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*Holiness Writers*

**THRILLING STORIES  
FOR  
YOUNG AND OLD**

By

*Julia A. Shelhamer*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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**THRILLING STORIES**

for

**Young and Old**

By

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

Author of

Secret of a Happy Married Life  
A Missionary Tour around the World  
Heart Talks to Girls  
Trials and Triumphs of a Minister's Wife  
A Whisper to Women  
Power from on High  
etc., etc.

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"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him." — Isa. 3:10, 11.

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God's Bible School and College  
Cincinnati, Ohio

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# THRILLING STORIES

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## INTRODUCTION

There is a little grave near Atlanta, Georgia, where lie the remains of our darling, blue-eyed Juliette, who left us at the age of about two years. She was an angelic little girl, and my husband often said that she was too heavenly to live, that he did not think she would stay with us long. When she went to her father's study, she was so modest that, instead of speaking aloud, she whispered, "Papa, Papa," until he turned around and picked her up. She cried very little and, when she did, she put her little hand over her mouth lest she disturb someone. We do not remember of ever seeing her impatient or hearing her scream and kick when she could not have her own way.

Her favorite song was,

"Around the Throne of God in Heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

This she sang beautifully, holding long on the last note and clapping her little hands to keep time. I could not believe my husband when he spoke as though she would not live and, when membranous croup took her suddenly, I thought I would never smile again. We were all heartbroken and wept day and night. I could not eat, and chided myself for not knowing enough to ward off the dreadful disease that took her. No one could comfort or make me feel that life was worth living. I often prayed that God would bring my baby back. I read in the Bible how Lazarus and other' were raised to life, and I knew that nothing was too hard for the Lord. Day after day I prayed, too crushed with tears and sorrow to eat.

Our little five-year-old Everett tried to comfort me, and slipped away from the dinner table to bring me something dainty to eat; but I refused, feeling that I must get my prayer through. One day he said, "Mamma, is Juliette in Heaven?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, then, why don't you let her be there?" he asked tenderly, not knowing that I was praying for her return.

No matter what comfort came, the fact remained that the baby with the yellow curls was gone and I could not be happy. Now may I tell a secret which no one knows but God? Many a time have I climbed the hill to the cemetery hoping that Jesus would resurrect my darling, but no sound or voice

was heard. More than once have I taken a small blanket along, thinking that my faith might be sufficient to bring the baby to life, and that I could carry her home cuddled in my arms!

One beautiful day I knelt by the little grave and waited, hoping and believing, for I knew that God was able, and was still in the business of working miracles.

Dr. Gordon says that the Lord always answers every sincere prayer, and it was not long until He answered mine, not as I had hoped, but in His own way, which was far better, viz., that He would keep Juliette and take the best of care of her in His lovely home, while I should write a book for children — one that would help other little ones to prepare for that heavenly place.

I have been a long time preparing this volume, gathering incidents from various parts of the world which we have visited; and now, as it goes forth, will you kindly pray that it may reach every one who might be helped by it?

### **The Author**

P. S. — Later on, the Heavenly Father very kindly sent us baby Esther to take the place of little Juliette.

When eleven years of age, Esther felt called of God to go to Africa as a missionary, and now at the age of twenty-two, has spent two years in the Congo.

Our five-year-old son, Everett, is older now and a minister, preaching the Gospel to thousands as with his little wife and baby "Evangeline" he labors for the lost of earth. God gives them many souls, for which we praise Him.

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## **Chapter 1**

### **LITTLE CHRISTIANS**

May young children know Christ Jesus? Certainly! Who said they could not? The disciples. But Jesus said,

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Have any little children been truly converted?

Yes, a great many. May I tell you of some?

But do you think that children clearly understand about spiritual things? I answer that they understand a great deal more than we imagine, as the following incidents shall show.

Rev. Paul Rees, one of America's outstanding ministers, recently sent us the following, for this book:

When our Evelyn was five, she was being cared for by her aunt during an evangelistic trip Mrs. Rees and I were taking. One morning, dressing for kindergarten, she wanted to wear a dress her aunt told her would not do. Evelyn spoke crossly about the matter.

That night at bedtime she said, "Aunt Maude, will you forgive me for being naughty this morning?"

"Why, certainly, Evelyn," said her surprised aunt, who had forgotten about the matter, "but what makes you think of it now?"

"Well," said Evelyn, "I am about to say my prayers, and I don't want them to circle around over my head instead of going through to Heaven;" "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." She had caught the truth of it!

Little Barclay McMillan lives at Belfast, Ireland. He is a sturdy little fellow and has the Irish accent. Hearing that he was a Christian, I asked him to tell me about it.

He said that he was three years old when it happened. The way it came about was this: He had been a bad boy, had done what his mother had told him not to do and had even told lies. Because of these things, he felt very sad. His heart was heavy and he did not know what to do.



Just then Barclay's father took him into the study and told him that the Lord would forgive him if he asked, and would make his heart pure and happy.

Then they two knelt together in prayer. Barclay prayed a simple little prayer, telling God he was sorry for the bad things he had done. Then his father prayed, and the Lord drew near and listened and answered. When they arose from their knees the little fellow was happy and light-hearted because God had forgiven him.

One night after I had preached, I invited sinners to come forward for prayer. A number of people came and among them little Barclay, who remained on his knees, praying a long time after the others had left.

When he got through he arose and told us that he was praying for the Lord to sanctify him. With his face all aglow with the glory of God, he said, "There's something in me, that I am not sleepy or tired."

### **A Six-year-old Boy**

For a number of years I have had charge of the children's services at the Cincinnati, Ohio, camp meeting. Last year a little six-year-old boy there, who was very stubborn, was taken home by his mother one night, as she wanted to put him to bed and let him sleep while she went back across the street to the last service of the camp.

"Mamma, are you going to church?" he asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Will you pray with me before you go?"

Of course she was glad to do so, and they knelt together while the little fellow prayed about as follows:

"Dear Lord, I know I'm lost. I've lied and I've been stealing marbles and things; daddy and mamma know it and You know it too. I've been saying words I shouldn't say. O Lord, I won't fight my sister any more, and I won't hit her back! Amen."

It was not long until the little penitent felt the joy of forgiveness and he went to bed happy. That was conversion.

### **A Boy's Confession**

During the last Cincinnati camp there was a bright little boy named Douglas Meredith, who attended with his mother. The services were a little long and, in order to get his mother's permission to leave, he told her a number of lies.

She talked with him about it alone, but he did not acknowledge his sin.

Later Mrs. Meredith went away for a time but kept praying very earnestly for her boy. One day a letter came. It was his handwriting. She tore it open and read about as follows:

"Dear mamma:

"One day in July I really became sorry for my sins, and I went to Granny's and asked her to come upstairs and pray with me. It took at least forty-five minutes of crying and praying before the Lord heard me, but He really forgave my sins and covered them all by His Blood.

"I asked Granny to forgive me and she did, and you remember that last day in camp meeting how I told you those lies to get out of church. Will you please forgive me? Then you remember when in the dining room you told me not to run across the floor and one day I did, and I want you to forgive me for that disobedience.

Love, Douglas."

### **The Author's Testimony**

At the age of thirteen the Lord convicted me of sin while attending an annual conference at Elgin, Illinois. It was the last night of the meeting, and a young, dudish-looking minister preached. The sermon made no impression on me whatsoever except for its coldness. In that conference, if one speaker failed to bring a soul to a decision for Christ, others were ready on a moment's notice to get right up and follow with warm, stirring exhortations. It was so here. Two or three of the ablest ministers followed each other in quick succession, determined to get someone to God before the conference closed. All this time I was trembling with conviction, and knew I ought to yield, but did not want to kneel at the penitent form because of fear of public opinion. After Rev. F. D. Brooke exhorted, he called upon Miss Fannie Birdsall to sing, "'Tis Awful, Awful, Awful;" the first stanza of which is as follows:

"Sinner, perhaps this news to you  
May have no weight although so true;  
The carnal pleasures of the earth  
Call off your thoughts and fears of death.  
'Tis awful, awful, awful."

Oh, how the Spirit helped her! This drove conviction deeper, and I began to feel it was my last chance.

"Oh, no, you'll feel better after you get outdoors," the enemy whispered.

"Yes, but this is your last chance," I was made to feel.

Still not willing to yield perfectly, I thought to compromise the matter and try to relieve myself of conviction by doing something that was quite a cross, and yet not the one God wanted me to bear, i.e., to kneel down where I was, while all were standing, singing. As I did so I felt that God ought to be satisfied with this, for I was doing well to go this far.

But He wanted me to go to the altar, and He was not disposed to compromise with me. I was too weak however to go alone, so the Lord sent an old gentleman to invite me. He said only a few words, but they encouraged me and away I went I found it was not so hard after all to walk up to the front, and the moment my knees struck the floor I was saved. Oh, what a relief and how happy I was! It was worth all it cost and more, to have that blessed assurance of salvation.

It was not long after this glorious change that I noticed some of my clothes were not perfectly plain, though mother had dressed us all quite conscientiously. So one day my trustful heart, happy in the thought of pleasing Jesus, prompted me to get the scissors and make over these garments into plain ones; for, instead of trying to see how near the border edge of compromise I could go without really grieving God, my heart bounded with joy at the thought of being as far away from the world and as near my Savior as possible. One of my favorite hymns was:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue:  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free!"

A few months later, I saw the depravity of my heart, confessed it to God, died out to self, and received the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

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## **Chapter 2**

### **WHAT A CHILD CAN DO**

God must have loved children or He would not have made so many of them. They have a great mission in this world and, when they go to Heaven, they are like great magnets that draw their parents to God.

Children have been greatly used as soul-winners. The Bible tells (2 Kings 5) of a little maid who worked for a great man's wife. This man had the leprosy, and in those days there was no cure for it. But this little girl knew a prophet, by the name of Elisha, who could pray for the sick; so she told her mistress about him and, as a result, her master went to see the prophet and was healed.

Another child who was used of God was a little boy who took a lunch with him up on a mountain to hear Jesus preach. There were many thousands of people there, and late in the day they became hungry. Jesus was polite and did not want to send them away fasting, so had them all sit down on the grass. Then He called for the little boy with the lunch and asked him if he would mind giving it to Him. The boy very willingly handed it over.

Then the Master asked a blessing, as we do before we eat, and took a little loaf of bread and broke it. It began to grow and grow until there was enough for all those people.

Church history tells of how some wicked men closed all the churches in a certain country, so no one could worship God. The people were very much discouraged, but the Spirit of the Lord came in power upon the little children of the nation and they gathered together in large crowds on vacant lots and prayed and sang hymns with great fervor. Their little voices were heard far and near, and their service of song lasted for hours every day. The authorities tried to stop them, but they went right on singing and praying until their churches were opened. The ages of these children were from four years up.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, tells in his diary of some wonderful children he found in England. He says, "I preached at Overthorpe. The love feast which followed excelled all. I never knew such a one here before. As soon as one had done speaking, another began. Several of these were children, but they spoke with the wisdom of the aged, though with the fire of youth."

In 1788 he was at Bolton, and says, "At three I met between 900 and 1,000 children belonging to our Sunday Schools. All were serious and well behaved. Many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in His salvation. These are a pattern to all the town.

"Their usual diversion is to visit the poor and the sick. Sometimes six, eight, or ten go together to exhort, comfort, and pray with them.

"Frequently ten or more of them get together to sing and pray by themselves, sometimes thirty or forty; and are so earnestly engaged, alternately singing, praying and crying, that they know not how to part. You children that hear this, why should you not go and do likewise? Is not God here as well as at Bolton?"

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Psalm 8:2.

Two little fellows in America run a Gospel car. They are aged respectively about four and six years. Someone made them a present of a fine, large toy automobile which is run by pedals. This little car has Gospel texts very neatly painted on it. Dressed in dainty, boyish customs, these boys ride together down town, handing out tracts to people as they go. They work in the market and ride in and out of important business places. Thus tracts reach many people who never go to church. Who is going to refuse to take a Gospel leaflet from such little ones?

If you tell two people about your Gospel services, and these two each repeat it to two more, and so on at ten-minute intervals, in less than five hours as many people as are found in England and Wales will know of it.

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## Chapter 3

### BRITISH CHILDREN

In England and Scotland we saw some wonderful children. In church they sat quietly and listened as though they understood every word of the sermon, and then joined in singing those old hymns, with their little faces uplifted and their eyes closed as if in prayer. Especially was this true with such hymns as:

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;"

and,

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

My husband and I recently held a revival in St. Helens, Lancashire, England, for pastor and Mrs. William Hardy. He was converted through the efforts of his son. I will give you Mr. Hardy's story in his own words: —

I got married in 1920, and soon proved how unhappy married life can be when Christ is not the Head of the house. My evil conduct made home life impossible. In drink I was very quarrelsome, and would even go to the extent of striking my wife. My affection for her was stifled; at times I just wanted to get rid of her, and on two or three occasions I deserted her. The pleadings of the police court authorities had no effect; we would come together again, though it was only to be miserable once more.

#### "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A little boy was given to us, and when he was just two-and-a-half years old his mother sent him to Sunday School. That afternoon, sitting in an old armchair, sleeping off the effects of drink, I felt a tug at my arm. Opening my eyes, I saw little John, who said: "Daddy, I have been to Sunday School."

"What did they teach you there?" I asked none too kindly, and he replied, "They told me about Jesus." The devil in me made me say, "Well, don't go there any more." That evening, as I was going out for more drink, John followed me to the door and tugged at my coat and said, "Are you going

to Sunday School, daddy?" I said, "Yes," just to satisfy him; but that just gripped me and, instead of going with my pals to the public house, I crept into a little chapel near our home. An old miner was preaching, and thank God he was no Modernist. He told us about Jesus. I was really glad to get out, for I thought someone must have told him about me. and all the next week as I was drinking as usual, I was very miserable; for the words of my baby kept striking me: "They told me about Jesus."

I had heard that a prayer meeting was to be held at the chapel the following Sunday morning at eight o'clock and, as I could not sleep that Saturday night, I got up and went, not having any idea what a prayer meeting was like. The meeting was in the vestry, but I knelt in a pew in the chapel outside the vestry door, listening. A man, a saved miner, came in late and, seeing me kneeling there, put his arm around me and said, "Come in here, while we pray for thee." The miner who had preached the Sunday before saw me and prayed, "Lord, drop down your two hands and put them under this lad and lift him out of the gutter." At night I went again, and another miner was preaching. The place was full and I sat right at the back. I cannot remember what was said, except that Christ was able to lift me out of the gutter. After the sermon a girl got up and sang Miss Havergal's wonderful hymn: "Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee." As she sang the very first verse, I got up and walked to the front. No appeal had been made; I do not know what made me do it; all I know is that I knelt down and that miner came and knelt by my side, and I said to him, "If this Christ can do for me what you say He can do, then I am ready to give Him a chance." Strangely enough, he did not pray with me, nor did I pray: I did not know how. But I am sure that from my heart there went up a great, unuttered prayer to this Christ to save me.

### **"A New Creature"**

I went home and went up to my wife, put my arms around her and said, "You and I are going to live a different life from now on." She replied, "Oh, you will never stick to it; it's only a story." Thank God, she is now saved and sticking to it, too. That night as I went to bed, I prayed. Thank God, He has made me a man who loves prayer!

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy now have a very happy home and a lovely little girl, Margaret, seven years of age, who is a real Christian. She is so conscientious that she will not even have her hair bobbed, and spends long seasons in secret prayer. Her parents cannot imagine why she does this, as most children want to be out playing much of the time.

If you ask her how long she has been saved, she will say quite seriously that she was converted at the age of nearly three. Her parents smile when she says this, and yet they have no reason to think otherwise, as her life proves that she is a true Christian.

About six-thirty every morning Margaret gets the Bible and reads a chapter to her grandmother, then kneels down and prays aloud for her. When her father was away in evangelistic work, Margaret used to take her doll into the woodshed and say, "Come on, Kenneth, let us have a prayer meeting for my daddy, while he is away, and ask God to bless him." Then she bent the jointed knees of the doll and they both knelt before the Lord. The Lord answered that prayer, and helped her father to preach in such a way that sinners were saved in his meetings.

The following incident is concerning the little son of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard James of Oldham, England. Rev. James is President of the Calvary Holiness church.

"It isn't any use raising my hand for prayer any more, mother," said little Paul James. "Daddy doesn't pay any attention to me."

It was the minister's son who spoke. He had some difficulty with his temper and had made it hard for his dear young mother to manage him; besides he had taken away his baby brother's toys and acted selfishly.

And now conscience had begun to work. Paul was all of three and a half years old and had been carefully trained by his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Maynard James.

When he sat in church the next Sabbath and heard his father preach, he understood and knew that he was not right with God. His little heart ached with guilt. He wanted to find relief and feel that God had forgiven him for everything he had ever done that was wrong.

