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LIVING FOR JESUS

M. E. LUDWIG



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THEODORE and MINNIE E. LUDWIG

Living for Jesus

By

Minnie E. Ludwig

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Contents

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Preface | 5 |
| Poem, "A Plea for the Children"..... | 8 |

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. Jesus Loves the Children..... | 9 |
| II. Jesus Calls the Children Early..... | 16 |
| III. What Must I Do to Be Saved?..... | 20 |
| IV. At What Age May Children Be Converted? | 29 |
| V. Children May Be Certain of Sins Forgiven | 34 |
| VI. Conversion the Beginning of True Happiness and a Useful Life..... | 38 |
| VII. Sanctification | 46 |
| VIII. Suffering for Jesus..... | 55 |
| IX. How Children May Lead Sinners to Christ | 59 |
| X. Jesus Answers Prayer..... | 64 |
| XI. How to Resist Temptation..... | 70 |
| XII. God's Eyes Are Ever on Us..... | 74 |
| XIII. How Children May Show Their Love to Parents | 76 |
| XIV. Things to Be Thankful For..... | 82 |
| XV. Evil Habits..... | 87 |
| XVI. Danger of Neglecting Salvation..... | 95 |
| XVII. Christians Die Happy..... | 103 |

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Preface

In my work as Sunday school teacher, Junior League president, city missionary, evangelist, and as pastor's wife, I have, with a glad heart, observed that great good is accomplished in work among children. Unbiased by prejudice, their hearts are open to receive the story of the cross.

After careful observation, I have noticed that the majority of people who come to our altars to seek the Lord after middle life, are those who have in childhood or youth been converted.

The Lord has put a great love for children in my heart, and after much waiting on Him in prayer for guidance, I am sending forth this little volume in the Savior's name, and pray that all who read it may be brought to love Him more, and that those who are not saved, may while reading these pages, give their hearts to Him who said, "Let the children come unto me."

I do not remember that any one spoke definitely to me about giving my heart to the Lord, or reading any book that would even indicate that children may be converted, until I was sixteen years of age. Had this not been neglected, I firmly believe, I would have been converted in my early childhood.

The recollection of the longing for peace with God in my heart, when a child, and as I find the same in young hearts, in my work with them today, is what impels me to write this little book. My only object is to lead the young reader to the One who guarded my footsteps in childhood, and has been nearer and dearer to me than any

earthly friend ever since, in youth, I gave my heart to Him.

Children, as a rule, desire to hear or read stories; thus I have tried to impress the truth on young hearts by relating the experiences of children and young people. Most of the incidents related have come under my own observation, or were experienced by people of my acquaintance.

Whatever financial remuneration is received from the sale of this book will be given to missions preaching full salvation in foreign fields. The time I have spent in writing it, has been a blessing to me and a labor of love for souls.

My earnest desire and prayer to God is that all who read may come to know the saving and sanctifying power of our Lord.

MINNIE E. LUDWIG.

May, 1915.

LIVING FOR JESUS

A Plea for the Children

“T was only a child that was rescued
From the bondage of Satan and sin,
Only a child started heavenward
The new life in Christ to begin;
But his long years of service for Jesus,
And a life pure and undefiled,
Proclaimed in the sweetest of accents,
The joy of saving a child.

“It was only a child, but, neglected,
She sipped at the winecup of sin,
Only a child started downward,
Her life stained with sin to begin;
But through long weary years of transgression,
By sin’s dark enchantment beguiled,
Her life was a witness most solemn
To the wrong of neglecting a child.

“To those who are teaching the gospel,
With love in their hearts for the truth,
Comes the gentle reminder from heaven,
‘Forget not the children and youth,’
Though the lives of the sheep are all precious,
Christ loves, too, the lambs of His fold.
While we’re seeking the sheep then to shelter,
Let us not forget the lambs in the cold.”

Living for Jesus



CHAPTER I

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN

I THINK the best way to impress my young readers that Jesus loves them, is, to let them look at the cross, there to see what Jesus suffered to redeem them.

God created Adam and Eve and placed them in the garden of Eden; a beautiful place which He had prepared for them. Everything was lovely. They had all things they needed for their enjoyment, and all that was good to eat; only the fruit of one of the trees God said they should not eat; and if they did, death would be the result. This was to prove whether or not they would be obedient.

God was very much interested in these first two people. He wanted them to be good and happy, therefore, He not only, supplied their needs, but gave them many things simply for their enjoyment.

Not only was God interested in Adam and Eve, but Satan, or the Devil, also took notice of them. Satan hated God, and because he knew God loved Adam and Eve he planned their fall.

Satan came to the garden and saw how happy they were with all the good and beautiful things around them. He sought to have a conversation with them, and one day he told them that the fruit which God had forbidden them to eat would not cause them to die, but that it would make them wise. Afer Eve talked to Satan for awhile, she

took of the fruit, ate it, and gave Adam also; and so they committed the first sin.

The Heavenly Father's heart was saddened, and I think the angels wept, because disobeying God, would not only, in time, cause death of the body; but what was much worse, it would cause them to die spiritually, which means separation from God.

The Lord now had to tell Adam and Eve that they must leave the garden, and go out and work hard to make a living. Then the Lord gave them children, who, when they grew up, also committed sin, because of the evil they had inherited from their parents.

Adam and Eve were now separated from God, that is, sin had come between them and God. God is holy and could not come and talk to them as He had done when their hearts were pure; and now sin began to weigh like a heavy burden on their hearts.

God from the beginning looked into the future, and knew just what sin would do for Adam and Eve and all the people who were to come. So He made a plan. The Father consulted with the Son and the Holy Spirit, telling them how all the human race, because of sin, must die and be turned into eternal darkness, unless one could be found who would take their place and die for them.

This must have been a sad hour, even among the angels in heaven. No one could be found who was worthy to take this place, until Jesus, God's only Son, said, "Father, I offer myself as a sacrifice for the sin of the people. I will leave my beautiful home in glory, and my place at Thy right hand, and will go and die for them. I will go and be as one of them. I will become poor that they may be rich; and I will become a little child so that even the children may know I came to save them. I will go, Father."

The Heavenly Father loved His Son very much, and how it must have pierced His heart to give Him to die on the cross; but He said, "My Son, you are worthy, and you may go. I love the people so that I will give you as a sacrifice. If you will die for them, then, for your sake, I will forgive all their sins, and again make them happy." Then I think the angels began to sing and there was great joy in heaven.

After the fall the Lord quickly brought the good news to poor Adam and Eve that One was found who would pay the debt for all sin; and all who would turn from their sins and believe on Him should be saved.

Many, many years passed, and there were now a great number of people in the world, some of them were praying earnestly and looking forward to the time when the promise would be fulfilled, and the Savior would come.

One day, as the shepherds were out in the field, watching their flocks, suddenly an angel appeared; and as they were somewhat frightened, the angel said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born, this day, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And you shall find the babe lying in a manger." Then suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The shepherds said, "Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this Saviour." They left their flocks, went to the little town, and there found the Babe in a manger. There were many nice beds and cradles in Bethlehem, but they were all taken by others, and Jesus was born in a stable, and the manger was His cradle, but He was very happy, and His mother was glad and rejoiced, and took good care of Him; for the angels had whispered to her

some time before that her baby would be the Savior of the world; and told her to call His name Jesus, which means Savior.

He grew up, a good boy, helping His father and mother, and was so good and kind He never committed even one sin.

When He got older and became a young man, He helped His father in the carpenter shop, for His parents were poor.

At thirty years of age He began to preach, and tell the people that He had come to this world to die for them, and to redeem them from sin.

He went about doing good, healing the sick and the suffering. A certain man had suffered for thirty-eight years, and a woman for twelve years. The doctors could not help them, but Jesus, in His great love, touched them and made them whole. Some were afflicted with that dreaded disease, leprosy. No physician had ever been found who could cure it, but the divine touch of the Savior healed them when there was no hope for them ever to get well.

He also found people who were not able to walk, but were lame. When Jesus spoke the word they began to leap and shout and praise God. One man was born blind and had never seen the sun or this beautiful world; had never even seen his own mother and father, but when Jesus met him He opened the blinded eyes. How thankful this man must have been.

One day He met a funeral procession. A poor widow was on her way to the graveyard to bury her only son. When Jesus saw the great sorrow of the mother, He touched the casket and the boy was brought back to life, to the great joy of the mother, and they went home happy.

Jesus brought joy to many hearts because of healing

their bodies, yet this was not His greatest mission to this world; but best of all, He could help those who were soul-sick and burdened down with sin. He never turned one away, regardless of how sinful they were, but always forgave them when they truly repented. The Bible tells us of one woman who was very, very sinful, but when she confessed it the Lord freely forgave her all, and rolled the heavy burden of sin from her weary heart.

Now, we would think, that every body surely loved such a Savior; but they did not. Many were not willing to turn from sin, and their hearts were so wicked they did not love Him, but began to plan how they might kill Him.

One night, the last night of His life, He was alone in prayer in the garden of Gethsemane. He knew they would soon take Him and kill Him. The burden of the sin of the world was so heavy on His heart that He agonized in prayer until the sweat was on His brow as great drops of blood; but the angels came and strengthened Him.

Then, all of a sudden, the soldiers came to arrest Him, and what makes it so sad, was, that Judas, who had been one of the twelve disciples, was with them, and for thirty pieces of silver betrayed his Master. He said to the men, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that one is he. Take him," and he kissed Jesus. This almost broke the Savior's heart; and He said, "Judas, betrayest thou me with a kiss?"

Then they arrested Him; and soon all the disciples forsook Him. Even Peter, who shortly before said to the Lord, "If they all forsake thee, yet will I never forsake thee." But at this time, just when it seemed Jesus needed their sympathy so much, Peter denied Him, and said three times, "I do not know Jesus."

They led Him away to Caiphias, and to Herod, and had some false witnesses there to tell lies about Him. They spit in His face and smote Him with their hands, mocked and lashed Him. Then they put a crown of thorns on His head. How the Savior must have suffered, but through it all He was patient, loving, and kind.

Pilate tried to set Him free, but the people cried out, "Crucify, crucify him. Let Barabbas, the murderer, go free, but crucify Jesus." Then Pilate delivered Him over to them to kill Him.

They led Him out to Calvary, laid Him on the cross, drove the nails through His hands and feet, then raised the cross, and our precious Savior, who loved everybody and tried to help them, was crucified. And to show how they hated Him, they crucified Him between two thieves. When they were causing Him to suffer so much pain He cried out, "Father, forgive them." Even then the soldiers mocked Him.

At this time one of the thieves who was crucified with Him, said, "Lord, remember me when you enter into your kingdom"; and amidst all His suffering Jesus said, "Today you shall be with me in paradise."

He had now been on the cross in the hot sun for several hours and was very thirsty, and asked for a drink, but instead of giving Him a cool drink of water, they gave Him gall and vinegar.

The Heavenly Father's heart was so grieved when He saw His Son suffering and dying on the cross, that even the sun was turned into darkness, and the earth began to quake, and the rocks were rent. At last, after suffering for several hours, Jesus cried out, "It is finished, Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and our dear Savior died. He had finished His work. The promise which the Heavenly Father had given to Adam and Eve

was now fulfilled, Jesus had died for the whole world, and now all who turn from sin and believe on Him may, for His sake, be saved.

Some of the people who loved Him, took His body from the cross, wrapped it in clean linen, and laid it in a new grave; but the third day, that first glad and happy Easter morning, God sent His angel, who rolled away the stone and Jesus arose. When the women came to anoint His body the angel said, "He is not here, he is risen."

He appeared later to the women, and to His disciples many times, and blessed them. One day, while surrounded by them on the mount of Olives, a cloud came and took Him away; but not until He had promised that He would send to them the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.

Jesus is now at the right hand of God, praying for us; but in the Holy Spirit, whom He promised and sent, He is with us today.

My dear young reader, when you read the story of our Savior's suffering and death on the cross, surely you will never doubt His love for you. My prayer is that you may give Him your heart right now, if you have not yet done so. He loves children, and came to save them, and has given a special invitation to them in these words, "Let the children come unto me."

"On the cross my Savior suffered,
That He might atone for me;
And I love the blessed Savior,
For His death on Calvary."

CHAPTER II

JESUS CALLS THE CHILDREN EARLY

GOD'S Word says, "They that seek me early shall find me." Jesus calls children to come to Him early because He knows that even very young children commit sin. When Satan got Adam and Eve to commit sin, he sowed the seed of sin in their hearts, and when their children were born they inherited this evil nature, which is a tendency to sin. This is the reason, my young reader, why you find it easy to do wrong, but have a battle when you want to do right.

A mother said to her little girl, "Mollie, why do you try so hard to be naughty?" Mollie answered, "Why, mamma, I do n't have to try to be naughty, I can just be naughty without trying; but if I want to be good, I have to try awful hard." This was true in this little girl's life because she, as well as all children, has been born with this disease of sin already in her heart. Before children are very old this inward principle of sin causes them to commit outward transgressions.

Jesus is displeased with sin, and He died to help us get rid of it. He rejoices when children come to Him early. He does not want them to wait until they have gone on in sin for many years as many do.

Children, even when very young, know when they commit sin. When I was about four years old, I told an untruth. My little heart was heavy because of it. I never forgot it, and it continued to trouble me until Jesus forgave me when I was converted.

It is sinful when children are disobedient to parents,

when they get angry because they are called from their play to go on an errand, or when playmates do things they do not like and call them names, or make faces, also when they are selfish and want their own way, or want every body to please them. These things are sinful and children know it. The Lord has a little messenger, called conscience, who at once whispers to them that they have done wrong, and that they ought to ask forgiveness.

If children do not get rid of sin while young, Satan will lead them on from one sin to another. Many times they get steeped in awful sin. Sin is a disease, and unless a cure is applied, no one but God knows to what depth of wickedness it may lead.

Any boy or girl who allows sin to remain in their heart is not safe, for it may lead to a life of awful crimes, and will mean eternal death and separation from God for the soul.

How fearful to think that all the thieves, robbers, blasphemers, drunkards, gamblers, murderers, etc., were once beautiful little girls and boys, but because they did not get rid of sin early in life, they were led on by Satan and got so wicked.

While I lived in St. Louis a few years ago, a young man was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. The morning when he was to die on the gallows, they told him that his mother and sister had come and wished to see him. With a look of agony on his face he exclaimed, "My mother! I see my mother? No, I do not wish to see her. Please do not bring her in." They plead with him to let her come and see her boy once more, but he refused, and the heart-broken mother and sister went away.

They questioned him later as to why he refused to see his mother. His answer was, "I can not bear to look

in that dear face. It seems only a few years when I knelt by that precious mother's knee and she taught me to lisp in prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' It was she who tried to lead me to Jesus that He might take my sins away, but I was rebellious and wanted my own way. Sin led me on. I got into bad company, committed a crime, then killed two officers who tried to arrest me. Now in a few hours I will pay the penalty with my life, and will go into the presence of God without hope, all because I failed to take my dear mother's advice and let Jesus save me when a boy."

