Just a rain storm and a nearby shelter in a haystack, and American Missions had their beginning.

Deeds thus wrought for God become crystallized in some destiny. The subject of this article, William Bramwell, bears out the story. Bramwell was Methodism's greatest early pastor-revivalist. Multiplied thousands were won by him in his regular pastoral duties. Amid the smoke of England's factories and the grime of her coal mines, Bramwell saw many a cheek, blackened by the round of daily toil, washed white with streams of tears of repentance. He never failed to have a revival wherever he went.

But he was won through a small chain of insignificant events, which lowly people wrought for the Lord.



Just an unknown "someone," unnoted in the chronicles of man's events, lent the youthful William a copy of one of Wesley's books. His mind caught fire from the gift. Henceforth he could not be satisfied just to live.

The second link in this golden chain was the consecrated life of one, Roger Crane, who urged upon Bramwell the necessity of attending a Methodist Society. The spoken requests went unheeded until one day when Bramwell heard an old woman cursing, whom at once he rebuked. A "chance remark" that he was just "a Methodist devil" burned like a cinder into the fabric of his soul.

A third person added his bit, whose name the world knows no more of than that his first name was Robert. Bramwell and Robert, arm in arm, one evening walked to one of these Methodist services, and within a short while the work of the Spirit was accomplished, and Bramwell was launched out on his career of soul winning.

Three links they are—someone lending a book, unheralded Crane who was interested in the lad, and Robert—and the great chain was formed that resulted in the winning of a soul to the Lord whose renown the centuries but polish.

Lowly deeds soon crystallize in character, if every one is freighted with the power of prayer. In the turn of God's providence it may be your lot, my unknown friend, to be thrown across the pathway of another, whom the Lord wishes to be won for Him. May you be faithful in your service, which possibly only God shall mark and remember. Or it may be that yours will never be the honor of winning another, but God desires that you be only a link in forming a chain of prayer which is to draw someone out of the ocean of life into the haven of rest.

Watch Moody dying after winning a million souls to Jesus. A shoe salesman won him before the work of the evangelist could be finished.



In the world's broad field of service, be faithful in the little deeds, and your reward will come through the greater activities of some soul you have reached.

HARMON SCHMELZENBACH

Won by a Fellow Potteryman

Missionaries also enter the ranks of those who have been won by insignificant personal workers. It was Moffatt, who in a small circle meeting, referred to the "smoke of a thousand villages" in Africa, and inspired the heart of Livingstone. Carey, waiting upon the ministry of one Dr. Scott, felt the power of divine life course through his soul. Robert Morrison, prophet to China, was led to Christ by an unknown Sunday school teacher.

Among this group of pioneers of Christ on the far-flung line of battle in the foreign fields stands Harmon Schmelenbach, the trail blazer for the Master. It was of him that a British official said that no missionary had greater influence over the natives since the days of Livingstone.

Turn back the tide of years. Shift the scenes of the drama. Stand yonder amid the heat of a pottery in the region of the smoky city, Pittsburgh. A grimy, stalwart puddler is blaspheming a fellow worker. Shortly before the other man had experienced that inward change which Wesley called Christian perfection. The more the first would curse the sweeter became the expression on the other's face. When Mr. No. 1 saw that he could not move this timid friend, he left him in peace.

But he himself found far less peace in his own soul. He wrestled with the beauty of the life of his friend who could remain so calm in assurance under the blighting oaths. He

reasoned with his own soul and reached the conclusion that something was inwardly wrong with himself.

It was not long until "the grimy man" as we shall call him, lifted his soul to the Almighty. Peace, wonderful peace like a river rushed through his heart. Schmelzenbach, the prince of pioneers, was won by an unknown friend who could reflect the beauty of Jesus under persecution.

To school Harmon said he would go. It was at Peniel College one night that he saw a long line of Africans racing to the judgment, out of which ranks one would step regularly and pointing a black and bony finger at him, would say, "I am going to the judgment without hope, because you have failed me." Immediately he determined to set out for Africa. When men would deter him, he only replied that God had called and he must go.

See him yonder under the blazing sun of Africa laboring for twenty-one years without a furlough. His home going, like that of Livingstone, was from his native, African soil. God permitted him to die there as always his desire was.

Twenty-one years of service and toil and sacrifice; but after these were spent Swaziland, South Africa, was changed. More than five thousand natives had been won to Jesus. A civilization, with school and churches, was builded. Scores of congregations gather each Sunday around the same hills, where once tribes massed for battle and bloodshed.

All of this is the result of the faithful service of an unknown friend, through whom Christ could act as a channel. John and Harmon, share equally in the revealed rewards from the Master. John held the torch and Harmon seeing the "light of life" walked within it. John and Harmon, just two pottery-men; but I think around the Eastern Gate, Harmon is standing, awaiting the arrival of his friend, through whom he was won and when John comes "sweeping through the gates" the two together shall receive their reward. For John Gould

has been permitted to serve his Master a little longer than Harmon Schmelenbach.

When persecuted, then, friend, shine for Jesus. A hungry hearted Harmon may be standing nearby, whom you too can win.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

Won by a Sunday School Teacher

In divine providence there have been many men used of God to win multiplied thousands of souls in their public ministry. Doubtless the greatest evangelistic preacher of the ages was George Whitefield. Charles G. Finney held the world's greatest single revival, at Rochester where one hundred thousand were converted in six months. D. L. Moody swept nations as a public evangelist and hundreds sing around the Great White Throne today because of his ministry. Among the recent evangelists stands such men as R. A. Torrey, who belted the world with a revival, and J. Wilbur Chapman, famed Presbyterian revivalist. These were men owned of God in a mighty public ministry. Theirs was the gift of an evangelist.

Practically all of them were trophies of personal workers. In the long ago a young lady was teacher of a Sunday school class in an ordinary out-of-the-way church. Many times, so we read, she was discouraged with her opportunities, thinking that her life was being wasted. For she could not see through the future years and realize that little J. Wilbur would be a famous evangelist.

However she remained faithful to her task and Sunday she taught the boys about Jesus and when a chance came she always urged them to give themselves wholly to Christ. One Sunday morning the minister conducted a service especially

for the Sunday school scholars, and after preaching about conversion, he invited all who wanted to be saved to come forward. The young lady teacher reached up and touching Wilbur upon the sleeve, said, "Wilbur, arise." Wilbur stood up signifying that he wanted to be a Christian. The minister asked all who would to come forward immediately. The teacher again touched the lad on the sleeve and said, "Wilbur, go."

Wilbur went forward and gave his heart to Christ. The incident seemed to be closed. The teacher thought she had merely done a Christian duty. Back of the pressure on the sleeve of the lad was a life consecrated to the task of winning her boys to Jesus. A godly life, a little pressure, and again a personal worker had achieved.

God fired Chapman with a holy ideal of winning the masses at the Cross of Calvary. He devoted his entire attention to this one service, and thousands consecrated themselves to the work of salvation through his efforts. He stood as the representative of a personal worker, an insignificant Sunday school teacher, that could not reach the thousands, but won her one for Jesus.

Such personal workers have been God's great torch bearers, that have lighted the holy flame for another, who rushed through the nations scattering the divine light. This has been God's plan through the centuries. Some have been required to stand in the shadows that another might fill the limelight. Some have been desert flowers, as the poet says, that another might grace the noble occasions. Some have been Stephens that Paul might be won. Some have been unknown Moravian missionaries, quietly singing on board an Atlantic steamer, that a Wesley might realize what true religion was. Some have been simple hearted German matrons like Frau Cotta, content to feed begging students that a Luther might receive the inspiration of a holy life.

Your task, then friend, is to stand in the shadows that another greater light may rise. Win one for Jesus before the week is out. There is glory in the personal touch. Consecrate your life to an evangelism of the roadside, the sick bed, a Jacob's well, that you may win another.

A. B. SIMPSON

Won by a Book

The line of insignificant folks who as personal workers won great leaders is long indeed. A child won Charles Crittenton. George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., and John Wanamaker, merchant prince, were won by fellow clerks. A group of friends were used by the Lord to reach the heart of Finney, as was a friend used to bring Mueller to Christ. Insignificant preachers won Bud Robinson, De Witt Talmage, Phineas Bresee, John Wesley and Jacob Albright to the cause of salvation. Sunday school teachers reached Mott, Robert Morrison, Frances Havergal and J. Wilbur Chapman. Kagawa, Japanese evangelist, and Adam Clarke, Bible exegete, were brought to the cross through the instrumentality of school teachers. Booker T. Washington, John and Charles Wesley, Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, were introduced to Jesus by their mothers.

So on do the illustrations of the glory of personal work pile up. These common folks sowed a deed which crystallized in some character, destined to move the world.

A similar story can be told of the salvation of A. B. Simpson, founder of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Simpson was a wreck from overstudy. His spirit was in dejection, and his mind seemed to lose its grip upon itself. On this verge of death, he called upon the Lord to spare him just long

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enough to be saved. One day an old minister lent him a musty volume entitled "Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification."

He read these words, "The first good work you will ever perform is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Until you do this all your prayers, tears and good resolutions are vain. . . . The moment you do this you pass into eternal life."

This was enough for the dying man. Light burst in upon him. Marshall, whoever he was, and from whatever rank in life he came, as aided by an old minister reached thus the heart of Simpson. Marshall is forgotten but the missionary work of Simpson is today scattered around the world, with more than six hundred missionaries telling the simple story of "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Through college this simple faith followed him. Out into the ministry he went. God called him to the field of intercession, and then he became the missionary organizer. His writings went around the world, and today, though dead, he still speaks through the missionaries whom he has sent to the foreign lands.

When his spirit returned to its Maker in 1919, all the world knew that his had been a battle well fought.

I see an old man. What is that in his hand? A quill. He is writing, simple words they are. He might have published the volume himself. It was musty, possibly never read through by one single individual. I supposed the world called Marshall, the author, a failure as measured by its standards. A failure, did I say? Not so when the measuring rods of God are applied to his work. He used what was in his hand—a quill—and God multiplied the work of a few words to reach the world.

What is that in your hand, friend? The teacher of Adam Clarke had a rule, but he spoke softly to the dullard and God stirred him. Frau Cotta had only a few cold biscuits, but she gave them to the begging student, Martin, and won Martin Luther to the cause of Protestantism. Averill had only a few

simple talks and a group of illustrations but he used them, and God won Dr. J. B. Chapman to the cause of salvation. They might have been the horny hands of a blacksmith holding the Bible and reading from Isaiah that cold night, but those hands and that stuttering voice pointed the young Charles Spurgeon to Jesus.