So when Rev. James made an appeal and asked people to raise their hands for prayer, naturally Paul raised his. What else could he do? Time after time this occurred, but no one paid any attention. People thought he did not understand.

But the child was sincere. There was deep conviction under that little heaving breast. The next time his father did pay attention and told his son to come forward. Up he got, his full baby height, and walked down the aisle to the front all by himself. Then with a heavy heart, burdened with guilt, he knelt at the altar. A kind gentleman knelt beside him and helped him pray until he knew his sins were all forgiven.

Mrs. James says that the next day Paul was a different boy. His whole life was changed, and not long afterward he arose in a prayer meeting and told what the Lord had done for him.

### **Finney's Convert**

While holding a revival in Eccles, Lancs., England, there came to our service a dear lady seventy-five years of age. At that time she attended one of Chas. G. Finney's revivals held in England, and when he made an appeal she went up with many others and prayed for forgiveness. She said Rev. Finney was a beautiful singer and, when he was singing, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear," the peace of God came into her heart and she was forgiven.

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In Lancs, England, a little four-year-old Ronnie has his own peculiar way of cheering up the whole house.

If his young father comes in complaining about something, Ronnie speaks up and says cheerily, "Never mind, daddy; praise the Lord, praise the Lord!"



Little Thelma came into one of our revival services in St. Helen's England, and when others came forward to seek the Lord, she walked up the aisle and knelt quietly with them. When I asked her to pray she did so about as follows: "Dear Lord, do help me to tell others of Thee. Thou knowest the times when I have been ashamed of Thee and when I have failed to ask a blessing (at the table) because of people's opinions.

"Thou knowest the times I have looked to see if anyone was looking. Then I would mumble a tiny prayer before I ate. Help me to be willing that they should just stare at me when I pray. Amen."

Her mother, who has been a Christian only a little while, told me that when Thelma was nine years old she offered to take her to see a special film for children at the cinema (movie); but Thelma said she did not want to go and continued to object. Her mother insisted and took her along, but the little girl sat there with her head down, so she would not see the pictures.

"Look! Look!" said her mother, but Thelma would not raise her head.

"Why don't you look at the pictures, dear?" asked her mother.

The big tears were running down the little girl's cheeks as she replied, "Because I was just thinking that, If Jesus should come now, He would find me here, and I feel it is wrong to be here."

That made the mother feel sorry she had taken her little daughter there, and she said, "Let's go." Down the street they walked without saying a word, for Mrs. A's heart was so full she could not speak.

"I never went again," she told me, and little Thelma's influence has helped to lead the whole family to Christ. The last one to come was her father, who gave himself to God in our revival there.

At school a little girl hit Thelma's hand with a ruler and was very ugly to her.

"Why don't you tell her not to?" one asked.

"Because," she said, "Jesus could tell her much better than I could, and I might say something I should not; so I asked Jesus to tell her."

Some big people do not know as much as Thelma did about taking injuries patiently. What did Jesus say about that? Listen: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." — Matt. 5:44.

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## **Chapter 4**

### **CHILDREN AS SOUL WINNERS**

#### **How a Little Boy Worked for Jesus**

A little boy went to his pastor and asked him if there wasn't something that boys could do for the Lord. The pastor said, "Why, I don't know; you are too small to lead a class, and hardly old enough to be a tract distributor. I don't know what you can do."

"Seems to me," said the child, "there ought to be something for boys to do."

The pastor thought a few moments and then he asked, "Is your seatmate in school a Christian?"

"No, sir, I think not."

"Then go to work as the Lord shall show you how and get him converted. Then take another and another. I cannot tell you exactly what to do, but if you pray, the Savior will show you how to get them saved."

Some months after that, when revival meetings were held in that place, this little boy was lying very ill. The doctors had given him up to die. His father went to the afternoon meeting, and when he came home little Willie roused up and asked his father, "Was Neddie Smith at the meeting this afternoon?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did he give his heart to Jesus?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, dear," said the little sick boy, "I thought he would."

The next day his father went to the afternoon meeting, When he came home Willie asked him the same question and expressed the same disappointment that his little friend was not converted.

The third day Willie was yet alive, and when his father came home from the meeting, he asked the same question and received a different answer.

"Yes, Neddie gave his heart to the Savior this afternoon."

"I am so glad," said Willie feebly.

After he had gone to be with Jesus, they opened his little box, and found a list of forty boys. The first one was his seatmate, at the time when he had gone to his pastor and asked for something to do for the Lord. The last name was that of Neddie Smith, and every boy on the list was converted.

He had taken them one by one in faith and prayer, giving them books to read, praying with them when the Lord had awakened them, and the whole forty had been saved.

### **He Chooses the Weak**

A touching story is told in connection with the work of the Countess of Huntingdon among the colliers in the English Black Country. Finding that many of these poor miners had never heard the name of God. or of Christ, she sent out preachers to hold meetings among them in the open air. The Wesleys, Venn, and Whitefield were among her helpers.

In a cabin on her estate there lived a crippled blind girl, named Elixia Poulard, who heard of this great work. She was carried to the castle, and asked that she might see Lady Huntingdon.

"Can I help?" she inquired humbly. "I never have done anything for God."

The servants would have driven her away but the Countess interfered "She is lame and blind, and scared at her own voice," they said.

"God calls His own messengers," replied the Countess. "Carry her to the meeting at the mines tonight."

Eliza, in her solitude, had learned many hymns, and her voice was of such a tone that it would wring the heart of the most beastly. When she sang of Christ upon the cross, the women cried out, and the men wept sore. No words of the preachers were as powerful as the song of the poor cripple, lying there on her pallet. They carried her from one place to another, and many people were converted as a result of her ministry of song.

It is said that when Lady Huntingdon told her of the souls she had influenced for God, her poor, ugly face grew beautiful as the face of an angel.

"Who would have thought He would have chosen me!" she said.

### **Leading a Father to Christ**

Some years ago a farmer lived near the main traveled road opposite a little running brook. In one corner of the fence near by, his little eight-year-old daughter had built a playhouse with broken plates and dishes, where she spent many happy hours by the side of the brook. Her father was not a praying man, but he dearly loved his little daughter.

She was taken sick and when, near the close of her life, she felt a strong desire to see her playhouse again, she asked her father to take her there. He remonstrated with her, saying, "My dear, you are too sick to go there." She insisted, and he finally took her carefully in his arms, and carried her to her playhouse and sat down with her.

She gazed a long time at the place she had so often visited, and then, turning to her father, said, "Father, I wish you would pray." He answered, "Why do you want me to pray, my dear?" She replied, "I want to tell Jesus my father prays."

He turned his face away to hide the tears, then carried the little one back to her bed.

It was not long until her gentle spirit had gone to be with God, but her last words were, "I want to tell Jesus my father prays."

These words kept ringing in his ears until he fell on his knees and became a praying man. "A little child shall lead them."

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 5**

### **A LITTLE GIRL'S TRANSLATION**

The following touching incident is from a prominent family in Atlanta, Georgia, who for years assisted us in our mission work. Their little daughter, Rose Marie, recently went to Heaven. When but three years of age she solemnly advised her grandfather not to pray for the little girl next door, for, she said, "I don't like her." But God soon changed her heart.

One summer when Rose was six years old, her parents took her to a camp meeting where there were several services a day.

Little Rose sat and listened. Though she could not quite understand it all, yet she began to feel sorry for the wrong things she had done, but nobody offered to help her find Jesus. She was too young, they thought, and so she went on with a heavy heart.

One day in their cottage Mrs. Trammel was talking very seriously to the older children about their souls. Rose Marie took it to her heart more than the others did and, following her mother into a room, asked if she would pray with her. Together they knelt, pleading with God for forgiveness. Prayer was answered, and the child arose feeling very happy.

Rose had a grace and dignity about her rarely seen in one so young, though she was full of life and fun. She was budding into a beautiful young girlhood. She was affectionate and appreciative of the smallest favor. She loved to help people. When Miss Annie Jones, who is lame, asked the neighbor children to run on errands for her, some of them complained; but Rose was always glad to do what she could.

Her mother writes: "The traits of leadership were developing in little Rose. Even the older children looked to her for advice and help in their problems. She was full of faith and courage and was unafraid even in times of danger. One summer she, her father and I were spending a night at our cottage at the camp ground. In the night, one of those terrific electric storms broke upon us. They always seemed worse in the little cottage in the woods. She was sleeping in the room next to ours. We told her to come in with us, but she said, 'No, I'm not afraid.'

"Sometimes her father would be talking in a discouraging strain, as men are likely to do, about financial affairs. She would say, 'You ought to have more faith than that.'

"Once I was suffering with an attack of arthritis in my shoulder and could hardly get my clothes off at night. She helped me dress the next morning, and I went to work. In the evening I came home after an unusually hard day's toil and she wanted to know how my arm was. I told her it was better

because I had worked so hard with it. She said something that made me feel guilty, for I knew that she had been praying for me. In a few days all the pain and soreness was gone, and I never had a symptom of that trouble again.

"Her testimonies were original: she arose in church and praised the Lord for Christian parents, and she said she was glad God could save a child. She was not ashamed of her Lord.

"About two years later, I was again admonishing some of the older children and little Rose began to weep and pray. She had become spiritually cold, and was really convicted for her backsliding. After that she would gather her playmates together and have prayer meetings with them; sometimes in the park and sometimes in the home. She was baptized soon after this and lived a consistent Christian life.

"She was often burdened for her brothers and sisters and talked with them, urging them to give God their hearts. Sometimes she wrote letters admonishing them, though some of them were older than she.

"Several months before her death, one of the neighbor boys was playing with a small rifle. Rose's pet cat ran across the yard. Her brother called to the boy to shoot it and he did. Her heart was broken. She ran to Miss Josephine Dupont for comfort, as I was not at home. They prayed together about it and, when we got home, she said she was not angry with either one and did not want her father to punish her brother.

"When about eleven years old, she definitely consecrated her life to the Lord and felt she was called to be a missionary. Just a few days before her tragic death, we were talking about her call and she did not know just what field the Lord had chosen for her, but Borneo seemed to interest her most.

"We were attending the Missionary convention at Toccoa Falls, Ga., and spent the last week of her life in such sweet fellowship! Her father left us there, as he had to go home, and Rose and I were together almost constantly.

"My husband came back on Saturday morning bringing Paul with him. After dinner Rose was anxious to show him all the beauties and wonders of the place, the great precipices and the falls. He is crippled from his burned leg and we did not think that they would climb to the summit of the falls, but they did! In crossing the stream at the top of the falls, her foot slipped and she went down. The water must have been swifter than usual on account of a recent shower and she could not regain her footing, but slipped on over the edge and was gone, over one hundred feet below! Paul said she never uttered a sound, but struggled to the last to recover herself. The little girl that was with them began screaming, and Paul sent her down the mountain to call for help. He followed closely after his sister and tried to rescue her body from the pool, and was almost drowned when someone arrived, got him out and recovered her body.

"We had been in our room at the dormitory and reached the scene of sorrow just as they were placing her on the stretcher. The shock was so terrific we hardly knew what was transpiring. Brother McGarvey and Brother Mangham prayed for us right there on the pathway as the stretcher passed

us, and the Lord wonderfully put His arm underneath us and bore us up. While the burden of grief and disappointment many times has pressed so heavily upon us that we could hardly breathe, the Lord has always brought deliverance and we believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God," which was Rose's favorite verse, and she quoted it to me that very morning.

When she was dedicated to the Lord as a baby, the preacher prayed that her life would be like her name, bringing sweetness and beauty to all who would know her, and that prayer was answered. Her school teacher said she was one among very few children who would talk about their religion at school. She had strong convictions against indulging in worldly things, and was not afraid to express them. We had no idea how large a circle was impressed by the beauty of her life and testimony, until she had passed on."

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 6

### NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Some years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was asked to preach to the convicts in the State prison. I sat on the platform with the governor of the prison and watched the prisoners march in — 700 men, young and old. They marched in lock-step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down. Among that number there were seventy-six lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help the poor, fallen men, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among them, taking one, and then another by the hand and praying for him. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting curse. His face was seamed and ridged with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once aroused to anger. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and wept and prayed with and for him.

When the service was over, the governor said to me, "Do you know you have broken the rules of the prison by leaving the platform?" "Yes, governor, but I never can keep any rule while preaching. And I did want to get up close to the poor, despairing fellows and pray for them, and tell them of the love of Jesus the Savior. 'He came to seek and to save that which was lost. This Man (Jesus) receiveth sinners and eateth with them.'" (Luke 19:10; 15:2.)

"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the line in the lifers' row, whom you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?"

"Yes," I answered, gladly.

"Well, here it is in brief. Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was, without doubt, one of the most desperate and vicious characters we had ever received, and, as was expected, gave us a great deal of trouble.

"One Christmas Eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison, instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets full of presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake. As I hurried along, I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress; her bare feet



thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper parcel. Wondering who she was, and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be interested, I hurried on. But I soon heard that I was being followed. I stopped, and turned around, and there before me stood the same wretched-looking child.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply. 'Are you the governor of the prison, sir?' 'Yes, who are you, and why are you not at home?' 'Please, sir, I have no home; mamma died in the poorhouse two weeks ago, and she told me just before she died that papa (that Tom Galson) was in prison, and she thought that maybe he would like to see his little girl, now that mamma is dead. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today is Christmas, and I want to give him a present.'

"No," I replied gruffly, 'you will have to wait until visitors' day,' and started on. I had not gone many steps when I felt a pull at my coat, and a pleading voice said, 'Please, don't go.' I stopped once more, and looked into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were in her eyes, while her little chin quivered with emotion.

"Mister," she said, 'if your little girl was me, and your girl's mamma had died in the poorhouse, and her papa was in the prison, and she had no place to go and no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, and your little girl came to me, if I was governor of the prison, and asked me to please let me see her papa to give him a Christmas present, don't you — don't you think I would say yes?'

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered, 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you shall see your papa, and, taking her hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own fair-haired little girl at home. Arriving in my office, I bade her come near the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No.37 from his cell. As soon as he came into the office he saw the little girl. His face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

"Nellie, what are you doing here; what do you want? Go back to your mother.' 'Please, papa,' sobbed the little girl, 'mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poorhouse, and before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmie, because you loved him so; and told me to tell you she loved you, too — but, papa' — and here her voice broke in sobs and tears — 'Jimmie died, too, last week, and now I am alone, papa, and today's Christmas, papa, and — and I thought, maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

"Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little fair curl, and put it in her father's hand, saying, as she did so: 'I cut it from dear little Jimmie's head, papa, just afore they buried him.'

"No.37 by this time was sobbing like a child and so was I. Stooping down, 37 picked up the little girl, pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook convulsively with suppressed emotion.

"The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left them alone. In about an hour I returned. No.37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money; then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'Don't let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late; I'll do anything, I'll be a man. Please, governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"No, Galson" I said, 'keep your coat; your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her.' 'God bless you,' sobbed Galson. I took the girl to my home. She remained with us a number of years, and became a true Christian by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Tom Galson also became a Christian, and on a subsequent visit to the prison the governor said to me, "Would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?" "Yes, I would," I answered. He took me down a quiet street, and stopping at a neat home, knocked at the door. The door was opened by a cheerful woman, who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality. We went in and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who, because of his reformation, had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his hard heart. —Anon.

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## **Chapter 7**

### **A LITTLE GENTLEMAN**

While in South Africa we held a revival among the white people in Somerset West, a beautiful modern town of wealthy Europeans.

Our stopping place was the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Anderson, who did their best to make our stay pleasant, but we soon discovered that they were sad. Their only little son, David, nine years of age, had gone to Heaven but one month before. He had been sent them by the Lord, they said, and his life was a series of living sermons. Everybody loved him, and he was such an unusual example of true piety that a number of his friends, including his school teacher, wrote about him, that I might tell you his story.

When very young he gave himself to God and ever after that loved to talk to Him. He often asked his mother to pray with him. They had many remarkable answers, for the Bible says: "If two of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." A fine promise, isn't it, children? Suppose you try claiming it.

On David's sixth birthday his mother told him to get his Bible and ask the Lord for a Scripture text for a birthday present. Kneeling beside his bed he opened at random to a beautiful promise to King David. He was delighted to find that the Lord had spoken to him by name.

Being very tender-hearted he could not bear to see any child at school who had less to eat than he; so before going, he often asked his mother for some extra sandwiches and fruit to give to the poor.

David loved to work. When father and mother did not need him he made a garden of his own, where he raised vegetables to sell, that he might have money for the work of the Lord. When he saw an old person working in a garden, it was his custom to alight from his bicycle as gracefully as an English knight, park it against the fence, and go in and do what he could to help. One time he sped home and brought his own garden implements to better assist an old gentleman who in his feebleness was trying to dig his garden by hand. It was the little fellow's greatest joy to help others. Perhaps this is one reason why his own garden grew so well. People wondered at his success.

