

A THRILLING STORY FROM ALASKA

I was born in Jefferson county, New York, in 1834. The genealogy of the Rugg family has lately been compiled, and printed in book form. It shows that the Rugg family are the descendants of John Rugg, who was of English birth. He emigrated from England about the year 1650 and settled in Manchester. My father's name was William Mecham Rugg, and my mother's name was Calkins.

I became interested in the oil business in Titusville, Pa., in 1861. I made a small fortune there in 1865 of \$250,000. I continued steadily in the producing of oil for a period of twenty-five years.

I then went to New Mexico to try my luck in the mining of silver. In 1886, the second year of this venture, I opened up the largest body of high grade silver ore that was ever discovered in New Mexico. When silver went down on account of the demonetizing of silver, I had a block of mines, which had been thoroughly tested, on the London market, and had been accepted by London buyers, for which I was to receive five million dollars. But before any money was paid over, silver began to drop, and consequently the buyers held off. Silver continued to gradually decline in value until the mines were practically valueless. Thus ended my silver mining.

I then turned my attention to gold mining, and for ten long years I worked hard to get a goldmine, but everything went against me. I had spent all that I had in real estate, which included six forty-acre tracts inside the limits of Denver City, Colo. These would have made me a fortune if I had only kept them.

I then went to Alaska in 1897 to the Copper River country, on a grub stake. As I was sledging my personal effects and grub and mining outfit, my eyesight began to fail. I had noticed that my eyes were not good about two weeks before. Finally I came across a deserted cabin. I stopped in this cabin and let the crowd go by, as they were all anxious to get up the river, where they expected to find plenty of gold. What hardships men will undergo to find the gold which perisheth.

With my bedimmed eyes, I thought it wise to rest a few days in hopes that my eyesight would improve. But to my surprise and dismay my eyes kept getting worse and after thirty days my sight was gone, and there was no apparent reason why I was thus blind. They were not inflamed, neither did they pain me. My sad affliction led me to think and wonder what would become of me. I was all alone, but little fire, and I did not expect anyone to come to the cabin. Deep snows had covered every trail; and there I was, shut out from the world, alone and blind. There was nothing left for me to do but to remain, eat up my provisions, lie on my cot and keep covered with the blankets to keep from freezing. I just waited to see what would turn up.

A panorama of my past life went before me. I was compelled to think, and I also discovered that I was cornered; there seemed to me no way out. I did not believe that I would ever see again. I felt that if I could only die and never be found it would be a relief. Twice in my life before I had been given up to die, but this was worse; I wanted to die and could not. I was yet well in body, except that I was poor, old and blind.

I had a wife and one son in Denver who were depending on me. I had made one last effort to make another stake and had failed. All hope had fled; my cabin was not in sight. I did not think it possible for any one to come my way; there was no smoke to lead one to my cabin door; I was completely lost to all the world. Oh, the

horrors of being lost! Lost in this world is frightful, but Oh, the loss in the world to come—FOREVER!

In this loneliness, this lostness, I began to feel the need of God, and of a Saviour. My mother's sweet face came up before me, and I remembered her prayers with vivid imagination, although she had been dead forty years. She was a woman of faith, and always believed that God answered prayer. I remembered how she used to pray in the old barn, way back on the hay, where we could not see her. She was the only one in the family to pray. How I wished that I could believe as she did! I then began to think about praying myself. That was about all that was left for me to do, except to starve and die. I finally began to pray. I asked God to help me, to send some one to deliver me. I prayed all day and all night, until I went to sleep. I felt better when I was praying. But no answer came. I continued to pray for three days and nights constantly, except when I would sleep a little. There was no answer, so I became discouraged, as I was not able to believe that God would hear my prayer and answer.

Finally my eyes were turned upon myself. I knew that I was a sinner. I tried to think of something else, but my mind would revert to my own wretched condition, and involuntarily I would begin to pray again. I was cut off from all earthly assistance; there was no arm of flesh to lean upon; I only could call upon God. My past life stalked before me like a ghost; the years of unbelief and doubts, and sins. Perhaps this was why God did not answer my prayer. I began to think that I was completely cut off from God. Memory was active; am I lost from God? Why pray more? I am a lost man, and God will not hear me.

This discouraged me about praying. I felt that all hope was gone.

Finally, I began to repent of my past life. I saw that I had made an awful mistake; my feelings overcame me for a time. What a sad hour that was to me! But hope, like the rays of the sun, came to my rescue again. I said to myself, "I will not give up; I will pray again." I determined to ask God to hear me and answer so that I might know that He heard me. If He would do so, I would believe on Him the rest of my life.

My Sight Came to Me in The Twinkling of an Eye

I could see as well as ever. It was sudden, so sudden that it fairly surprised me. I was not looking for such an answer. I was entirely overcome, and for a time I forgot everything. Oh, I exclaimed, how is this; I can see as good as ever! I then exclaimed: God has heard and answered my prayer! This is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard of. God must be here, and it seemed that I could feel His very presence. Yes, yes, God is surely here, for He has given me my sight! There is no mistake about it; I am sure that I was blind, but now I can see. Oh, this is wonderful! If I had only known about this wonderful God, I would have served Him all the days of my life.

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THE STABILITY OF GOD'S PURPOSE

It is not possible to overthrow the plans or promises of God. "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." When God designs to do something it is utterly impossible for anyone to overthrow the plan. All that would seek to hinder God in His workings will find they are battering against someone that can not be defeated. When God says that the seed of David shall sit on the throne, no wicked woman will be

able to take away the throne from them. It is encouraging to note that the seed of David, Jesus Christ, will yet sit on His throne eternally, even though, now for a time, some one else may occupy the place. The cause of Christ will triumph in spite of the opposition of Satan, and he will yet be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords.—Sky Pilot.

HEART KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

Some years ago at a drawing-room function, one of England's leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow guests. He consented and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear.

After a moment's pause, an old clergyman present said: "Could you, sir, recite to us the Twenty-third Psalm?"

A strange look passed over the actor's face; he paused for a moment and then said: "I can, and I will, upon one condition; and that is that after I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same."

"I?" said the clergyman, in surprise. "But I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish it, I will do so."

Impressively, the great actor began the psalm. His voice and his intonation were perfect. He held his audience spellbound; and, as he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

Then, as it died away, the old clergyman arose and began the psalm. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless. When he had finished, no sound of applause broke the silence—but there was not a dry eye in the room, and many heads were bowed.

Then the actor rose to his feet again. His voice shook as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the old clergyman and said: "I reached your eyes and ears, my friends; he reached your hearts. The difference is just this—I know the Twenty-third Psalm, but he knows the Shepherd."—The War Cry.

DON'TS FOR PERSONAL WORKERS

Don't push yourself to the front. Folk who do that are usually given a back seat.

Don't parade yourself as a "personal worker." You are an ambassador from heaven's court. But Jesus never paraded Himself or tried to make a show.

Don't labor to attract attention to yourself. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Christ must be lifted up—not His representative.

Don't argue in a crowd. It attracts attention and does no good.

Don't assume a know-it-all attitude. It is the lightweight who does the boasting. The folks who really know never try to impress you with a show of their wisdom.

Don't use a hammer. Exchange it for a shepherd's crook.

Don't think you have to do all the talking. Let the inquirer get in a word. If he wants to state his views, give him a chance. Then you have a chance to help him.

Don't get the stage fright. Be bold in the Lord, but not impudent.

Don't assume an attitude of affectation. Just be natural. Affectation drives people away.

Don't be discouraged. Andrew does not always get his brother the first time he tells the story of the Christ. There were those whom Jesus did not win. Sow the seed and leave results with God.

Don't forget to pray. More praying may mean less talking. It is not what we can do but what God can do through us.—Sky Pilot.