Consecrate then your all to the Master—hands to point to Jesus, a pen to write of His glories, a voice to sing His praises. Be content to win your one—he may be a golden-voiced Sankey, or a missionary organizer Simpson.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Won by His Mother

Hail mothers, winners of men!

The line of those humble mothers who made great men is steadily increasing. Well can the world set aside a Sunday each year when we bring our tributes to mother. Happy is the soul that has learned to revere mothers. God could not be everywhere, we are told, so He made mothers.

Mother's sphere may be humble, but it is a throne of might. Call the roll of the famed and note how their mothers won them. "George," said a mother, "lead the singing this afternoon at the women's meeting." George was busy in the bar-room but he found time to go. From this came the world's most eloquent preacher, George Whitefield.

"John," said another mother, "it is your time for prayers and reading today." So said the mother of nineteen children, and little John went to the room to be instructed and won by his mother, Susanna. Methodism was born at Susanna's knee.

"Theodore," said a frail little lady, "do not accept your grandfather's law library; mother wants you to be a minister."



And so saying, Theodore Cuyler, one of the mightiest ministers of the past century, famed pastor, author of five thousand articles and scores of books was brought to Jesus and the ministry.

"Augustine," said Monica, "I am praying for you." And those prayers of Monica touched the heart of Augustine, the father of the science of theology.

Francis of this story was a wild son of a rich merchant. At his bidding came wealth, travel and companions. Back in that distant twelfth century there was a great life but in it there was no altar. Pica, who knew the God of the centuries, was not content to have her son to become a rich debauchee. For him she wrestled with the Lord. When she would hear of his latest escapades she would only quietly respond, "I am very sure that he will become a good Christian." So saying she would return to her closet of prayer.

Sickness afflicted our hero, and in the slough of despond he would turn to charities as the source of comfort. When well again he would go back to his former wickedness. One day an unknown friend spoke a word to him about the church and religion. Along with the prayers of Pica, these words by a friend, whose name the world has never recorded, touched and won Francis.

Immediately he set out on his errand of mercy. To the monastery he went. Wherever he found men in need he gave to their aid. He assisted in erecting fallen churches. One day while praying in a nearby church which was poorly kept by a group of poorer priests, Francis lifted his eyes and saw the crucifix of Christ. The young Galilean had conquered the young Assisian.

From riches to poverty he turned. He sold his clothes, and determined to go out to win others as the Bible bids where it says, "As ye go, preach . . . heal . . . cleanse . . . provide neither gold . . . nor scrip . . . neither two coats." Thus he went.



He lived such an other-worldly life that bands flocked to him and took up his standard. He laid down rules for these to follow. The saint must be poor, and he must strive and travail, and he must look to the future for his reward.

When he died thousands bore his standards, and only a quarter of a century after his home going more than two hundred thousand lived and served in the eight thousand monasteries of his order. His was a reward well gained.

It was Pica and the unknown friend to whom the laurels of winning Francis must be given.

GEORGE MUELLER

Won by a Friend

One of the most dramatic incidents connected with personal evangelism was the conversion of George Mueller. To-day we remember him as an apostle of the ministry of prayer. We forget those darker days of unfaithfulness and sin. Early by his parents he was given to the ministry. Wealthy and not dependent upon his own abilities to make a livelihood, they thought that George would be an honor to the work of the Church of England.

When yet young he was sent to a seminary to train for this. In his soul he never knew the joy of drawing water from the wells of salvation with holy satisfaction. His was a religion of sham, and a life of sin. Under the cloak of the cloth, he hid a wolf of iniquity. One Sunday afternoon, and now our drama turns to a brighter phase, a friend by the name of Beta invited George to attend a cottage meeting with him.

Much to the joy of the young student he discovered that the simple folks of the meeting possessed a happiness which he had been a stranger to. He wondered throughout the service,

if he too could not have just a little of this experience, of which the worshipers had so much. By his bedside he fell later and at once he knew the pleasure that forgiveness brings.

From a worldly student to a real prophet of righteousness he is changed. The work of Beta began to draw large dividends. Into the ministry he went at once. For a number of years he was pastor of a congregation. Through a strange and devious providence he was drawn by the Lord to the work of financing an orphans' home.

It was then his real life's work commenced. Soon he began to plan for an orphanage of his own. On his knees he went. God sent in sufficient to build this orphanage. It was not long until two others were erected. All the needs for this erection came wholly through prayer. He had learned the secret of prevailing before God.

He made it a life's practice never to tell a single person his needs. Rather he laid them before the Lord. Many times during the morning, when there was nothing to feed the two thousand hungry mouths, he would call his workers together for a season of prayer. Before noon arrived, the Lord had marvelously sent in the supplies.

Once on a trip across the ocean he literally prayed the fog away, so that the vessel might not be delayed in its voyage.

It is said that during his lifetime he had received twenty-five thousand answers to specific prayers, and five thousand of these came on the very day he asked God for the needs. Through the means of faith in Jehovah he trained sixty thousand orphans, distributed millions of tracts and books, assisted nearly two hundred missionaries, and taught as high as ten thousand children a day in his institutional schools.

Of all the men who moved the world through prayer, this one stands out supreme. The name of Beta, however, is passed as a footprint on the desert sands.



The monuments which man has builded to honor the heroes are numerous indeed. Mueller is remembered and loved everywhere; but where stands a monument to Beta, an unknown friend? Wesley we heralded as the rising star of modern evangelicalism; but who stops at the shrine of forgotten Peter Bohler, who taught him the way of the Lord more plainly?

At the name of Whitefield every Christian's heart beats a little faster; but who honors the mother who first invited George to attend a woman's meeting to lead the song and read the scripture?

CHARLES CRITTENTON

Won by His Child's Death

The name of Crittenton is possibly never connected with that of Charles, rather it is remembered in conjunction with that of Florence. After all it is to the daughter, and not the father, Charles, to whom the honor is due. Charles, the millionaire was too busy with his trade, too engrossed in the activities of the mart, to give attention to the affairs of the kingdom. The little daughter, an only child, had learned the beautiful story of Jesus, and gradually her tiny light set a flame that was destined to illuminate the heart of the father.

One day the daughter took violently sick, and gradually she grew weaker and weaker. Around this child the interests and desires of Charles were centered. Money could buy the services of no greater physicians than he had at her bedside. Through it all the millionaire father was constantly with the suffering daughter. At last her frail strength waned, and with a fond goodbye, she lay back in the father's arms and went to sleep.

The flower that God had lent to that busy rich man bloomed for but a few years, and then the Master plucked



it that heaven might be more grandly attired, and more inviting for the parent.

The work of the individual had won. Crittenton saw the glory of the Lord as it arose from a young life. Out of the darkness of self and sin, he came into the marvelous light of life and love. Day after day the heart-broken father took flowers to the little grave, and falling upon it he poured out his soul in grief. It was during one such visit that a still small voice spoke serenely to him, "Florence is not here; her poor form of clay rests beneath this sod, but Florence has gone to God. And you now, O Charles Crittenton, must walk in the Godward way."

He arose in this comfort of the gospel, and at once began his marvelous Christian career of love and philanthropy. He surrendered his business connections, and devoted his time to good works. He went over the land preaching the gospel and establishing everywhere the Florence Crittenton Homes where fallen women can find refuge and under Christian influence can rehabilitate themselves.

The life of this holy character, though short, can be estimated not in values of an earthly nature. Only eternity, when the long roll call of those redeemed through the work of her father is made, can tell the story of the greatness of her life. The span when she was permitted to shine for Jesus ran into only a few years, but her heart had caught the silvery rays of the Lord, and she realized that she was to let her light shine.

This is the story of the personal worker. Stanley and Livingstone, Charles and Florence, Moody and Gipsy Smith, a band of young people and Finney—hand in hand these personal workers and their converts go together. Moffat won Livingstone by the personal touch. Street workers reached the ball player, who became the famed evangelist, Sunday. A Texas circuit rider was God's instrument in winning Bud



Robinson, famed lipping southern friend of God and winner of men.

Reach out then, friend, for around you somewhere there is a convert to be won. Teach the words of Jesus to all who will listen, somewhere a pupil, a disciple can be made for the Master. Remember it was but a few fishermen who won Rome, and all that she stood for. How was this wrought? Only by personal contact. Light a life, and then two lives there are to shine for Jesus.

If you reach out for a convert you may prove to be the friend Beta who won the modern apostle of prayer, George Mueller.

GEORGE WILLIAMS

Won by a Fellow Clerk

The value of the Y. M. C. A. through the years and around the world is inestimable. We have come to look upon it as a home for homeless boys in whatsoever city they find themselves. In missionary lands the same is true. Some of the leading spirits of the century have been connected with it. One mentions John R. Mott and immediately there flashes to the vision a man, Christian statesman, a missionary who is as much at home in India, Palestine, Germany as in America. He is a product of this organization.

Little do we think of the lives in back of this movement, and especially is this true with reference to those two persons who were God's means to lead George Williams to Jesus. George Williams, from the soil of famed England, early went to Bridgewater that he might become a drapery apprentice. As he said, "I entered Bridgewater a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow." In the little shop where he

first took up his labors was an earnest young fellow, noted for his piety, not so much as concerned his words as his deeds. There seemed to be a difference between this lad and the others. William Harman took an interest in the new boy from the country, and was anxious that he be brought under the right influence.

It was one Sunday evening that the work of Harman began to produce fruits. George sat alone in a back seat in the little Congregational Chapel in the city, and listened to the minister, Rev. Evan James, a man of gentle spirit and holy life. An arrow from the minister's quiver, as directed by the Holy Spirit struck this sixteen-year-old boy's heart. This night became the turning point.

The next day he went to the back of the shop, and doubtless assisted by Harman, he knelt down and gave his heart to God. At once a marvelous glory broke into his life. Harman and James, layman and unknown minister, touched a life which was later to be God's instrument in furnishing a better environment for working young men.

It was not long after this that George entered the firm of Hitchcock and Rogers, with one hundred and forty assistants. It was to him a grave concern that the right environment be created for them. He noted their lack of religious activities. At once in the dormitory Mr. Williams decided to invite in a group of friends for a prayermeeting. In Room 14 this meeting was held. Later you discover him going with his friends from room to room for such services. From one type of meeting to another the movement spread until the young men decided to rent a room for the purpose of holding their meetings. Soon a name was selected and then the work of the Y. M. C. A. began.

From the start the blessings of God were with the organization. From city to city Williams was called to begin such societies for the improvement and evangelization of young



men. Fifty years afterward when the Jubilee was held in London in June, 1894, the society had circled the globe.