David loved his Bible and read as many as six chapters a day. He often conducted family worship, but before reading always closed his eyes and said aloud, "Now, Jesus, please give us what we need;" and it was wonderful how the Holy Spirit revealed the Word to him.

David and his mother were chums. As the years went by, his love of prayer increased; and many were the bright seasons he and his dear mother spent together kneeling before the Lord. The little fellow just revelled in prayer and communion with God.

One day David come rushing home from school all excited, saying that his teacher had read to the class the story of Job, and it was so wonderful he wanted to read it himself. So he got the Bible, and before he went to sleep that night finished the whole account.

When he was through he said to his mother, 'How beautiful! The Lord chastened Job but he blessed him abundantly.'

When he said that, something went through his dear mother's heart, and she wondered if she too would soon have to go through suffering; but a voice said within her, "Everything could be taken from Job, but God remained with him."

Little David's cheerful disposition was remarkable, instead of whining and complaining when things went wrong, he seemed to want to make everybody happy. When he entered the house it was as the bursting in of sunshine. No matter how gloomy or discouraged others were, his spirit was able to pierce the dark clouds and bring light. Though others were grouchy and unthankful, little David went right on living in the heavenlies. The reason for this was that he was a true Christian and lived near the heart of God.

In Sunday School, his neat appearance, smiling face, keen understanding of the lesson and quickness to answer the questions made him the life of the class. As he dropped his never-failing coin into the plate, his heart beat with joy, for it was for the heathen children.

Miss Brockma, his teacher, said, "When I questioned the class as to what they intended to do later in life, David's answer was, 'I will pray about it and if I can I would like to be a minister'."

It was always an inspiration to older people to watch little David's face as he entered the church with his parents, bowed his head reverently in silent prayer, and sat quietly waiting for the service to begin. He was a perfect gentleman. Instead of squirming about and whispering, he sat like a statue listening to the sermon until it was finished, and when the hymns were announced he found the place quickly and sang feelingly, as though he enjoyed and understood every word.

As he sat there drinking in the truth, his little face shone with a heavenly light. One of his friends said that there was something that marked him out as being different from others and that same saintly look always attended him. "Little did I know," she added, "that the Good Shepherd had already set His mark on this lamb of the fold to be taken home so soon."

David's school teacher, Miss Ella Gildenhuis, says, "I shall never forget his sunny little face with the large, soft blue eyes, rosy cheeks and fair hair. He was always so ready to smile, to help, and to share his fruit, pencils, and stationery with his less privileged classmates. He always had something to tell me about his little sister, and I knew that he thought her the sweetest baby in the world.

"A couple of days before his illness, I told the class the history of Job, his wealth, his happiness and losses and through it all, his faith in God. I had the class repeat part of the twenty-first verse of chapter one: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"It must have made a big impression on him because his mother told me he asked for the Bible that night to read about 'the wonderful Job.' In his reading aloud he laid stress on the twenty-first verse. It was one of his last messages to his parents.

"David was so eager to learn the Gospel that I thought he was going to be a great preacher; but God needed him, so took our little sunbeam away to the heavenly school."

Three weeks before he died, Mrs. Anderson walked alone in the garden, when her little son's face came up before her and a voice said, "I will come and take David away before the end of the year." That was about the seventh of November. He was well and hearty at the time.

In a few days he asked permission to put his cot into his parents' room, so he could sleep near them. Then commenced a series of wonderful evenings, for after the little fellow had gone to bed he always read a chapter in his beloved Bible, quoted the twenty-third Psalm, read aloud all the Scripture text mottoes on the wall and sang, "When He cometh, when He cometh to make up His jewels." One night he and his dear mother became so earnestly engaged in prayer that the glory of the Lord filled the room so that it was the antechamber of Heaven. So plainly was the presence of the Lord felt that even baby Georgie, who was in her little bed, began to pour her soul out in earnest prayer. It was most unusual.

About November fourteenth David jumped across a stream of water that ran back of their garden and fell onto the protruding end of a stick, which went into his leg almost to the bone. After his mother dressed it, he was able to go to school. It healed nicely and he seemed all right, but in twenty days he came in with an awful headache, which tried to draw his head back. The doctor pronounced it lockjaw, and the little fellow was taken to the hospital.

His suffering was great, but he never lost faith in God, who mercifully spared him his speech. When his little body was drawn with agony, he never complained but asked his parents to pray. "I shall never forget," said his mother, that when in pain his face was shining." Though the doctors and nurses were present, he was never ashamed of his Lord, but frequently spoke of Him in their presence. All through the night he suffered. During the awful convulsions he looked upward and repeated the name of Jesus over and over again.

The next day, his little spirit passed out to meet the God he loved, while his lips were saying, "Jesus, Jesus."

I visited his grave but David was not there; he was in Heaven. I believe that he knows of the many children who are going to read of his life, and I am sure he wants you all to meet him in Glory.

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## Chapter 8

### BRAVE BEN

"A boy wanted" was the notice put up in the window of a nice looking country hotel. A boy named Ben read it, and said to himself, "I wonder if I would do for that place. I must do something to earn money, or how will poor mother be able to live? I guess I'll step in and ask about it."

So Ben went in. It was the first time he had ever been in a barroom. The place looked neat and clean, and there were not drunken men about. But the smell of the place was sickening, and Ben's heart sank within him at the thought of living in such a place. The keeper of the house was a good-natured, pleasant looking German. In payment for his services, he offered Ben his board and such sums of money as he could make by holding the horses of travelers who stopped to get a drink, and by doing little jobs for them. Then in return for these privileges he was to make himself generally useful about the place, and in the absence of the master he was to pour out drinks from the glittering bottles to any poor wretches who could pay for them.

"Well now," said the proprietor, after giving Ben this account of what was expected of him, "you have heard what I want you to do; are you ready to begin work?"

"Give me a few minutes to think it over," said Ben, "and I'll make up my mind one way or the other."

"Well, you may think about it, but I get plenty more boys if you not like it" said the German, a little angry, and speaking somewhat brokenly.

Ben said nothing more, but went out to the pump to get a drink; and then he sat on a grassy bank to think the matter over.

"What would mother think of my having a place in a barroom? I dare say I could make a good deal of money; but would she be willing to use money made in this way? Then," continued Ben, "what would God think of it? Is there not somewhere in the Bible a curse pronounced on him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips? And if I get used to selling liquor to others, might it not end in my learning to drink myself? No, I can't think of taking such a place as this," said Ben to himself.

Then he returned to the tavern. The proprietor stood in the porch.

"Well, boy, what you think of my offer?"

"I think I can't take the place," said Ben boldly. "I want work very much, but there are three reasons why I am not willing to do this sort of work. One is that God would not like it. Another is, my mother would not like It, And then I don't like it myself. I am afraid it might end in my becoming a drunkard. Good morning, sir."

Ben walked away, leaving the German much puzzled to make out what the boy meant. But there was another person present who understood the boy perfectly. A gentleman had driven up in a buggy to inquire the way to the next town. He was much pleased with Ben's answer to the tavern-keeper. He overtook him, and invited him to take a ride in his buggy, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Ben got in, and the gentleman said, "My boy, I honor you for refusing to work in a barroom; and on that account you will be just the boy for me. I want a clerk that I can trust; a boy who is faithful to God, faithful to his mother, and faithful to his own conscience, is the kind of boy that I want."

Then he named a very generous sum that he was willing to give, and Ben went home to his mother that day about as happy as a boy could be.

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## Chapter 9

### THOSE FOUR WORDS

My father had a grafted pear tree in his garden. It was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore only one pear. As there would be no more that year, he was very anxious about it. He hoped that no rough wind would blow it off. He looked at it every morning and evening, and was glad to find it safe.

He told all the children on no account to touch it, for the fruit was tender and must not be handled. The thought never occurred to him that one of his children would wish to steal it.

Everyone that came to see my father was taken into the garden to look at the pet pear; and they all said that it was likely to ripen into a first-rate fruit, and that next year the tree would bear many more.

I did not touch the pear, but my eyes were often fixed upon it, and I longed to taste it. Instead of resisting this temptation and praying for strength to overcome it, I gave way to it, till I became a slave to it. The desire for that pear got to be my master.

One night, after we children were all in bed, the thought of that pear would not let me sleep. I crept out of bed, and went to the window. My father and mother were not at home, but the back door was left unlocked, for them to get in if they came home late.

I put my head out of the window and saw the tree; after a while I saw the pear. I said to myself, "My mouth is parched and I must have something to moisten it."

I put on my clothes and crept down the stairs on my bare feet, went out at the back door, and soon reached the pear tree. As I stood there, the thought came into my mind, "What will father say?" But I answered the question by saying to myself, "He will not know who took it."

So I had made up my mind to take the pear and eat it. I stood there under the tree and was looking up, with my hand outstretched to take the pear. But just then I saw a star shining down upon me, through the leaves. All at once it seemed as if I heard some one repeat these four words, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

I put my hands before my eyes, and ran as fast as I could to the open door, and up the back stairs to bed. There I stood trembling. I knew that God had seen me, and I thought my mother and father and the servants and neighbors must know of it, and that everybody would call me a thief.



But I crept into bed and thanked God for keeping me from stealing that pear. Then I fell asleep, and slept sweetly.

The next day my father came in from the garden and said the pear was ripe, and might be taken down and eaten; but who was to have it? I cried out hardly knowing what I did, "God ought to have it."

That was so strange an answer that my father and mother wondered at it and father said, "Pray, what put that into your mind?"

I felt my cheeks getting red, tears came to my eyes, and I began to sob. Then I told how near I had come to being a thief, and how God had made use of that star to keep me from it.

My mother cried aloud; father wiped the tears from his eyes and, taking me very tenderly to his breast, said, "Then it shall be as you say; God shall have the pear, and we will give it to Him through one of His dear children."

"Suppose," said he to mother, "we give it to our neighbor's child, poor little Annie, who has been so long on her sick bed. Her lips are often very much parched, and she seldom has anything to moisten them with but cold water."

Mother consented willingly enough; she went with me herself to carry the pear to the poor sick child. And how she did enjoy it, and how she thanked us for it.

It did me more good than if I had had a dozen such pears given me to eat without any fear or dread.

Here we see how this boy got the victory over temptation by realizing God's presence. — Bible Models by Newton.

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## Chapter 10

### HE TOLD THE TRUTH

Here is a good story about a boy who was faithful in all things. He was a little Scotch boy, who came over to this country to live with his uncle Mr. Lee. His name was Willie Grant. Willie found two cousins in his uncle's family, Robert and Johnnie Lee, about his own age. They soon became very fond of their Scotch cousin. He was little, but bright and full of fun. He could tell curious stories about his home in Scotland, and his voyages across the ocean. He was just about as far advanced in his studies as his cousins were, and the first day he went to school with them, they thought him a remarkably good scholar. He wasted no time in play when he ought to be studying; and he recited finely. At night, before the school closed, the teacher called a roll, and every boy who could say that he had not whispered in school during the day, when his name was called, would answer "ten" — and that would be his mark for the day. When Willie's name was called, he was asked if he had whispered during the day.

"I have," he replied.

"How often?" asked the teacher.

"Some eight or ten times," was the answer.

"Then I must mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and this is considered a great disgrace."

When they were going home, his cousin Johnnie said to him, "Why, Willie, I didn't see you whisper."

"Well, I did," said Willie; "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate-pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed that was allowed."

"Oh, we all do that," said Robbie blushing. "There isn't any sense in the old rule. Nobody can keep it, and nobody does."

"Well, I will for one," said Willie, "or else I'll say so. Do you suppose that I'm going to tell half a dozen lies, all in a heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," said Johnnie. "None of us would have had a good mark tonight, if we had been as particular as you are."

In a short time all the boys in the school got to know little Willie Grant. And they all loved him. He studied hard; he played with all his might in playtime; and yet, because he was so faithful in telling the truth, he got fewer good marks than any of them. He never preached to the boys or told tales about them; but it often made them feel ashamed, when they saw how faithful he was in always telling the truth himself, whether he got good marks or not. They often talked about him; they all loved him, and because he was so firm in telling the truth, they nicknamed him — "LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE."

Well, at the close of the session, when the list of the marks was read over, Willie's were so low that he could hardly keep from crying, for he was very sensitive, and he wanted to stand high on the list.

After reading the list over, the teacher made a short speech. "Boys," he said, "I have a little gold medal to give before we break up. And I wish to give it, not to the boy who has the largest number of good marks on my list, but to the one among you who has been most faithful in all his duties, and the most truthful in telling about them. And I want you to let me know who ought to have this medal."

In a moment more than forty boys cried out, "Little Scotch Granite. Little Scotch Granite."

Willie got the medal and went home feeling very happy that day. He had been faithful all through the session, and he had his reward, not only in the gold medal that hung around his neck, but in the good opinion of his fellow scholars, and in the respect and confidence of his teacher.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 11

### UNCLE FRANK'S STORY

"A story! Uncle Frank, a story!"

"A true one about yourself, or someone you know," continued Willie standing up "straight as a sailor" and preparing to listen and enjoy.

Uncle Frank seated himself on the sofa, and took little Elsie to stand at his knee, his great, kind fingers making a warm, living girdle round her baby waist; Mary and Nettle squatted before him on the rug.

"Once upon a time," he began, "a young man was thrown out of work, unexpectedly, through a failure of the firm he was head clerk in. He was eager and anxious to get work, for his dear old mother depended on him to pay her rent and taxes, and the little bit of money he had saved would not go very far. He tried hard every day, but times were bad, and clerks were cheap. He was a Christian too, so there were some kinds of work he could not do"

"Why, Uncle?" interrupted Willie eagerly, "what work — real work, not stealing — is there that a Christian cannot do? Is there any?"

"Indeed there is," said Uncle Frank seriously. "A Christian who knows his business with Jesus as intelligently as he knows his business with the public, will never stand behind a whisky-bar, for instance, and that was just the trouble; for there were plenty of wine merchants, and licensed firms of all sorts, eager to give work and high pay to this young man, because his character was good. That is a strange thing, isn't it? The whisky people are eager to get hold of teetotallers! Well, he was getting tired and sad, this young fellow, and he began to think of a very good offer made him by a big brewer, of two hundred pounds a year, and a pretty cottage where he could take his mother, and — altogether he wanted to make out that he could do this thing, and yet serve the Lord just as well! The brewer had urged him after his first refusal, and asked him to come to his house, a great mansion in the city-suburbs, and they would have a talk over it. He made up his mind to go; it could do no harm to see the brewer and have a friendly chat. And yet he was so uneasy about it that he said aloud, as he was brushing his hat to go: 'Lord, don't let me take anything that would dishonour Thee!' Now, how do you think Jesus answered that prayer? On his way to the brewer's that young man was run over, knocked down by a runaway horse, and his leg broken! He was taken to the hospital, and there he lay, in the accident ward, helpless. He fretted a little at first, but he soon remembered that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' And, my babies!" said Uncle, with sudden earnestness, "whenever we see that, we are very near through all our troubles! On the next bed lay

a poor man, dying; a silent man that would tell no one who he was, or where his friends were to be found. Through the night, when pain kept both awake, he talked to my friend, and —"

"What was your friend's name, Uncle?" asked Willie.

"It was the same as my own — Frank Wilson. They became quite fond of each other, but as Frank got better, and looked forward to leaving the ward a hale man as before, this poor fellow sank nearer to his death every day. The night before he died he handed a sealed packet to Frank, and told him to deliver it with his own hand to the man it was addressed to. Frank promised willingly, and saw with surprise that it bore the name of a good man, the head of a great firm in the city. Weeks after the silent man's death, Frank delivered the packet to the gentleman in his own counting-house. He opened the packet, looked it over, and then looked at Frank with some astonishment. He questioned him, at first severely, then with growing kindness and favor. The silent man had been his cashier. The packet contained a large sum of money, which the poor guilty man thus restored, with a letter that told his former employer of his deep sorrow and repentance, and his humble hope that he, like the thief on the cross, had been forgiven much. Well — that was Frank's prayer answered, you see, for he is that gentleman's partner now."

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# THRILLING STORIES

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## Chapter 12

### THE CONSCIENTIOUS BARBER

In the city of Bath, England, during the last century, lived a barber, who was not a religious man, and who was in the habit of keeping his shop open on Sunday. But in the course of time a change came over him, and he became a Christian. Then he was greatly troubled at the thought of breaking the fourth commandment by working on Sunday. He went and talked with his minister about it. He urged him to give up the practice, as he could not expect God's blessing to follow him while he continued to do this. The man said he was sure his trade would be ruined if he gave up his Sunday work. But finding that he could have no peace or comfort, while he went on in this way, he finally made up his mind to do his duty, and be faithful to God, whatever the result might be.