All the dark crimes of the ages have been committed because of sin, and the only safe way for children is to come to Jesus early in life and let Him wash their sins away.

Another reason why the Lord wants children to seek Him early is, because it is easier for them, in childhood, to trust Him, than later in life, when their hearts have been hardened by sins of many years.

We have prayed with many middle-aged and old people, who really seemed to have a desire to become Christians, but their habits had become so fixed in sin that it was hard for them to believe that the Lord could deliver them. Then also, when we tried to get them to look to Jesus as their Savior, instead of getting their eyes on Him, they would continue to look at the many, many sins they had committed, and fail to get saved.

Jesus has power, and will save the most hardened sinners if they truly repent and fully trust Him, but this is much more difficult for older people to do than for the young.

Another reason why children should seek the Lord early is, because they may not live to become old. If you go to the cemetery you will find there are many small

graves. The death angel does not only come for middle-aged and old people, but often comes for children. If you have been tempted to wait and get saved when you have grown to young manhood or young womanhood, remember that many, many do not reach that age, but are called away in their childhood.

I heard of a young girl who was much moved by a sermon and felt she should yield to the gentle wooing of the Holy Spirit. The minister tried to impress on the congregation the importance of getting saved now, and the danger of putting it off. This girl wrote on the fly leaf of her hymn book, "I'll run the risk," and in a few days she died without hope of salvation.

My young reader, remember the words of the Lord, "Seek the Lord while he may be found." "They that seek me early shall find me."

CHAPTER III

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED

THIS is the most important question that any one can ask, but to answer it fully would require much more space than can be allowed in a book like this. We hope, however, by the help of the Lord, in brief, to answer it so that the young reader may be able to find the way of eternal life.

The Lord is willing and glad to save all people, but for those who will be saved there are certain conditions that must be met. There are two steps that must be taken before the Lord can save. These are repentance and faith.

The Bible speaks a great deal and very definitely about repentance. We will give here just one of the many scriptures on this great subject: "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." In this scripture we notice that the very first step to be converted, or to have the sins blotted out, is repentance.

Repentance means a great deal more than simply to turn over a new leaf, or to resolve to do better, as many seem to think. Let us see, in brief, what repentance means.

First, there must be a conviction or consciousness of sin. Children sometimes speak of little sins, or white lies, or of telling stories; but in God's sight there are no little sins or white lies. All sin is very dark and black in His sight. Even what children call little sins, lead to eternal death, unless washed away through Jesus' blood. Children, do not let Satan deceive you, to look at any sin

lightly, but remember that God says, "The wages of sin is death."

Second, there must be a godly sorrow for sin, not simply be sorry because we know punishment will follow, but to be sorry because a holy, righteous, and loving Heavenly Father has been sinned against.

Many begin to pray when they think they are going to die, who are simply afraid to meet God, but have no godly sorrow for sin. Where there is godly sorrow there is always a turning from sin.

A few years ago, a man with his family was traveling by wagon in Nebraska. While out on the prairie, far from any town or house, he saw a black, funnel-shaped cloud coming directly toward them. He knew it was a cyclone, and that if it should strike the wagon they would perhaps all be killed. The man said, "Well, wife, I guess our end has come. He jumped from the wagon, fell on his knees, and began to call on God to have mercy on his soul. The cloud turned and missed the wagon. A few days later they reached the town where we lived, and there, in the midst of a crowd of ungodly men, he told them his experience with the cyclone. Using one oath after another, laughing and joking, he said, "What a fool I was for getting so scared as to pray like that!"

This man had no conviction or godly sorrow for sin, but was simply afraid of dying in his sinful condition, for when his life was spared he continued in sin. Had he really been sorry he would have for ever turned from sin and gotten saved and lived a Christian life.

A little Salvation Army lassie was asked the meaning of repentance. She answered, "To repent of sin is to be sorry enough to quit." She was right. When a person has a godly sorrow and truly repents, he abhors sin and

turns from it with his whole heart. "The things he once loved he now hates."

Third, repentance implies confession, and sometimes, restitution. There must always be confession of sin to God. He is loving and kind, and has sent His only Son to suffer and to die for us. Regardless of all this we have sinned against Him, and now to turn over a new leaf, or simply to do better in the future, would not blot out past sins, but the Lord tells us that, "If we confess he is faithful and just to forgive."

A number of years ago, a young girl came to the parsonage to have a talk with us. Her name was Eva. She had always lived in the country, and seldom attended religious services. After moving to town with her parents, she began to attend our Sunday school. A little later we began revival services, which she also attended. Some of her schoolmates were beautifully converted.

Eva seemed very sad as she said, "Mrs. Ludwig, when I hear the girls testify and tell how happy they are since they got saved, it makes me feel sad, for I can not say that my sins are forgiven. Since I have attended your Sunday school I do not believe that I have committed a single sin, but I know I did before that, and just because I am good now, that will not blot out the sins I have committed in the past." And with a deep longing in her soul, she said, "I wish I was a Christian."

I said to her, Eva, you may confess your sins to Jesus right now and He will blot them all out." She said, "That is just what I want to do." I called Mr. Ludwig in, we knelt down, and both prayed for her; then she prayed, in her simple, childlike way, confessed her sins; told the Lord how sorry she was, and asked Him to forgive her. When she got through she looked so happy, as she told us the Lord had forgiven her.

That evening Eva gave a clear, beautiful testimony to God's saving grace in her soul. Some time later she knelt at the altar, and the Lord sanctified her wholly, and ever since she has lived for the Lord. The last I heard of her she was teaching a Sunday school class of little folks, and trying to lead them to Jesus. This little girl knew that something had to be done with her past sins. She confessed them and God saved her.

Not only is it necessary to confess to God, but it is sometimes necessary to confess and make restitution to people. We read in the Bible about a man who wanted to get saved, who told Jesus that if he had wronged any man, he would give back to him four times as much as he had taken from him.

Children not only sin against God, but sometimes against people; perhaps parents, or playmates. If so, confession should be made to them.

I may be able to illustrate by telling you about a little boy of my acquaintance; his name was Theodore. He, with his parents, attended one of our campmeetings, where I was conducting the children's meetings.

Theodore here learned what people must do to get saved. His heart began to get heavy because he was not a Christian. One night he went to the altar to pray, but he could not find peace for his soul. His parents and other Christian people wondered why he should have such a struggle. They thought, surely he has not many sins to repent of, for he was only eleven years old.

That evening, after Theodore had gone to the tent with his parents, he wept, and wept, as if his heart would break. He finally said, "Papa and mamma, I want to tell you something awful I have done. When you sent me to the store with money to buy groceries, I took some of it and bought chewing gum and candy, and did not tell you

about it." And he begged his parents to forgive him. This, of course, made the parents feel very, very sad; but they were glad that he confessed it, and gladly forgave him. After this Theodore felt better but did not have the victory yet. Some time later, in the late hours of the night, he came to their bedside, woke them up, and amidst sobs said that he had not told them all yet, but that at another time he had taken some money from their pocket book to buy candy and other things.

They told him how bad this was, and what an awful sin, but that they would gladly forgive all. After this was all out of the way he could believe and trust Jesus to forgive, and the Lord gave him the assurance that his sins were blotted out.

My young reader may never have done what this boy did, but has perhaps committed sin along some other line that needs to be confessed to some one besides the Lord.

I read in a Sunday school paper about a little boy who was going to say his prayers by his mother's knee before he was tucked away in bed. He began,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die —"

then he stopped. His mother told him to go on. Then, suddenly he jumped up and skipped downstairs. In a few moments he returned, knelt down, and finished his prayer.

His mother said, "Why, Roy, what made you so thoughtless as to run downstairs in the midst of your prayer?" Roy answered, "Mamma, before I came upstairs I scattered brother's blocks all over the floor, just to see how he would fuss when he found them like that in the morning; but 'if I should die before I wake,' I would not

want him to find them that way, and I would not want to meet Jesus before I had straightened them out."

Yes, my dear children, we will meet all our dear loved ones, and friends, and Jesus some day at the judgment, and how glad we will be then, if we have left nothing undone or upset before leaving this world. Let us be careful that, as far as lies in us, everything is straightened out.

We have now come to the second step that is necessary to be taken in order to get saved. The first step was repentance, as we have tried to set forth. It includes: First, conviction of sin. Second, a godly sorrow for sin, or turning from sin. Third, confession to God; also confession and restitution to man where necessary. We are now ready to take the next step, which is faith, or in other words, believing that God forgives and accepts us as his own.

Faith here, however, is more than simply an intellectual assent to the great truths of the Bible. The Word says, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Faith is not only a belief of the head, but of the heart. We may believe with the head that Jesus died to bring salvation to all, and yet not have saving faith.

A few months ago we were conducting a meeting where many sought and found the Lord. A young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, came to the altar of prayer to give his heart to the Lord. His heart seemed to be all melted up. He had some confession and restitution to make, and was having quite a struggle. We were praying with him, and he was making good progress. A woman knelt down by his side, saying, "Now, Mr. —, don't you believe that Jesus died for sinners, and that He died for you?" He raised his head, and with tear-stained eyes looked her full in the face, saying, "Do I believe that

Jesus died for sinners, and that He died for me? Of course I do. I have believed that ever since I was a kid, but that alone does not save me." He went to prayer again, confessed his sins, promised to make restitution at his earliest convenience, and was soon enabled to lay hold of Jesus by saving faith, and to take Him as his own personal Savior, and at once he rejoiced in sins forgiven. This was a different faith than when all his life he had belived Jesus to be the Savior of the world. Even the devils know this, but that does not save them.

My dear young reader, after you truly repent of your sins it pleases the Heavenly Father very much if you look up into His dear face and trust and believe that just now, at this very moment, He forgives. Remember that the Bible says, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive," and again, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And another promise, "There is rejoicing in heaven among the angels over one sinner that repents."

A father, who was a dentist, had two daughters who were going to spend the afternoon, when he was not busy, in his office. A telephone message called him away and he was compelled to leave the two little girls alone for about an hour. As he left he cautioned them not to touch his delicate instruments.

After the father was gone they got lonesome, and thought they would just look at the things, which they did, and were soon not only looking at, but handling them. Gracie was looking at a peculiar shaped glass, which she dropped and broke.

This made them think of their father's command. Looking around, they saw how they had scattered the little instruments all over, and there was the broken glass on the floor. Just at this time they heard their father's

footsteps. Gracie said, "Let us hide, papa might punish us," and running to another part of the room she hid behind some heavy drapery.

Jennie, who was the younger, said, "No, I am going right to papa and tell him how sorry I am. And even if he punishes me I know he will forgive me." She ran across the room as fast as she could, met her papa with his usual smile at the head of the stairs. All she could say for a few moments was, "Oh papa! oh papa!" as she put her arms around his neck and her tear-stained cheek against his.

Her papa was very much surprised to find his little girl act that way and said, "Darling, what has happened?" "Oh, papa! I am so sorry I disobeyed you. I can't tell you how sorry I am," she said as she pointed to the disorderly office, the scattered instruments, and the broken glass on the floor. Her father looked at the things for a moment, then into the face of his little daughter, and gathering her again into his arms, said, "My dear, I am sorry you disobeyed me, but I am so glad you confessed it. I will gladly forgive you. Where is Gracie?" Just then he saw her trying to hide from him. He called her to his side and asked why she was hiding. She said, "Papa, I have disobeyed you and I just know you will never forgive me. I did not know what else to do but to hide." The father's heart was very sad, not so much because of the disobedience, as that his little girl had no faith in him to forgive her.

These two little girls were both disobedient, but after they saw the wrong they had done, their actions were very different. With which, does my reader think, their papa was pleased? With the way Jennie did, or the way Gracie did? You say, with Jennie. Yes, I am sure he was. Then, my dear little boy or girl, you who are reading

these pages, if you are not saved, do as Jennie did. Go at once with your heavy, sin-burdened heart to Jesus, confessing your sin, and have faith and believe that He forgives this very moment; for remember again the beautiful scripture, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive our sins."

CHAPTER IV

AT WHAT AGE MAY CHILDREN BE CONVERTED

A NUMBER of years ago, in mission work I learned to know a little girl named Hattie. Her father and mother were both Christians. Her father was a contractor and builder, and was superintendent of our mission, doing most of the preaching.

Before Hattie was six years old her baby brother was taken home to heaven. After her sixth birthday, one day she was a little disobedient. Her mother told her she must ask the Lord to forgive her, or she could never go to heaven and meet Jesus and her brother. At once she slipped down from her mother's lap and went into the parlor.

Her mother went about her work, but soon thought she would go and see what her little girl was doing. She tiptoed to the half-open door and there saw Hattie kneeling by a chair, with her hands folded, tears rolling down her cheeks, her face turned heavenward, and praying to Jesus to forgive her sins. Her mother thought best to leave her alone, and did not disturb her.

In a few moments Hattie came running to her mother, her face all aglow, clapping her hands, saying, "Oh, mamma, Jesus has forgiven all my sins, and I am so happy. Now if I die, I will go home to heaven and see Jesus and brother."

Her mother told me that from that time Hattie was a true Christian, and would talk to her playmates about Jesus. She would go with her father to the hospitals

and workhouse, and sing for the sick and for the prisoners. She was a little soldier for Jesus from that day.

At the age of twelve, one night going home from the service with her parents, she seemed to be sad. They asked her what was the matter. She answered, "I wish I had gone to the altar tonight and asked the Lord to sanctify me. I feel I can not wait until tomorrow night." They told her she need not wait, but they would pray with her when they got home. This they did, and that night the Lord gave her a pure heart. Her mother said she had never before seen such a beautiful and heavenly sight; that Hattie looked like a little angel as she was praising the Lord. Then she began to pray for her two older sisters who were unsaved.

A few months later Hattie took sick. The physician said she must have an operation immediately or she could not live, and even then it was doubtful whether she would get over it. Her parents told her what the doctor said, and asked her whether she would be willing to undergo the operation. She said, "You do as you think best."

They took her to the hospital. When she was dressed all in white and laid on the operating table, her father said to her, "Now, Hattie, the doctors will put you to sleep, and you may not wake up in this world. Shall I pray with you once more?" Her father said later he would never forget the look of surprise on her face as she said, "Why, papa, I've done my praying and am ready to go." They operated on her and in a few moments she opened her eyes and said, "Mamma, papa," and the angels took her pure soul to be with Jesus, whom she loved so dearly, and served so faithfully.

Had Hattie decided to wait until she was grown to become a Christian, she never would have been saved, for she died when only twelve years of age.

At the tender age of only six she realized when she had done wrong she must ask Jesus to forgive her, and of course, when she asked Him He would not turn her away, for He said, "Let little children come unto me." And, "They that seek me early, shall find me."

What would my young reader think of a mother, who, when her little girl had been disobedient but later became very sorry, and would come to her with a broken heart asking her forgiveness, she would say, "No, I can not forgive you now, you are too young, you must come back when you are older, then I will forgive you." Surely no loving mother would do that way.

Then, my dear little reader, if you have sinned against the Heavenly Father and are sorry, be sure of this, that He will not put you off until you are older, but will, this very moment, forgive you if you ask Him.

Our little boy, Sylvester, was converted when very young. We had always taught him that when he had done wrong, or had been disobedient, he must ask the Lord, as well as his parents, to forgive him.

One day, when he was not yet six years old he had been unusually disobedient, so that I had to punish him a number of times. I also talked to him, telling him how it grieved the Lord for him to be naughty.

At night, after we had retired, and I was about to go to sleep, he reached over his hand and stroked my cheek, said, "Mamma, are you asleep?" I said, "No, Sylvester, I am not; what is the matter?" "Oh!" he said, "I can't go to sleep." I tried to get him to tell me what troubled him, but he would not, and tried to go to sleep, but failed; and again stroking my cheek, said, "Mamma, are you asleep?" I told him that I was not, and again tried to persuade him to tell me what was the matter. He began to sob, putting his arm around my neck, said, "Oh!

mamma, I have been so naughty and I want you to forgive me." I assured him I would, and kissed him and thought he would soon go to sleep.

After a few moments he turned to me, as before stroking my cheek, and again asking me if I was asleep. I told him I was not, and sobbing as if his heart would break, he said, "Mamma, I can't go to sleep yet, I want Jesus to forgive my sins." I told him that Jesus would surely do it. He got on his knees, buried his head in his folded arms, and weeping bitterly, prayed in these words, "O Jesus, I have been so naughty; forgive me and I'll not do it any more. Amen." He raised his head, dried his tears, kissed me, and in a few moments was sound asleep. I fully believe that there he was converted.

Several years later he felt he had not been as true as he should have been, he asked us for forgiveness, and at an altar of prayer again got the joy in his soul.

A little later he said he wanted to be sanctified, he asked the Lord for a pure heart, and trusted Him for it, and now, at the age of twelve, testifies in public meetings to what the Lord has done for him. Just a few days ago we received a letter from him where he signed his name, "Your boy, Sylvester, saved and sanctified."

To the question, at what age may children be converted? we would answer, as soon as they know right from wrong. They can, very early, be taught to love Jesus, and exercise saving faith in Him.

A. M. Hills says, "A few years ago the state Sabbath school convention met in Detroit, Mich. One of the great audiences was tested. It was found that more than two thousand were converted under twenty years of age; 103 were converted between twenty and twenty-five; forty-one between twenty-five and thirty; twenty-three between thirty and forty; two between forty and fifty; and

over fifty, only two. Only 171 were over twenty years of age at conversion out of, at least, twenty-two hundred Christians."

"For more than three years I have kept a record of those professing conversion in my meetings. Of 3,108 converts, only 412 were over twenty when converted."

"Bishop Simpson was converted at four years of age . . . Adam Clarke, one of the great scholars and commentators of Methodism, was converted at four years of age. . . . At four years of age Count Zinzendorf made this covenant with Christ: "Be Thou mine, dear Savior, and I will be thine."

We thank God for the aged people whom we have been privileged to see definitely converted, but how much better when a whole life is given to the service of God.

My dear young reader, it is not your Heavenly Father's will that you spend a number of years in sin. Give your young heart to Him. He can and will save you now.

CHAPTER V

CHILDREN MAY BE CERTAIN OF SINS FORGIVEN

WE READ in the Bible of a man who was born blind, whose eyes Jesus opened. When they questioned him about it he said, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." They tried to entangle him in many ways, but he was sure of this one thing; he had been blind all his life, and now his eyes were opened.

The Lord uses physical blindness as a type, or picture, to show in what an awful condition people are while in sin, and calls it spiritual blindness; but as Jesus had power to open physical eyes, so He has power to open spiritual eyes. This takes place when sins are forgiven, and we may be just as certain of sins forgiven as this man was that his blinded eyes were opened; for the Lord has a way of letting His children know. He says in His Word that, "His Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

When children have disobeyed mother and asked her forgiveness, she can tell them in a way that they can understand that she forgives. Now, our Heavenly Father can speak just as plain to us as our parents, only He speaks through the Bible and His Holy Spirit; but when we really get converted we can understand it just as well as when mother speaks, and oh, how precious it is when the Savior tells us our sins are all forgiven!

Ruth, a sweet little girl, eight years old, and a member of our Sunday school in a little town in Nebraska, whose

mother was a true Christian, was kneeling with the rest of the family for morning worship. Her mother noticed that she was weeping, and asked her what was the matter. Ruth said, "I want Jesus to forgive my sins." Her mother prayed with her, and she prayed also. Her mother had to step into the kitchen for a moment, and told her to keep on praying, that she would be back at once. When she returned Ruth met her in the door with a shining face, clapping her hands, saying, "Jesus has saved me."

This little girl's mother was not even in the room when Jesus spoke to her, but He made it so plain that she knew beyond a doubt that all her sins were gone.

Ruth's parents lived near town, about a mile from church, but I remember Ruth coming a number of times all alone to the afternoon services where she prayed and testified. One Sunday night she gave a beautiful, clear testimony. When they got home her older sister said, "Ruth, I do not see how you can get up before all those people and testify. I could not do that." But Ruth said, "Why, of course not, Vera, when you have not been converted you have nothing to testify to, but after Jesus saves you and you know your sins are forgiven you will be glad to tell people about it."

Some time later Vera came forward, knelt at the altar, and gave her young heart to Jesus.

The Lord does not want to leave His children in darkness or uncertainty as to their soul's salvation, but can give them the witness that He has accepted them as His own.

My sister Clara, who is now in heaven, took a great deal of interest in a little girl in Illinois, encouraging her to give her young heart to Jesus. The little girl's name was Bessie, and she was nine years old.

One morning Bessie's mother found her sitting in a corner of the dining room with a sad face and tears in her eyes, and on asking her why she was weeping, she said, "Mamma, I would like for you to pray with me. I want to be a Christian."

Even though the mother was not living as close to the Lord as she should have lived, yet, when she saw that her little girl wanted to be a Christian, knelt down and prayed with her. When they had both prayed, Bessie arose, and with a calm face and beaming eyes, said that she knew Jesus had heard and answered her prayer, and that her sins were forgiven.

A few days later her mother came into the room with a bucket of coal for the base burner, pouring it in and completely covering the red, glowing coal. At once Bessie began to jump and clap her hands, saying, "Oh, Mamma, that's just like it!" Her mother said, "Why, Bessie, what do you mean? Just like what?" Oh, that's just like when Jesus covered my sins. Just like the coal covered all the fire, so that you can't see any of it, so Jesus covered my sins with His blood, and they are all blotted out."

Soon after this Bessie led her brother to Jesus, and he was happily converted. Then she told her mother she would like to unite with the church, but her mother told her she was too young. Bessie said, "Why, mamma, if I am not too young for Jesus to save me, why should I be too young to be taken into the church?" Her mother talked to the pastor about it and he said, "Yes, Bessie may come and unite if she wants to." So she was baptized and taken into the church and lived a happy Christian life.

Just as the dear Lord gave these little children the

assurance of sins forgiven, so He can and will every one who trusts in Him.

While I am writing this chapter we are in a revival meeting in Plainville, Kansas. One night last week the pastor's little boy, Harold, who is seven years old, came to the altar, but did not seem to get victory.

A few days later he went outside behind the barn, where he had built a little booth for a playhouse. Here, all alone, he got down and prayed earnestly, asking the Lord to forgive his sins, and the Lord answered his prayer and came into his little heart.

Harold came to the house very happy, telling his mamma, "I feel so good in here," laying his hand on his heart. At the evening service he gave a beautiful testimony to what the Lord had done for him.

We praise the Lord for the privilege we have of leading the children to Jesus. And that He, in His own beautiful and simple way, speaks peace to their hearts. They know His voice and gladly follow Him.

"I came to Jesus, weary, worn, and sad,
He took my sins away;
And now His love hath made my heart so glad,
He took my sins away.

"The load of sin was more than I could bear,
He took it all away;
And now on Him I roll my every care,
He took my sins away.

"If you will come to Jesus Christ today,
He'll take your sins away;
And keep you happy in His love each day,
He'll take your sins away."

CHAPTER VI

CONVERSION THE BEGINNING OF TRUE HAPPINESS AND A USEFUL LIFE

MANY of my friends have expressed a desire that I write my experience. It would be impossible to go into detail about my conversion, sanctification, the healing of my body, and call to missionary, and later evangelistic, work, in a book like this; but I pray God that He may use to His glory and for the salvation of souls as I give just a brief sketch of my conversion.

Since the day the Lord saved me it has given me great pleasure to testify, and I give the following to my readers, simply as a testimony to the saving power of Jesus. I am glad to say from my own experience that conversion is the beginning of true happiness.

Our Heavenly Father has made all of us so that there is something within us that can not be truly satisfied without him. As children grow up they may take up with worldly pleasures and think for the time that these satisfy and bring true happiness; but even what seems to be happiness along this line is not lasting, and does not satisfy the soul; but, over and over, conscience whispers that Jesus is displeased and that there is a better way. We can only have the deep longing of the heart satisfied as we give ourselves to Jesus, who knows just how to make us happy.

When I was a young girl, before I was converted, I was, as most young people are, full of life and wanted a good time. While I never went deep into worldly amusement, yet I did to some extent, and tried to make myself

believe that those things satisfied; but, over and over, after coming home at night from some place of worldly amusement, or after desecrating the Sabbath day at a party, I would, after all the rest of the family had gone to sleep, lie awake and weep until late in the night, feeling that the Lord was displeased with the way I was doing, to wake up in the morning, not only with a headache, but with an awful ache in my soul.

I can not remember the time when I did not have a desire to be a Christian. When only six years of age I would often go alone in my room, shut the door, and pray. When a little older, would at times leave my playmates and find a lonely place where I could be alone and think about God and pray. This longing to be a Christian stayed with me as I grew up; but on the other hand there was a love for the world in my heart, and I would do many things that I knew I ought not to do. Then I would fully decide that I would be good and never do anything wrong again, but would always fail, for I was trying to be good in my own strength; I had not yet been converted.

As I got older and went more and more with the world it seemed my heart got heavier all the time. The world could not fill the aching void in my soul.

The load of sin got so heavy that I felt I could carry it no longer. My desire was to get away somewhere where I might have an opportunity to go to church, for while at home I could not attend Sunday school or any religious services.

I begged my parents to let me go to the city to work. I did not tell them why I really wanted to go. They at first refused, but finally said I might go. I prayed for the Lord to open the way for me to get saved, for this was the cry of my heart.

I had not been away from home very much, but came right from my country home to the city of St. Louis. While there alone, just a young girl, I found my way to church. I continued praying and asking the Lord to help me find a church where they had revival services, that I might get a chance to get saved. I did not know that I could give my heart to Him anywhere, and that He could forgive my sins at home just as well as at church.

The first service I attended was on Sunday morning, at a Methodist church, and I was made to rejoice when the pastor announced that they would begin revival services on Monday night. That night I again found my way to the church. I was lonely, homesick, and sinsick. As I entered the large church, I took the first seat by the door.

They opened the services, sang a few hymns, prayed, and the pastor preached. I did not hear much of the sermon. I was anxiously waiting for him to give an opportunity to seek the Lord.

At last the time came. The pastor asked the congregation to stand while they sang an invitation hymn. I stood with the rest, and wanted to go forward, but it seemed some awful power was holding me back. They sang several verses, and at last finished the hymn. The congregation was seated while the Christian people knelt for prayer, but I stood there and could not move. An aged Christian man with flowing hair (I am sorry I never learned his name), came to me, took me by the hand and tenderly invited me to come to Jesus.

I began to weep and almost ran to the altar. I prayed and wept, but my weary heart did not find peace. After the service I went to the pastor and told him what a burden I had on my heart and how anxious I was to find Jesus, but he did not seem to be able to help me.

I started to leave the church to go home, very much discouraged and almost in despair. I thought I might as well give up, and made up my mind that it was no use to ever come back to church, but as I walked down the aisle a Christian young man reached out his hand to me and gave me a few words of encouragement, saying, "My sister, trust the Lord, He will surely save you. He has saved me and will not turn you away." Eternity only will tell what these words of encouragement were to my weary heart at an hour like this.

I at once decided I would come back to church and would seek the Lord until I found peace. As I walked out into the vestibule a young woman threw her arms around my neck and with tears of sympathy in her eyes, said, "I am praying for you. The Lord will save you. He loves you; trust Him." How I thank the dear Lord to this day for those two Christian young people who lived so close to the Master that He could use them to come to my help in this time of great need, when my soul was hanging in the balance.

I came back to church the following evening and again went forward, but did not get saved. As I went to my room that night I had determined that I would get on my knees by my bedside and pray, never to arise until I knew my sins were forgiven.

I went to prayer about nine o'clock and prayed for three hours, when I felt I could pray no more. I was through praying. At that moment I should have fully trusted Jesus and believed that He would forgive me, for He said He would, but I had no one to tell me this and to help me to get my eyes of faith on Him; but the Lord knew how to help me, and while there waiting before Him, suddenly I heard the sweetest singing. As if far off

in the distance a band of angels were singing this hymn; I could understand every word distinctly:

“There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming;
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Savior’s love revealing.

“Oh, sinner look away from guilt,
Nor let your heart deceive you;
For you the blood of Christ was spilt,
He’s waiting to receive you.”

Oh, the joy that flooded my soul at that moment can never be expressed in words; I took Jesus as my Savior. To me He was no longer only the Savior of the world, but He was my Savior. “For me the blood of Christ was spilt.” By simple faith in Him I was made whole.

I had never been present when any one got converted. I had never heard any one praise the Lord, or seen any outward manifestation of the joy of the Lord in the soul, but when the Lord rolled the burden from my sinsick heart, I leaped to my feet and with both hands raised heavenward I walked the floor, praising the Lord. No one told me to do this for I was all alone at home. I was not doing this because some one else did, for I had never heard any one praise the Lord, but my heart was so full of joy that I could not hold it all and had to bubble over. I was so happy that I felt I would like to spend the rest of my life praising the Lord for rolling that awful burden away that I had carried so long.

I had turned out the light before I had gone to prayer, but it seemed to me the room was lit up with the glory of God. Oh, what peace and joy filled my soul! What rest had come into my heart!

This was what I had not been able to find in the enjoyments of the world. But Jesus can and does satisfy.

Now, after living a Christian life for a number of years, I can say with all my heart that this was the beginning of true happiness for me.

I retired a little after twelve o'clock, and it seemed to me that I had never slept so peacefully in all my life as I did that night. The next morning I awoke, got up, and walked to the window. I felt as if I was in a new world. The trees seemed to be clapping their hands. Even the buildings, that were otherwise all black with smoke, seemed to shine with the glory of God.