Hail Harman and James! Hail converted drapery clerk, George Williams! Hail leaders around the world! Again the personal worker is rewarded with a mighty trophy for the Master. From the farm to the throne runs the story of Williams. From poverty to riches he climbed. From the position of an unknown disciple in a little room trying to hold a cottage meeting, to the leader of a world movement, he ascended. But back of his fame, and standing behind his achievements are two unknown prophets—prophets like John who must decrease, and whose disciple must increase.

Then may we bow our heads when entering every Y. M. C. A. in the world as a tribute to personal evangelism. It is always so—God's faithful worker, behind the shadows, wins a trophy for his Master, who shall shine with radiant luster.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Won by a Clerk

Among laymen, possibly one of the world's most famous Sunday school workers was John Wanamaker. The story of his career reads like a miracle. He was a very poor lad, living just outside of Philadelphia. His first public work was in that city. He was forced to walk to and from his employment several miles each day, and for twelve hours of labor each day he received the magnificent sum of a dollar and a quarter at the end of every Saturday. Ambition stirred him, and though at the lowest rung of the ladder of success he determined to be a merchant prince.

He was invited by a fellow clerk, some years older and more successful than himself, to attend a prayermeeting being

conducted in a neighboring home. After the leader had read a passage and spoken upon it, an old man arose and with faltering voice spoke to those present about the meaning of Christ in one's life. He said that Jesus was sufficient for an old man. After a while, realizing that the old gentleman was talking to him, young John said to himself, "Old man, religion may be all right for an old man, but not for me, I want to make money."

Later his fellow clerk arose and said, "I am a young business man, and have found that there is no better friend than Jesus." Then he turned to John and asked him if he would not accept Christ as his Savior. After a few moments of personal work, John Wanamaker, then unknown, gave his heart to Jesus.

Wanamaker stated that he attributed his unusual financial success to the fact that early in life he found Jesus through insistence of his friend, and throughout his career he took Christ with him.

Mr. Wanamaker began Sunday school work when a young man and continued to carry this great interest with him until his death. He took an active part in Sunday school conventions, both local and national. For a number of years he was superintendent of a school in Philadelphia. He devoted much attention to the work of the American Bible Society and made many gifts to philanthropic and religious causes. His life as a successful Christian business man was a benediction to the world, and a blessing to the cause of Christian training in the Sunday school.

He was won by an unknown clerk in an unknown prayer-meeting through the usual method of personal work. Possibly had a clerk been content to have had the preacher "catch John with the gospel line and hook," Wanamaker would never have been brought to Jesus.



Near you, my friend, is an unknown John waiting for you to throw out the life-line. Come to grips with that soul—he may be a Phineas Bresee. For Bresee made his first start toward religion when a preacher left his pulpit and visited in the local store and talked to the young clerk Phineas. Go after that lad—he may be a Charles G. Finney, brilliant lawyer. For Finney was won when a group of young people began to pray for his salvation, and invited him to attend church. Determine to win that boy in your Sunday school class—he may be a Robert Morrison. For Morrison, “city slum rat” as he was called, was won by a Sunday school teacher, who would not be denied her catch.

Jesus said that we should catch men—not with a net, but with a line and hook, fitted to catch one at a time! The greatest pulpit that one can fill is “sitting on the banks of the stream of life” and being content to throw out the line and catch individuals for Christ. And success will attend us, for Jesus said, “I will make you fishers of men.”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Won by Her Teachers

There are some souls who are tuned for the melodies of the skies. Early they seem to catch the music of the very spheres, and there is nothing they can do but compose hymns. Fanny Crosby, blinded at a very youthful age, was such a character. There is one whose songs we have sung, that was the trophy of personal work. Frances Havergal was won through two lives that remain unknown.

Up until six years of age she had no thought or ideas about religion. Her mother had tried to teach her about Jesus before she died, when Frances was just four. From these early

instructions she was unable to get away. It was not until she was thirteen, when she went to school at Belmont, England, that the second personality which was to influence her life for righteousness crossed her pathway.

She had been a very bright girl even from childhood. When two she could speak fluently, and at three she was able to read, and when four the Bible became her companion. Now at thirteen we find her in school. A Mrs. Teed, a godly and loving woman, had charge of the institution, and made it a practice of trying to lead each scholar to Christ. During the last six months of Frances' stay in school, the character of this unnoted teacher began to reach her. In February, 1851, she completely dedicated her life to Jesus.

It was not long until the muse of song began to bother her, and before she said good night to this world her hymns were destined to be sung around the world. Through a peculiar trial she wrote a couplet, which became a part of her consecration hymn. The verse runs:

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King."

This was later added to her song, "Take my life and let it be, Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

With her all was not rosy. It is told how once she had just completed a book of poems and tunes, and the printer had begun work on it. She thought she would be free then for a different type of labor which she greatly enjoyed. But much to her dismay, she received word from her publisher, that his building and all in it had burned. Then her heart sank, but the wings of song soon again began to raise her, and melody broke from her soul.

Hers was a life nobly lived, for she became the inspiration of hundreds; yea, of thousands of others around the world. The trophy which a mother gained, and a teacher won,

brought great joy to the kingdom of God. Here is a school teacher who won a singer, a writer of hymns. Frau Cotta was only a German lady who won Luther. It was a circuit rider who won Talmage. He was a lay preacher who reached the heart of Wesley. The winner of Spurgeon was a blacksmith. It was an unknown lady who dropped the tract that reached Baxter, in turn to touch Doddridge, again to be the means of converting Wilberforce, who at length won Richmond, the immortal author of "The Dairyman's Daughter." This in turn led thousands to the Master.

It makes no difference before the Master what your task in life may be. There is some soul near you whom you can win if you will but shine for Jesus. Every task is ennobled for the personal worker who will dare not permit a single opportunity escape in trying to bring a friend to the cross.

STANLEY

Won by a Personal Contact

The world has been thrilled decade after decade by the recital of the discovery of Livingstone by that New York reporter, Stanley. It was thought Livingstone was lost. The nations declared him to be dead. Possibly, it was rumored, he had been murdered by cannibals, and his body eaten. But Bennett, who owned the *New York Herald*, wanted confirmation of these tales of his disappearance. Months had passed since a word had been received from this adventurer for Jesus, who had resolved to open Africa, though it took his life.

Bennett sent for Stanley, who had gained considerable reputation as a reporter, and asked him what he thought of the possibilities of finding Livingstone dead or alive. Stanley affirmed his belief in the fact that Livingstone was alive and could be

found. At once Bennett gave him authority from the paper, and all the necessary funds to find Livingstone and bring him back to civilization.

Nothing could daunt this brave reporter. The story of his discovery of Livingstone in great distress and dire need does not require retelling, for it has been told by press and pulpit and around firesides for sixty years.

Dragging himself into Ujiji, half dead, instead of receiving his supplies as he thought he would, he found nothing. Suddenly one of his men rushed to his tent and said that another Englishman was coming. Out of the dim mist floated an American flag, as borne at the head of an approaching company. Coming out of the crowd the stranger walked deliberately toward the missionary hero and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

It was a memorable meeting. But Stanley was doomed to fail in his mission to take the doctor back with him. Rather he took back something with him far more inestimable than the presence of this world famed Christian soldier. The reporter had been a doubter, an unbeliever in the story of Jesus. Never had his heart's door been opened to the entrance of the Master. Public discourses had failed to reach him, but printed sermons and disquisitions on weighty apologetic and theological problems had not moved him from that position of doubt.

For four months the reporter lived with Livingstone. Daily the light of the missionary became brilliant as it would shine upon the friend. Throughout the long evenings while not talking, Livingstone would sit with his open Bible, and while never preaching a stilted sermon to the visitor, he spoke more subtly through his holy life. Before the time came for Stanley to return with his story for the *Herald* and the world that long before had crowned Livingstone as its heroic servant of Christ, a tremendous change had been wrought in his soul.



The light of a person who had been surcharged with Jesus' power had reached him. His intellectual problems had been solved by direct contact with a righteous man and not by argument. Again the personal worker had achieved where the pulpit preacher had been at loss.

Stanley and Livingstone—how now their names go together. Livingstone doubtless won hundreds of others by public ministrations. But yonder on the scrolls of eternity stand two names side by side. One is Livingstone, marked as a personal worker, and the other is Stanley, won by direct contact.

The story runs on at great length. It is as Fenelon found when a skeptic came to him. The skeptic was fearful of remaining too long under the power of this tremendously holy man, and said to a friend, "I must go away from here; if I stay longer he will make me, too, a Christian."

Win then your one—he may be a Stanley.

SAM JONES

Won by His Father

The ways of God in the heart of man are devious indeed. God moves in that mysterious manner which defies human comprehension. When He wishes He takes an unknown saintly character, a jewel that has shone in the hidden scenes, and then for just a few brief moments, permits that life to shine with such brilliancy that another light is born, another soul is transformed. Then this transformed life becomes a flaming diamond—a masterpiece of the ages.

It was thus with old Will Tree and John R. Mott. Tree, the Sunday school teacher, won Mott, the renowned. It was so with the unknown young friend by name of Beta, and the well known man of prayer, Mueller. So it was with the man

who won Sam Jones, the famed evangelist. But yesterday an old man, nearing the century mark, told of fifty years ago in Dallas, Texas, hearing that noted evangelist, Jones, narrate the vivid story of his conversion.

Jones was a drunkard, like Sam Hadley, Jerry McAuley and John B. Gough. He married a beautiful girl, to whom were born two children. Then the demon drink broke into Jones' soul with all his fury, and for two years he became a wanderer. Picking up a paper one day, he noticed that his father was on his death bed. Something of former love broke into his spirit, and he vowed to return to his dying father.

Around that bedside he and his wife were standing. The old man on borrowed time—time bartered from death—whispered a message of hope into the ear of the wayward son. Called him to return as the prodigal of old did. On bended knee, while the father prayed for him, Jones invited Jesus to come into his heart, and at once there broke upon him a new light. Into that spirit, burned with drink, there awoke a new melody. On those lips, scorched with the fires of passion, there came a new name, that of Jesus. At once the call to preach rang in his ears.

Trained for the law by his father, he entered the pulpit, and for some ten years, he was an unknown itinerant preacher in the Methodist Church. But God had a greater work for him. He went to the larger cities and began the career of evangelism, to which height he climbed in a short while. From city to city he traveled. With sledge hammer blows he took hold of the formal churches and began to bring them to the feeling of the necessity of salvation.

From city to city he would go without an invitation. He spoke as a dangerous man to the foes of right. Once in Texas he was met by the mayor of the city, who immediately began to horsewhip the preacher. But Jones turned and knocked him down, and grabbing the whip beat the mayor all over



the town. Suffice it to say, the crowds came to hear him preach after that.