He gave up his Sunday work and went regularly to church. The result was just as he feared. His genteel customers left him, and his business fell off, so that he was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and finally he had to take a cellar, under the market-house, and shave people of the poorest class.

One Saturday evening about dark, a gentleman from one of the stage coaches, in which the traveling was done before the days of railways, asked for a barber, and was directed by hostlers to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily he asked to be shaved quickly, while they were changing the horses, as he did not like to break the Sabbath day. This touched the poor barber in a tender spot, and he burst into tears as he asked the stranger to lend him a penny to buy a candle with, as it was too dark to shave him with safety, and he had not a penny in the world.

He gave him the penny, wondering to himself how poor the man must be. When he was shaved he said to the barber, "There must be something strange in your history. which I should like to hear when I come back. But I have no time now. Here is half-a-crown for you. What is your name?"

"My name," said the astonished barber, "is William Read."

"William Read," said the stranger; "and what part of England are you from?"

"From Kingston, near Taunton."

"What is your father's name?"

"Thomas Read."

"Had he any brothers?"

"Yes, sir, one after whom I was named; but he went to the East Indies and, as we have never heard from him, we suppose he must be dead."

"Come along with me," said the stranger; "your uncle is dead, and has left a large fortune, which I will put in your possession, as soon as you prove the truth of what you have just said."

He was able to give the proof required, and then his uncle's large fortune came into his possession.

Now see how strangely God's providence worked to bring about this result. It was this man's faithfulness to God which brought him into the way of the lawyer who had charge of this fortune. If he had not been so poor that he had not a penny with which to buy a candle, he might never have heard of or received that fortune. But he was faithful to God, and God blessed him for his faithfulness; and this is what He will always do.

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## **THRILLING STORIES**

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### **Chapter 13**

#### **SELLING HIMSELF**

From the office window Dr. Lepley noticed the boy drive his wagon-load of corn upon the old-fashioned weight scales directly opposite. He watched him idly as he stepped down from the platform; and then while the nearsighted weighmaster was adjusting the scales, the boy put one foot back upon the hub of the wheel and, seizing the back of the seat, swung himself free of the platform, thus adding his full weight to that of the corn.

"Ho, ho! Selling himself, eh?" exclaimed the doctor, adjusting his farsighted glasses to be sure that his nearsighted eyes were not deceiving him.

"Bless my heart, if it isn't Squire Giles' son Jack!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "The young rogue, to disgrace his good, honest, old father by such juggling. But he'll square the deal with me, or I'll know why," he chuckled as he hurried across to the corncrib, where young Jack was already shoveling the big yellow ears into the huge old-fashioned bin.

"Hello, chappie," he called out in his jolly fashion. "Want me to give you a lift?"

"No, thank you," replied Jack politely.

"It's a fine lot of corn certainly," he added goodnatureedly, adjusting his farsighted spectacles so as to have a better view of the heap of golden ears piling up in the big granary.

With the last shovel of corn Jack sprang down into the crib to gather up the "nubbins," scattered on the floor; and while he was at work, the doctor stepped forward and, closing the door with a thud, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"Doctor! Doctor Lepley!" called Jack, thinking the absent-minded man had shut him in by mistake. "Please, sir, you have locked me in the crib," he explained when the doctor turned in his tracks and faced him.

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "Isn't that right? I bought you, you know."

"Bought me?" cried Jack, not certain whether the grave man peering in through the bars was joking or crazy.

"Yes, to be sure!" returned the doctor. "I bought you and shall settle with your father in accordance with your weight. How much do you weigh?"



"Ninety-two pounds," answered Jack sheepishly, beginning to see through the doctor's queer actions.

"Ninety-two pounds—a little more than a bushel and a half of corn. At eighty cents a bushel you are worth about one dollar and twenty-five cents," mused the doctor. "A cheap boy certainly! You have not put a high price on yourself, Jack."

"I didn't — didn't mean to sell myself," insisted Jack

"You didn't?" exclaimed the doctor. "Then why were you so careful to have yourself weighed with the corn? I thought at the time that you were discounting yourself, but a boy who will stoop to such low trickery is not worth much at best."

"I didn't think of it in that light," pleaded Jack, ready to cry. "It's the first time I ever did such a thing, and I am sorry, that I acted so meanly."

"Sorry for the wrong-doing, Jack, or sorry that you've been found out? Which is it, my boy?"

"Both," answered Jack quickly. "I am sorry I was so mean as to try to cheat you, and sorry that you know of my meanness."

"Then if I let you go back on your deal you will give me your word of honor that you will never attempt such crookedness again?" said the doctor. "Will you promise?"

"Yes," answered Jack eagerly. "And, doctor, I hope you will not tell my father of my dishonesty," he added, as he stepped humbly out of his prison.

"I should be sorry to be the bearer of such news to your father, Jack," returned the doctor. "But, my dear boy, do not let the fear of exposure overshadow the higher and important one of doing right for its own sake. Remember always that if you are to retain your own self-respect you must put the highest valuation upon your honor. Never under any circumstances cheapen yourself by a sale to bidders." —Young Churchman.

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# THRILLING STORIES

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## Chapter 14

### THE LITTLE ORANGE-BOY

Hugh was a poor little boy who sold oranges, in the street, for a living. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. She had to work hard to get food for herself and four small children.

Hugh, who was the oldest, said he could help her, if he only had some pennies to buy some oranges. so his mother gave him some money, and he went and bought a basket of oranges, and sold them for fifteen cents more than he gave for them. Hugh gave back to his mother the money she lent him, and with the fifteen cents profit he bought another basket of oranges. Thus he went on, buying and selling oranges. In this way, he helped his poor mother, besides earning his own living.

One day, a man bought some oranges of Hugh, and, in paying for them, gave him a five-dollar gold piece, by mistake. Hugh put the money into his pocket; but, soon after the man had gone, he began to count it over. When he saw the five-dollar gold piece, he took up his basket of oranges, and ran to find the man who gave it to him. He soon came up with him, and said, "Sir, did you not make a mistake in paying for the oranges?"

"How so?" said the man. "Did I not pay the price?"

"Yes, sir," said Hugh; "but, with the pennies, you gave this five-dollar gold piece."

"A gold piece!" said the man, as he put his hand into his pocket, to know whether it was really so "Ah, yes! You are right, my boy," said the man. "But why did you take so much pains to run after a stranger, to correct his mistake?"

"Because," said Hugh, "I have been taught to be honest; and never to take anything that does not belong to me."

"You are an honest little boy," said the man. "And, now, I should like to know your name, and where you live."

"My name is Hugh," said the boy, "and I live with my mother, in that small house in the alley."

The next day the man sent a large basket of nice sweet oranges to Hugh as a present. When Hugh was fourteen years of age, the man sent for him to come and serve him as a clerk in his store. He went to live with the gentleman; and, a few years after, he became a partner in his business. Hugh was honest in all his dealings, and soon became a very rich man. This shows that it is always best and safest to do right.

## THRILLING STORIES

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### Chapter 15

#### HUMPY

It was a bitter cold day in February, 1930, when hurriedly turning a corner, I ran full-tilt into Humpy. We grinned breathlessly at each other as I said: "I hope I didn't hurt you, my boy."

"It takes more'n that to damage Humpy. Wanta paper, Lady?"

"Yes, I do, if you'll come to the Settlement with me while I get some change." So, shivering in his thin sweater, he followed me to my desk.

"Sit down and warm yourself while I make us some cocoa on my little burner."

Such a pitiable object of humanity he was! It was impossible to guess his age. On his back was a terrible hump, as if he carried a large burden under his worn shirt. His face was drawn and thin but his brown eyes were large and beautiful, and he looked straight into mine as we talked.

"I am Miss Mary Marcus, and what shall I call you?"

"I'm Humpy."

"I mean your real name."

"Humpy's all I got. It fits me, see?" And he turned around to exhibit his poor back. "On 'count o' that, I'm called Humpy fer life. I reckon it's the only name that'd suit me. Wanta know how I got it?"

"If you care to tell me."

"Sure, I'll tell you, though it ain't nothing to brag about. My ole man gimme it and it's about all he ever did gimme."

"You don't mean your father?"

"Yep. Ten years ago, the night I was born."

"Are you really ten, Humpy?"

"Sure. Reckon I look younger on account the hump. If I could straighten up, I'd be a tall guy, I bet. It's a big kink, awright Ma said it was the night the 18th amendment was wrote — the law to shut

up saloons, you know — and Pa said he'd get drunk again, just for spite. So he come home drunk and, when he saw me, he grabbed me off'n the bed and dropped me on the floor an' I've worn this hump ever since.

"Poor boy!"

"Oh, I git along purty good. I kin beat lots o' kids sellin' the Press. I reckon folks buy 'count the hump, maybe."

"Where are your parents now?"

"Ma she died at the wash-tub three years ago. Jest when she wuz havin' a little peace not havin' to worry 'bout Pa gittin' drunk, since prohibition. But she jest wore out Pa comes an' goes, but mostly he goes. He don't like to look at me, he sez, so he don't stick around much."

"Where do you live, Humpy?"

"Same old dump I've allus lived. Well, I gotta go. Thanks fer the grub."

"You are welcome, and remember, Humpy, you are to bring me a paper every day."

"Sure, I'll be here awright," and he darted from the room.

From then on Humpy and I became great pals. I got some good clothing for him and every day, when he brought my paper, I had something warm and nourishing for him to eat. Humpy was quite a reader and each time he came we discussed the news in his papers.

One day, three years after I first met the boy, he came in and handed me my paper without a word.

"Hello, why so glum?"

"Look at it! I'm ashamed to sell the ole papers," and he pointed to the headlines;

"CONGRESS VOTES TO REPEAL 18TH AMENDMENT!"

"I'm ashamed, too," I said.

Then Humpy threw back his tousled head and spoke from his heart, words I wish I might have widely broadcasted.

"Me, I gotta allus wear a hump, like a camel, 'count a drunk Pa! Me, I gotta do without no Ma 'cause saloons got our money and she gotta work too hard. Than, when I gotta swell job sellin' papers and Pa don't drink no more count of the prohibition, I thinks I'll be happy, spite p' the hump. Don't have to dodge drunks like Ma uster, or be scared o' Pa when he comes home. I got you fer a swell friend. An' now look at 'em! Them soft guys at Washington, them fat Senators and Reps say we gotta

have booze again. So's more babies kin wear humps and more kin die aworkin', I guess! So's the brewers kin git more money stid o' poor folks gettin' food. They sez if you leave it be, it'll leave you be. It's a lie. Didn't Ma leave it be? And wasn't I just a baby. An' look at that hump! Is saloons comm' back, huh? If they is, I gotta stop livin'. 'Taint worth it, I tell you!" And utterly spent from his impassioned outburst Humpy sank to the floor, sobbing bitterly.

Lifting him gently to a chair, I tried to comfort him, though my heart, too, was heavy.

The next day Humpy didn't bring my paper, but that night his landlady called me to his bedside.

"Humpy, dear, how did it happen?"

"They-got-me, Miss Mary. I couldn't dodge 'em. Driver wuz drunk . . . Sed he wuz celebratin'-the comm' of the re-peal. I don't care much to live, if booze comes back. Tain't no-use-dodging drunks. . . . An' maybe I'll be-straight an' tall in Heaven. Angels don't wear humps, do they, Miss Mary?"

"No, Humpy."

"If they did, I could-hide-mine, with my wings, maybe. An' God won't call me Humpy."

"Dear boy, don't leave me. I need you to help me carry on."

"You'll have other Humpys to-look after-plenty of em, if booze comes back, Miss Mary-"

"What, dear?"

"Today is — my-birthday — I'm thirteen — so's the 18th amendment. Do yuh suppose we — is leavin' — together —"

Humpy had gone. One drunkard had finished the tragedy another had begun. An inborn fear of drink and its destruction had taken Humpy's desire to live.

And I went forth from that room determined to fight as I had never fought before. Humpy shall not have lived in vain!

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 16**

### **MARY'S LAST WORDS**

"Mother," said a dying girl in Ireland, "it's a dreadful thing to die."

"It is that, my darling," the mother said as she fondly gazed, with tearful eyes, upon the fading cheek of her child; "it is that. Oh, that I could die instead. But you have confessed, so why are you still afraid?"

"Yes, I have confessed every sin I could remember and I have absolution, and I shall have the holy oil when I am just at the last, mother. But then, I must be in the fires of purgatory soon and you are very poor."

"Leave that to the priest, darling," said the mother, "and say the prayers to the Virgin that he bade you say. That will bring peace to your heart."

"No, it's all dark. And I want to know where I am going — and more, a great deal more than the priest would tell me.

"Mother," she added quickly, "I am thinking of the death of Cousin Cathleen; she had no absolution, no unction, no masses, yet she died happy."

"She was a heretic, daughter dear, and she knew nothing, so she died in her sins."

"Some words she said come over me now, mother; 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me' (Psalm 23:4). what did she mean, mother? I have no comfort, no staff. I am trembling in the dark, and see only great fires beyond, and am full of fear. Cathleen did not believe in purgatory."

"Hush, now, Mary dear," the mother said. "Go to sleep and forget her, and trust in the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, mother, I'll try; but I can't help thinking it must be a happier thing to go straight to Heaven at once. I wish I could remember all Cathleen said about it."

"Now here's Patrick; he will sit beside you till I run to your grandmother's and back."

Patrick had come in and overheard part of the conversation, and now sat down by his sister's side with a heavy heart; for the doctor said she could not recover and he had traveled from another part of the country to see her before her death.

"Mary," said he, when their mother had left them alone, "what was that about Cousin Cathleen?"

"Ah, Pat, I was wishing I could die as happy as she did; and I can't believe her soul is in hell, just because"

"Because she believed what God says in His Word?" exclaimed Pat. "No, Mary, that's just the reason she could die happy, because she had heard God's Word and believed what He said and knew where she was going. When she knew what God said she didn't need to listen to anybody else."

Mary stared at her brother: "Sure, brother, you've turned heretic, too!"

"Well, never mind that. I've been reading the Bible, Mary, full of such good news to sinners."

"But how did you get it? Does the priest know?" said the dying girl.

"Sure, I didn't stop to ask him. I just read and read; there were so many precious things that I couldn't stop even if I am burned for it."

"Well, Pat," said she, "what is it about purgatory you've read in the Bible?"

"Just nothing at all, and I have searched from one end to the other. You can't go to a place that isn't in God's creation. I found only two places in the Bible, Heaven and hell, and everybody goes to one or the other when he dies."

"But, Pat, did Cathleen know she was going to Heaven? How could anyone know he was going there?"

"Yes, Cathleen knew and I know where I'm going, and you may know, too, if you do what she did."

"What is it, Pat? Oh, what is there that I wouldn't do if I could? Tell me quick," said the dying girl.

"Just nothing at all, Mary," replied Pat, drawing from his pocket the precious volume that had enlightened him. "God says in this Book that Christ 'hath once suffered for sins, the JUST for the unjust. that HE might bring us to God.' There is not one thing that you can do; the Lord Jesus has done everything. He finished it all on the cross."

"But does that Book tell how I can be saved and how I can know that I am going to Heaven?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary; just let me read you one verse: Jesus said, 'He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life!'"

"Oh, Pat, do read some more; how good it sounds!"

Pat read some other passages from his Book, which tell how God loved us when we were lost in sin, and how He provided a perfect salvation in the death and resurrection of His own Son; and now offers it as a free gift to all who will receive Him as their Savior.

Pat closed the Book and sat in silence.

"Mary," he said, after a moment, "I know I am saved, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me."

"Oh, I see now; all I have to do is just to believe God and He will take care of all the rest. How precious it is to rest in such promises as these! I am not afraid to die now, for I know I shall go straight to Heaven and see HIM who loved me and gave Himself for me. Since all my sins are washed away in His Blood, I don't need to go through purgatory."

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# THRILLING STORIES

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## Chapter 17

### CHARLIE'S NEW SONG

It was nearly forty years ago, yet the scene is all before me now, and the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday.

I sat by the fireside with my widowed mother, waiting for the home-coming of my only brother. He was a student in a Medical College and was expected home that night, on his usual vacation. There were no railways in those days, so Charlie had to come by the mail-coach, which took the greater part of the day to make the journey. I was looking forward to his home-coming with great delight, and had a long program of events drawn up for the following day, in which was included a supper and dance. My mother was very indulgent, and allowed us to do very much what we liked in these matters, and of course Charlie and I took full advantage of her liberality, and went into the thing in grand style. The hours passed on, and still there was no coach. It was late in the afternoon. I fretted at this, and feared that all my plans for the morrow might be upset. "What if he should not come?" I said. "That will spoil the whole thing."