I was in the same old world, looking at the same trees and houses that I had looked at many times before, the change had taken place in my heart. Jesus had given me a new heart. This made everything look new and beautiful to me.

Not only was this the beginning of a happy life, but at least to some extent a useful life. Although I have not been able to accomplish for Jesus what many others have done, and what I would like to have done, yet, by His help, I have been able to lead many children as well as older ones to the precious Savior, who has done so much for me.

Some time after I was converted, in reading the Bible I saw that God's children can be sanctified. I consecrated my all to Him and He cleansed my heart, baptizing me with the Holy Ghost, as He has promised to do for all His children.

Then He sweetly whispered to me that He had some work for me to do among the poor people in the city. I said, "Yes, Lord, I will do all I can to bring to these people the sweet story of the cross and the power of Jesus that could save them from all sin and make them happy.

I expect to meet many dear souls in heaven whom the Lord has helped me in this way to rescue from sin.

Later the Lord made it clear to me that He wished me to leave this work and do evangelistic work; to preach the gospel of full salvation; which my dear husband, whom the Lord has given me since, and I, are doing at the present time. The Lord is blessing, and souls are being saved and sanctified, for which we give Him all the glory.

Now, my dear reader, I have given you a few words of my own experience, praying if you are not saved you may be encouraged to come to Jesus, the Savior, who has promised to receive all who come to Him. If you do this I am sure this will be the beginning of true happiness for you, and also of a useful life. Remember, that we pass through this world only once. We have only one life to live and this should be wholly given in the service of our dear Lord.

The Master may not call you to be a missionary, or to preach, or to fill some public place, but He will have some work for you to do where your influence will lead souls to Jesus.

It is very important, therefore, to begin to serve Jesus while young, so that the Lord can get the best out of your life and fit you for just the place He wants you to fill.

The following incident will show how God can work in the lives of those who turn to Him in childhood, and how He can use them to save others:

“Landen Taylor was holding a meeting in Athens, Ohio, many years ago. Two little boys attended. The invitation was given, but somehow they did not respond.

“The meeting closed. Out on the street the boys were telling each other their feelings. A Christian man passed and asked what was the matter; they told him their

secret. He tenderly advised them to give their hearts to Jesus. The boys thought they ought to get saved at the mourner's bench.

"The man went with them but found the church locked and dark. He opened the window, helped the two boys in, got in himself, and led them to the altar, and there they gave their hearts to the Lord. These two boys were Bishop Charles McCabe and Bishop David Moore, of the Methodist church. After a long life of usefulness Bishop McCabe went home to glory, while Bishop Moore is still laboring for Jesus, but no doubt will soon hear the Master say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of the Lord.'"

Had these two boys rejected Jesus when He was dealing with their young hearts, they could never have filled these responsible places in life, where they led so many souls to Christ.

My dear girls and boys, you who read these pages. I am sure your desire is to be happy, and to be useful. Remember that there is something within you that can never be truly happy only as you let Jesus come into your heart. Your soul was made to enjoy God, and without Him you can no more be happy than a little fish can be happy when it is taken from the water, or a bird when it is robbed of its liberty in the air. Nor can our lives be truly successful or useful unless the Lord works through us. Give your heart to the Lord, then let Him use you in His service and you will be happy and lay up treasures in heaven.

CHAPTER VII

SANCTIFICATION

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8).

"Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter 1:16).

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3).

"Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

IN OUR work with children, we have had the joy, not only of seeing some of them beautifully converted, but also a great number, after they were converted, definitely sanctified.

Full salvation includes two definite works of God's grace in the heart. The first, which we have considered in the preceding chapters, we speak of in different terms, such as conversion, regeneration, being born again, or being saved. All these refer to the first work of God's grace; when this is done, our sins, which we have committed, are forgiven, and we become children of God.

This, however, is not all God wants to do for us, but He wants to sanctify us. Let us now remember, that as the Lord uses different words in speaking of the first work of grace, so He has different names for the second, such as, sanctification, holiness, purity, cleansing, perfection, perfect love, and many others; be sure and remember this as you read your Bible and as you read this chapter.

We read a great deal about this important subject in the Bible. God is holy, and He wants a holy people; all who would live with Him must be holy.

When God created Adam and Eve He made them pure and holy. They sinned and lost their holiness, but God

sent Jesus, the Savior, to bring man back, morally, into the relation with God from which Adam and Eve fell. Through Jesus we can be made holy.

God has done, and is doing, all that is necessary, if we will only let Him, to bring us back to holiness in this life.

The Holy Ghost inspired holy men to write the Holy Bible, which teaches us how to be made holy, that we may live holy lives in this world, and after we die, live with a holy God, a holy Savior, the Holy Ghost, holy angels, and holy people, in a holy heaven.

The Bible teaches clearly that we need holiness. We read, "Be ye holy." He tells us that "without it we can not see God," and again, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and many other scriptures like this. Let us pray God to help us that we may not stop short of this great and blessed experience which He has promised to all His children.

Holiness, or sanctification, is not the same as conversion. They are two distinct experiences.

In conversion all our transgressions, or sins which we have committed, are forgiven.

In sanctification God cleanses the heart from all impurities and makes it holy.

In conversion we are born of the Spirit.

In sanctification the heart is purified and we are baptized with the Holy Spirit.

Every person who is truly converted and walking in the light has a desire for purity and for the filling of the Spirit.

All children are born with the seed of sin, or the carnal nature, already in their hearts, and as they grow up this manifests itself in outward sins, such as, disobedience, untruthfulness, anger, pride, or along some other line.

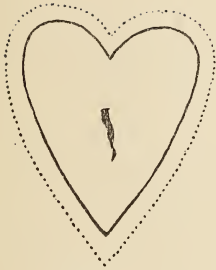
These sins crop out because of the sin principle that has been inherited from their forefathers.

My readers have all heard and read about leprosy. We are told that all children born of parents who are afflicted with leprosy will at some time in life get this disease. The germ of leprosy was already in the blood when they were born. This could not be seen until later when it broke out in the skin. So it is with sin. Adam and Eve got the disease of sin and all children born since have the germ of sin in their natures. You can not detect it at first, but later it breaks out in actual sins.

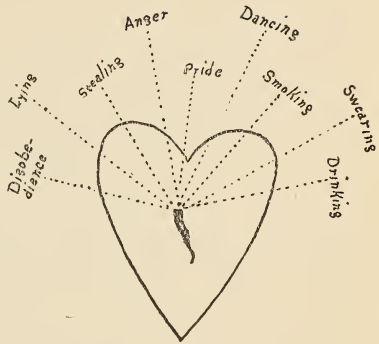
In conversion these outward sins, such as we have mentioned, disobedience, untruthfulness, anger, etc., are forgiven, but the Bible does not say that this removes the root of sin from the heart, but the Lord has promised that if we come to Him He will purify our heart and fill it with His Holy Spirit. Perhaps we can make this clear to you in the following illustrations.

Illustration No. 1 represents the heart of a little child before it knows the difference between right and wrong. We see a little black root in the heart. This represents inbred sin, which has been inherited. The Bible calls this the root of bitterness, the carnal mind, the sin that dwelleth in us, the sin that doth so easily beset us, the body of death, the old man. David referred to this when he said, "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me."

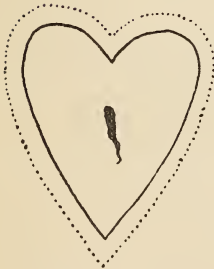
This root of sin is in the heart of every baby, yet the child is not responsible for it, therefore it is not guilty and is covered by the atoning blood of Christ. (The dotted line around the heart represents the covering of the blood. The reader may trace this with a red pencil, which will make it plainer.) As the child grows up and becomes old enough to distinguish between right and



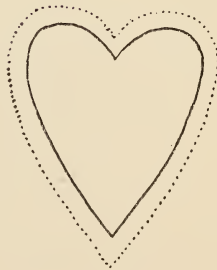
No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4

wrong, out of this root of sin springs outward transgression. The child becomes guilty before God, and is now a sinner in His sight.

No. 2 represents the heart of a sinner. He has not only the root of sin in the heart, but because of the tendency to sin and the temptations from without, he commits actual sins. Now he is guilty before God and is no more covered by the blood. If any one dies in this condition he loses his soul.

Now let us see what the Lord says. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins." If this person listens to God's Word, and confesses his sins, and truly repents and trusts the Lord, then all these things, that is, the outward sins, are forgiven and in illustration No. 3 we have the heart of a converted person. All actual sins are forgiven and it is again covered by the blood.

We notice, however, that forgiveness does not remove the root of sin, which was there when the child was born, and for which he was not responsible, therefore can not be forgiven, but needs cleansing or purging.

The Lord nowhere in His Word promises to do this for the sinner. The sinner needs forgiveness, the converted person needs sanctification, or purifying. Everywhere in the Bible where God promises cleansing, purifying, sanctification, holiness, or other terms with the same meaning, He is speaking of what He wants to do for His children. This is not a promise to the sinner but to the Christian.

The Standard Dictionary gives the following definition of sanctification: "Sanctify: To make holy . . . Sanctification: Specifically in theology, the gracious work of the Holy Spirit whereby the believer is freed from sin and exalted to holiness of heart and life."

God wants to sanctify, to cleanse, to purify every believer's heart.

In illustration No. 4 we have the picture of a sanctified heart; one that has not only forgiveness of actual sins, but is cleansed, even from inbred sin. The root of bitterness is purged. When the Lord cleanses the heart from all impurities He fills it with the Holy Ghost. This is the kind of a heart Jesus refers to in Matt. 5:8 when He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

When our heart is made pure and we are filled with the Holy Spirit, we can live victorious Christian lives, we can do better service for our Master, and are ready for heaven at any time.

As we see from these illustrations, the experience of holiness is only for converted people. In reading your Bible you have, no doubt, noticed that the disciples were sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. We have noticed also that they were converted men before this. Jesus sent them out to preach the gospel, and I am sure He would not commission unconverted men to preach. Jesus also said that their names were written in heaven; and again, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." They had power to heal the sick, and even to cast out devils, so we see plainly that they were converted.

After all this, in John 17:17, the night before Jesus was crucified, He prayed to the Father to sanctify them. Then, just before His ascension, He told His disciples to tarry, or to wait, in Jerusalem until they had received this power, until they were sanctified, baptized with the Holy Spirit. This they did; they went into an upper room and there they prayed and waited until after ten days the Lord sanctified them. Then they began to preach

with power and three thousand were converted in one day.

If the disciples, who had been with Jesus several years, needed sanctification after they were converted, surely we need it also.

Some people will say that this was only for the disciples, but God's Word teaches that it is for all. After Jesus had prayed the Father, in John 17:17, to sanctify the disciples, He continues in the 20th verse to pray for all of us, when He says, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." In the second chapter of the Acts we read where Peter, shortly after he had been sanctified, tells the people they should repent of their sins and get saved and they could get the gift of the Holy Ghost, for, he said, in verse 29, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Here we see that all God's children have the promise that they may be sanctified.

Again, others seem to think that this experience is not for this life, but that we are made holy when we come to die, but from God's Word we learn that it is for this life. Luke 1:73-75, "The oath that he swore unto our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies might serve him without fear, in righteousness and holiness all the days of our life." Not after we die, but all the days of our life. Again, 1 Thess. 5:23, 24, we read, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." God wants to sanctify and keep us sanctified all the time until Jesus comes.

We can not allow more space for this subject in this little book. There are many good books written along

this line which will be helpful to those who desire this experience. Above all, the best book that has ever been written on holiness, is the Holy Bible. My dear reader, read it prayerfully and the Lord will lead you into the blessed experience, without which we can not see God.

We give a few scripture references stating why we need holiness, and we close this chapter. We pray God that these few words on this great subject may be a help to many young hearts and lead them on to where they will let the Lord sanctify them wholly.

We need holiness:

1. Because God commands it. "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter 1:16).

2. Because it is God's will. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3).

3. Because Jesus died to sanctify us. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13:12). "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish" Eph. 5:25, 27).

4. Because Jesus prayed for our sanctification. "Sanctify them through thy truth" (John 17:17. Also John 17:20.)

5. Because we are called unto holiness. "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1 Thess. 4:7).

6. Because what He has promised He will also do. "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly. . . Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. 5:23, 24).

7. Because the Holy Ghost is given to accomplish it. "Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:16).

8. Because without it we can not see God. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

9. Because if we obtain it we shall see God. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8).

CHAPTER VIII

SUFFERING FOR JESUS

IN ONE of the preceding chapters we told our readers that conversion is the beginning of true happiness. This is true, but it does not mean that those who follow Jesus are never called to suffer for His sake. God's Word says, "All they that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Many of God's prophets of old suffered much because they were true to Him. The disciples of Jesus suffered for His sake. Many were cast into prison and beaten and many of them put to death. A great number of God's children have been burned at the stake; but the Heavenly Father always gave them grace to bear it. Jesus told His followers, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

Much of this suffering was permitted that God's enemies might see how He sustains and helps His own dear children in the hour of suffering and death, and as others beheld their faith in God and their triumph in death, they too, became followers of the Lord, and thus God was glorified.

In this day also there is much sin and many wicked people in the world, and even children are sometimes persecuted and must suffer because they follow Jesus. Even some parents do not want their children to be Christians and will punish them severely if they read their Bible and pray. Some will even turn them away from

their home, but here again the Lord has given a promise, for He said, "When mother and father forsake you, then the Lord will take you up."

One night, coming home from missionary work in the slums of St Louis, about twelve o'clock Saturday night, one of the workers saw a little Jewish boy, about eight years old, all dirty and ragged, walking the street. She talked to him and told him about Jesus. He was glad to hear about a Savior who loved children. His father and mother did not have much love for him, but let him walk the streets of the wicked city all night.

The missionary gave him a Bible. He was so glad, for now he could read more about this Friend who loved him. The next Saturday at midnight he was there on the street corner again, waiting for the Christian people. He was happy and said, "I read my Bible every day." He was asked, "Do your parents object to your reading the Bible?" "Oh, yes," he said, "if they knew I was reading it they would kill me, but I hide it in the wood-house, way back under a woodpile, and every day I sneak away and get it out and read it."

Mr. Gough relates the following about a little boy who suffered much for Christ's sake, and who would rather die than sin against his Savior who had so wonderfully saved him.

"A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. It was very dark for there was no window. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a little boy about ten years old.

“Boy, what are you doing here?”

“Hush! do n’t tell anybody — please sir.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Do n’t tell anybody, sir, I am hiding.”

“What are you hiding from?”

“Do n’t tell anybody, if you please, sir.”

“Where is your mother?”

“Mother is dead.”

“Where is your father?”

“Hush, do n’t tell him! Do n’t tell him! But look here!” He turned himself on his face and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy’s flesh was bruised and the skin broken.

“Why, my boy, who beat you like that?”

“Father did, sir.”

“What did your father beat you like that for?”

“Father got drunk and beat me as I would n’t steal.”

“Did you ever steal?”

“Yes, sir. I was a street thief once.”

“And why do n’t you steal any more?”

“Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me, “Thou shalt not steal”; and I’ll never steal again, if father kills me for it. But please, sir, do n’t tell him.”

“My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I’m going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this.”

“Thank you, sir; but please sir, would you like to hear me sing ‘a little hymn’?”

“Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an angry father, he had a little hymn to sing.

“Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn.”

“He raised himself on his elbow and sang :

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

“That’s the little hymn, sir. Good-by.’

“The gentleman went away, came back in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the little boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom, underneath the little ragged shirt — dead.

“This little hero was willing to die for Christ, but he refused to commit sin and grieve his Master. We wish that there were more like him.”

Some who read these pages may be laughed at by play-mates, friends may turn away from them, parents may reject them and turn them from home because they love Jesus; but all who are true will have joy and peace in their hearts in this life and home in heaven for ever with the Lord.

CHAPTER IX
HOW CHILDREN MAY LEAD SINNERS
TO CHRIST

THE LORD has a great work to do, and He is always looking for people whom He can send out to labor for Him. When Jesus was here on earth He said, "The harvest is white but the laborers are few." His heart was just aching because there were so many people who were not Christians. It is the same way today. Many people do not love Jesus. Some have never heard that a Savior died for them. Many others have heard the story of the Cross, and yet are not serving Him, and need to be invited to come to Jesus again and again.

Children sometimes think because they can not preach or sing, or go as missionaries to foreign fields, that there is nothing for them to do; that they will have to wait till they are grown before they can help Jesus in this great work, but this is a mistake. The Lord will let all children help Him if they are only willing.

Perhaps some of my little readers will say, "How could I work for Jesus? I am so young." I will try and tell you how you can.

Do not forget that the very first thing must be to give your own heart to Him, if you have not yet done this. Then you may at once begin to work for Him.

One way to help Jesus win souls is to let your Christian light shine wherever you go. The way to do this is to pray much and ask Him to help you to live very close to Him all the time; in your home, at school, or wherever you may be, with your companions and playmates, that

they may see by your godly life every day that you love Jesus and that He helps you to keep from sin, and makes you happy. When tempted to do what you know to be wrong, always stand firm, and say *No!* This often convicts others of sin and gives them a desire to serve Jesus.

A pastor, whom we helped in a meeting in Illinois, told us how the Lord helped him to lead a boy to Christ. He was converted at the age of twelve, and was the only Christian in school. The other children made it very hard for him and persecuted him, but the Lord kept him from talking back or getting angry.

One day one of the larger boys, with a number of others, planned to give him a hard whipping. The big boy doubled his fist to strike him, but suddenly drew back, saying, "Shall I hit you, who have never done us any harm, but are always kind and never get angry? Oh, God! have mercy on me," and right there, in front of the school-house, in the street, he knelt down and gave his heart to God.

This boy will receive his reward for leading a soul to Christ, not by preaching from the pulpit, or by doing missionary work in heathen lands, but by preaching to his schoolmates, in that he let Jesus have control of his life, and was good and kind to them when they persecuted him.

You also can work for Jesus by inviting people to Sunday school, or to the church services, and this may become the means of their conversion. A little girl in this way led a young man to Christ, who later was used by the Lord in a great work for the salvation of souls. The young man had left his home to work in a distant city. One Sunday morning he was lonesome and homesick, and went out for a walk. A bright little girl met him on the street and invited him to Sunday school. He

went, and was soon converted. He became a very successful preacher and editor in the Methodist church, and led hundreds of souls to Christ. This little girl was a little worker for Jesus. Had she not asked this lonely young man to Sunday school, he might have never been saved, and perhaps many of those he led to Christ might have also missed heaven.

If my reader really has a desire to work for Jesus and wants to win souls, it is necessary to pray much, and the Lord will open the way by which hearts will be touched and led to Jesus. He tells us, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." If your desire is to save souls, He will show you how. I will now tell you how a number of children worked for Jesus and were successful in winning souls, and perhaps it will help you to do the same.

A little girl, named Rachel, was attending one of our meetings a number of years ago. The preaching of the gospel touched her heart and she soon made her way to the altar of prayer, and got saved.

With a happy face she testified to what the Lord had done for her. At once she got interested in her father's salvation and asked that we pray for him.

One night she succeeded in bringing him to church. This made her very happy. When the invitation was given for sinners to get saved, she stepped to his side, and with tears in her eyes, threw her arms around his neck, saying, "Papa, do come and let Jesus save you." He came at once and knelt at the altar; Rachel kneeling by his side. He prayed very earnestly for some time, then arose, and with a glow on his face, declared the Lord had forgiven his sins.

Rachel did not arise for a few moments, but with her shining face turned upward, and one hand raised heaven-

ward, she repeated these words over and over, "Thank you, Lord, I knew you would do it. I knew you would save papa. Thank you, Lord." The Lord helped Rachel to lead her father to Jesus only a few days after she found peace to her own soul. No wonder she was happy.

Brother Haney, a Methodist preacher from Illinois, tells of another little girl who led her parents to Jesus. He says that in one of his meetings there was a little girl, an only child, whose parents were not religious, and did not want her to come to church. Her name was Addie, and she was ten years old. She was very determined to go to the afternoon meetings, and she did, and was gloriously converted to God.

Her experience was so glorious that her parents thought she was losing her mind. They tried to make her stay at home, but she prayed and cried and shouted so much that it made their sinful hearts feel bad and they let her go to church.

One afternoon the Lord blessed her in prayer for her father and mother so much, and then with great gladness she said, "Papa and mamma will be converted tonight. Jesus told me so." They were not in the habit of going to church, but she got them to go that night and tried to lead them to the front, but they slipped into a back seat. She walked up to the front and said to Brother Haney, "That lady and gentleman who came in with me are my mamma and papa, and the Lord is going to save them tonight."

After the sermon, when the altar call was given for sinners to come and seek the Lord, she marched down the aisle like a little soldier and led them to the altar and they were both converted. How happy Addie was. It was in answer to her prayer that these two souls, her own mother and father, were saved.

This same minister relates how another little girl led her mother to Jesus. In a meeting he was conducting in Illinois, after dismissing one night, and while standing on the platform, he saw a lady whirl out of her seat into the aisle, and with a toss of her head said, "You will not get me to that altar!"

She had but one child, a girl who was a natural singer. She had been attending the meetings and had learned the chorus:

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you, just now."

The next day, while her mamma was sewing, she was in her little rocking chair, singing this chorus and rocking with all her might. Stopping suddenly, she looked into her mother's face saying, "Mamma, ain't you going to come to Jesus?" Her mother said, "Yes, darling, mamma is coming to Jesus some time." "Some time! Oh, mamma! that won't do. You must come to Him now."

That night, this woman who said so proudly the night before, "You will not get me to the altar," was glad to go to the altar of prayer and was converted. The Lord used her own little daughter to show her that she needed salvation.

Yes, the Lord will use children in many ways in this great work of saving souls. "The harvest is white and the laborers are few."

CHAPTER X

JESUS ANSWERS PRAYER

OUR Heavenly Father gives many promises in His Word, telling us that He will hear and answer prayer. We give a few of them. "Ask and ye shall receive." "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do." "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." From these and many other scriptures we learn that we may expect to have our prayers answered.

The Lord says that He is our Father and we are His children, and that He dearly loves us. Would it not seem strange, my dear reader, if your mother and father, who say they love you, would never answer when you call them, and if they would never give you anything you ask for. No loving parents would treat their children that way. Then we may be sure that our Heavenly Father will hear our prayers, and will answer, and give what we ask for, if it is for our good and to His glory.

A little boy was asked, "Does God always answer your prayers?" He said, "Yes, He always answers, but sometimes He says 'Yes,' and sometimes 'No,' but He always answers me."

This little boy was right. There are times that it would not be wise if the Lord would give what His children ask, for it would not be for their good, no more than when a little girl of three years asks for a sharp knife or a loaded gun to play with. Her mother would answer "No," for the child would hurt herself if what

she asked for was given her; but our reader may be assured that if we ask for anything that is good for us and that will glorify God, He will surely answer, and give what we desire of Him.

First of all, when we ask Him to forgive our sins we may be sure He will answer "Yes," for He tells us so in His Word. "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive," but we may also ask for other things that we are in need of.

When I lived in Illinois, I used to visit a family by the name of Smith, where there was a little boy named Frank. His parents were Christians. His papa was a preacher. His sister and I worked together in the evangelistic work; so I got quite well acquainted with Frank. I give the following as his sister related it to me:

When Frank was in his fourth year he was sick a great deal, and had no appetite for any solid food, but was very fond of milk. They were poor and could not afford to keep a cow nor to buy milk. One day little Frank felt very badly, and could think of nothing he wished to eat but milk. He said to his mamma, "Oh, I wish papa would buy a cow." His mother said, "I do too, but he has no money." Frank said, "Mamma, perhaps the Lord will give us a cow if we ask Him." She said, "Perhaps He will."

Frank ran into the next room; his mother followed him and looked in at the door to see what he would do. She saw him as he got down on his knees by the bedside, folded his hands, closed his eyes, and prayed, "O Lord, give us a cow; do, do, do. O Lord, give us a cow; do, do, do. For Jesus' sake. Amen." His mother rushed back to the kitchen and he did not know she had heard him pray.

Frank came running to his mother with his face all aglow and shining eyes, said, "Oh, mamma! we're going to get a cow." She said, "How do you know, Frank?" "Because I asked the Lord and He's going to give us one."

At this time Frank's father was conducting a revival meeting at a country church, nine miles from home. The meeting closed on Sunday night. He made some pastoral calls on Monday, and toward evening started for home, but a storm came up and he was compelled to turn in at a farmhouse. The people were strangers to him, but very friendly. They had supper, and read and talked for some time. The man asked him about his family and what his occupation was.

The next morning, while he was dressing, the man came into his room and talked awhile, and, to his surprise, handed him five dollars.

After breakfast he went to the barn, where the farmer and his hired men were milking. He had eight or ten fine Jersey cows.

The man said to Mr. Smith, "Well, I suppose you have a cow, if you have a family of three children." He said, "No, we have no cow." This was all that was said.

Mr. Smith hitched his horses to the buggy, got in, and started to leave, when the man said, "Wait a minute," and handed him two twenty dollar bills, besides the five he had given him before. This made forty-five dollars in all. He said, "Take that and buy a cow for your children." Mr. Smith was very much astonished to receive a gift of forty-five dollars from a man who was a stranger to him.

He started for home, and after he drove about a mile he met a man whom he asked whether he knew the farmer where he stayed all night, and whether he was a liberal

man and in the habit of helping God's cause along. The man said, "Yes, I know him, and he is very stingy, and will do nothing for the church."

Mr. Smith was more surprised than ever. He did not know of the prayer his little boy was sending up to the throne, many miles away, for the Lord to send them a cow. When he got home he told his wife about the money the man had given him. She told him about Frank's prayer, they wept and shouted for joy because the Lord had heard Frank's prayer.

This little boy asked and believed that the Lord would give him what he asked for and Jesus did not disappoint him. Now, what the Lord will do for one of His children He will do for others if they will only ask Him.

In the same year Frank had trouble with his ears. He was getting very deaf. His parents took him to a specialist, who told them that he could not help him any; that in time he would be almost, if not altogether, deaf.

When they got home Frank asked his mother what the doctor said. She tried to get his mind on some other subject, for she did not like to tell her little boy what the doctor said, but he would not be put off and insisted on an answer, saying, "Mamma, did the doctor say I would get well or not." His mamma, with a sad heart, answered, "My dear boy, the doctor said he could not help you." "And won't I ever be well, so I can hear?" "I'm afraid not, Frank," she said, "the doctor said you might get much worse."

Big tears trickled down Frank's cheeks as he said, "Mamma, can't the Lord heal me if this doctor can't help me?"

"Yes, Frank, I am sure the Lord can help you."

"Well, let's go and pray."

His mother believed in divine healing, but thought

she'd rather have her husband there, and he was not at home just then, and she said, "We will pray for the Lord to heal you when papa comes home."

"Oh, mamm, let's pray now."

"All right, Frank, as soon as I get these dishes washed."

"No, mamma, let's pray right now."

She took her hands out of the dishwater; called the two older children, went into the sitting room, and they all knelt down to pray. Frank looked up and said, "Where is the oil, mamma, to anoint me?" She arose and got some oil and anointed him. Then she prayed for him, and had only prayed a little while, when he jumped to his feet, clapping his little hands, shouting the praises of God, saying, "Oh, it's done! it's done! The Lord has healed my ears; I can hear." His mamma began to shout and praise God with him. His sister was crying for joy; but his older brother, who did not have much faith, thought he would test it, and said in a very low voice, "Frank." "Oh, yes, Vivian, I can hear. It's done, it's done." And it was done, praise the Lord, for he never had any more trouble with his ears, but could hear as well as any one.

I have heard his sister tell this over and over in our meetings, to encourage others to ask great things from the Lord.

Following we give three little prayers that, perhaps, our little readers would like to learn:

MORNING PRAYER

"Now I wake and see the light;
'Tis God who kept me through the night;
To Him I lift my voice and pray,
That He may keep me through the day.
For Jesus sake. Amen."

EVENING PRAYER

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
All this I ask for Jesus sake. Amen.”

PRAYER AT MEALS

“We thank Thee, Lord, for food and friends,
For all the good Thy mercy sends.
In Jesus' name. Amen.”

CHAPTER XI

HOW TO RESIST TEMPTATION

WE HAVE told you in Chapter I how Satan came to the garden of Eden to tempt Adam and Eve. They were pure and holy and because he hated God he planned their fall. As he tempted them, so he comes to every one who gets saved and tries to get them to commit sin; but the Lord has promised to help and give strength by His grace to overcome.

We will see what the Bible says about this. We read, "I will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape." Here we have God's Holy Word telling us that every time we are tempted He has already a way by which we may escape, and we need not sin.

There is, however, something for the Christian to do. God's Word says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Whether tempted through people or some other way, it is always the Devil trying to get us to do wrong.

Satan sometimes uses bad boys and girls to tempt those who are trying to live for God. These temptations will come in different ways, perhaps to tell lies, or be disobedient to parents, or use bad language, or to do wrong along some other line. The way to resist is to stand firm and not waver, but have courage to say "No," even though they laugh and ridicule.

When my youngest brother was about six or seven years old, he, with his mother and father, was invited to spend the day at the home of some of their acquaintance. A large number of people were present. Upon their

arrival they saw at once that they had beer, and old and young were drinking. When they came home brother said, "Just think of it, they had beer there, and all the boys were drinking. I was the only one who would not drink, and they made fun of me and called me a Christian, but I didn't care. Then they thought they would force me to drink. Several of them tried to hold me while others got a glass of beer and tried to pour it in my mouth, but I kicked and jerked and pulled, until I got away from them. I won't drink that stuff if they do make fun of me."

The Devil tried to use these boys to make this little boy do what he knew was wrong, but he did what the Bible says, he resisted them and was delivered.

At another time, when he was about ten or twelve years old, he, with another boy who had no bad habits, went to a picnic about five miles from home. They had only been gone a little while when they returned. They were asked why they came home so soon; he answered, "Oh, they were selling beer and cigars on the grounds, and I do not want to stay at a place like that."

Had he stayed there all day he might have finally yielded to some temptation, as many, many boys do, but the way for him to resist was to leave a crowd like that and come home where he would not be tempted along that line. Now he is a young man and never drank a glass of beer, never has used tobacco in any form, never swore or used bad language, is a Christian, and has bright prospects of heaven. It certainly paid this boy to resist temptation when he was a boy, even though he was laughed at and made fun of by other children.

Some time ago I read of a little boy who knew just how to resist temptation. His name was Paul. He was going to spend the day with his aunt who lived in the

next town. He had never traveled on the train alone, for he was only six years old, but it was not very far, and he had gone with his mother so often that he felt sure he could go alone.

His mother took him into the train, put him in a seat by the window, kissed him, and told him to be a good boy; then she took a slip of paper from her handbag and slipped it into his blouse pocket, saying, "Now, Paul, do not take this paper out of your pocket, for fear you might lose it, until you get to Aunt Anna's, then give it to her.

Just across the aisle in the car was a young man who heard all that was said. After the train started and the little boy was left alone, he said, "Little boy, what is that you have in your pocket?" Paul did not answer, but turned his head and looked out of the window. The young man said, "Just pull it out and let me see a little bit of it, and you can put it right back." Still Paul did not answer. Then his tempter said, "If you will just pull it out far enough to let me see one little corner of it, I will give you these," and he held out to Paul a number of fine yellow peaches.

Paul was very fond of peaches, and just to look at them made his mouth water, but he remembered his mother's words, and perhaps thought of the words of Jesus, "Resist the devil." He slipped down from his seat and walked back in the car, sat down, and looked out of the window.

The big folks in the car saw and heard it all, and many of them had tears in their eyes. A sweet-faced lady sat down by Paul, and with her arm around him, whispered, "God bless you, my boy, you know how to resist and overcome temptation. May the Lord ever help you to bravely fight against sin, and flee from it as you did this morning."

In closing this chapter we will give our readers a beautiful poem, written by Phœbe Cary. I hope you will commit it to memory, and that in time of temptation it will make you strong and help you to resist and overcome.

OUR HEROES

“Here’s a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers;
A cheer to the boy who says ‘No!’

“There’s many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There’s many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

“Be steadfast, my boy, when you are tempted
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o’ercome in the fight.
“The right,” be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.”

CHAPTER XII

GOD'S EYES ARE EVER ON US

"Thou, God, see'st me"

A CERTAIN man took his little boy with him one night to his neighbor's field to steal a load of corn from his well-filled cornerib. Before he began to load he said, "Wait a minute, son, until I see if any one is looking." He stepped away from the wagon and looked north, south, east, and west. Coming back, he said, "It's all right, no one is watching." His little boy said, "But, papa, you forgot to look up." The man answered, "That is so, my boy, if no one else sees, God does," and climbed in the wagon and drove home without his neighbor's corn. This little boy preached a great sermon to his father. He remembered that God's eyes are ever on us.

When boys and girls are tempted to do wrong they should remember the words of the Lord, "Thou God seest me." Only four little words, yet if remembered, and heeded at the right time, may help them to gain a victory over sin, and since one sin always leads to another, it may save them from a whole life of sin.

There are times when no one else is watching, mother and father are not near, playmates and companions are not anywhere around, but there is One in heaven whose eyes never slumber or sleep. He is always watching, and in time of temptation His heart is just yearning for us to remember Him and let Him help us to over come.

When I was a little girl and lived on a farm in Illinois with my parents, we used to go out blackberry picking. Fine large berries grew wild so plentifully that it was not

worth while for the farmers to go to the trouble of raising them on their farms. At times our whole family would go for a day and come home at night with from twenty-five to thirty gallons of fine ripe berries.

One day, while on such a trip, a lady friend had also come to pick. The people who owned a large patch of berries were kind, and gave us the privilege to pick all we wanted on the west side of a certain fence, but said they would like to keep those on the east side for their own use. We went to work and soon found plenty of fine berries. While the lady above referred to, her little boy, and I were picking, she saw some fine, large berries just out of her reach across the fence. She said, "Sonnie, you come crawl through the fence and get these berries, I can't quite reach them." He answered, as he kept right on picking, "Thou shalt not steal."

We were in the timber, among shrubs and briers, and there was no danger of the owner of the berries seeing us, or even missing them, but this little boy remembered, "Thou God seest me," and it helped, not only him to overcome temptation, but was a good lesson for his mother, who did it thoughtlessly, for she was a good woman. After her boy left us she said to me, "God sometimes uses children to teach us lessons that we do not soon forget."

"Remember, child, remember,
That God is in the sky;
That He looks down on all we do,
With an ever watchful eye."

CHAPTER XIII

HOW CHILDREN MAY SHOW THEIR LOVE TO PARENTS

CHILDREN owe a great deal to their parents, and are never able to repay them for all they sacrifice for them. Perhaps it would be well to stop for just a few moments and consider what parents do for their children.

First, they take care of them when they are tiny little babies and do not know anything, not even their own parents, and if they did not take very good care of them they could not live. Then, also, most children are sick at times, and mother and father will watch over them, sometimes night and day, that their little ones may have good care and get well.

I have known people in the slums of the city who were so poor they did not have enough to eat, but they would always give what they had to their children and go hungry.

Parents often suffer much in taking care of their children. A certain mother, coming home, found her house on fire; she was safe, but her baby was inside. The men who had gathered all said it would be impossible to enter the house to save the baby, but the mother rushed right through the flames, wrapped her baby in a blanket, and brought it out. She almost lost her own life and her face and hands were burned so badly that even after it was healed they were all scarred. People who did not know what had happened thought her very ugly, but she suffered

all this to save her baby. What this mother did for her baby, most parents would do for their children.

Had you gone with me to the insane asylum in St. Louis a few years ago you could have seen a woman about thirty-five years of age, walking back and forth on one of those long porches, carrying a large doll. Had you asked the nurse why she was doing that, she would have told you the following story:

This mother had a sweet little baby boy whom she loved dearly. One day he took sick and soon the angels took him to heaven. The mother did not know how to cast her burden on the Lord, and her heart was so crushed with sorrow, and she felt so lonely without her baby, that she lost her reason. One day she saw this large doll and thought it was her baby. She took it, and for several years has taken care of it, talking to it and saying, "My own precious baby, mamma loves you." And she walks the floor with it nearly all the time.

Now if parents love their children so much that they will suffer, and sometimes even die for them, then, surely the children should love them very much in return.

There are different ways in which children may express their love to the parents. It makes parents' hearts rejoice when they come to them quite often and tell them how they love them. Many children forget this, and think, as one little boy said, "Oh well, mamma and papa know I love them, so it is no use to be telling them about it."

If my little reader has ever thought this, let me ask, would you like for your mother and father to say, "My little boys and girls know I love them, and so I do not need to tell them about it," and they would never take you on their lap, and kiss you, and tell you how they loved you? I am sure you would not like it very well. Then, remember that your parents are just as much pleased if

you tell them you love them, as you are when they tell you.

Do not run off to school without kissing them good-by. A loving good-by kiss will gladden mother's heart all day while you are gone and she is working and toiling to get your meals, and patching your clothes. It will make father feel good while he is working hard to make money to buy food and clothing for you.

But for children to simply tell their parents in word they love them is not enough. They should also tell them by their actions.

One way to do this is by obedience. It is hard for parents to believe that their children really love them when they tell them with their lips they do, and then are disobedient and naughty all day. Jesus said, "Children, obey your parents." I am sure it makes Jesus and all the angels very sad when children are disobedient, and it also saddens the parents hearts.

Some children get very unhappy if they can not have their own way. Our little boy used to feel that way at times. One day he studied out how he could have his own way and yet be obedient. One morning he said, "Mamma, I am going to have my own way all day today." I was surprised to hear my little boy talk that way and said, "Are you not going to mind mamma and papa today?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I am going to make your way my way, and then I can have my own way. When I want to play outside and you tell me to stay in the house, I'll just say, 'I'll stay in the house,' and you see, I can have my way."

It would be well if all my little readers would make their parents' will their own will, not simply to have their own way, but because the Lord wants children to obey their parents, and because this is the way for both children and parents to be happy.

There is another way in which to show love for father and mother, and that is by helping them. There are many things boys and girls can do to help their parents, if they are willing.

Some time ago I read about five children who were in the dining room, trying to amuse themselves, while their mother was lying down with a severe headache. They were talking it over how much they loved their mother, each one declaring they loved her most.

Little Nettie studied awhile and said, "I love mamma a room full," and began to pick up things and to tidy up the dining room. Her brother Harry saw what she meant and said, "Hurrah! I love her a coal bucket full," and took the bucket, went to the coal cellar, filled it, and brought it in. Anna, who had been sick, and was about to call her mother to give her medicine, said, "Well, I guess I love mamma a spoon full," and took the medicine herself. Wilbert called out, "I am sure I love her and that a whole kitchen full," and he rolled up his sleeves and mopped the kitchen floor. Baby Dottie said, "I dess baby 'oves mamma too, baby 'oves mamma hands and face full." And she washed her hands and face nice and clean.

When mamma got up and saw what had been done, do you not suppose she believed every word of it when they told her they loved her? She was so happy, she almost cried for joy as she kissed each one of them and told them how thankful she was that the Lord had given her such dear, loving children.

Oh, yes, children may show their parents in many ways that they love them. They should not wait until they are grown, but obey and help them while they are young.

WHICH LOVES BEST

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then left his work, and his cap went on;
Then went to the garden, into the swing,
Left her the water and the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
I love you better than tongue can tell";
Then she frowned and pouted, full half the day,
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"Today I'll help you all I can,
How glad I am that school does n't keep" —
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
Swept the floor, and dusted the room,
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful as any child could be.

"I love you, mother," that night they said;
Three little children going to bed;
Which, do you think, the mother guessed,
Of her three children loved her best.

A WISE CONCLUSION

"Said Peter Paul Augustus: 'When I am grown a man,
I'll help my dearest mother, the very best I can.
I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently, and keep her safe from harm.

But when I come to think of it, the time will be so long,
Said Peter Paul Augustus, 'before I'm tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy
By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy.'"

— SELECTED.

CHAPTER XIV

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

THE Psalmist said, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Truly the Lord is good to us. He abundantly supplies all our needs. we shall never be able to thank Him as we should.

Some children are always thinking and speaking of all the disagreeable things they have ever seen or heard, and forget about the good things. When it rains they seem to forget that the sun ever shone, or that we need rain to make things grow. When they feel bad they forget that they ever felt good. Thus, when they should be happy and thankful to God for all His goodness and love, and for all the blessings He sends, they spend their time in finding fault with the way He does things.

We are glad, however, that not all do this way, but many are, as a girl I used to know, who said, "When things don't go to suit me I am not going to murmur, but be thankful things are not worse than what they are, for they might be." When she had headache she would say, "I am thankful I have n't the toothache also, for that would be much worse." When she stubbed her toes she said, "I am glad I stubbed my toes; I might have bumped my nose." When she was sick she was glad she was not an invalid, like the girl she knew, who had never been able to walk. When it rained and she could not play outdoors, she said, "I am glad we have a house to play in, and I thank the Lord for the rain, for it will

make the pretty flowers grow." This made her feel happy all the time.

Now, let us think of some things all should be thankful for.

First of all, we should be thankful for Jesus our Savior, who left His beautiful home in heaven and came as a little baby in the manger, lived in this world for thirty-three years, and then suffered and died on the cross that we might be saved and live in heaven with Him for ever. "He became poor that through his poverty we might be made rich."

Then, we should be thankful for the Bible, which tells us the story of Jesus, and what we must do to be saved. Many thousands of heathen have no Bible, and thus have never heard of the Savior. Many, many die without even hearing the sweet name of Jesus. Many do not know anything about a Sunday school, have never seen a preacher or church. How dark their lives must be!

Then, we should be thankful if we have been saved, and know our sins are forgiven. For many people go through life without salvation, and when they come to die they must go alone into darkness with no Savior to lean on or to trust in.

Again, children should not forget to thank God if they have Christian parents. Oh, how much this means for boys and girls!

A little Jewish girl, with beautiful black eyes, whose name was Pansy, attended the services at our mission. One night I saw her weeping bitterly and asked her what was the matter. Amidst sobs, she said, "Oh, I want God!" but her parents, being Jews, did not want her to learn about Jesus, and the poor little girl went away heart-broken.

I was conducting a children's meeting at a camp-meeting and a large number of children came to the altar to get saved. Among them were two sweet little girls, sisters. They were praying very earnestly, when their father came rushing into the tent and dragged them away from the altar, saying, "You have no business here." He did not want them to become Christians. Kneeling right by their side was a beautiful little girl, with blue eyes and golden curls, asking Jesus to save her. In a few moments she arose and gave one of the sweetest and most simple and clear testimonies I have ever heard. Oh, children, if you have parents who help instead of hinder you to become Christians and live for God, be sure and thank the Lord for it.

Then, also, if you have comfortable homes you must thank God. I used to visit many poor people in my city missionary work, and would often find a large family living in one room in a dark cellar, and, what made it still worse, no love there. The father would often spend much of his time and money in the saloon, and would come home drunk. How sad these little faces were, with no loving Christian parents.

I often stopped at a certain home where the father was a drunkard, and the mother washed for people to get a little money for food and clothing. They had one child, a sweet little girl, two years old.

One day the Lord sent His angel to take the little girl home to heaven. The mother was heart-broken. She took what money she had and bought a little white dress and slippers, and little white casket. When the darling was all dressed in white they laid her in the casket, then the father came home drunk, and just to make his wife feel bad, for he did not love her, he knelt down by

the casket which held the body of his own little girl, and cursed God, and his wife and baby.

Oh, yes, children, if you have Jesus, the Bible, Christian parents, and a home where there is love, you have much to be thankful for. If you have these things you are rich. It does not take money to make us rich. There are many things that are worth much more than silver and gold.

I read in a Sunday school paper about a boy who thought he was poor and got dissatisfied. One day he came to his father and the following conversation took place:

"Oh, papa, I do wish we were rich like Harry's papa, he can have all the icecream and candy and all kinds of playthings he wants."

"Robert, what would you take for your right arm? Would you take one thousand dollars for it?"

"Why, papa! and be a cripple? No, sir, I would n't sell my arm."

"Would you sell your left arm for that?"

"I should say not."

"Well, then look here; would you sell your eyes for a thousand apiece?"

"And be blind? I would n't sell them for ten thousand apiece."

"Would you sell your legs for a thousand apiece?"

"No, of course not, papa; if I did I could n't run and jump and play."