As an orator he was unsurpassed, and as an enemy to the saloon he brought havoc wherever he went. He lifted his voice against all types of evil and in no manner did he mince words. In Boston, or in distant San Francisco, he was always at home. With the western ranchers or the Harvard professors, he was equally at ease. God endowed him with a gift which made the world his parish.

Hail then, Sam Jones! Yea, rather, hail then, Captain John Jones, father by nature, and sire by grace to Sam Jones the evangelist! It was only a moment, but it was enough for God to use an ordinary light to win a mighty power for righteousness.

Your pathway, friend, may be marked through barren districts. None may ever call you great. Nevertheless yours is the opportunity of lighting here and there a soul in this darkness and morass of life. Be a John, unknown, that you may win a Sam, heralded the world around. Be a Will, the Sunday school teacher, that you may transform a John, the mighty leader of youth. Be just a stranger, that you may encourage a Gough, to fight the fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.

LIVINGSTONE

Won by a Book

Richard Baxter was won through reading a tract; Bunyan by reading a book; and the adventurous missionary Livingstone was brought to Jesus through reading a heavy tome on Philosophy. The book which he sought was "Dick's Philosophy of the Future State." Heavy was the sledding at places, but

the young student went on through it until he saw "the duty and the inestimable privilege immediately to accept salvation by Christ."

The more he read the heavier became his sense of need. With promptness and decision he accepted salvation. He had never up until this time been led to any interest in missions, but at once he determined to give all he was able above his own subsistence to this great cause.

Then through some strange providence there came to his hands a German missionary's appeal for China (again he was reading), and he consecrated his life through this appeal to (as he supposed) the cause of carrying the gospel to China. He began his studies, which were mainly medical, and it was not long until the London Missionary Society accepted him for service.

Into Livingstone's life came the influence of Robert Moffat, laboring in Africa. When the Board's decision was made to send Livingstone as a missionary—the destination was Africa and not China.

Three influences—somebody lent a book, through which he was converted, another unknown missionary wrote an appeal for China which someone showed to him, and finally Moffat opened his eyes to the needs of Africa.

Three personal workers, but the greatest of modern missionaries was won for the work of the Lord. A book, a tract, and a written appeal and Livingstone, the weaver lad, set his face toward the heart of the Dark Continent.

His story is too well known to need be retold. His spirit was given to Africa in devotion to the cause of Christ, as his physical heart was given to the African soil, which he so dearly loved, in burial. He broke the power of the slave trade, blazed a trail for future missionary labor. For nine months his body, from which the heart had been cut and tenderly placed in African soil, was carried by faithful black men to the coast.



At last his weary body found a place of rest—yes, rest amid the mighty of England in Westminster Abbey.

His monument which he erected in the hearts of Christians is far greater than that which the empire erected to his memory in the Abbey. When yonder around the “rainbow circled throne” we gaze upon the engravement, I think we shall see above the name of Livingstone the outlines of a book, a printed page of missionary appeal, and the curling smoke from a thousand African villages. Unknown heroes will then receive their rewards.

This is a life of a personal worker. Dick wrote the book, a German the appeal, Moffat spoke the word, and someone was used by the Lord in scattering the printed page and preparing for the message. It is said that the sermons of Spurgeon have had a greater sale than of any preacher—but one layman decided to devote all his time and money to the printing and distribution of those sermons.

Spurgeon preached them—and the layman printed them.

Barbara Heck, pioneer Methodist woman, said to her cousin, “We should do something about it.” Soon a sail loft was secured, and Embury began preaching. Later the Old St. John’s Methodist Church in New York was builded, and Methodism was launched in America. Just a woman and a word of urging, and America heard the tidings of salvation.

Fill your tiny spot, friend, and the crown will be prepared by the Lord.

PHINEAS BRESEE

Won by an Unknown Preacher

Numerous personal workers have been responsible for the conversion of those who later in life became founders of denominations. We recall that Frau Cotta influenced Luther,

who gave birth to Protestantism and Lutheranism; Will Farel reached John Calvin, who became the intellectual father of Presbyterianism and the Reformed churches; Susanna Wesley and Peter Bohler won John Wesley, who became the sire of the Methodist Church. This line could be extended, but suffice it to say that the founder of the Church of the Nazarene was won by a personal worker, a Rev. Mr. Smith.

When about seventeen, young Phineas Bresee was a clerk in his father's general store at West Davenport, Iowa. The parents were faithful Methodists, and in February of 1856 a protracted meeting was being conducted in the little church of the section. The pastor, a conscientious man, went to the store where the young clerk was busy attending the duties devolving upon him. The preacher would wait until he was through. Not content to make his sermons the only means of winning souls, he came into personal contact with the young man, and began to talk to him about his soul.

Those few words became barbed arrows which struck to the heart. They were the means of bringing him under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, and before the day passed by Phineas resolved to become a Christian. Personal contact so brought him under the power of the Spirit that when he arrived at the evening service he could hardly wait until the preacher had finished his message. After the meeting was dismissed, a class meeting was held, and during this the future father of Nazareneism was converted.

Again personal work had paid large dividends. Little did Smith realize the greatness of his "catch." In divine providence the young man became a preacher. Larger churches demanded his services. To the district eldership he was called. In turn he became district evangelist, later an outstanding pastor in southern California. Under the anointing of God, he marched out "under the stars," and a new denomination was brought into being.



Some forty-two years have passed by since that first tabernacle church came into existence; but today around the world the banner of this denomination has been unfurled. Two thousand or more local congregations have been organized. A quarter million of children have been gathered into her Sunday schools. On the far-flung line of battle in heathen lands her missionaries are proclaiming the gospel of Christ. Colleges and Publishing House, evangelists and more than three thousand preachers are heralding the tidings of holiness unto the Lord.

Yes, all are the result of a personal worker, who dared to come to grips with one soul, a clerk in a store.

Reach out then, friend; where you are there may be standing another Bresee, ready to be brought to Jesus. Smith has passed into oblivion as far as the memory of man is concerned. Yonder on the records of eternal glory, high on the scroll of fame, stands his name side by side with the father of the Nazarenes. You may never labor before the multitudes, as Smith doubtless never did, but you can meet one soul at a roadside store, in a Sunday school class, in a cottage meeting, and have the joy of seeing that one accept Christ. Over such scenes angels rejoice and all heaven is in glad acclaim.

CHARLES SPURGEON

Won by a Blacksmith

A dapper young man some sixteen years old started one night to church where he might meet with his friends for a social hour; but due to a sudden storm he was unable to make his way downtown. A nearby Methodist chapel in London attracted his attention. He entered the little door. Eight peo-



ple had gathered for the meeting, and when the minister did not arrive, a swarthy faced and grimy handed blacksmith arose and said that he would read and speak a little before they dismissed. He turned to Isaiah, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," and with a firm voice touched with pathos, he went to the heart of the verse, and invited the young man to seek the Lord.

Among other things he said, "Well, a man needn't go to college to learn to look. Anyone can look. You may be a fool and yet you can look. You will never find comfort in yourself. Look to Christ. Young man, you look very miserable. You always will be miserable if you don't obey the text; but if you obey now, this moment you may be saved." The boy looked at once and was saved.

He wrote of the experience, "I could dance all the way home. I understand what Bunyan meant when he declared that he wanted to tell the crows on the plowed land all about his conversion." The name of the blacksmith passed into oblivion.

But at seventeen the lad began his preaching career. When twenty-one he was called to a London pastorate. Before this he had already preached six hundred and seventy sermons. He became the talk of the city, and thousands flocked to hear him. His building became far too small to accommodate the crowds. At one time he spoke in the Crystal Palace to more than 23,000 people. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was built by his congregation, with more than a million folks contributing to its construction.

During his thirty-eight years in the London pastorate he baptized and took into his church 14,460 people. By all methods it is estimated that he took 20,000 into his church during this time. He said he believed that there was not a seat in the Tabernacle but someone had been saved in it. When he died the membership was 5,311. With all this work he conduct-



ed a pastor's college for the training of preachers; opened through his workers 36 chapels in London; conducted an orphanage with as many as 500 children in it at one time; and wrote scores of volumes. It is true that his sermons have had a greater sale than those of any preacher in the Christian era.

The lad, who became the sensation of his generation, was none other than Charles Spurgeon. Doubtless the blacksmith achieved nothing else; but the one convert will prepare for him a mighty reception in the land above. Horny handed he was; but a crown everlasting will be placed upon the brow of this personal worker. Preachers will rise up and call him blessed; orphans will sing his praise in heaven; and thousands will thank God for the man who won their spiritual sire.

Such is the glory of the man who wins his one. He might have been just a brush arbor preacher, but he won a fifteen-year-old boy, destined to become James B. Chapman, writer, preacher, leader. It was Averill who won Chapman.

It was just a little Wesleyan chapel in Nottingham, England, and an unmarked minister, but his life was holy and charged with God, and in his visits in the slum homes of the city, he found a boy named William. At grips with the soul of the individual, he won out for the Lord. A chapel preacher became God's instrument to win William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. Then may our names be unnoted but let us win our one to Jesus by the personal touch.

BAXTER, DODDRIDGE AND WILBERFORCE

Won by a Tract

It was an unknown woman this time to whom the laurels of victory must go. She set in order a series of events which raced through the years with telling effect for the Master. The

instrument at her command was only a little tract, which she dropped in the pathway of another. This one proved to be Richard Baxter, young in years, but destined to shine with inextinguishable luster. He at once entered upon the career which was to make him one of the best known theologians and writers of the centuries. Before his light had set he had published one hundred and sixty-eight books, two of which remain renowned, "The Saints' Everlasting Life" and a "Call to the Unconverted."

Some fifty years later the last book was read by a brilliant young man, whose mother had taught him to read the Bible in the original before he was five years old. Philip Doddridge it was who paved the way for missions among the English Nonconformists, and founded a society for distributing the Bible among the poor. He became a wonderful Bible exegete, and wrote, "The Family Expositor," a commentary on the Bible still extant. Among his writings, to carry this silvery thread from the tract dropped by the unknown woman, was "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

Another fifty years passed, but the fruit of the tract was again ready to ripen. A young philanthropist, only twenty-one, entered parliament, and soon was found in the fore of such movements as those against vice, the spreading of the Bible, missions and slavery. The mighty work of his life was in fighting against slavery. It was he who had the anti-slavery bill signed. Wesley wrote one of the last letters of his life to Wilberforce, our hero.

In the midst of these stirring activities the last named book by Doddridge fell into his hands, and immediately he accepted the Master as his Redeemer.