Just then the "horn" sounded, and the big mailcoach rolled into the village amid clouds of dust, crowded with passengers, and with Charlie among the rest. I clapped my hands with glee as I saw his well-known form, on the driver's box, "beside the man in red;" and in a few minutes more he stood in the old parlor, where he and I had together as children spent so many happy days. He was taller and thinner, but the old happy smile dimpled his cheeks, and I never felt so proud of my brother as I did that day. I was so eager to inform him of all my plans that I accompanied him up to his room, and began at once to tell him who was invited and what was to be the program for the following day. He listened to my story patiently, but without the manifest interest I had expected. When I had finished, he gave a pleasant laugh, threw his arms around my neck, and kissing me affectionately said, "Mary, dear, you will not be offended if I tell you these things are no longer any enjoyment for me. I have something infinitely better." I looked at him in amazement, and I thought he was joking, for no one had enjoyed a dance more heartily than Charlie. He saw I was puzzled, so drawing me to his side, he said, "Do not be alarmed, Mary; I have not turned monk, but I have Christ as my own Lord and Master, and He is more to me now than all these follies used to be. But come on, mother will be waiting; I will tell you all about it again."

That night, by the parlor fireside, Charlie told mother and me the story of his conversion while listening to the preaching of Brownlow North in Edinburgh, and how he had longed to get back to his native town to tell to his old associates the story of redeeming love.

"What shall we do about tomorrow?" asked my mother. "Our preparations are all made, and there are about twenty invited." Charlie laughed heartily and said, "Let them come by all means, mother;

I shall be delighted to meet them, and it's just possible that we may have some music and dancing after all, before the night passes away."

A goodly company had gathered in our home the following night, and after supper the company called for Charlie, as was his wont, to entertain them with a song. He was a splendid singer, and never was his voice in better form than it was that evening. A moment's pause, and Charlie rose, not without a quiver passing through his manly frame, and in a voice of thrilling sweetness, sang

"I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!  
He loved me ere I knew Him!  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him.  
And round my heart still closely twine  
These ties which naught can sever,  
For I am His, and He is mine,  
Forever and forever."

A look of blank amazement settled on the faces of the company as the words fell on their ears. Every eye was fixed on the singer, spellbound. Tears were seen in the eyes of most, and as the singer reached the last verse, his voice increasing in power and sweetness. he sang the thrilling words with great effect

"I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!  
So kind, so true, and tender,  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender!  
From Him who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul can sever?  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?  
No; I am His forever."

Some of the company rose and left without uttering one word, but the greater part remained; and to them Charlie in his winning, hearty manner told the simple story of his conversion, ending up with, "You won't be angry with me for telling you, will you? The truth is, I could not keep it. My heart is full of it, and I thought the least I could do was to tell you of my new-found treasure."

That simple testimony to the saving power of Christ, the beaming face of the speaker, so well known to all the company, the genuineness of the change, the absence of all affectation, and the earnest closing appeal to "accept the gift of God, His own beloved Son, to be your Savior, and know true happiness for time and Eternity," was owned of God to the conversion of at least five of the company that night.

Charlie spoke in the schoolroom on Sunday evening to a crowded congregation, and several others were won for Christ. A great ingathering followed. And among those who were saved, and who sang the new song, were mother and I.

Part of that happy company after witnessing a good confession have gone to Heaven; others of us are still on earth, singing still of Jesus, and, were Charlie by my side as I write, he would join me in saying to all who read my story what he said that night long ago, "Accept the gift of God, His own beloved Son, to be your Savior." Then your song shall ever be: "How marvelous, how wonderful, is my Savior's love for me!"

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Romans 10:9. — The Christian Pub. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 18**

### **THE RADIO ANNOUNCER**

Gerald Thorne was a young radio announcer. Only lately he had been given the task of announcing for the Gospel Trio which broadcasted over that station each morning.

"Great stuff — a fellow like me announcing for a Gospel trio," he mused to himself, when the task was assigned. He thought of his mother. She'd like it She was a wonderful Christian woman and had been praying for years for her son. But religion wasn't for him, he had often told himself. It was all right for women and softies, and perhaps, too, for poor, uneducated men who could not support themselves and their families and had to depend on the Lord to do it for them. But he had greater ambitions and could not handicap himself with religion.

He knew the boys in the trio only slightly. Their programs were a comparatively new feature from that Station. But they seemed like fine, manly fellows and he couldn't help wondering why they should be content to spend their lives just singing Gospel songs and preaching. Often they were in evangelistic work — singing from the station in the morning and holding services in surrounding churches in the evenings. Well, he supposed it was all right if that was what they wanted to do, but he thought he could find other ways to spend his evenings. He would announce their programs, but it would end there.

He found upon closer acquaintance with the young men of the trio that they were indeed fine fellows — nothing softie about them, he had to admit. As their work brought them into more of a fellowship, he found his admiration for them steadily growing; and as he listened to their songs each morning he found himself wondering a little. Maybe — just maybe — there was really something to this Christianity business after all. Maybe that was why his mother had always been so in earnest about it all; why she had always been so anxious for him to become a Christian; why he had heard her praying in her room nights when he had been at home. He had known that those prayers were for him, but somehow he hadn't really seen the need of it. He was a clean, moral, honest young man. He wouldn't harm any one. But as he heard the trio day after day singing "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago" or "Take up Thy Cross and Follow Me," he became aware of a vague uneasiness.

He tried to pass it off by analyzing it as homesickness. Hearing all the old songs his mother used to sing around the home made him homesick to see her, he reasoned, so he wrote long letters to her; and when that failed to satisfy, he decided that he hadn't been going about enough. He was getting restive from lack of recreation. So then every evening found him at the movies, the dance, or some other place of amusement. That, too, failed to ease his growing unrest. It was not exactly soothing to come to the studio after a night spent in such places and listen to Gospel songs. At last he came

to the conclusion that it must be some physical condition. Some unknown ailment must be affecting his nerves. So he went to see a doctor.

The doctor shrugged after having given him a thorough examination. "Nothing wrong that I can see," he said, "except that it's evident you've been smoking too much and not getting enough rest. Better cut out the smokes and get more sleep."

Gerald left the doctor's office in more of a quandary than before. Get more sleep — if the doctor only knew that every time he closed his eyes he could see his mother, and that even the blare of a jazz orchestra at a dance couldn't drown out the sound in his ears of her voice lifted in prayer for "Jerry." "Cut out the smokes" — when it was the only thing that steadied his nerves for a moment.

If he could only get away somewhere. But that was impossible. He had his job here and couldn't go. He thought about asking to be released from announcing for the trio. But if he did the manager would want to know why. And he couldn't tell him that he was getting all nervous and upset from listening to the trio sing their hymns. No, he could not do that; but what could he do?

That evening the boys asked him to go with them to their meeting. They had asked him at other times but he had always refused. However this time he consented to go. It couldn't make him feel any worse he was sure, and it would please his mother if she knew it. She had been so pleased when he had written her that he was announcing on the Gospel program and wrote that she always listened in. Gerald read between the lines and thought it probable that she sat there praying for him as she listened.

He had never heard the boys preach before but as Tom, the youngest of the trio, brought the message that evening he realized that here was a fellow who knew what he was talking about. Although the Gospel message was simple, it was delivered with a fire and fervor that burned its way into his heart as he sat listening. And, listening, he at last acknowledged what had been the matter with him. It hadn't been homesickness, though he would like to see his mother. It hadn't been lack of recreation, it hadn't been nerves. It had been old-time, Holy Ghost conviction for sin. And when the invitation hymn was sung he made his way to the altar.

The next morning — which chanced to be Sunday and Mother's Day — Gerald's mother sat down before the radio to hear her son's voice as he announced the old hymns. She turned the dial and sat back with a smile of anticipation on her lips and a prayer in her heart for her boy. She heard his voice announcing that this was Station KLDR and that it was the program of the Gospel Trio. Then —

"The boys have a number of dedications to make for the first song and along with these I want to dedicate it to my mother, who is listening in this morning. The boys are going to sing 'Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me' and — well," he hesitated a bit, then continued with a rush, "last night I found the Lord and I know that it was because my mother's prayers have followed me."

No greater joy could come to a mother than that which came to the heart of this mother as she heard from the lips of her boy, though a few hundred miles lay between, that he had found Christ as his Savior and that God had answered her earnest prayers. — Mrs. Audre Pitts.

# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 19

### THE WATCH

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

"How do you like this new watch? I have just purchased it for a birthday present for your brother Donald. On Friday he will be home from Normal and you know his birthday is the same day. I was down at Belben's, the jeweler's, yesterday, and was so struck with the appearance of this watch that I thought I would purchase it for him."

The speaker, Miss Matilda Kerton, was an elderly lady, very prim and precise, who had undertaken the care of her brother's two children. They were boys; Donald, aged sixteen, who was away at the Fredonia Normal School; and Conrad, aged fifteen, who was staying with her in the old family home. Back of Miss Matilda's primness and preciseness there was a very warm heart, and she was doing all in her power to bring up her nephews in the right way. Conrad, the boy to whom she was showing the watch, was of a bright, happy disposition; and his eyes glistened as he viewed the present in his aunt's hand.

"Say, isn't it just fine? It's a beauty all right. I think it's the prettiest one I have ever seen in my life. Don will be tickled to get such a beauty."

"Yes, I think Donald will appreciate it," said Miss Matilda, as she laid the watch upon the satin lining of the plush box that the jeweler had given her with the watch, and put it carefully in the drawer of her dresser, in which every article was placed in perfect order. "There goes the breakfast bell; I heard you coming down the hall and I thought you would like to see the present, so I called you into my room. We must hurry down to breakfast or it will be cold."

"I wish I were Don," remarked Conrad in the midst of breakfast. "I think he has all the good things, and I am left high and dry without anything."

"Now, Conrad, you must remember that the Bible tells us that we must not covet. You should not show that kind of spirit simply because I purchased your brother a watch. You remember that last Christmas I purchased you a bicycle, and I also bought you a football and a pair of skates; I am sure I have been just as generous with you as I have with your brother."

Breakfast soon ended and Mary, the maid, cleared away the dishes and returned to the family worship, which Matilda conducted every morning. As it was Saturday and Conrad did not have to go to school, Miss Matilda commented somewhat fully on the twentieth of Exodus, which happened

to be the morning reading. She dwelt at length on the seventeenth verse, "Thou shalt not covet," remarking that the greatest sin of the day, in her estimation, was the sin of covetousness.

Conrad spent most of the morning reading a book. After dinner he was going to see a special baseball game that had been arranged by the boys of the school. Suddenly he thought, "Why can't I wear Don's watch to the game this afternoon? I could take it just for the afternoon and put it back in its place immediately I came in from the game." Conrad did not recognize that it was the voice of the enemy of souls tempting him on this line. Once more he began to brood on the thought that his aunt gave Donald more than she gave him "I think I'll take it," he said to himself. "Aunt won't know anything about it, and of course Don won't. It would be fun to take the watch and show the boys." As the dinner bell rang, and he was passing by his aunt's bedroom, seeing that the door was open, he stole quietly over to the dresser, opened the drawer, took the watch out of the dainty plush box, and slipped it into his pocket; then he closed the drawer. A strange feeling of shame stole over him as he sat eating his dinner. It seemed as though a voice were saying to him, "You have done wrong. You had better put the watch back at once." A battle was raging in his conscience, and somehow the dinner did not taste at all good that day.

After dinner the voice seemed to speak once again in his heart, "You have done wrong. Put the watch back in its place." But another voice would say, "Oh, that will be all right; you can take the watch out to the ball game and put it back in its place as soon as you get home." For fully five minutes a battle royal seemed to be going on in Conrad's breast. It was interrupted by Aunt Matilda saying, "Well, good-bye, Conrad, I am going up to my room to rest now, as I have something of a headache. Be a good boy this afternoon and be sure you don't get into any mischief."

Immediately she had left the room Conrad said to himself, "Well, I can't put it back now, but I will put it back as soon as I come in from the game."

As he reached the baseball grounds his spirits seemed to rise. A few of his school friends were standing together. He swaggered up to them and started, "Say, you fellows, want to know what time it is? It's twenty-seven minutes and thirty seconds past two."

"Say, Con, wherever did you get that ticker? Wish I had an aunt like yours that I could work for a thing like that." "How long have you had it?" asked another boy.

"Only today," answered Conrad, in a somewhat bragging tone. "It isn't a bad one, is it?"

"Is it your own, your very own?" asked another one of the boys.

"Of course it is. Do you think I go round with other people's watches on me?" remonstrated Conrad. A small voice within seemed to say, "That's not true." But having said it, he did not like to go back on his own word; and he began to watch the baseball game. The game did not seem to be very interesting, and he felt somewhat depressed in spirits. He thought he was going to have much more fun out of the watch than he did, but all he seemed to get was a heartache within.

Suddenly a pair of hands was clapped over his eyes. He felt a pulling at his pocket. "I've got it," said a boy with a laugh as he ran off with the watch.

Conrad wheeled, and ran after him. All the boys watched the chase with merry peals of laughter. When they saw that Conrad almost caught the offender, one of the boys joined in the chase and called, "Here, Jim, throw it to me." Jim threw it, but alas! it was not caught. The watch landed on a stone and the crystal was broken into fifty pieces.

### **A Series of Accidents**

"Say, Con, I'm really sorry about this. You seemed so conceited about your watch that we fellows thought we would have a little fun with you; but we never thought it would end with an accident like this. We'll do the right thing by you and club together so you can have it fixed." Conrad had picked up the watch and put it to his ear. It was still ticking. "I guess all it needs is a new crystal," he answered. "I'll take it down to Belben's and have it fixed. Say, you fellows played a pretty mean trick on me, and I won't forget it in a hurry either."

With a heavy heart Conrad made his way to the jewelry store. Looking in the window he noticed Mr. Belben serving a customer. It was Miss Whittaker, his Sunday School teacher. "I'll wait till she gets out of the store," he said, "for I don't want her to see me." He strolled around the square two or three times, but every time he looked in the window of Belben's store Miss Whittaker was still talking to Mr. Belben.

"I wish she would quit," Conrad growled. "It is only ten minutes to supper time and I will have to go home and come down here again tonight." But Miss Whittaker stayed on. He was feeling very depressed as, with watch in hand, he walked back to the Kerton home. He was afraid to put it in his pocket lest the hands might break. He sneaked into the house the back way, lest he should meet his aunt, and slipping up to his room deposited the watch in a drawer. "I'll take it down to Belben's tonight and get it fixed, and I'll put it back in Aunt's room before she goes to bed, and it will be quite all right," he said to himself.

As they sat down to supper Miss Matilda remarked, "Miss Williams, who lives next door, came in this afternoon and asked me to take care of a very special vase she has just purchased as a Christmas present for her mother. It is such a large vase that she is afraid she could not keep it hidden, so she asked me if we would take care of it until Christmas morning. She is coming in for it then, and will take it with its pedestal in to her mother as a great surprise. It is an expensive vase, cost her about twenty-five dollars, and there is not another like it in town. I have placed it in the front room, close to the window, and I wish you to be very careful not to touch it."

It was not a very happy supper party. Miss Matilda complained that her head was still aching and that she intended to go to bed immediately after supper was finished. Before retiring she took great care, as was her wont, to see that every door was locked and barred, bolted and chained.

"I guess I'll have to get out of the window, but I must get down to Belben's and get that crystal placed in the watch," said Conrad to himself. "I will have to wait till dark and until Mary has gone



to bed, because I don't want her to know anything about my going out. I can open the front window and slip out, and get back in the same way. Belben keeps his store open every Saturday night until ten o'clock, and I won't need to be out more than half an hour at the most; Aunt need never know I have been out."

Mary seemed a long while clearing up things that night, and it was nine o'clock before she retired. Immediately the door of her room closed, Conrad stole softly down the stairs and made his way into the front room. He was so familiar with the place he thought there was no need to switch on the light. Stepping from the rug to a bit of highly polished floor, he slipped and fell. Crash! What was that? Then with a shudder of horror he remembered Miss Williams' vase; his foot had struck the pedestal.

Conrad picked himself up and switched on the light. "I guess I've gone and done it now. I'm sure out of luck today. I wonder if Aunt heard the smash. I don't believe she did because she is getting a "little deaf lately." He picked up the watch and noticed the second-hand had been knocked off in the fall.

"I wish I had never seen the thing," he growled. "Why didn't Aunt keep the thing to herself until Don came home? Now what am I going to do with this broken vase? Anyhow, I'll have to get down to Belben's or the store will be closed." He switched off the light, quietly opened the window and let himself out; and, watch in hand, began to run at top speed to the square where the jeweler had his store.

It had begun to rain and Conrad could feel that his clothes were getting soaked. Taking a short-cut across the square to Belben's store, he was suddenly arrested by a voice crying, "Look out there!" Conrad tried to jump aside, but in another moment he found himself floundering in the muddy street.

"Are you hurt any?" a kind voice asked, as a goodnatured policeman picked him up. "Those fellows in that auto did not even wait to see whether you were injured. They ought to be arrested for speeding through the square on a dirty night like this. If I can get hold of them I'll give them some trouble."

Conrad felt himself all over. His leg felt a bit bruised and his clothes were splattered with mud from head to foot, and one leg of his pants was badly torn.

"I don't think I am hurt much," he said, "but where is my watch?" As he spoke his eyes fell on it, lying in the middle of the road. A motor truck was driving straight for it. Would it miss the watch? Conrad fairly held his breath for a moment! In another second the truck had passed — the watch was crushed flat.

"Is that your watch, kid?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, but it is done for now," said Conrad; "I never had such an unlucky day in my life."

The policeman picked it up out of the mud and said, "I don't think it will be any good to you, but you had better take it home with you anyhow. Watches aren't much good after a ten-ton truck has rolled over them."

Conrad looked with intense dismay at the flattened-out watch. There was surely nothing to do but to get a new one now. Perhaps the boys at school would lend him the money on Monday, and he would go down to Belben's and buy a new one and place it in the case in his aunt's room.

"It's no use to me any longer," he said peevishly. "You can have it if you want it."

"What's your name, kid?" asked the policeman. "If I catch them speeders I'll make it hot for them. They ought to give you a hundred dollars for knocking you down as they did."

Very reluctantly Conrad gave his name and address to the policeman, then started for home. His leg hurt him. He was wet through. His clothes were muddy from head to foot. And the watch was gone.

### **The Discovery**

Conrad was miserable and tired as once again he reached the Kerton home. He wiped his feet as best he could on the mat that lay outside the hall door, and then made his way to the front window, opened it, and crept in. He locked the window and sneaked upstairs to his bedroom. "What on earth will Aunt say when she sees these wet clothes?" he said to himself. "She would go for me terribly if she thought I had been out on Saturday night in all this rain; I'm the unluckiest fellow in the world. Everything is against me."

There seemed to be no sleep for Conrad. His leg hurt, and he was worried about the events of the day. "Make a clean breast of the whole thing," said a little voice within. But there was another voice that sought to be uppermost. It said, "Wait till after Christmas. If you confess now, you won't get any presents for Christmas, and most likely you will be kept from your promised visit to Uncle Robert's in New York. You know you have been looking forward to that for the last three months. You have never been in New York City and your uncle is going to take you and Don around and show you the sights. You will miss the happiest Christians you ever had in your life if your aunt does not let you go to New York."

Conrad tossed and turned all night. He dozed off to sleep several times, but only to dream of broken watches. The trouble was they were not exactly watches; they seemed to be turned into hot plates and were placed on his bare chest.

When Mary rang the morning rising-bell, Conrad slipped into his best clothes. "How pale you look," remarked his aunt, as he walked into the room. "You seem to be limping. What is the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing, I'm all right," said Conrad, but he was so depressed all through the breakfast that Aunt Matilda was sure there was something wrong with the boy. Just at the close of breakfast Mary

came breathlessly into the room. "I just looked into the front room and somebody has gone in there and smashed Miss Williams' vase."

Miss Kerton rose hastily and made her way into the front room. There lay the vase in dozens of pieces. "Do you know, ma'am," said Mary, "after I was in bed last night I thought I heard a crash, but as I was sleepy I did not think any more of it." Conrad had followed his aunt to the front room.

"Well, that is the most extraordinary mystery," said Miss Kerton. She walked to the window and noticed that it was fastened. "How on earth could that vase have been broken! What will Miss Williams say? Do you know anything about it?" she asked, turning sharply toward Conrad.

"No, Aunt," came the answer.

"Well, it is the most extraordinary thing I ever knew. I feel very disturbed about it. I will certainly have to buy a new one to replace this, for I know that Miss Williams could not afford to buy a second one for her mother."

As Conrad went to Sunday School he felt more depressed than ever. That morning the pastor, John Warren, read the fifth chapter of Acts, and took for his sermon the sin of Ananias and Sapphira. He showed the terrible judgment that came on these two for the lie they told, and wound up his sermon by quoting from Rev. 21:8, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.'

As Conrad sat in the pew by his aunt it seemed that a hundred times a voice spoke within him, "Confess the whole thing." But another voice was just as insistent, "Wait till after Christmas."

"I will be able to borrow some money from the fellows at school tomorrow, and if I don't get it all I think Mr. Belben will let me finish paying for the watch after Christmas. I'll get the new watch tomorrow and place it in the box, and Aunt won't know anything about it. When I go to New York perhaps uncle will give me something for Christmas, and I will be able to pay all the fellows back when I come home again."

This thought, however, did not give him much comfort. Dinner time seemed the most depressing meal he had ever known in the Kerton household. Aunt Matilda was so disturbed about the mystery of the broken vase that she did not speak a dozen words throughout the meal. Conrad was glad of this, for he himself did not feel in a mood for conversation.

After dinner Miss Kerton went to her room for her Sunday afternoon rest. Her mind, however, was so occupied with the broken vase that she did not rest well. Going to her dresser drawer for a handkerchief, she noticed the plush box, and thought she would have another look at the watch she had purchased for Donald's birthday. She touched the spring and the box flew open.

But there was no watch in the box!

## Further Complications

Miss Matilda Kerton was dismayed as she looked at the empty box. What had become of the watch! Surely someone must have stolen it! But who could have gone into her room and taken it? There were only two people in the house besides herself; one was Conrad, but she felt sure Conrad would not have taken it. The Kertons, for many generations back, had all been the soul of honor. It was utterly impossible to think of the possibility of there being a thief in the Kerton family. The only other person was Mary, the maid. Mary had only been with her two months. She had always seemed to be quite honest. Miss Kerton remembered that Mary had come from a very poor home. Her mother was a widow; and her brother, who had been the breadwinner, had had to come home with tuberculosis. And now Mary had to be the bread-winner.

Miss Kerton continued to meditate. She was sure that Conrad was not the thief. It was unthinkable that a Kerton could be a thief! She dismissed the very suggestion of it from her mind. This girl, Mary, had doubtless taken the watch in order to sell it to provide something extra for that poor home during the Christmas season.

She had been suspicious of Mary concerning the vase. She had told Mary the previous evening to dust the front room before retiring, and there was no doubt that Mary had carelessly knocked over the vase and then had been deceitful over the whole matter. She pretended she had heard a smash in the night. How could there be a smash in the night when both Conrad and herself were in bed! The whole thing was impossible. Nobody could possibly have gotten into the house, for all the doors were locked and bolted, barred and chained. She had seen to this herself immediately after supper, and she particularly noticed that the window of the front room was locked. The more she thought over the situation the more she was convinced that Mary was the culprit.

With a sudden resolution Miss Kerton rose, and with great dignity walked to Mary's room. Mary was just putting on her hat, as she was about to take her afternoon off and visit her home.

"I am glad you are putting on your hat, Mary," said Miss Kerton coldly. "You may go to your home, but please do not return. I believe that you are a deceitful girl. I am sure that you broke the vase and then pretended that somebody else broke it in the night. And that is not all — a new watch has been stolen out of my room and, since nobody but yourself could have taken it, I am convinced that you are a thief. Go to your home, you wicked girl, and do not let me see your face again around this place. I ought to put the police on your track, but for the sake of your poor, widowed mother I will not add this to your disgrace. Consider yourself dismissed and I never want to see you around here again."

Mary began to expostulate. She declared she was innocent, that she had not stolen anything; and she was quite sure that she had nothing to do with the breaking of the vase.

As a rule Miss Kerton was very composed in her manner. But today, having suffered from headache for two days, with the mystery of the broken vase pressing upon her and the discovery of the loss of the watch, she was more than usually excited. Her voice was decidedly raised as she said, "I will not believe a word you say, you wicked girl; go away from my home or I will send for the

police and have you put out. I am convinced that you are very deceitful, and in addition to this you are a thief Be gone at once and get out of my sight."

Her shrill voice arrested Conrad, who was lying on his bed. He could hear what his aunt was saying, and once again his conscience was smitten. He gathered that Mary was being accused of stealing the watch he had taken himself, and breaking the vase he himself had broken. He felt a sudden prompting to run to where his aunt and Mary were talking, and confess how he himself had taken the watch and how he had caused the breaking of the vase. But there came that voice, "Wait till after Christmas." Again there was a battle surging in his breast. He heard his aunt walking back from Mary's room to her own. He could hear Mary weeping as she gathered up her few things and put them into a grip.

"What a fool I was to take that watch! If I had confessed last night at supper time I could have saved the whole situation. But I would be in an awful mess if I confessed now, and such complications are coming that I don't know whether it would be wise for me to confess at all. Oh, I feel so miserable! I wish I had never been born!"

He could hear Mary's continued weeping. He felt sorry for her, but how could he help her? Still crying as if her heart would break, she walked down the stairs and moved out of the door. From his window he watched her wending her way toward her poor, little home a dozen blocks hence.

"I'm just too miserable for anything," he said. "I have a good mind to run away from home."

### **The Minister's Story**

Mary's mother, Mrs. Gibbs, was looking forward to Mary's home-coming that Sunday afternoon; for every Sunday afternoon she came home and had supper with her mother and brother.

"Well, Mary, we're delighted to have you home again," said Mrs. Gibbs, with a cheery smile. "But say, girl, what is the matter with your eyes? You look as though you had been crying your eyes out. And what have you got your grip for?"

Mary flung herself in her mother's arms and wept as if her heart would break. Mrs. Gibbs patted her on the back and did her best to soothe her, saying, "Don't cry like that, honey; I'm sure there is nothing wrong but what can be remedied. What is your trouble, child?" Mary's brother was lying on the couch, and tears of sympathy came into his eyes as he listened to his sister's story.

"Oh, something dreadful has happened," said Mary. "Up at Kerton's house a beautiful vase was broken this morning, and I am accused of breaking it. And then a watch has been stolen, and Miss Kerton accuses me of stealing it. And she has dismissed me as a thief. Oh, oh, I shall never get over the disgrace of it. I feel I shall never be able to lift my head again. But God knows I am honest."

"And God will see that your good name is cleared, my dear," said Mrs. Gibbs. "Dry your eyes, my little girlie; your mother and your brother will always believe in you. We know that you are not a thief, and if we have confidence in you, what does it matter what other people think?"

"But how shall I ever get another position, mother?" asked Mary. "I have been dismissed as a thief; and who wants a thief in their employ?"

"The Lord has always taken care of us, my dear, and He is not going to forsake us now. Dry your eyes. Mr. Warren, the minister, has promised to come in for supper, and he must not see you with red eyes. Go and wash your face, dear, and encourage your heart in the Lord."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and in a few minutes the minister was taking off his coat and hat.

"Well, William, how are you?" he asked turning to Mary's brother. "I have been thinking about you all day long, and last night it seemed as though you were before me all the night. As I prayed for you, such a witness came into my heart that the Lord would answer our prayers and completely heal you! The verse came to me so strongly, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' It seems as though the Lord put such a strong faith in my heart for you. I know that God has answered prayer, and I expect that in a few days you will be back at your old work again, sound and well."

"I certainly have been feeling fine today, sir," answered William Gibbs. "I know the Lord answers prayer, and I know that the old Book promises that the prayer of faith shall save the sick. I start tomorrow on some light work again, and I believe that by the new year I shall be able to work as well as any of them."

Supper was ready to serve, and Mrs. Gibbs called her daughter to the table, Mary has had a great upset today, Mr. Warren; she has been falsely accused of stealing and has been dismissed from her situation. Naturally it has greatly upset her. I have been telling her that I know God will clear her name."

"I am sure He will," said the minister, sympathetically. "I was once wrongly accused myself, but in answer to prayer everything was cleared up."

"Would you feel at liberty to tell us the story?" asked Mrs. Gibbs.

"Surely," answered Mr. Warren; "perhaps it would be a help to Mary at this time, and comfort her heart. God is no respecter of persons and, since He was good enough to clear my name, I am sure He will clear Mary's."

"Some years before I went into the ministry, I worked in a jewelry store. I had previously worked with a wholesale jeweler and knew how to set jewels and also how to mend watches. I was given a little room off at the top of the building in which the jewelry store was located, and all the repair work was brought to me.

"One day the head of the firm secured a wonderful diamond tiara. He got it from a wholesale jeweler, and the cost was about twenty-five hundred dollars. He thought it would be a fine thing to put it in his window, and possibly he might find a purchaser for it. He had an arrangement with the

wholesale firm to send it back in a month if he did not sell it. He brought it to me to polish, and I made it look as nice as possible. He was dressing his window and came up to me to get the diamond; I gave it to him and he took it downstairs. There were two customers waiting in the store as he went down, so he put the tiara on a case and began to serve the customers. Having attended to them, he looked around for the tiara, but could not see it. He was an absent-minded kind of man and came up to my room again and asked me for the diamond. I said, 'I gave it to you five minutes ago.' He went downstairs again and looked for it everywhere, but it was nowhere to be found. The worst part of it was that he could not remember my having given it to him. He telephoned to the police and in a few minutes they telegraphed all over the country the description of this tiara. During the next month I was shadowed by detectives everywhere I went. I knew they were following me, that I was the one under suspicion, and it was a very uncomfortable feeling.

"Night after night I cried to the Lord to let that diamond be found. One day, when my boss was opening his mail, he found a match box in it. He opened the match-box, and there lay the tiara. The parcel was not even registered, and there was no name on the box to tell from whom it had come. My boss sent for the police and they seemed happy that the matter was cleared up. But I was not satisfied. My name was not cleared in the matter, and so I continued to pray that the Lord would bring to light the party who had stolen the tiara.

"About a month later a gentleman came up and asked my boss if he might speak to him privately. Then he told him that a certain lady, who was a good customer at the store, had come into the place one morning and had seen this beautiful diamond right on the counter. 'The temptation was too great for her, and she slipped it into her muff. She kept it for a month and was very uneasy about it. At that time a revival was being held in the city and one right she felt inclined to go. She never had had an inclination before in her life to go to a revival meeting. The preacher preached a very strong sermon and she became terribly convicted of her sins, especially about stealing that beautiful diamond. The next morning she took the train to a distant place. She put the tiara into a match box and mailed it to your store. She thought that her conscience would be eased; but it has not been, and she has asked me this morning to come and confess the whole thing to you and appeal to you for mercy.'

"My boss was merciful to her and did not give her any trouble. He got his tiara back and that was all he wanted. But I wanted something more. I had been under suspicion about the thing, but when this confession was made my name was cleared. Now, Mary, that is what God did for me, and we will unite in prayer that the one who is guilty of taking that watch shall be discovered and your name come forth as bright as the day."

When supper was ended, the minister offered very definite prayer that God would bring to light the one who had taken the watch and broken the vase, and that all might know that Mary was innocent of these things.

"It is a singular thing, Mary, that this very morning a friend asked me if I knew of someone who would go and help his wife. I shall see him tonight and heartily recommend you to him. If you come to church, I will introduce you to him. I think they will want you to start right in tomorrow morning."

And so it happened that the following morning Mary found herself in a much better position than she had had at the Kerton's.

### **That Watch Again**

It was Monday morning at the Kerton house. Miss Kerton was still very disturbed about the events of the day before. She had not slept much and her headache was worse than ever. It was a great inconvenience to her to have to rise early and cook breakfast for herself and Conrad. The breakfast table that morning was even less cheerful than it had been on the previous day.

"Why are you wearing your best clothes?" asked Aunt Matilda.

"I was a bit late this morning, and these came the handiest. I put the others away on Saturday night. I'll put my old clothes on before I go to school. I thought it would not hurt to wear my best ones for breakfast," remarked Conrad. He did not like to tell her that the clothes he had worn on Saturday were still somewhat wet (for they had been tucked away in a closet where they had no chance to dry) so that the mud was still thick upon them, and that the leg of the pants was badly torn. He could slip upstairs after breakfast and put on these clothes and on top of them he could put his overcoat; then when he went out it would not be noticed.

As he changed from his best into the still damp, muddy clothes he was trying to think out how he could account for his clothes being in that condition. His leg still hurt badly. Perhaps he could tell his aunt at dinner-time that he had been knocked over by an auto, and he could show her the bruise on his leg to prove that he really had been knocked down. Surely this would be the best way out of it.

He was coming downstairs, overcoat on, when Aunt Matilda's voice called, "Conrad, I was very indignant about the loss of your brother's watch. After school today we will go down together to Belben's, and I may as well get the two together. You have been a very good boy all through the year, and I thought you would be pleased to have a watch just like the one I purchased Donald."

"Thank you, Aunt," said Conrad, not very enthusiastically, "I am very much obliged to you. I will be here right on the dot at four-fifteen."

As Conrad walked along to school his heart was sore. "What a fool I was to take that watch on Saturday! Here is Aunt Matilda planning to buy me one just like it, and if I had only waited I would have had just as good a one as Don's; but because I didn't that miserable vase got broken and then the watch got smashed up, and poor Mary was sent home in disgrace. I wonder how they will get along down at the Gibbs' home and what her mother will say to her. If Aunt had told me a week ago that she was going to buy me a watch, I would have been standing on my head for joy; but today my heart just seems like a lump of lead, and I don't care whether I get a watch at all. I know I don't deserve one. I certainly have acted mean over the whole thing. It seemed as though all night I could hear Mary weeping. Ever since I've been up this morning it seems as though I can see her just as she left the house, sobbing fit to break her heart. I wish Aunt Matilda had not been so quick about getting rid of her. If she had only waited until after Christmas I would have confessed about the watch and



the vase too. Now Aunt has made it so difficult for me to confess. She would never forgive herself for accusing Mary of stealing the watch if I should confess now. I never saw such a mess in all my life."

As he sat in school the keen eyes of his teacher dropped on Conrad's wet and dirty clothes. The teacher knew that Conrad's aunt always sent him out of the house looking as clean and neat as a pin.

"What is the matter with your clothes today, Kerton; did you fall into a mudhole on the way to school? You will likely give yourself rheumatic fever wearing wet clothes like that. Go home at once and change them, and don't be so foolish as to come to your class in wet clothes again."

Conrad felt very humiliated before all the rest of the boys, as he walked out of the schoolroom. He knew there was no use going back to the house at once, and he did not want to be quizzed with questions by his aunt. Leaving the school grounds, he decided to walk in the opposite direction from his home; but his leg ached so much that when he had gone a half mile he sat down on the curbstone to rest. He had not been resting for more than two minutes when he heard a voice saying, "Hello, Conrad, what are you doing here? How is it you are not in school?" Conrad looked around, and who should it be but John Warren, the minister. Bitter remembrances of the sermon the day before on Ananias and Sapphira stirred in Conrad's memory.

"Oh, I wasn't feeling very well," he blustered, "and my aunt told me I need not go to school today. She sent me on an errand out in these parts."

"Where are you going? Perhaps we can go together."

"Well, I've — I've — I've forgotten the name of the place," said Conrad.

"I can drop into a home over here and phone your aunt," said the minister kindly.

"Oh, don't do that," said Conrad; "my aunt has such a headache today and she won't want to be bothered. The errand wasn't much account anyhow. I'm not feeling very well and would like to be left by myself."

As John Warren walked away he said to himself, "There's something wrong with that boy. I know he was not telling me the truth. I shall have to put him on my special prayer list. The devil seems to be after all the boys these days, even those that belong to the very best families."

Conrad felt greatly relieved when the minister left him. The interview had made him feel hot all over. He rose and made his way to a quieter thoroughfare. It was a miserable morning for him. At twelve-fifteen he arrived at his aunt's home, carrying his overcoat. Knowing that there must be an explanation for the muddy clothes, he began, "Aunt, I'm sorry my clothes are so muddy, but I got knocked over by an auto and hurt my leg, and I'm ashamed of the way I look. Guess I'd better run upstairs and put on my best suit."

"I got out of that pretty well," he remarked to himself as he went down to dinner. His aunt, however, asked him so many questions concerning the auto accident, where it had taken place and who witnessed it, why the mud on his clothes appeared to be dry, and many other things, that Conrad had to tell some more lies to shield himself. His heart was heavier than ever as he set out for school that afternoon.

Returning from school he found his aunt all ready, and together they went to the jewelry store. Mr. Belben in person served them. He knew Miss Kerton very well, for she had been a very good customer at his store.

"I want to purchase two more watches like the one I bought last week. You remember the kind of watch you sold me," said Miss Kerton.

"I am sorry, madam, that I have only one watch like the one I sold you last week; but we are expecting a dozen more of them at the end of the week, and I shall be pleased to save one for you."

Miss Kerton purchased the one watch, and was just leaving the store when Mr. Belben, who seemed very talkative, said, "It is a very singular thing, madam, but on Saturday night a policeman brought me in this watch," and he took from a drawer the crushed and battered watch that the truck had run over.

Conrad looked at it and felt as though he would faint.

### **A Week of Misery**

As Mr. Belben placed the watch on the counter he remarked, "A policeman brought this in to me on Saturday and asked whether it was possible to repair it. It happened just as I was closing, and I did not have time to look at the watch; but it is absolutely beyond repair. I was looking at it though, a few minutes ago, and I found out it is the very watch you purchased from me last week. I keep a record of every watch I sell, and the number of this watch is the number of the watch I sold to you."

Conrad was feeling hot all over.

"How singular!" said his aunt. "My maid stole that watch, and I suppose she must have been bringing it down town to sell it. She must have dropped it, and the watch has been destroyed. I am glad she was not able to sell it; I am sure she was a very wicked girl. It is very singular that the watch should be brought in to you. Of course it is of no use to me any longer. This new one I just bought is for my nephew who is coming home from Fredonia next Friday. I hope the other watch will be here by that time, as both my nephews are going to New York on Saturday, and I should like them to have watches alike."

Mr. Belben bowed Miss Kerton and her nephew out of the store. Conrad had a hard job to keep from whistling for relief. All the way home Miss Kerton insisted on talking about the watch. He tried to change the subject, but it was the one thing that was on her mind and so she continually referred to it. It was a great relief to Conrad when they got home and he could go to his own room.

"Shan't I be glad when Saturday comes and Don and I get off to New York! I shall try to get around Uncle to keep me there. I hate living here with a maiden aunt. Life isn't worth living. I really wish I were dead. If I can get around Uncle to let me stay in New York, I never want to come back to this miserable place again."

It was such a long week for Conrad, but Friday came at last and Don was home from school. In the morning they would be off together for New York, and he hoped to forget all his troubles in that city. He was looking forward to a good time with his cousins and uncle, and felt sure that all his miseries would be forgotten in the splendid time his uncle had promised them.

Saturday morning came at last. The train would leave at ten o'clock. At breakfast time Aunt Matilda said, "I am sorry, Conrad, that your watch has not arrived, as I was hoping that you would be able to take it to New York with you. I was down at Mr. Belben's yesterday, and he said that the watches he was expecting had not reached him. He said they would be certain to come today. I will secure the watch this afternoon and mail it on to you. However, before you go, I have what I trust will be a pleasant surprise for both of you. I want you now to go down to the grocery store and get some rolls and some cheese and crackers for you and Don to eat on the train. Here is a dollar to buy the things with, and if you see anything else you would like you may get it." Conrad ran off to the store. His heart was beginning to be lighter than it had been for a week. In another hour and a half he and Don would be speeding to New York, and all the nightmare of the last week would be forgotten.

### **Found Out**

But there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. While Conrad was at the grocery store a policeman arrived at the Kerton home. Miss Kerton opened the door herself and invited him to take a seat.

The good-natured policeman set himself in a rocking-chair, while Miss Kerton looked inquiringly to know the nature of his errand.

"This is where Conrad Kerton lives, ain't it?" asked the policeman.

"That is the name of my nephew," remarked Miss Kerton with great dignity. "Just now he is at the grocery store, but doubtless he will return within the next few minutes."

"I felt so sorry for the kid on Saturday night, to see him out in the rain down on the Square. It was a real shame, them fellows knocking him over with their auto. And the little fellow seemed so concerned about his broken watch."

"His broken watch!" ejaculated Miss Kerton.

"Yes, mum. It fell out of his hand and a great motor truck went right over it. I took it in to Belben's, the jeweler's, to ask whether it could be fixed; for it seemed a great shame for the little fellow to lose his watch. But Belben said there was no doing anything with it. What I come here for

was to tell him I got them speeders what knocked him over, and I want him to give evidence in the case that I've agin 'em."

The policeman said no more, for Miss Kerton was in a faint. She had received a great shock to her nervous system. The policeman, who had graduated from a first-aid course, arose to the occasion and ran into the kitchen for some water. He sprinkled her face, and incidentally her clothes, with generous handfuls of water, and Miss Kerton responded very rapidly to this treatment and came out of her faint. She tried to regain her dignity, but it was rather difficult under the circumstances, with her lap brimful of water.

It was just then that Conrad appeared on the scene. It seemed as though his heart dropped right into his shoes as he looked first at the policeman, who had already filled another pitcher of water and stood ready for any further fainting fits, and then at his aunt.

"What were you doing down at the Square on Saturday night, Conrad?" asked his aunt. "This policeman tells me that he saw you there and that you were knocked over by a passing auto. He further tells me that a watch dropped out of your hand and an auto truck ran over it. He states that he took the same into Mr. Belben's; and from what Mr. Belben told us on Monday, this was none other than your brother's watch. Please explain these extraordinary circumstances."

"O Aunt," said Conrad, "I'm awfully sorry. I meant to confess the whole thing after Christmas. I wanted to confess about breaking that vase too. I felt mean about your blaming it onto Mary, and I really meant to confess the whole thing before long. Really I did, Aunt."

"Go up to your room at once and I will speak to you later." Turning to the policeman Miss Kerton said, "If you want to speak to my nephew, officer, please call again this afternoon. My nerves are so unstrung that I want to be alone for a while."

Conrad slunk upstairs to his room and threw himself on the bed. "If I'm not out of luck, I don't know," he said to himself. "Just at the very time we were going off to New York that policeman turns up and spoils the whole thing. I don't know what Aunt will say. I wish I lived among the cannibals of the South Sea. It would be a lot pleasanter than living here." He had been lying on his bed for about thirty minutes when Miss Kerton came to his room.

"Donald is going off to New York alone. I would not think of sending such a wicked boy as you to your uncle's place to contaminate my other nephews and nieces. I had been planning on a surprise for you and your brother, to give you each twenty-five dollars to spend in New York. I have given the twenty-five dollars to Donald, but I have decided to use the twenty-five I was going to give you in replacing the vase that was broken. As you know, I had intended giving you a watch for Christmas, but I have already phoned to Mr. Belben canceling the order. I am extremely upset. The Kertons have always been an honorable family. You have disgraced the name of Kerton. I am ashamed to be living in the same house with a nephew who has told lie after lie, and has been so dishonorable as to let me dismiss a poor, innocent maid for a crime that he himself committed. Your behaviour is enough to make your worthy father turn in his grave. I am ashamed of you."

Miss Kerton turned on her heel and left the room. Just then Conrad heard the taxi driving up to the door. "Good-bye, Con, old fellow," he heard Donald call up the stairs. "I'm sorry you aren't coming. I hope you'll have a good Christmas."

As Conrad looked out of the window he saw the taxi moving off, bearing his brother to the depot. "Good Christmas indeed! What kind of Christmas shall I have in this dull house with nobody here but Aunt Matilda!"

### **The Watch Night Service**

Christmas was anything but lively in the Kenton house this year. Being without a maid, Miss Kerton did not attempt any decorations, nor did she try to do any special cooking. There was nothing extra for dinner, and Miss Kenton and Conrad ate in absolute silence the two mutton chops that had been provided. Conrad's thoughts were away in New York, where he knew his brother Don was having a wonderful time. "I would give anything to be there," he said to himself, "but here I am in this miserable house, and I am just about as miserable as I can be. Aunt has been about as cheerful as a funeral since that policeman came and told her all about what happened Saturday night. She talks about the disgrace I have brought on the Kerton name. I wish my name were Jones or Brown or something else. I don't care a snap of my fingers for all she talks about the honor of the Kertons."

It was the day after Christmas that Miss Kenton made her way to the Gibbs' home. She arrived there just as Mary had come to visit her mother. When she was seated, Miss Kenton said to Mary, "I desire to humbly apologize to you for the wrong way I spoke to you. I was under the impression that it was you who stole the watch and broke Miss Williams' vase, but I have since learned to my sorrow that it was my own nephew who did these things. I want to apologize, Mary, and I would very much like you to come back to my house again to work."

"Your apology is accepted," said Mary, "but I have a much more comfortable place, and the people are so kind to me where I now am that I don't think it would be wise for me to come back to your house. I am very glad it has been proved to you that I was innocent, and I gladly forgive you for the way you treated me."

It was very humiliating for a Kerton to have to offer an apology, but Miss Kerton felt it was necessary on this occasion; and it seemed as though there was less dignity in her manner as she walked back to her home again.

In the meantime John Warren, the minister, had been calling at the Kenton home. Conrad opened the door to him and said his aunt was out. "Well, I want to have a talk with you, Conrad, if you don't mind," said the minister kindly.

As they sat together in the parlor the minister said, "Say, Con, old boy, I want to ask you a question. Did you tell me the truth when I spoke to you the other morning?"

"No, sir," said Conrad quietly, "I don't know what is the matter with me, but of late I have been telling lie after lie, and it does not seem as though I could stop. I have been acting so mean, and I

really cannot understand myself. My aunt says I have disgraced the name of Kerton, and I guess I have. I feel as though I could never hold up my head again."

"I am praying for you, boy," said the minister. "I know you have been having a hard time. These old natures of ours are very troublesome. But there is One who can give you a new nature and make you a new creation, who can give you a new heart and renew a right spirit within you. You know whom I mean, don't you, Conrad?"

"I guess I do. But I think I am too far gone for Him. He wouldn't want to have anything to do with a liar like myself. I think, Mr. Warren, I am the most miserable fellow that ever lived. I hate myself and I am sure God must hate me too."

"No, He does not, Conrad," said the minister. "God so loved the world, you know. That includes you. If you will just yield to God He will take the stony heart away and put a new heart within you. Won't you yield to Him?"

"No, not today, sir," said Conrad. "I don't feel God would take me today."

"I wish I could, but I just can't. Please leave me alone, sir." Conrad ran to his room; and the minister, having had some experience with boys, felt it better to leave him alone. "I will go on praying for the boy," he said to himself as he left the house.

It was nearing the last night of the old year. There was a watch night service at the church, and many people were giving thanks for the blessings of the past year. William Gibbs gave his testimony that he knew the Lord had healed him of tuberculosis, and praised God for being able to work again. Mary Gibbs also gave a very beautiful testimony, saying that she had proved in a new way during the past year that all things work together for good to them that love God.

It was nearing the midnight hour when John Warren said, "There are some who have not given their testimony here tonight. Perhaps they feel that the past year has been one of failure. They are here tonight utterly bruised and broken. The Lord is very merciful. His Word declares that a bruised reed will He not break, and smoking flax will He not quench. He delights to be merciful. On this last night of the old year He is willing to extend His mercy to all those who have need of it. All those who are conscious that they are sinners can accept His proffered mercy. We do not have to be good to receive His grace. Jesus died for the ungodly. If you are ungodly, if you are a sinner, you can be a candidate tonight for God's infinite mercy and grace. As the old year passes out, you can be done with the old things and enter the new year in the glorious knowledge that God, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, has made you a new creature."

He had no sooner made his appeal than a lad almost ran up to the altar. It was Conrad. He was weeping bitterly, and there was a cry on his heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Another followed — it was his aunt, and she too was weeping. "My heart is so proud," she cried "O my God, create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

Others followed. The minister prayed and others came around to help. Conrad suddenly sprang to his feet. "The Lord has saved me. Oh, how happy I am! How wonderful to think He would save a boy like me! My heart is just overflowing with joy. O Aunt, I am saved!"

Miss Kerton likewise arose. There was a new look in her face, a look of brokenness. "Tonight He has restored to me the joy of His salvation," she said quietly. "I am happy, too, Conrad, and from tonight everything will be different in our home." She clasped her nephew in her arms and pressed a kiss upon his brow. Then they knelt together at the altar and prayed for the keeping power of God to preserve them through the coming days. And just then the town clock struck twelve. — Standley H. Frodsham in "The Boomerang Boy and Other Stories." Used by per.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 20

### LIQUOR'S DEADLY WORK

One day Mr. M. Morrill's attention was called to a little pale, thin bootblack who had a bunch of bluebells in his buttonhole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots; then balancing a quarter on his finger, said:

"Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen for the flowers," pointing to the bluebells. The lad put his small hand over the flowers.

"No, sir, I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell."

"And why not, little man?"

The lad looked at Mr. Morrill so piteously that he was almost sorry he had asked him. He put his hand on the boy's head and said: "Excuse me for asking; you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides."

"I like you and I'll tell you. Just a year ago this month — and it has been such a long year I thought the bluebells never would come," and then he stopped and put his hand over his eyes as if to shut out some horrible sight. Presently he took down his hand and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some property, I've heard mother say; but that was before I was born. We got so poor mother had to go out to wash to get food for Bess and me. We lived in a little log house, a quarter of a mile from town.

"On Friday morning there was only a plate of corn meal and about two spoons of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she awoke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father, while she was away washing that day. She kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister,' she said.

"Bessie slept a long time, and I passed the time sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said: 'Baby is so hungry, Willie; get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you, and then we will have some breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was dreadful hungry. She got up and I dressed, washed and combed her. When we sat down to the table, Bessie just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out, 'O Willie, I am so tired of corn bread and molasses; I can't eat it. I want some meat and butter.'



"Don't cry, baby,' I said, stroking her curls, 'Mother will bring home something tonight.'

" 'But it is so long to wait!'

"Try to eat,' I said, and put a spoonful of molasses on her plate. She did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread. I thought she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat. It was a long day to both.

"Father had come home, and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie had laid her head against my arm and began to cry', 'I'm so hungry, Willie; mother stays so late tonight.'

"Don't cry, baby; mother will soon be home.'

"Of course she will!' exclaimed George Anderson. He lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap.

"Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes on the pretty bluebells.

"Come Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She stood up on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the bluebells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one, when someone jerked me off the step. It was father; he was almost crazy with drink. He caught Bessie and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?'

"She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do any thing,' she gasped out. Father let her go and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me, or I'll shake the breath out of you.' He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm. 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.'

"He looked at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry, look at the table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly.

"She began to cry and I tried to put my arms around her, but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything I can give you something to drink,' and he started down the path that led to the pond. Bessie hushed crying but she looked awful scared. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he said, when he reached the edge of the water, and I followed scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened. He waded in about knee deep, then took Bessie and put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, 'O Willie, take baby out!' but her curly head went down.

"I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her little head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he would not listen. She threw up her hands

wildly, there was a gurgling sound, then all was still. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up Bessie's white, dripping face. I called her name wildly, but her blue lips didn't move; she was dead.

"Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't get hungry for awhile,' he said.

"I was so stunned I never moved nor spoke, until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, so I waded out after them. The water was deep and on I went. It was up to my armpits now, now over my shoulders, still the bluebells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them. The water touched my chin. Another step and I caught them, and just as I did I heard mother call: 'Willie! O Willie! where are you?'

"I looked for father. He was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie! O Willie!' came mother's voice again.

"I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie! O Bessie!' I called. 'Here, mother, at the pond.'

"Father gave one mad leap into the water — he plunged in head down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk; so I crawled up to Bessie, and took father's straw hat, put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it. In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak.

"She lifted the hat from Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie; tell me quick.' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I finished she stood with clasped hands over Bessie and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot.

"Father had drowned himself; his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery alongside of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac. I put the bluebells in a little box and hung them around my neck. After the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever; but when I came to myself, the box was still around my neck; here it is," and he drew from his bosom the small box containing a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom. Then he looked Mr. Morrill straight in the eyes and said:

"Please, mister, don't ever vote for whiskey. It killed my father and dear little baby Bessie, and locked my mother up in the mad house. Please don't vote for rum."

Brother, sister, read this pathetic story; read it again and remember that every vote you cast for these rum-soaked politicians is a vote to perpetuate — yea, to SANCTION — the business which

killed this innocent girl and her drunken father, drove the loving mother mad and sent the brother into the world a homeless wanderer. Can you vote for the business?

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 21**

### **ON THE OTHER TRAIN**

#### **A Clock's Story**

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1:05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your horrid, stupid carelessness.'

"She —"

"She! You dummy! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey — got a pass up the road to the poorhouse. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her tonight, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1:05."

"Very well sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me now. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep; but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his greatcoat, and, bidding Simmons keep his wit about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down — it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poorhouse! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace! O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!" she sobbed out in prayer.

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when someone entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see — 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I am ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old Book, which he took, and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time." But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up train halted, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was soon hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night. I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poorhouse.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." — Gal. 6:7.

Young people, be very respectful to your father and mother. Obey them perfectly and let them not see a frown upon your face when you are asked to do something. Be as polite and gracious to your dear parents as you would be to a king and queen. Prepare for the future of your own life now by strewing little kind acts in the paths of others, for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

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## **Chapter 22**

### **ANSWERS TO PRAYER**

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

"And ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you." — Bible.

Children, we have a God who answers prayer. Read the following, then ask God to show you how to pray.

#### **When Queen Victoria Prayed**

There is an old lady, now past eighty-five years of age, who lives at Sandown, Isle of Wight, who has known and loved the Lord for many years, and who still carries on a wonderful work for Him. One of her tracts, which has been translated into Arabic and is being used in the Far East as well as in English speaking lands, tells the following beautiful incident.

Many years ago there lived on the Osborne House Estate an old lady, one of the late Queen's pensioners, who had a niece in a business house at Cowes.

One day this niece went to her aunt's cottage to tea, and during the afternoon Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, walked in, and remained some time, knitting and chatting with the old lady, and also had tea with them.

After tea Her Majesty said: "Now I will read a few verses from the 14th of John," which she did. Then, looking very kindly at the young girl, she said; "I wonder whether you are a Christian, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Your Majesty," replied the girl.

"How do you know you are?" asked the Queen.

The reply was: "Because I've been christened and confirmed."

The Queen made no answer, but gently said: "Now we will have a few words of prayer, so you kneel down. We old ladies will bow our heads, as our rheumatism will not allow us to kneel down."

Her Majesty then prayed, and in her prayer she said, "Lord, open the eyes of this dear young girl, and show her that, without a change of heart, she can never become a true Christian; and show her

that no outward observances can in any wise save her soul, and this I ask in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

When the girl related the above to me, she remarked: "Well, I have many times sung 'God Save the Queen,' but I never dreamed that I should hear the Queen pray to God to save me."

This prayer was abundantly answered about a year afterward, when this girl was truly converted, and was greatly used as a soul-winner. She is now with the Lord, and with Queen Victoria.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us" (Titus 3:5).

Thank God for the faithful witnessing of that true Christian, Queen Victoria, the great-grandmother of the young King of England. — Sunday School Times.

### **She Wrote a Book**

A little Chinese girl who prayed much told of her wonderful answers to prayer. Someone asked,

"Do you get answers to prayer that you can write in a book?"

"Yes, I do," she responded brightly, "lots of them."

"How long have you been writing them down?"

"I began last summer."

"And how many answers to prayer have you had in these eight months?"

"Well, I didn't get them all written down," she said. "I went away from home for a holiday, and I forgot to take my book with me. I did write on scraps of paper, but they got lost. However, I have a good many in my little book — I have a hundred and fifty. I do so want to learn to pray. I want to be a missionary, and I know that missionaries must be able to get answers to prayer. Do you think that, if I go on praying about everything, and writing down the answers God gives to me, by and by I shall learn to pray as Mr. Taylor did?"

"And, oh, it's so interesting!" she continued eagerly. "I used to be very fond of stories, but now I take my little book and read it through, sometimes from beginning to end, and it's much more interesting than any story!"

This little Chinese girl found a depth in prayer which many do not realize. — China's Millions.



## **Johnnie Sucked His Thumb**

A friend told me of a dear little fellow in Capetown whom we shall call Johnnie. He was in the habit of sucking his thumb. His parents tried hard to break him of it, but to no avail.

Finally, he went to the Lord about it. Kneeling in prayer he prayed,

"Dear Lord, will you please take the taste of this thumb out of my mouth?"

Instantly God answered, and his mother says that Johnnie has never sucked his thumb since and never even lifts his hand to his mouth in his sleep.

## **Putting Prayer into It**

Have you ever tried the secret? the secret of putting prayer into all you do?

Two little girls were one evening preparing for bed. Said Lily, in a cross voice, "I'm not going to pray tonight."

"Not going to pray!" exclaimed Amy. "Why not?"

"I don't care," was the answer. "It's no use; I'm not going to." So she tumbled into bed, while Amy prayed.

There was a long silence, after which Lily began to toss about restlessly. She could not settle; the bed, especially the pillow, did not seem at all comfortable. So, giving the latter a good thump, she said crossly, "I wonder what's the matter with this pillow." Amy, glancing up with a knowing look, said, "I guess it's because there's no prayer in it."

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The following is a clipping from a Canadian newspaper, and should be told around the world.

## **The Child on the Prairie**

"God came and sat by me all night."

That was the beautiful answer made by a little three-year-old child lost all night, a few weeks ago, on the prairie in Saskatchewan.

Barefoot, and clothed only in a flimsy frock, little Sophie Salley of Winyard wandered out and spent one Sunday night in the vast prairie solitude. Two hundred people scoured the country, and at last she was found quite safe.

"Were you frightened?" said one of them, and the brave child's answer may well be sent about the world.

"No," she said, "I prayed, as Mother had told me when I was afraid of the shadows in my bedroom, and God came and sat by me all night. He kissed me once, and I thought it was Mamma."

Does not God say, "I will be a father unto you;" and more, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you"?

### **Dinner at Twelve**

A quarter to twelve. Doreen Roberts glanced at the clock; then, stooping over the stove, raised the lid of the potato pan and peeped inside.

"Oh, it hasn't even boiled!" she gasped, and a look of fear chased all the brightness from her face. Hurriedly she opened the stove. The fire was black, except where a weak tongue of flame licked at the coal, and then died down again. In an instant Doreen flew for some kindling and, seizing the old bellows, blew desperately at the fire. Slowly it caught and blazed slowly — it seemed a whole age!

"O God!" she cried, "please do let the potatoes be cooked in time. I put them on soon enough, and it isn't my fault, dear Lord. Thou hast said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' I do call, Father. Oh! please deliver me, for Christ's sake."

Ten to twelve! and dinner at twelve o'clock sharp! "Sharp!" — that was the trouble. Doreen knew, only too well, that for dinner to be late was an unforgivable crime to her father. He was a man of ungovernable temper, and sometimes a little thing, like a late meal, would result in an outburst of terrible anger which might even last for days. Doreen and her mother dreaded these outbursts, and did everything in their power to avoid them.

Today Mrs. Roberts was ill, and Doreen was responsible for the dinner. Oh, those potatoes! Would they never boil? It was quite impossible now for her to cook them by dinner-time. And yet she believed her prayer would be answered somehow. God could do it. Yes! God could do it! Hadn't He promised to deliver if she called?

"God can do it," she repeated to herself as she watched the finger of the clock move on. "God can do it, and I do believe He will"

Five to twelve! and Mr. Roberts' step sounded on the back verandah. In spite of her faith, Doreen trembled. She felt the potatoes with a fork. They were still hard. Her father came in and sat down at the table. It was terrible watching the time slowly but surely passing, and seeing him sitting there, waiting for twelve o'clock, and the dinner that was not nearly cooked.

Two minutes to twelve! Doreen's heart quickened its beat. It was hard to keep on believing. Then suddenly, to her intense surprise, Mr. Roberts got up and walked through the back door.

The clock ticked on. It was twelve! It was past twelve, and still he did not return. The potatoes were boiling gaily and Doreen's heart was one great song of gratitude to God, who had promised to deliver. She went to the window and glanced out. Her father was talking to an old friend. Presently he came in again. "Mr. Austin's coming for dinner," he said; "he has just to go over to Sharp's, but he won't be more than five minutes."

"All right, Father," Doreen answered brightly. Mr. Austin was such a great favorite that he could keep dinner waiting for ten minutes, and she knew nothing would be said, and his talks would put her father into splendid spirits.

Her heart was as light as a feather when she welcomed him several minutes later, for God had delivered her gloriously! The potatoes were ready for dinner. — Vivian J. Russell.

### **God Answers Prayer**

Dr. Meyer was once crossing the Atlantic. The captain asked him to preach in the saloon on Sunday morning. He spoke on "answered prayer" and gave a number of illustrations. An agnostic was present, to whom some one said: "What do you think of Meyer's sermon?"

"Oh," he said, "I don't believe a word of it."

Dr. Meyer was speaking that afternoon to the steerage passengers. The agnostic picked up two oranges and put them in his pocket, and walked over to the steerage meeting.

As he threaded his way in and out amongst the steerage folk, he came across an old woman with silvery hair and a white face, her eyes closed in sleep, her head back and her hands open in her lap. He took the two oranges out of his pocket, and placed them in her hands, and went on to the meeting.

When he came back the old woman was munching one of the oranges. He said to her:

"You seem to be enjoying your orange!"

"Yes," she said, "My Father is very good."

"Your what? Your father can't be living."

"Oh," she said, "He is very much alive."

He said, "What do you mean?"

"Well," she replied, "I have been seasick for five days. This morning longed for an orange. I knew there were some in the saloon, but I wondered how we could get them in the steerage. As I sat here I asked the Lord to send me an orange. I suppose I must have off to sleep, and would you believe it, sir, when I opened my eyes, He not only had sent me one but He sent me two!"

"Why," he said, "is that true?"

"Absolutely true," she said.

The bottom fell out of his agnosticism on the spot. God does answer prayer, and sometimes uses infidels to carry the answer. — F. W. Pitt.

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If you would like to learn to pray in such a way as to get direct answers, read the following slowly and prayerfully and follow its directions. It is a fine guide to children.

## **How to Pray**

### **The Saviour's Voice**

"I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please Me; it is sufficient to love much. Speak to Me as thou wouldst to a mother, if she drew thee to her side.

Are there any for whom thou wouldst pray to Me? Repeat to Me the names of thy relation, thy friends; after each name add what thou wouldst have Me do for them. Ask much, ask fervently; I love generous souls who forget themselves for others.

Tell Me of the poor whom thou wouldst relieve, the sick whom thou hast seen suffer, the sinners thou wouldst have converted, those who are alienated from thee, whose affections thou wouldst regain.

Are there graces thou wouldst ask for thyself? Write, if thou wilt, a long list of all thou desirest, all the needs of thy soul, and come and read it to Me. Tell Me simply how proud thou art, how sensitive, egotistical, carnal, mean, and indolent. Poor child, do not blush; there are in Heaven many saints who had thy faults; they prayed to Me, and little by little their faults were corrected.

Do not hesitate to ask Me for blessings for the body and mind, for health, memory, success. I can give all things, and I always give when blessings are needed to render souls more holy.

Today what wilt thou have, My child? If thou knewest how I long to do thee good! Hast thou plans that occupy thee? Lay them all before Me. Dost thou wish to give pleasure to thy mother, to thy family, to those on whom thou dost depend? what wouldst thou do for them?

And for Me, hast thou no zealous thought for Me? Dost thou not wish to do a little good to the souls of thy friends who perhaps have forgotten Me?

Bring Me all thy failures, and I will show thee the cause of them. Hast thou not troubles? Who has caused thee pain? Tell Me all, and thou wilt pardon, thou wilt forget; and I will bless thee.

Dost thou dread something painful? Is there in thy heart a vague fear which is not reasonable, but which is tormenting? Trust thyself wholly to My care. I am here. I see everything. I will not leave thee.

Hast thou not joys to make known to Me? why dost thou not let Me share thy happiness? Tell Me what has happened since yesterday to cheer and console thee: an unexpected visit which did thee good; a fear suddenly dissipated; a success thou thoughtest thou shouldst not reach; a mark of affection, a letter, a gift, which thou hast received. I have prepared it all for thee. Thou canst show thy gratitude and give Me thanks.

Art thou resolved no longer to expose thyself to this temptation? not to finish this book which excites thy imagination? no longer to give thy friendship to a person who is not godly, and whose presence disturbs the peace of thy soul? Wilt thou go at once to do a kindness to this companion who has hurt thee?

Well, My child, go now; take up thy work; be silent, humble, submissive, kind, and come back tomorrow and bring Me a heart still more devout and loving. Tomorrow I shall have more blessings for thee. — Anon.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 23

### THE SPECTER IN THE HOUSE

The clock in the living room struck six deep notes. Mother turned the sizzling chops and lowered the gas under the potatoes.

"Daddy ought to be home now," she remarked casually, but there was an anxious note in her voice and a little frown on her forehead, flushed from the cooking. Helen reset the knives and forks nervously. Joey looked up apprehensively from his book. Only the baby continued to pile his blocks in solemn content.

Margy's comprehensive glance darted from face to face and, turning abruptly, she left the room. She ran upstairs and flung herself on her knees beside her bed. "O God," she prayed, "let him be sober! Let him be working overtime; let the cars be blocked; only, please, let him come home sober." Then she ran down again and, snatching her coat in the hall, called briefly, "I'm going to see if Daddy's coming." She stepped out into the night. There was a wet wind blowing and the street lamps made wavering pools of yellow light on the pavement still wet from the recent rain.

A figure turned the corner. No, that wasn't Daddy. Daddy was taller than that. She hurried through the street and stood at the corner, anxious eyes straining through the dark. