

discover genius and judgment; there may be accurate analysis and strong reasoning, proof and motive, solidity and beauty, logic and passion, argument direct and indirect, perspicuity, purity, correctness, propriety, precision, description, antithesis, metaphor, allegory, comparison; there may be motives from goodness, motives from happiness, motives from self-love, appeals to the sense of the beautiful, the sense of right, to the affections, the passions, the emotions;—a sermon may be all this, and yet, though it fall from the lips of a prince of pulpit oratory, be as powerless in the renewal of a soul as in raising the dead, if unaccompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost." This all-essential, omnipotent energy of the Holy Spirit will be found only in the lives and ministry of "holy men of God." Eminently successful soul-winners owe all to the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. James Caghey read a passage from Dr. Clark about the importance of the Spirit's power in preaching. He took his pen and wrote in secret before God: "I see (a) The absolute necessity of the immediate influence of the Holy Ghost to impart, point, power, efficacy and success to the preached gospel. (2) The absolute necessity of praying more frequently, more fervently, more perseveringly, and more believingly for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry. (c) That my labors must be powerless, comfortless and valueless without this aid. . . The entire glory of all my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit." In a season of prayer alone in the hills, he received the Spirit. This wrought a revolution, and from 1840—1846, he saw 21,600 souls kneeling at his altars seeking God.

This baptism with the Holy Spirit is not the fire of a new zeal, the burst of a new enthusiasm, the impact merely of a new influence, the receiving of a larger vision. It is all this, and more. These are but by-products of the main event, an epochal arrival not of an abstraction, but of the presence of the real Third Person of the ever adorable Trinity, the blessed Holy Spirit. O when shall the Church of God, and we, the ministers of his Church, learn and confess that neither carnal weapon, nor human method,—say nothing about worldly means,—but the Holy Spirit is the only source of true spiritual might and real and lasting success? And when, above all else, shall we acknowledge this in a practical way, by making him our sole dependence, and his power our first, our last, our only quest? When shall it be?—*The Pentecostal Herald*.

#### A NIGHT IN HELL

"I am escaped by the skin of my teeth." Job 19:20

I awoke in Hell. Of course I knew millions had done so before. It was no new thing, but it was new to me—that was the point—and I felt miserable, wretched. "Is this hell?" I asked. It was so unlike what I had expected; the one place I had vowed all my life I would never come to. I am sure I intended hard enough not to come.

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment." I had heard the words scores of times, now they were quite changed and altered, for then they referred to another, now to myself. Fool that I have been! That, I think, was the keenest point of the situation. What was it like? Utterly different from what I had expected, I soon saw that. Before it had sounded most unreal, now it was the very opposite.

I had always been fond of exploring a strange place; I had no wish to explore this, I

dreaded even to move, for I felt certain that the more I saw the worse it would be. And the company—that was the worst of all, if hell has a worst.

Suddenly I heard my name mentioned, though I could not recognize the voice. It appeared that a list was published in hell daily of the people arriving in a day or so, and my name was down and they were soon expecting me. I had come a day too soon.

Next morning I awoke on earth—was it earth? I trembled with an eagerness of excitement I had never felt before. I was covered with clammy sweat. Where was I, on earth or in hell? What tremendous issues depended on the answer. The agony of that moment was more, I believe, than ever man suffered before. It was quite dark and I dared not move. Hell seemed the more real, but I was on earth. I lay fearing to close my eyes. I dressed as one dazed. My servants were afraid of me, but too well behaved to ask what had happened. I looked ten years older and my hair was white. I had ordered my cart to drive to Ascot. It was cup day at the races, the cart was at the door. I felt somehow unable to think. I got in as a machine, more than a man. How we got there and why I went I could not say; my whole time was spent in thinking where I had been. I got cold and hot in turn, sometimes I shuddered so that I shook the cart.

I was awakened in a kind of way (I never seemed really awake) by running into a drag. I don't quite know what happened, it occurred so quickly. It was my fault, I suppose. Some wrangling took place. I heard as a man in a dream till I was suddenly brought up by a shout from the drag—"Go to hell." I had heard the phrase thousands of times at Gaton, at mess, at the club,—aye, used it, too, but now it was like a new language that I had got the key to. I shuddered; my knees would have knocked together if I had been standing. My groom asked me if I was ill and took the reins. He proposed to return. I said "no." The fact was I dared not be alone.

We arrived soon afterwards. I tried to walk to the stand but I could barely do so. Hardly any one had yet come. The first man I knew who saw me was a brother officer. He had not seen me for years—not since I left the regiment. After shaking me by the hand heartily enough, he said, "Where the hell have you been all these years?" I heard no more, I knew I had fallen and was being taken home. I heard as I was carried along oaths and curses on all sides. I had heard that at race courses all my life; now I started each time I heard the name, that name, mentioned. It was jest to them; it was grim earnest to me. I arrived home.

The doctor said I must have had a shock—He never said a truer word in his life,—and that I must be kept perfectly quiet, but he did not say how. I would have paid him the biggest fee he ever had in his life if he could have answered that. "Keep me quiet!" You might as well have talked of keeping the sea quiet.

How did I know but I might fall asleep and wake up where I had been the night before. I was not expected then; I was expected now, and forever. The paper on the wall was a kind of diagonal pattern with spots on it. I began counting them. I could not help it. Suppose I allowed one hundred years in torment to each spot, how many years would it make? I got confused and began over again. Would life there never end? I think I fainted.

When I came to, Jack, my brother, was sit-

ting by my bedside. They had sent for him.

I asked him to read to me about Lazarus and the man. I meant the dead man, but I could not bear to name the word, and half closed my eyes. Jack left and did not come back for some time. It appeared that in my house, furnished with every modern requisite, as the advertisements say, there was no Bible. Strange, for every soldier carries one in his kit, so they sent for one. Then Jack had to go a second time, he could not find the place. Nearly an hour had passed since I first asked him to read.

At last he began, "Now, a certain man was sick named Lazarus."

That was wrong, I meant the beggar Lazarus. However, Jack read on slowly through. I did not listen. This story had no concern for me, but I knew Jack could not find the other one. Lazarus was sick, was he?—so was I. Lazarus was dead. Should I be in another hour or so?

Then I heard no more till the words "Lazarus, come forth!" Had I really been in hell? Where had this man been?

Jack stopped, I said, "go on;" I heard little till he read "many people were there to see Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead." Would people come to see me?

Hark! They consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death. How I pitied him! Would Jack like to see me die—to step into my shoes? "Jack, I have had a shock."

"Yes, old man, what was it?"

"I was in hell last night."

He started.

"I was, but only for an hour. Now, you see, Jack, I may be there forever this evening."

I saw a tear in Jack's eye. Dear old Jack. He tried to speak and could not, so he remained silent.

Then I asked him to read it again. Jack read it more slowly even than before. This time I drank in every word. "Jesus said unto her, 'Thy brother shall rise again.'" Jack's voice trembled. "Jesus said unto her, 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live.'" "Stop!" I shouted, "Say it again."

Jack went over it three or four times. "Jack, do you believe that?—go on." Jack went on, "and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die, believest thou this?"

Now I always had a good voice. For the life of me I could not help it—I gave such a shout as woke the whole house. "Jack, believest thou this?"

Never patient had such a speedy recovery. I was out of bed at once. Before, they were afraid my mind was affected, now they seemed certain of it; all but Jack, I think he half saw it, but then you see he hadn't been where I had been the night before.

I read that chapter over at least fifty times. It got clearer and clearer. How I praised God for it! "Shall never die"—I cried over the words for joy. No more hell for me, for though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see my God. My chief concern was for Jack, but he saw it, only he was quieter. "To think, Jack, that I am forty-five and we never saw before that Christ died for our sins to save us from hell." I was never so happy in my life. I had been going to Norway to fish for salmon, I would fish for men now. God had saved my soul through a chapter in the Bible, I would pass my life in the future reading it to others. (God's Revivalist).—*Author Unknown; The Wesleyan Methodist*.