By this time two centuries had been spanned. Wilberforce wrote a book called, "A Practical View of Christianity." Among those reading it was Leigh Richmond, who accepted Christ as his Lord, and entered the ministry. Later he wrote

a book entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter," in which the religious life is presented. This book became popular, and hundreds and thousands of copies were scattered throughout the English world. Multitudes were converted through reading it. D. L. Moody received great assistance from it, and recommended it to others.

Such a tribute as this to the "unknown woman who dropped a tract" is equaled only by the story of the widow's mite or the breaking of the alabaster box found in the New Testament. Not even her name is recorded, but faithfully she carried on her personal work, never dreaming of setting in motion a mighty moving stream which should sweep the centuries for the Master.

Just a tract backed by a life and possibly thrilled by the power of a prayer that the young man coming behind might read it and be redeemed.

Then my friend, scatter your tracts to the wind; breathe your prayers with face exalted; speak your words to the ones as you find them. For from such activities comes the winning of some that are later destined to move the centuries for Christ. A tract blossoms and thousands are saved through the centuries. Young people pray on a street corner, and a ball player is converted, who in turn brought thousands to Jesus. A Sunday school teacher spoke a word and the lad Wilbur Chapman was touched, who in turn became God's instrument in reaching thousands around the world.

There's a place for your personal work in the Master's vineyard. Find it. Go labor today. The setting sun of time will bring your reward.

GIPSY SMITH

Won by a Kind Word

God's most successful soul winners have done their greatest work, not with the masses, but with individuals. They have been men who above all else have striven to do as Jesus did at Jacob's well when the Samaritan woman came to draw water—a congregation of one became an entering wedge for a great city revival. Thrilling indeed were the incidents which brought about the conversion of a little gipsy lad, not in an organized revival, but through personal contact.

The place was Epping Forest, England. A group of gipsy tents were pitched here and there. Strange kettles brewed stranger diets. Weavers of baskets and makers of clothespins sat around open fires and plied their trades. Everywhere little lads, with flaming eyes and ruddy cheeks, could be seen sitting with their elders. Into this setting came a foreign element; one which was destined to change the tide of souls.

Two men in the garb of preachers entered the forest, and began speaking earnestly to the gipsy groups. They told a peculiar story of a prophet of long, long ago, who went about doing good, and finally died for all people, including the gipsy race. Some sneered at the speakers as they walked from fire to campfire. Others listened with rapt attention. Finally one of the men, the older of the two, whose fame had encircled the globe, came to a tent where a father, mother and two children were seated. On the head of the little lad a fatherly hand was placed, and after a few brief words the visitor lifted his voice in prayer and asked God to make a great preacher out of the little boy.

These words burned into the soul of the gipsy. The father, Cornelius Smith, had entered a revival in a nearby Wesleyan chapel. It was here that he had learned how to pray. Soon the

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family was to be stricken with smallpox and the mother died. But through it all the lad could not get away from the words of the preacher. They stuck in his soul as burrs in the wool of a sheep. At last he yields to God, soon to answer the call of the Almighty and to dedicate his life to the preaching of the gospel. Rodney Smith, famed now as Gipsy Smith, world known evangelist who has won thousands, began his mission work under William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, when but seventeen years old.

With a sweet gipsy voice he started to sing the gospel hymns until thousands came to hear him, and no halls were found large enough to hold the audiences. God's power settled down upon him, and soon he swept around the world as a flaming evangel of truth. The work of Moody and Drummond, for these were the preachers who visited the gipsy village, began to bear fruitage, until now the dividends are a thousandfold.

For more than fifty years Gipsy Smith has traveled the nations with Moody's simple story of the crucified Christ. He has been honored by kings. But in it all he has remained the gipsy lad whose head Moody's hand touched, and into whose soul Moody's words burned as a living coal of fire. Had Moody been content to preach to the multitudes—for in one revival he preached to a million people in London—and thought it not worth his time to do personal work, doubtless this gipsy preacher would never had been won.

All the results of Gipsy Smith's life are trophies of personal work. He was won through personal work, and he dedicated his life to contacts with individuals. Then may we as he, become apostles whose lives will be devoted to making disciples by "the one win one" method.

JOHN BUNYAN

Won by a Book

The career of John Bunyan should be an example and stimulus for personal workers.

None could have been lower than he in the realms of morals and degeneracy. He was of the dregs of society, a tinner by trade, and a drunkard by profession. Though he had learned to read a little while young, he was so debauched that before his conversion this art, along with that of writing, had wholly departed from him. He went about blaspheming, hated by respectable people and shunned by all. Finally he married a plain and poverty stricken girl, who knew something about Christ. They lived in the most abject poverty so that barely the necessities were found. The girl, however, had brought with her a few books from her father and among these was "Fox's Book of Martyrs."

During the long evenings shyly John would pick up the book and try to read. His wife would tell him the story. The minister at the little Baptist church in Bedford, where they lived, was a holy man. "Holy Mr. Gifford," as Bunyan called him, took an interest in the meanest man in the community and was often seen in his company. Both by example and precept he told Bunyan about redeeming grace and urged upon him the necessity of changing his life's tenor.

Through sloughs of despond Bunyan's soul traveled until it struck the glorious highway leading to the Celestial City.

The reward of the personal worker came early, and Bunyan accepted Christ, to find a glorious light shining around about him. Gifford's name may appear only on one record, that of the church book in Bedford; but on God's scroll of remembrances it will stand by the side of Bunyan's.

At once Bunyan began his life's work. He did not wait for a door to open to him—but he placed his shoulder to one and

opened it. The mender of tins now became the mender of souls. Wherever he went he preached to the poor and outcast, until he was called Bishop Bunyan. Later he was selected as pastor of a little church. Years of persecution began to scar him. Twelve years were spent in the Bedford jail, all because of his intense preaching. While here visions opened upon his soul, and as the twenty-ninth book coming from his pen, out flowed "Pilgrim's Progress," the world's best seller outside the Bible. Through it publishers made millions but Bunyan made nothing. This delineates the progress of the soul from sin's sloughs to heaven's height. "Grace Abounding" is his spiritual biography.

The results of Bunyan's life are inestimable. He is the world's most famous Baptist, the man who told the world its story of redemption in allegory. Multiplied millions have seen the great light because of him—and because of holy Mr. Gifford. No "Book of Martyrs," and no "Pilgrim's Progress." Little seemed the work of that tiny Baptist church in Bedford; but it lighted the soul of a Bunyan, and transformed him into a great light, reflecting the glory of the Sun of righteousness.

Does personal work pay? It paid Gifford with Bunyan's tremendous life. It paid Frau Cotta, simple-hearted German mother, with the winning of Martin Luther. It paid Boehm, Mennonite preacher, with Otterbein, the father of the United Brethren church. It paid Bohler with Wesley and the Methodist church. It paid a youthful lassie, a Sunday school teacher, with J. Wilbur Chapman and his world renowned revivals. It paid the drummer with Moody; Moffat with inspiring Livingstone; and the country circuit rider with Talmage!

So will it pay us.

D. L. MOODY

Won by a Salesman

He was an orphan boy living in the woods around Northampton, Mass. When his father died stark poverty faced the widowed mother and her children. It seemed as if she must place the children in an asylum. But she knew how to pray and to beseech God. When sixteen years of age the young Dwight was sent to Boston as a lean, long and lank country boy, whose stammering voice seemed against advancement. An uncle had kindly offered him a position in his shoe store.

One day a shoe drummer visited the store, and inquired from the proprietor if he had any new boys working for him. When the uncle pointed out the country lad, the drummer at once buttonholed him, and inviting him to the rear of the store asked if he were a Christian. He told him of the pitfalls which a lad in the city must face, of the dangers of evil companions, and the necessity of starting his business career with Christ in his heart. In the breast of Dwight arose remembrances of what his mother had told him before he left for the city, and how she had pleaded for him to follow Christ. Quietly the drummer and the backwoods boy knelt amid the leather shavings of the store, and after a few moments of prayer the future evangelist arose with a smiling countenance and with the knowledge that Jesus had saved him.

At once he became interested in Christian work. He moved to Chicago where opportunities for advancement were better. Here he asked a Sunday school superintendent for a class, but was refused on the ground that he stuttered so much that the pupils could not understand him. The next Sunday morning Moody came to the school, followed by thirty-eight of the dirtiest and slummiest boys of Chicago. The superintendent was amazed and offered him any place in the building to

house his class. He here began his personal evangelism, which was to mark him throughout his career as a soul winner.

By the end of the year, through personal work, Moody had gathered a school of one thousand members in a famous hall in Chicago. God soon called him to a larger field of activity. The world became his parish. One morning in Indianapolis he was conducting a six o'clock prayermeeting, and asked for someone to volunteer to sing. A young man with a golden voice arose and thrilled the small group. Here began a world famous friendship which death alone severed. Moody had found Sankey.

In all of Moody's mighty revivals, when he would speak to a million people in the course of a few months, he did not lose his personal touch. For he realized that the personal appeal had won him to Christ. His inquiry room was used in that he believed he could deal with the seekers in a more individual manner. It was not uncommon to find Moody back between the seats in a dirty mission hall with his arms around some bum, telling him the story of redeeming love. Moody went after the lost sheep one by one, and brought them to Christ. As Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine," Moody and he went out as ambassadors of the Shepherd after the one lost sheep, and they were not content until they had found and saved him.

Is it too much to affirm, "No drummer who loved Christ and worked for the individual, no Moody to win the multitudes"? When the records are opened I believe the shoe drummer in Boston, with love aflame in his soul, will be called to receive honor with the world's most famous evangelist of his century. Jesus won His disciples one by one and so must we.

We may be able to walk in the glory of fellowship with the renowned of all ages, but we must not lose the common touch. In looking at the masses may we realize the worth of an individual soul.



JOHN R. MOTT

Won by a Sunday School Teacher

I sat in New York City last year and heard John R. Mott, the world's best known and most highly respected Y. M. C. A. worker, deliver an address. He pleaded for higher type of manhood to fill the responsible positions of the nations, men who stand behind the pulpit with God-inspired convictions, men who could rule democracies and not worship at "the shrine of the golden calf." We remembered that for more than thirty years he has controlled the destinies of the Y. M. C. A. abroad. On mission fields his influence has been felt for righteousness. He has had more to do with the policies of this great organization around the world than any other man. I remembered, while listening to him, how he was won.

As a young man John entered Cornell College at Ithaca, N. Y. He came as he said to the college indifferent to the calls of religion. His heart was cold and his ambitions were far different from those that now motivate him. He wanted to build into the fortunes of the world with fame and finance at his bidding.

He was invited to attend a Sunday school class in a Methodist church of the city, where a Mr. Will Tree was the teacher. John went with a friend. Mr. Tree taught the lesson with an emphasis upon the spiritual content. At once the future Y. M. C. A. worker felt his heart begin to warm toward religion and Christ. Sunday after Sunday he listened to this unknown Sunday school teacher. Mott later testified that he went to those class sessions a cold and indifferent person, but he came out a transformed young man with a passion to serve the Lord.

From that time on there was no question on which side of life's ledger the account of Mott's life would appear. He de-

voted himself to preparation for Christian work. When the opportunity came to enter the field of foreign service in the Y. M. C. A. gladly he accepted it. For all these years hundreds of students have been reached through the work of John R. Mott, who was won by an unknown Sunday school teacher. The cause of foreign missions owes much to his work and interest. His has been a life devoted to the ideals of spreading the knowledge of Christ around the world.

Just a Sunday school teacher—that is all. But in the providence of God, that teacher stood at the crossroads of a life, yes, at the highway of the nations of the world. God prepared him for one insignificant little task, that of teaching a class of young college students, from whom possibly none ever dreamed that a renowned worker would be won. Insignificant, did I say? In the circle of God's scheme there is no place insignificant, small, unknown. No worker is unheralded, as far as divinity is concerned.

Father Nash was reached by Finney's preaching, and this old saint did much to help Finney, the famed evangelist, win a half million to Christ. It was Conrad Grebel that touched a monk by name of Menno Simons. Grebel, a layman, stirred the preacher and out of the contact came the Mennonite Church which has stood for purity through the centuries. It was Christian David, unknown, hated and persecuted Hussite, that asked to live on the estate of Zinzendorf in Prussia. Soon the faithful follower of Jesus moved the heart of the Count, and he accepted Christ, and became the father of the Moravian Church, which has meant so much to the cause of foreign missions through the years.

Be your task small, your abilities weak, your sphere of influence limited—serve to the capacity of your ability your God. Win your one.



DE WITT TALMAGE

Won by a Circuit Rider

The scene could have been no more unpromising for the winning of a soul who should become world renowned in religious work than it was; nor the participants less likely than they were. The night had been cold; around a fireplace sits an old-fashioned family. Outside a noise is heard, and on opening the door, a rustic circuit rider stepped into the warmth of the home. After some time in conversation the father asked Rev. Truman Osborn to read and pray.

Never dreaming of the mighty results, the preacher read the story of the "ninety-and-nine" and the one lost sheep. After finishing he asked the father if all of the children were Christians. The father responded, "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Osborn looked down into the fire, and began to tell of the storm that came upon the mountains, and all the sheep, save one, safe in the fold. One little lamb had strayed out into the dangerous night and doubtless would die during the raging winds. He graphically spun out the tale of how the shepherd went out in the winds, to face the drenching rains, and risked his own life for the one little sheep. Then he told about Jesus coming to die for the lost sheep. Barbed words as arrows pierced the soul of the lad, the only lost sheep in the family circle.

That night on retiring De Witt knew that out into the storm of life the great Shepherd of the soul had found him, the one lost sheep.

It was just a family circle, but Osborn came to grips with one boy, and brought him individually to Jesus. Note the results: The lad went from pastorate to pastorate until his throne became the pulpit in the famous Tabernacle in New York City. His sermons were syndicated until they encircled the

world, and appeared each week in more than two thousand newspapers and religious periodicals. His books rushed from the press as water flowing from a mountain spring. Today young preachers buy copies of his works that they may drink from this flowing stream of spiritual beauty, and we have read every volume of his sermons that we might behold the beauties of heaven as pictured by this master of words.

Books of his sermons still appear, as was the case with his "New Tabernacle Sermons," his "Wit and Wisdom," and also his "Fifty Brief Sermons." To these men turn for linguistic practice, for in the art of illustration and vivid word picturing Talmage has never been excelled.

As far as the work of Osborn is concerned his name does not appear among the mighty preachers of his generation. No record is left of his life. On the encyclopedia he is not marked as the writer of books, nor is his name to be found at all. From the worldly standpoint we must mark a debit entry against his life. He failed. No riches were left by him. No honors were showered upon him. He lived the ordinary life of an ordinary circuit preacher, traveling through New Jersey and New York, talking with people about a Savior who came to seek the one lost sheep.

A failure, did I say? Not so with God's reckonings. His was a crown of the personal worker. As a trophy he won for his Master, a soul winner and a leader of men, a preacher of note. After all most of the successful personal workers have stood in the shadow of those whom they won. So it was with Andrew. He won his brother Peter to Christ, and then his converted brother is showered with honors, while he stands in the dim shadows. So it always has been. That Sunday school teacher in London who won Robert Morrison is forgotten. The name of the preacher, with flowing long-tailed coat, and saddlebags, A. J. Walker, who won Bud Robinson

is barely heard of. Billy Sunday we know, but who led the street service in Chicago when the ball player was brought to Jesus? A forgotten hero, who died unheralded and unsung, that is all!

AUGUSTINE

Won by His Mother

We are prone to think that the art of personal evangelism is of recent origin. If we check back to the Bible we will find that this is not true. We remember that Philip was asked by some Greeks to be shown to Jesus. Since that time personal work has been God's method of winning. Andrew won Peter; Stephen, while dying, with radiant glory touched the heart of Paul; Paul won Priscilla and Aquila; Polycarp was touched with the saintly life of John; and Origen saw his father go to the stake and begged to die as a martyr with him, and later he became a great light in the work of the Lord.

Among all of these examples of personal work in the early centuries, Monica stands out supreme. She was the mother of Augustine, and with her Christian truth she sought to win her son. Early he was given to debauchery and though brilliant he loved the pleasures of paganism. Through all the years Monica prayed that her son might find the Lord and devote his talents to His service. Years ran into three decades.

After studying at Rome, Augustine, a brilliant young teacher, was employed as teacher of rhetoric in Milan. The bishop of the cathedral of the city was Ambrose, eloquent and representative of the best combination of pagan training and Christian culture. Ambrose with his personality touched the entire city.



Monica came to visit her son, and in the meantime Augustine became attracted to the cathedral to hear Ambrose. Through personal contact Ambrose gained his confidence, and Monica inspired him to seek the better ways of righteousness.

One day the heart of the young rhetorician was touched, and in his garden he heard a voice say, "Take up and read." He turned to Romans 13:13, 14 and read. At once he said, "I did not want to read any more, nor was there any need. Every doubt was banished." The work of his mother and Ambrose had made an entry for God's Spirit into his heart. On Easter Sunday, April 25, 387, he was baptized, and became a follower of Jesus.

He was selected as Bishop Hippo, in North Africa, where he remained for the rest of his life. Here he became the most famous writer on Christian doctrine of the early centuries. Were it not for his work it is doubtful if the Church would have come out of the Dark Ages with her doctrines as pure as they were. He was the father of early Christian theology. Today his doctrine of the nature of man, that of original sin, stands as ours. The truths of the modern church have been builded around him.

Just a mother and a great bishop were all God needed to win a soul whose work should stand through the centuries. The Almighty changed the tide of Christian thought and ruled the intellectual development of seventeen centuries through him. This is God's way. Wesley, who gave to the world the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, was won by a personal worker. Calvin was inspired by Will Farel in Geneva, and he became the intellectual father of half of Christendom. Luther met Frau Cotta and turned toward righteousness, and gave birth to the doctrine of "justification by faith as crystallized in the Protestant Reformation." George Fox met an uncle who was a Baptist and turned from mortal darkness to spir-

itual light, and gave to the world the truth of the inwardness of Christian experience.

God employs the one, and many times the weaker one, to win the stronger, that he may later become a tremendous leader of men, and a shaper of the tides of time. From the dawn until today this has been His method. Better be an unknown worker for the Lord, and trust your future to the winning of someone that God can use in His cause, than to dream of becoming a great worker yourself. Win your one—he may be a Moody. Capture for your God your single lad—it may be a William Booth. Go after that little lad—it may be a Kagawa, the great soul winner.

JOHN WESLEY

Won by an Unknown Preacher

One of the greatest trophies of personal evangelism was John Wesley, noted founder of the Methodist church. As a young lad John had attended Oxford, where he became a youthful instructor in Greek and logic. He early gave himself as a missionary and sailed to Georgia to convert the Indians, and as he expresses it, "I went to convert the Indians who myself had never been converted." On shipboard while making the voyage, during a terrific storm he noticed a number of Moravians calmly singing and praying while others, even the sailors, were in the clutches of dreadful fear. Conversation with the Moravians convinced him that they steadfastly served the Master in a manner wholly foreign to himself.

Spangenberg, Moravian pastor in Georgia, became a close confidant of the Anglican missionary Wesley. On returning to England, John met another Moravian named Peter Bohler. Bohler, as was his life's habit, began to tell Wesley about the

deeper things of the Lord. He instructed both of the Wesleys, Charles and John, in piety, perceiving that neither of them knew the Lord in His converting grace. Several long journeys were taken in and about London, during which time Peter continued his personal work with John. Finally Wesley became convinced that he had never been converted, and knew nothing of the experience of soul rest of his Moravian friend.

Diligently he began the study of the Bible, searching out those truths concerning conversion. Later he sought God as his personal Savior. At times despair would overwhelm him; but one night on May 24, 1737, in a little hall off Aldersgate Street in London, while one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to Romans, John's search suddenly came to an end. His heart was strangely warmed. The Methodist revival then had its birth. Bohler's personal work had won. Though the name of that insignificant Moravian preacher is but scarcely known, that of his famous convert is a household word.

At once Wesley began preaching "dead in earnest." He was forced to tell the story of Jesus from his father's tombstone, for the churches were shut to him. In nothing daunted, he kept true to that "strangely warmed heart experience." Here and there groups arose among his converts, which were organized into classes. Conferences were later formed. Coke was ordained as superintendent of America; later he laid his hands on Asbury in ordination, and he became America's prophet of the long trail. Methodism was in full swing. Under Asbury alone in this country from 1771 until 1816 Methodism grew from three hundred to two hundred fourteen thousand. All this came about through a personal worker, Peter Bohler.

Wesley's life reads like fiction. He preached fifty-two thousand times; rode more than two hundred thousand miles—more than any man who bestrode a beast, as his biographer wrote. He authored more than two hundred books, and became

the father of the world's greatest revival. He ordained more than six hundred preachers with his own hands. He gave birth to a great movement destined to circle the globe and to control the centuries.

Hail then, Peter Bohler, simple hearted Moravian preacher, who could not reach the masses, but who was content to spend your time with unconverted Anglican preachers, and by personal contact won the man who died leaving the world "two silver teaspoons, a silver teapot, a well-worn clerical robe," and the Methodist church!

CHARLES G. FINNEY

Won by a Praying Young People's Band

Charles G. Finney intended to be a lawyer, but God aimed that he should be an evangelist who would win a half million souls during his lifetime. The young lawyer decided that it would be well for him to connect himself with some church, so he selected a little Presbyterian church in his community. Here he took an active part in attending choir practice, going to prayermeeting that he might meet the young people, and did all he could to be popular with the group. One Sunday the minister had planned a special service of an evangelistic nature, by which he hoped to win the unconverted of his congregation.

The youthful lawyer was naturally on his heart, and he spent much time with him. A band of young people vowed that they would pray for Finney's conversion. Faithfully they kept their vow, and diligently they worked with their prospect. When possible they would talk to him about his soul. After a season of prayer for this one person, they seemed to avail,

and Finney was seized with an intense case of conviction for his sins.

One Sunday evening in October, 1821, Finney began seriously to seek the Lord. This became a matter of business, and finally the glory of salvation broke in upon his soul. At once he became a personal worker and everyone that he would meet was told the story of his Savior. He remembered that a few young people had "prayed him through" and he began to spread the glad tidings in the same manner. Within twenty-four hours after his conversion, a number had yielded, among them a lawyer and a distiller. From this a revival broke out in the community.

God touched Finney's lips with fire, and calls came from everywhere for him to come and hold revivals. Mighty manifestations of God attended his services. Father Nash banded with him, and became the prayer while Finney was the preacher. During a six months' campaign in Rochester one hundred thousand were converted and joined the churches of the city and vicinity. In London for some six weeks from fifteen hundred to two thousand sought the Lord each night. Across the eastern states a revival spread everywhere until a half million souls were brought to Jesus.

Finney realized the value of personal work and prayer bands so much that he organized his workers and held these band meetings in each revival. He remembered that he had been won through personal contact and prayer, and he made this the basis of his work.

Mr. Gale, the minister, and the small group of young people that won Finney doubtless did not realize what God was doing when they were used as an instrument in His hands for his redemption. But the plans of God never miscarry. With Him there are no accidents. This method of personal work has been His ordained scheme for winning mighty workers in His vineyard.

Many of God's greatest soul winners were won through personal evangelism. Whitefield was won by leading the singing for a group of women. Moody was brought to Jesus by a drummer. Moody and Sankey touched the heart of Gipsy Smith through personal contact in a gipsy camp. And so the story runs.

Do not disparage the individual contact. Drive an arrow home with a Spirit-freighted word. For God's workers must learn to do as Jesus did—win a single woman at Jacob's well in order to reach a city, or the multitudes, with a revival.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Won by a Book

Strange events are brought about through the most insignificant of one's time and abilities in another personality. For instance: When Bunyan married, his wife, the poorest of the poor brought with her as a heritage from her Christian father, a book entitled, "Fox's Book of Martyrs." Through reading the book John, the famed dreamer, was converted. Through reading "Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification," lent by an old minister friend, A. B. Simpson, was brought to Jesus.

Somebody lent these books!

Whitefield will be remembered as the world's greatest preacher, and not as the struggling lad at Oxford, or the servant in the tavern. When but a lad he served drinks in a Scottish tavern, and when an old man he was the most popular preacher of his or any age. It is said that when a boy he was the most wicked and vile, even running into church only to disturb it, and when an old man he could bring tears to the eyes of his massive audiences even by speaking the word Mesopotamia.

As a boy he stole money from his mother, and when he died, famed and honored, he left but five hundred dollars in the world, and that through mistake!

Between the two—the lad and the man—stands a book, lent by a friend.

When eighteen years old in Oxford and delicate, a friend named Charles lent George a book entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." Eagerly the Oxonian pored over its contents. Gradually a light burst upon his spirit. He sought the way of the Lord, and when the friend Charles formed the famous "Holy Club," George was among its first members.

But one other event stands as a tribute to the personal worker in Whitefield's early life. When sixteen, George's mother invited him to lead the singing in a woman's religious meeting.

Two events—reading a book, and leading the singing for a band of faithful women—that is all. Out of these grew the man that was to be.

Whitefield traveled England and America and drew the largest audiences ever assembled. It is said that he could be heard preaching for a mile. Ben Franklin walked to the rear of a crowd of thirty thousand in Philadelphia and heard every word distinctly. Many times under the power of his ministry as high as five hundred would fall to the ground as dead men. The black faces of the miners of England would be stained with rivulets of tears when he spoke.

In America he established an orphanage, which Franklin, before he spoke, declared he would not support. When the message began Ben decided to give a small coin; the farther the speaker went the more the famed American decided to give, and when George had finished Ben turned to his neighbor and tried to borrow money from him to give to the orphanage.

Literally thousands were converted under the power of his ministry. He set America aflame with his work, and the first great revival which broke upon this nation came through the ministry of Whitefield and Edwards.

Charles and George and a mother! A trio, of whom Charles was destined to win fame as a writer of songs, George as a mighty preacher, and the mother to earn the crown of a personal worker.

Book lending is small indeed as an investment of ability, and surely anybody can lend a book. L. Milton Williams gave a fellow traveler on a train through Kansas a copy of his book, "The War of the Ages." And from the reading of the book a revival broke out in a farm section, which later resulted in the building of a mighty country church, where hundreds have been converted.

Pass out your books, friend, and for yourself you will win a crown.

ZINZENDORF

Won by a Picture

She was just a sun-bronzed, wind-blown gipsy girl, yet out of her simple words, a gentle request, came the outstanding missionary church of the Christian era.

An artist, painted his "Gipsy Girl" at Dusseldorf. His model was a young girl from the gipsy camps. After he had put on his finishing touches, deftly here and there adding a faint tint, altering a color scheme, the girl stepped down from her position, and asked the artist to explain the picture of Christ which appeared on the altar-piece which had been painted for Father Hugo of the Church of St. Jerome. This was a beautiful, thorn-crowned face of Jesus.

"You must have loved Him," gently whispered the gipsy girl.

At once his heart was pricked. Beneath the artistic exterior there came a clamor for the healing touch of the Master to be applied to his weary heart.

Aglow with the fascination of this new experience the artist resolved to paint another picture of Christ, whom he had now learned to adore. Underneath the finished picture these words were placed:

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

The picture when completed, was hung in the gallery of the city, and the words of the gipsy tramp began to pay dividends.

One day a proud rich young count came prancing through the gallery viewing the pictures. He was amazed at the piercing beauty of yon portrayal of Christ. His heart was touched.

The count turned pauper—giving up the glitter of the world for the gold of the Redeemer.

The challenge was accepted and out into the world young Count Zinzendorf went to serve his Savior. Traveling through the country where the count had his land came a small, afflicted band of Hussites, with melody in their hearts.

Christian David, an uncouth man, asked to remain on the land of the count. One Sunday afternoon Christian David requested their benefactor to attend cottage prayermeeting. Zinzendorf was struck with the simplicity, yet the power of these persecuted Moravians.

He cast his lot with them—he became a hated, yet God-fearing Hussite—and gave birth to the Moravian Church, which harks back to John Huss as its founder.

Zinzendorf, a man of action, could not long remain content to enjoy his religion in seclusion. There were others, less

fortunate than he, that must hear the story. Moravian missions were organized.

Within a few months missionaries were sent to the Eskimos, and later to the West Indies. The movement took force and soon every tenth Moravian was sent to some foreign field. In a few years these mission stations were established around the world. On one field forty-nine missionaries died in fifty years in order to carry the gospel to the natives.

Herrnhut, the religious colony, was founded. Out of this group came Peter Bohler, who met John Wesley, and "taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly" and finally won him and Charles to the Christ of the Gallery.

An arrow shot by a lassie of the winding road strikes an artist, who brushes on canvas his vision, from a flaming soul, of the Savior.

Out of these simple acts of personal work came the Moravian missionary movement and Wesley and the Methodist Church!

Speak then, a word by the side of the winding road!

Paint then, your picture—and the glory of winning will be yours.

JOHN G. PATON

Won by Family Prayers

James Paton, father of the famous John of New Hebrides renown, literally marked his son for a missionary career.

The story of that hearthstone is unequaled for missionary romance. From the age of seventeen young James Paton made it a practice to conduct family devotions. Morning and evening the leather covered black Bible would be taken down,

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a selection from the Word would be read, and the mellow voice of the father would be raised in prayer.

Eleven children in all went through these glorious experiences.

Let the world honored conqueror of the South Seas tell the story!

"Never," he wrote, "in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof . . ." When his father entered into his secret closet John would follow close and crouch outside the door. When doubt in later years assailed John would cry out with the lingering memory of these voices of prayer, "*He* walked with God; why not may *I*?"

The Bible reading father was poverty stricken so that at a very youthful age John found himself working as a stocking weaver. Six weeks in all he attended the academy. Later when better wages were offered as a surveyor, young John refused them for the group wanted him to bind himself to labor with them for seven years.

He told them that he served another Master, and could not accept the offer. Out into the harvest field he went, only to find his strength insufficient. Finally he is selected as an assistant in a Glasgow church.

This was the beginning of his religious career.

Later he is connected with the City Mission where he became a successful winner of his fellow men. The Mission has been trying to find someone to volunteer for service in the New Hebrides, and at length John offered himself for this service.

Others said, "Don't go, the cannibals will eat you up." But the old father, whose family prayers had won his son to the Master, replied, "My son, this was my work, but I did not obey, and now you can go for me."

His career reads like fiction. Landing in the islands he began work at once. Time and again the natives tried to kill him—but the hand of the Lord intervenes—and they soon reached the conclusion that they are unable to kill “Missi.” Warships and merchantmen offered to take him away but he steadfastly refused. For he felt that he labored under a divine command, and was immortal until his work was finished.

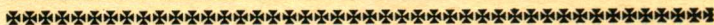
He made “paper speak back to the natives” when he gave them their language in writing. He dug their first well, and gradually the natives began to look to his Jehovah. Once word was sent to him that the natives were to kill him the next day and have a great feast. But the Lord wondrously intervened and his life was spared.

His first convert was the old chief named Namakei, whose brother had twice tried to kill the missionary. At the end of three years twelve natives had become Christians. When he dug his first well on the Island of Aniwa and brought up the water, the backbone of heathenism was broken.

For fifteen years he labored in the islands, and finally Aniwa and Tanna were Christianized.

When he returned to America he found himself the most popular man of his generation. The largest of halls were too small to contain the crowds that came to hear him.

The voice of father’s prayer touched his soul, and he in turn could stand against the efforts of natives to kill him through the power of prayer! No family altar, led by a faithful, poverty-stricken father there would have been no John G. Paton! Rear then your altar, lift your voice, for near you there may be another John.



ASBURY

Won by an Unknown Pious Man

The story of unknown pious men who have yielded mighty influences in the shaping of great characters is a noble one. With Talmage it was an unknown Methodist circuit rider—for Spurgeon it was an unknown layman, speaking the night the minister could not attend services—and for Asbury, the pioneer of Methodism in America, it was simply an “unknown, pious man, not a Methodist,” who won him.

The boyhood of the man selected by providence to be the founder of Methodism in America was an uneventful one. He was born outside of Birmingham, England, in 1745. He did not offer much promise as to leadership. His training was meager, and early he was apprenticed to a shoe worker. While he was still at home, “a pious man, not a Methodist, visited his parents and talked about religion and prayer, and under this influence the boy awakened before he was fourteen.”

He established the habit of daily prayer and read the sermons of Whitefield and Cennick. His mother introduced him to the work of Methodists by saying that she liked the informality of the group, and recommended them to her son. It was in his father's barn that the influences of mother and the pious man brought forth their fruits in conversion. It was there he was conscious that the Lord pardoned his sins.

When sixteen he became a local preacher, and soon his gifts were in evidence. Six years later he became a regular itinerant under Wesley. Wesley sent him to this country, and one year later he was appointed as “General Assistant.” When John became convinced that it was proper for him to ordain ministers, Thomas Coke was the first to receive this rite from his hands, and in turn Coke ordained Asbury as bishop of the church in America. This took place in 1784.

Here began an unsurpassed career of labor and achievement. Asbury became the prophet of the long trail, traveling all the eastern section of the states on horseback. Ofttimes he would swim the swollen streams to get to his appointment; he slept on the ground with his saddle for a pillow and the starry heavens his covers. He made his meals off of berries and nuts when nothing else could be found, and always he would thank his heavenly Father for his repast, as though it might have been a sumptuous feast.

He laid the foundation for the first Methodist college in Maryland, and began the training of his ministers. Out of his brain and heart he carved Methodism in America. When he took charge of the movement there were three hundred and sixteen members, and when the mantle fell from his shoulders there were more than two hundred and fourteen thousand Methodists, ruled by bishops, and ministered to by seven hundred ordained preachers, and more than two thousand local preachers.

From the time when the "pious man, not a Methodist," visited the family circle and prayed this lad into a spiritual vision of the Beulah of his soul, and in the barn of his father, when spiritual peace settled with a gentle glory upon him, he was always a prophet, a seer, who "spoke his mind." It was at Bristol Conference in 1771 that he offered himself as a missionary to the colonies.

Fate might have supplied the gentle influence of the pious man, had he failed, but it is God's plan to use human instruments for the spreading of the kingdom tidings. And an unknown man, who was willing to talk about religion and pray, achieved what the formal minister at the church where he was attending failed to do.

Surely anyone can talk about religion around family circles—and it is difficult to "kneel with family for prayers"—do so, and another Francis may be your trophy.

CHARLES M. SHELDON

Won by Influence of Relatives

There have been several classics in the field of religious literature; but in the modern age one has gained a widespread influence. When Charles M. Sheldon penned "In His Steps," he was destined to reach more people than any other writer in our generation. More than twenty-five million copies of this wonderful story of "what Jesus would do" have been sold. He wrote thirty-five other books, although this one alone achieved fame.

Let us turn backward the focus of our attention more than seventy years. Out in Dakota a happy family lived on a small farm. It was a happy group which grew up with the freedom which that new country afforded. Many incidents of unusual note occurred. God miraculously saved the father from death in a well. Charles found time to ride over the hills to "the little red schoolhouse" conducted by his uncle. On Sundays the group would attend church which was pastored by the same uncle, Joseph Ward.

Devotion marked the home life. The end of the loghouse called the parlor where they had family prayers became to the boyish mind of Charles a "holy of holies," and as he wrote it always remained so in his thinking. The father would take down the family Bible, read some selection and pray. "It was the consecrated end of the house where we met in times of trouble or danger. The passage of years has not dimmed nor lessened my faith in the power of that family altar," writes Dr. Sheldon.

During the winter of '76 a revival was conducted in Uncle Joe's church, and each night Charles was asked to "stand up" and become a Christian. His father seemed very anxious for him to make a public confession of his faith before it closed.

For several weeks after the meeting passed he lived an "inward life of fear," being torn between the desire of becoming a Christian and remaining as he was.

At last the seed of devotion sown by both father and mother germinated, and he made the decisive step. He had the conviction that he must make a public confession of his faith and the night he did, he "had a mental relaxation that was like a physical weight taken suddenly off my spirit."

Seed sown by father and mother, watered by Uncle Joe, the preaching school teacher, was destined to bear fruit. After he had trained himself at Brown University and Andover Seminary he spent two years in a Vermont pastorate. Then he was called to Topeka, Kansas, where he labored as minister for thirty-one years.

During the fall of 1896 he wrote and read to his evening congregation the manuscript of "In His Steps." The audiences asked that it might be published. Three publishers turned it down, saying that it would not sell. At last the *Chicago Advance*, a small religious paper, printed it serially; but sent only a part of the articles to be copyrighted, and soon fifty publishers in America and England were printing this unprotected story, which was sold by the millions. "If the book," he writes, "had had a clear title the probability is that it would have had a small audience."

Thus the hand of God spread this masterpiece.

Many were the activities of Dr. Sheldon. Besides pastoring his congregation, he wrote thirty-five books, lectured on prohibition around the world, edited the famous *Topeka Daily Capital* on a religious basis for one week, and finally became editor-in-chief of the *Christian Herald*.

A marvelous life, so grandly lived, was the result of family worship led by father, a devout life lived by mother, and the wise counsel of Uncle Joe. From a small investment tremendous dividends accrued.

KAGAWA

Won by a Teaching Missionary

Kagawa is one of the most successful soul winners of the present generation. His trial of faith is one which had its beginning in Buddhism and he has written his name largely over the Christian movement of Japan and the world at large.

He was born in 1888 in a respectable Japanese family, yet one which was highly immoral. When Kagawa was fifteen the entire family inheritance was lost, and this marked a turning point in his career. The immorality of Buddhism as seen, not only in the home of the uncle where he lived, but in the temples as well, gradually drove him to Christianity.

Dr. H. W. Meyer of Kobe, an American missionary, was conducting Bible classes in English, and young Kagawa was miraculously led to them that he might learn to speak English. His concern was for the language and not the subject. Gradually, however, this teacher was able to lead him from the darkness of Buddhism to the light of Christ. The more he studied the Bible the more glorious did Jesus become.

One day while in the slums of his city, an outcast without friends, a missionary came and put his arms around him. At once the presence of Jesus seemed near.

Later he read with a new meaning the passage, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Of this event he records:

"When I was sick and poor, and felt like an orphan in the wilderness of life, the thought of God's handiwork manifested in the beautiful flowers like lilies was an entirely new revelation to me . . . then I knew that if God cares for the flowers of the field, even more does He care for man."

The simple faith led him to trust the God who clothes the lilies. The new Kagawa was born. A missionary teacher, a kind, unknown missionary, the reading of a text, and one of the world's greatest soul winners was ushered into the kingdom.

At once he became the Booth of his nation. He devoted himself to the uplifting of the lower elements. He lived so close to them that he contracted trachoma, and is now nearly blind. His early privations for the sake of Jesus were so great that he took tuberculosis. His active hand and mind touch every element in the lives of the people. He teaches an early morning Bible class; he organizes labor unions; works for the betterment of the farm people; and takes time to direct the Social Bureau of Tokyo, a government organization.

He has become one of the greatest writers of the age. More than forty-six books have come from his pen, and some of them have circulated into the hundreds of thousands. He is striving to sell a million copies of his "New Life Through God." Since Japan is a nation with less illiteracy than America, and is reading everything of a Christian nature, he can well devote his energies to affording religious books for this reading public.

He is also a diligent evangelist. In a recent meeting a thousand sought the Lord as their Redeemer. He is trying to gain a million souls for Christ during this present five years. He preaches hundreds of sermons each year.

Again personal work won a master artist in the art of bringing others to Christ.



HORACE BUSHNELL

Won by a Fellow Tutor

Horace Bushnell has been called one of the seven greatest preachers produced in America. His sermon on "The Unconscious Influence," with the text, "Then went in also that other disciple," has been reproduced in more pulpits than any other sermon ever preached in America or England.

His book, "Christian Nurture," did more to stimulate the religious training of children than any other book published. The orthodoxy of his view has been questioned, but the practical phases of Christian nurture for children place a new emphasis upon child training. As a writer he drew a large audience, and as a preacher in his long pastorate in Hartford his sermons attracted wide attention.

Men have read his works and thrilled at the joy of them.

In his early years he gave no attention to religion. When he was at home under the nurture of his Christian mother there was laid a foundation upon which future influences could build. He trained for law, and tried to escape the conviction which his mother's work wrought into his conscience that he should be a minister.

President Day of Yale appointed him as a tutor in the university, so that he might go on with his law studies. When his two-year course was completed and he was ready to enter the legal profession, a revival broke out in the university. This was in the winter of 1831, and practically all the students were converted. The tutors, with the exception of Horace, had been converted. They formed a prayer band of their own in which all united except Bushnell.

Days of travail were spent by this group for his salvation. None dared approach him, for he stood far above the rest of them in attainments. At last Harry Durant, tried cautiously to present the claims of Jesus to him.

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Finally Bushnell said, "I must get out of this woe. Here am I what I am, and these young men hanging to me in their indifference amidst this universal earnestness on every side." He determined to call together the remaining unconverted students who were hiding behind his influence and have them make their decision for Christ.

He dropped onto his knees and arose as if he had received wings. The whole sky was luminous about him. In a sermon he said that the recording angel would write this story so that it might never be lost.

A mother's influence is buried in a soul—then a band of personal workers, fellow tutors, find time to pray for his redemption—and finally the marvel of marvels is wrought—a Bushnell is won.

The debt the world owes to these young men, and to Henry Durant, their spokesman, can never be repaid.

This diligent gospel worker could not be daunted. When his theories were doubted, he maintained the supremacy of his sermons, and magnified the Master. When his health failed he continued to write, and during the last seventeen years of his life what labor he carried on was with only one lung functioning.

In a measure the large amount of attention given to religious education in the Christian nurture of children comes from the impetus of Bushnell. Everywhere that Sunday schools are established the "unconscious influence" of this preacher is being felt. What he gained from the reading of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," to which he pays his highest tribute next to the Bible, he handed on through the power of his shadow passing silently into the lives of others.

A timid tutor as a personal evangel achieved greater fame through winning Bushnell than though he had been the president of the college.