"Well, my boy, it seems to me you are quite rich."

"Why, papa, I have n't thought of it in that way, I declare, I am rich." And Robert ran off to play, happy and thankful that he had riches that money can not buy.

“When you look at others, with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you, His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money can not buy,
Your reward in heaven and your home on high.”

CHAPTER XV

EVIL HABITS

IN SPEAKING of evil habits we usually think of such as, drinking, smoking, swearing, gambling, etc., but there are many other things that should be included; such as, lying, disobedience, and many others.

Sometimes children get in the habit of what they call "story telling," but the Bible calls it by a different name; the Bible calls it "telling lies." We even hear people speak of white lies, but Jesus knows of no white lies; to Him they all look very black; for in His sight they are sin. We read in Rev. 21:8, "All liars have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone."

We also read in Acts 5, about a man and his wife who told a lie, and were punished by immediate death. When children tell lies it usually leads to many other sins. It grieves Jesus very much when children are not truthful, and He has promised to help them and save them from this sin.

Others will get in the habit of disobedience. When mother says, "Alice, come here at once," Alice will say, "All right, mother," and continue her play. This is not obedience, for mother said, "come at once." But we will not dwell on these things now, for we have spoken of them in another chapter, but we will consider in brief the other evil habits mentioned at the beginning of the chapter.

There is the drink habit, that is, to drink intoxicating liquors. I read the following statement a few days ago: "Alcohol was discovered and named many years ago by a

wise Arabian. He called it *al ghole*, which means in our language, 'evil spirits.' He said, "Those who drink it become possessed by the Evil Spirit, or the Devil." How true this is. It makes people do many things they would not otherwise do, if not thus possessed.

Persons who drink, first of all, commit sin against God. He tells us not even to look on the wine when it looks so nice and red in the glass. Again He says, "They that tarry long at the wine have woe," meaning sorrow and heartache. Prov. 23:29-35.

They also commit sin against themselves, for it weakens their bodies, and they can never be the strong and useful men and women God intended they should be, had they never touched it. Not only does it affect their own lives, but is a great wrong to their families and fellow man.

I did not know how much suffering was caused by drink until I left my country home and took up work for Jesus among the poor people in the city. There I found that most of the suffering, sorrow, heartaches, and broken homes are caused by drink. Where I entered homes where people were really suffering I found, almost without exception, that it was because of drink. Sometimes I would find that the father, and sometimes both father and mother were drunkards.

Then, also, we must remember, what is worst of all, the sad end of the drunkard. The Bible teaches that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God. Men who have studied these things tell us that over one hundred thousand men and boys die as drunkards every year. Think how large a crowd of people one thousand are, and then imagine over a hundred times that many, and all these die in one year as drunkards, without hope and without God.

Remember, also, my dear young reader, that there was a time when each one of these took the first drink. Had they never taken the first cup not one of them would have become drunkards. I saw one day eight small boys roll empty beer kegs in front of a saloon in order that the few drops left in them might run out on the walk, and they would lay down and drink it from the dirty, filthy sidewalk. Oh, how my heart was pained for these boys, who were in this way beginning the awful drink habit. What an awful life is before them, and to what an end they will, no doubt, come.

Some parents keep liquor in the home and thus children will be led to take their first drink and begin this sinful habit at their own parents' table. This is very sad.

Boys and girls, you who read these pages, will you not promise God right now that you will never take your first drink, and that if the Lord lets you live you will by your influence and your vote help to drive this monster from our land?

The drink habit, however, is not the only great evil that is blasting the lives of many, but the tobacco habit is fully as bad. Many boys begin to smoke cigarettes when very young. I have seen them smoke at the age of four and five. Here are words of a wise man, that every child will do well to remember: "The boy that smokes cigarettes need not worry about his future, for he has none." How true this is! Many begin this habit young and it weakens the body and they fill a premature grave. When they get sick they have so much of the cigarette poison in their system that the medicine the doctor prescribes takes no effect and they die, when they should grow up to be healthy, strong, and useful citizens.

It also affects the intellect, or the powers they use for thinking. Boys who use cigarettes are, as a rule, behind

in their studies. Our little boy tells us of two little boys in his class, older than the rest of the children, who cause the teacher much trouble and seldom have their lessons, who smoke cigarettes.

Now, all boys look forward to a useful life when they grow up. They would like to fill some responsible position, but that is impossible for cigarette smokers. First of all, their minds do not develop as they should, so that they can not get the right kind of an education or training, and then, many doors are closed for them. Listen to the words of Mr. Harriman, who was chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific and Southern railroads. He said, "Cigarette smokers are unsafe; I would just as soon get railroad men from the insane asylum, as to employ cigarette smokers." This man of high position knew what this habit would do for boys. Many responsible places like these are closed for cigarette smokers.

Not only is cigarette smoking harmful, but the use of tobacco in any form. Tobacco contains a poison that is injurious to all who use it. It is also a very filthy, dirty habit, and much disease is spread because of the use of it.

I have heard ladies say, when asked to go for a day's outing, that they would rather miss the outing than to take a trip on the car or on the street and have men puff tobacco smoke in their faces.

Boys, think of a poor, weary mother who lives in a few dark, dingy rooms in a tenement house, working hard and taking care of a large family day after day, robbed of a day's rest and recreation because men and boys, to satisfy their unholy appetites insist on poisoning the air with filthy tobacco smoke.

A number of years ago, when living in the city, our parsonage was built very close to the sidewalk, as many houses in the city are. I remember very well, while sitting

in our sitting room at the window, to get some fresh air in the hot summer months, white men and negroes would pass and puff the tobacco smoke right at our open window, and fill God's pure air that was so invigorating, with the smoke that came out of their filthy mouths, and compel us to inhale it.

Boys, ask God to help you to be gentlemen and never touch filthy tobacco.

Again, those who use tobacco in any form are wasting money that should be spent for something useful, and not for that which does not benefit any one but is injurious.

A few years ago I was well acquainted with a wealthy family in St. Louis. They had a son named Charley. I was in their home a great deal, but do not remember ever seeing the father without a cigar in his mouth only while eating. He would smoke until he began to eat, lay his cigar by his plate, and as soon as he had taken the last bite of food, pick up his cigar, and again smoke while the rest of the family finished their meal.

One day I said to the little boy, who was eight years old, "Charley, are you going to smoke when you become a man?" I wish my readers could have seen the expression on his face as he said, "Do you think I am a fool?" I did not quite understand what he meant and said, "Your father smokes, and I am wondering if you are expecting to when you get big?" He said, "Indeed, I won't. Papa smokes fifteen ten-cent cigars a day; that makes one dollar and fifty cents a day. He smokes at night after he goes to bed and in the morning before he gets up. When I see that, do you suppose I am foolish enough to follow his example? No, ma'am, I'll never do it. I'll spend my money for something better." A wise conclusion, indeed, for a boy of eight, and the son of a tobacco fiend.

It is true that all do not spend as much money for tobacco as this man did, but if it is only ten cents a week it is wasting money, and the Lord will require of them an account some day how they spend their money, which might have been given to some good cause such as missions, and would help to tell some poor heathen the story of Jesus.

There is also the habit or sin of swearing. Children hear it from others and, sad to say, sometimes from their own parents, and begin very young. In a town in Nebraska, where we lived, we learned to know a little boy, four years of age. His parents were not careful about his training and he was out on the street most of the time, and soon learned to swear.

Wicked men heard him and were amused by it, and would give him pennies and nickels, paying him to swear for their amusement. How sad! The Lord says, "God will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain."

At this writing my husband and I are being entertained in a Christian home. Just at this time I hear the young mother sing:

"I believe in the old-time religion,
For it saves from all sin here below."

The father is reading his Bible as he is waiting for his dinner, but this was not always so. They used to swear, and the father drank. They have only been converted two years.

The father told us, with tears in his eyes, as he laid his hand on a bright little, black-eyed, curly headed son, not five years old, "Two years ago this little boy would swear at the least provocation, and he learned it by hearing it from his own papa's lips; but thank God, now he quotes Scripture and sings about Jesus."

Swearing is an awful sin. Every time any one swears he breaks one of God's commandments.

Some girls may say that this chapter is only for boys, but this is not true. Sad as it may seem, many girls, as well as boys, are guilty of the sins of drinking, smoking, and swearing.

We used to go into saloons and wineroms to distribute religious tracts, and there we would see boys and girls, men and women, sitting at tables, drinking beer and wine, and smoking cigarettes, and using vile language.

One day, while sitting in the mission hall, I looked across the street and saw a woman, about sixty years of age, intoxicated. The policeman was trying to arrest her, she resisted, and he, with his heavy club, struck her on the head, and bleeding, she fell to the sidewalk. He picked her up and threw her in the wagon and took her to jail. She had been a habitual drunkard for years.

About half a block from our mission door, on the second floor, where I often went to try to labor for Jesus, lived six women in one room, no carpet on the floor, no chairs, no furniture of any kind except one bed. They would go out and beg money and then carry their buckets to the saloon for beer. This seemed to be all they cared for. When I spoke to them about Jesus they would not listen to me.

Girls are not safe unless they not only leave these things alone, but absolutely refuse to keep the company of any young man who uses liquor or tobacco, or swears. Many a girl who has kept herself free from these things has joined hands and hearts for life with a man who was addicted to one or all of these habits, and as a result her life has been one of misery, woe, and heartache.

Will not all the boys and girls who read these lines

commit to memory the following triple pledge and, by the Lord's help, keep it all their lives?

THE TRIPLE PLEDGE

STRONG DRINK

We will not buy, we will not make,
We will not use, we will not take,
Wine, cider, beer, rum, whiskey, gin,
Because they lead mankind to sin.

TOBACCO

We will not smoke the smoker's pets,
Those useless things called cigarettes;
We will not chew, we will not snuff,
Nor waste our time cigars to puff.

PROFANITY

We will not curse, though many dare
Open their lips to curse and swear;
Our words shall be both pure and plain;
We will not take God's name in vain.—SELECTED.

CHAPTER XVI

DANGER OF NEGLECTING SALVATION

IT IS always dangerous to put off salvation and it is of great importance to accept Christ early in life. Children's hearts are tender, they have not been hardened and marred by sin as those who have continued for many years in sin.

People who get saved in childhood or youth have greater advantages than those who put it off until later. They have their whole lives before them to spend in the service of the Lord. If they walk in obedience their lives will develop and they will be able to build up strong Christian characters; but if they wait until thirty, forty, or fifty years of their life is spent in sin, those years are lost, and even the rest of their lives are often marred and hampered because of the past. Not only are those years lost to themselves, but during this time they might have been able to lead many souls to Christ.

Our Heavenly Father's beautiful plan is that His children be coworkers with Him in saving the world, and one of the greatest joys of heaven, next to seeing our dear Savior's face, will be if we have been the means of leading souls to Him.

A young man, in a town not far from our home, took sick and desired to be saved. He asked for prayer and his sister to sing for him, which she did. He was beautifully saved. When he saw he must die he said, "The Lord has been merciful and saved me, but all of my life has been spent in sin, and I will have no trophies to lay at

my dear Savior's feet, and there will be no stars in my crown."

Not only do we miss the joy of leading souls to Christ, but the one who neglects salvation is continually in danger of losing his own soul. The Lord says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He gave us no promise for tomorrow. If we put off salvation until tomorrow it may be for ever too late.

A young man came to the service at the mission in St. Louis. The superintendent felt impressed to go to him and ask him to give himself to the Lord that night; but he said, as so many do, "Not tonight." He went to him for the second and for the third time, pleading with him to yield. At last the young man reached out his hand, saying, "No, not tonight, but I will give you my hand on it that I will be at the altar tomorrow night and get saved." The service closed, and this young man had not walked a block away from the mission when he was called into eternity. For him tomorrow night never came. He put off salvation just one night too long.

How different with another young man of whom Rev. J. H. Flower, superintendent of the Lighthouse Mission in St. Louis, tells us, who felt he ought to get saved but did not come forward, but after going to his room he said to his roommate who was a Christian, "I wish I had gone forward and had gotten saved tonight. I feel it is dangerous to put it off." His roommate said, "You can get saved right here." They knelt down and prayed, and at one o'clock he rejoiced in sins forgiven. He went to work the next morning in the switch yards. He was struck by an engine and seriously injured. Some one rushed to his side, and he lived just long enough to say, "I am so glad I settled it last night. Tell Brother Flower he will at least have one star in his crown," and

his blood-washed soul took its flight to his Savior, who had only about five hours before washed his sins away. How well that he did not say, "Tomorrow night."

We do not like to dwell on so many sad things and refer to so many who put off salvation and lost their souls, but we want to impress our young reader how dangerous it is to neglect his soul's salvation.

Mother Hawks, eighty-seven years old, at Minden, Nebraska, told us the following incident that came under her own observation. She said that when she was a young woman she lived in Abraham Lincoln's home town in Illinois. She, with a crowd of other young people, used to go sleigh-riding with Mr. Lincoln.

One of these young men was a preacher's son, but unsaved. His father tried to lead him to the Lord, but his answer always was, "Not now." He became seriously sick. One evening they noticed that he kept his eyes on the sun as it was going down beyond the western horizon. As his father came into the room he said, "Father, light a candle and set it on the table by my bedside where I can see it." After getting the candle the father said, "My son, why do you ask for this candle?" "Father," he said, "I have seen the sun for the last time; when it rises in the morning I will be where no ray of light ever comes. I want that candle before my eyes as long as I can see, for where I am going in a short time I will not even get the rays of the smallest candle." His father tried to point him to Jesus, but he said, "No, father, I have put off salvation too long, and there is no hope for me, but I want you to promise that you will preach my funeral sermon and warn my companions who have put off salvation like I have done, not to follow my example any longer, but to give their hearts to the Lord."

My dear boys and girls who read this book, if you are

not saved, why not, right now, lay your book down and give yourself to Jesus and let Him forgive your sins. He is a Savior of love and loves you. He died to save you. His Word says He is not willing that any should be lost, but that all should be saved.

Many put it off so long that their hearts are so hardened in sin and when they finally want to get saved it is hard for them to get their eyes away from their sins and to trust in Jesus.

In one of our meetings a man, eighty-four years old, came to the afternoon meeting. He was crippled and only able to walk by the assistance of a crutch. As soon as the altar call was given he came forward and tried to get on his knees. We said, "Grandpa, you can not kneel, the Lord can save you right there in your seat," but he said, "Oh, no, I want to get down before the Lord." It took him quite awhile, but he finally got down on his knees.

The Christian people gathered around and prayed for him. He tried to pray, but would only utter a few words, then wring his hands and say, "Oh, my sins, my sins." We gave him God's promises and encouraged him to trust the Lord. But when he tried to pray he would again wail, "Oh, my sins, my sins. I have spent eighty-four years in sin and now I have no hope."

Our hearts were bleeding and we labored and prayed with him a long time, but his sins were like mountains before him and he failed to get his eyes off his sins long enough to see Jesus. Finally he went home without salvation and without hope. In youth it would not have been so hard for him to trust the Lord to save him, but he was now old and hardened in sin. Jesus is even then able to save if we have faith, but when hearts are calloused by sin we are apt to never trust Him for salvation.

A young lady, a very dear friend of mine, tells the

following incident that happened about thirty miles from our home in Illinois, and in a church where I attended services many times:

"I was attending revival services where many were getting saved and sanctified. The church was crowded every night so that many could not find seating room.

"One night, during the altar call, I walked down the aisle, trying to lead souls to the altar to seek the Lord. Among others, I spoke to a young man of my acquaintance who was standing in the aisle, asking him to give his heart to the Lord. He shook his head. I saw the Lord was dealing with him, and plead with him not to put off salvation. He finally said, 'No, not tonight, but I promise you I will come and get saved tomorrow night.'

"I left him and spoke to some near him. One of the other Christian workers took him by the hand, asking him whether he would not like to become a Christian. He answered, 'No, sir, I never expect to be a Christian.' I heard his words and said to him, 'What is that young man? did you not tell me less than five minutes ago that you would get saved tomorrow night?' 'I did,' he said, 'and when I said tomorrow night my doom was sealed. I know I shall never be saved.' The meeting closed. After he reached home that night with his two sisters, he sat down at the piano, played and sang the following:

'Oh sinner, remember, though fair be life's day,
There's only one step to the tomb;
Thy life like a vapor, will soon pass away,
Then cometh eternity's gloom.

'To be lost in the night, in eternity's night;
To sink in despair and in woe;
But such is thy doom, if thou turn from the light,
God's mercy refusing to know.'

After finishing this hymn he fell backward from the piano stool, dead and lost, because he refused to let the Lord save him when the Holy Spirit was in mercy striving with him."

There is very great danger in neglecting salvation. Every day that it is put off we are running an awful risk, for death may come and find us unprepared. When we consider that eternity is before us, and our soul is going to spend it either with God, and the angels, and all the blood-washed host in heaven, or in a place that was prepared for the Devil and his angels, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, surely it is all important that we set all else aside and first seek the kingdom of God.

My dear young reader, let me entreat you as one who loves you, and is very much interested in your soul, not to neglect it, but to do as a young man of our acquaintance, who was attending revival services. His teacher was not interested in the meetings and gave unusually long lessons. He told her he could not see how he could get such long lessons and attend the meetings. She said, "I do not compel you to go to church, but I insist that you get your lessons." His answer was, "Well, teacher, I have thought it all over and have come to this conclusion, since I must spend much longer time in eternity than in this life, I am going to prepare for eternity first, and then get all the education I can." This was a wise conclusion. The Lord blessed the young man and he is now saved and sanctified, has preached some, and is in college preparing for the ministry.

Do not let the Enemy deceive you, when he whispers to you and tells you that some other time it will be easier

or better. This is not true, but in childhood is the time to begin to serve the Lord.

SOME OTHER DAY

“The Spirit came to an innocent child,
And plead in the tenderest tone:
‘Dear little one, let me come into thy heart,
And make it for ever my own.’
‘Sweet Spirit,’ he cried, ‘please go away;
For childhood is only for fun and play;
Some other day, some other day;
When I am older, I’ll bid Thee stay.’

“The Spirit came back to the tall, fair youth,
With a tender and loving plea;
‘The harvest is ready, there’s work to be done,
Arise, God is calling for thee.’
O Spirit,’ he cried, ‘leave me I pray,
The pleasures of earth hold me in sway;
Some other day, some other day;
Then, Holy Spirit, I’ll bid Thee to stay.’

“The Spirit plead thus with the toilworn man;
‘Make haste while God’s grace shall last.
The silver is tinging thy locks of brown,
Thy years are now slipping by fast,’
‘O Spirit,’ he cried, ‘I should obey,
But I am too busy and tired to pray;
Some other day, some other day;
When I have time I will bid Thee stay.’

“The old man now leans on his trembling staff,
With a quavering, bitter sigh:

'I've wasted a lifetime in sin,' he cried,
 'And now I am going to die;
The Spirit, long slighted, has flown away;
 No hope, no God, I can not pray;
No other day, no other day;
 The Holy Spirit has gone to stay.'"

CHAPTER XVII

CHRISTIANS DIE HAPPY

THE Lord does not want us to get saved simply that we may go to heaven when we die, or else He would take everybody home at once after they are saved, but He wants some of us to live right here in this world among sinful people, and where there are temptations on every hand, so that through us He may be able to show forth His power to save and keep from all sin those who put their trust in Him.

And then, He has a great work to do for Christian people. He has seen fit to save the world, not by sending angels down here to preach the gospel, but for His children, Christian men and women, to tell the good news of salvation to sinners, and this they would have no opportunity to do if they were all taken home to heaven as soon as they are saved.

If we are fully saved, however, and are living true Christian lives, we need not fear death, whether we die as children, young people, or have come to old age.

Sometimes the Lord sees fit to call children to Himself. In the last chapter we have told you about a number of children and young people who put off salvation and thought they would get saved when they got ready, but death came and they were called away unexpectedly and unprepared. How dark it was when they came to die.

In this, the last chapter of the book, we will tell you of a number who got saved and, with Jesus in their hearts, they died happy. We pray that it may encourage our

readers to live for the Lord, and when they come to die they may have an abundant entrance into the heavenly city.

When I began my city missionary work in St. Louis, I was told of a family on 22d street, where a young girl, about fifteen or sixteen years old, was sick. I called there, and found a mother, her son, and this daughter, whose name was Katie, living in two small rooms on the second floor, the stairway leading up from the back yard. They were very poor people.

The mother lived such a wicked, sinful life that her husband had, some time before, left her. Katie, of course, under such conditions, did not have much opportunity to hear about Jesus, and she was a very worldly girl.

Soon after I, with some other Christian people, visited her she gave her young heart to the Lord and He spoke peace to her soul. She lingered for awhile, but gradually got worse.

One morning, as her mother entered the room, she said, "Mamma, I am going to take a long journey today, and I shall never come back, for Jesus is going to call for me today. Do n't weep, mamma, I am so happy, I would much rather go than stay here." She told her mother what to do with her things. Some she wanted her mother to keep, others to give to her young friends, for she said, "I will not need them any more."

She was very peaceful and happy the rest of the day. In the evening she called her mother and told her to call brother, and the few friends who had gathered there, into the room. She told them all good-by, pleading with her mother and the rest to get ready to meet her in heaven. She said, "Good-by," laid her head back on the pillow, and closed her eyes. They thought she was gone. Her mother fell down on her knees by the bedside and screamed,

"Oh, Katie, dear Katie, come back, don't leave me." Katie opened her eyes, looked at her mother, and said, "Mamma, why did you call me back? Jesus was right here; He was just lifting me up to take me, and I was so happy, and now you have called me back to this old world. Please do not ask me to stay, and do not call me back again. Mamma, you and the rest go into the kitchen and shut the door and wait there while Jesus comes and takes me home to heaven."

They left her all alone with her Savior for about fifteen minutes. When they returned her body was there on the bed, but Katie's pure soul had been carried away by the angels to that home where sickness never comes and where sin never enters.

It seems that if at any time in life people would want their loved ones near it would be when they come to die, but Katie felt the Savior nearer than any earthly friend, even her own mother, and she wanted to be alone with Him when she crossed over.

Children, is not this a beautiful way to die? No wonder we read in God's Word about a man who said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

One day, while visiting from house to house, I ascended a narrow stairway on 20th street, only about two blocks from where Katie had lived. I knocked at the first door I saw after reaching the top of the stairway. A woman came and barely opened the door. I told her that I was a city missionary, and spoke to her about her soul's salvation, but she did not seem at all pleased that I talked to her.

I saw through the half-open door some one lying in bed, and inquired if any one were sick. She told me her boy was very sick. I said, "May I come in and talk to

him for a few moments?" She answered in a careless way, "No, I do not think he cares to see you." My heart began to ache for the poor boy, whom I wanted to tell about Jesus, and I plead with her to let me step in and say a few words to him. She finally yielded and let me in.

I stepped to his bedside and saw at the first glance that he could not live long. He could not speak above a whisper, but when I tried to point him to the Savior he turned his face to the wall, saying he did not care to hear anything like that. I asked whether I might not read just one verse out of the Bible. He answered, "I do not want it." "Well, I will pray for you," I said, and before he had time to answer I got down on my knees and in a few words asked the Lord to save him.

I then left him, for he would not talk to me, and without an invitation I told him I would come back to see him some time, which I did a day or two later. When I entered the room this time and asked if I might read to him, he said, "Yes, I wish you would read from the Bible and then pray with me." I did this, and when I took my leave he invited me to come back.

The next time I went to see him I read those beautiful words from Rev. 21 to him. It seemed to touch his heart, and was just what his sinsick soul was in need of; then I knelt by his bedside and prayed very earnestly for him. Heaven seemed to draw very near. I felt we were in the presence of the Lord. Willie did not say very much, he was too weak to talk, but asked me to come back soon.

I went back, and shall never forget my last visit at that sick bed. When I reached the head of the stairs he saw me through the half-open door, and I wish, instead of trying to describe to you what I saw, that I might have taken you in to see Willie and hear his last words, for a scene like that can not be told in words.

He raised his thin, white hands as high as he could and his face had a heavenly glow that was the result of a divine touch. He beckoned for me to come in, clapping his hands and saying, over and over, "Oh, I am so happy! Oh, how I thank Jesus! how I praise Him, He has saved me." I sat down by his bedside and joined him in praising the Lord. He then said, "I am so glad you told me about Jesus, when you were here before, and read to me about a place that Jesus has gone to prepare, where there is no more sickness and sorrow, where I will have no more pain, and where He will wipe all the tears from our eyes. After you left I asked the Lord to wash all my sins away and come into my heart that I might enter into the beautiful city. And oh, He has answered prayer! My heart feels so clean. My sins are all gone. Jesus has taken them all away." Then he continued, "I was so cross to mamma, I wanted to get well, but now I'll be glad when Jesus takes me home to that beautiful place you read to me about."

I remained at his bedside for awhile, but finally had to leave him. He was still clapping his hands and praising the Lord. Then next time I returned Willie had joined the angels and the redeemed in heaven praising God. I expect some day to meet him up yonder, where we shall see Jesus face to face.

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
It's glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine."

Tillie, my husband's younger sister, was converted at the age of twelve or thirteen. In the winter of 1893 she took sick with lagrippe, which settled on her lungs. She

continued to get worse until January 23, the following year, when the Lord took her home.

The following glorious departure was witnessed and related by my husband, who had come home from college for the holidays, and, finding her so near the end, remained with her until she passed away. They had been great chums, and he stayed at her bedside almost continually.

"I came home on Christmas eve and found sister much worse than I had expected. Soon after greeting her I said to her, 'Tillie, how is it with your soul?' She answered, 'My experience is not as clear as it should be, and I do not know positively whether I am ready to meet the Lord or not.' She had been converted, but under the burden of affliction the Enemy had taken advantage of her weak body and caused her to doubt.

"I talked to her and encouraged her to look to Jesus and to trust Him; and called the rest of the family in, and we prayed with her. After some time she fully trusted Jesus and said, 'It's all right now. If Jesus calls me I am ready to go.'

"Day after day I sat by her bedside, reading the Bible and other good books to her, and praying with her. She rapidly got weaker and suffered greatly as the time of her departure drew nearer. She could now only speak in a low whisper. No one but myself could understand her. The last night on earth, January 22d, was one of intense suffering and very little rest. I encouraged her to lean on the Savior, and trust Him to sustain her in the hour of suffering. Upon inquiry, she again assured us that she was ready to meet the Lord. Over and over I could hear her whisper words of prayer, and breathe the name of Jesus.

"At 5:30 in the morning she seemed to have a halo of

glory about her, and asked to be laid over on the other side of the bed. I saw the end was near and asked if I should call the rest of the family. She said, 'Yes, call them.' While they were gathering in I said, 'Tillie, are you ready right now to meet the Savior, and go home with Him?' She said, 'Yes, and Jesus is coming, and I am going.'

"After the family had gathered in, she began to speak in a clear voice so that all could understand her, and for about a half-hour she talked to us.

"She called each by name, saying, 'Live for Jesus and be true to Him, and meet me in heaven.' To my brothers in the ministry, and to me, as I was preparing for it, she said, 'Oh, preach the gospel and meet me up yonder. Father and mother, you are getting old, and will soon follow me and we will meet again. Tell Sister Josie I see her baby Roy; he is dressed in white. Tell Brother Willie I see Celia and their baby and they're all in white.' Then, referring to her unsaved friend, she said, 'Tell Polly to get saved and meet me in heaven.'

"Then she said, 'Oh, do n't you hear the angels sing? Do n't you see Jesus? He is right here in the room. I am resting in His arms. Do n't cry for me,' she said, 'but be true and meet me in heaven.' Then turning to father, she said, 'Father, you pray with me once more.' We all knelt by her bedside, and amidst sobs, father poured out his heart in prayer to God.

"Then she said, 'Now sing once more before I go, "Safe in the arms of Jesus,"' which we did as well as our tears and sobs would permit. She looked at us and said, 'Do n't weep for me, but be true to the Lord and you will soon come too, and we will all meet again.'

"While we were singing she would repeat, 'Yes, safe in His arms. Rest, sweet rest. Peace, sweet peace. "There'll be no sorrow there."' Then she kissed all

good-by, and telling each to be true to Jesus and meet her in heaven, she waved her hand, saying, 'I'm going, good-by! good-by!' And Tillie joined the heavenly blood-washed throng."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 't is the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me.
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from sorrow and care;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there,
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more moments,
Then my Savior I'll see."

My dear young friends, in closing this book let me call your attention again to the fact that this world is not our home. We can not live here for ever; we are pilgrims and strangers here. And if we would leave this world in peace, die happy, and make heaven our eternal home we must have Jesus with us as we cross the river. In this last chapter I have told you of a number of young people of our own acquaintance who gave their hearts to the Lord and what glorious victory they had when the end came. I am sure you agree with me when I say, with Jesus we die happy.

Therefore let the Lord fully save you, let Him take all sin out of your heart and you need not fear death. Jesus has overcome death.

Repent of your sins. Trust Jesus to save you now. Labor for Him while He lets you live and gives you strength, and when you come to the end you will be happy. Jesus will hold your hand. The angels will carry you home. Heaven's gates will swing open wide to let your blood-washed spirit enter. God the Father will welcome you, and you will rejoice through the ages of eternity and will join in praises to God with the blood-washed company, that no man can number and whose praises will echo around the throne of God as the sound of many waters.

I close this book with a prayer to God that you, my dear reader, may be one of that great number who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And although we may never see each other's face here on earth, that we may in that day clasp glad hands in the city where only the pure and holy can enter and where sin never comes, and where all the redeemed of the Lord meet face to face. Amen.

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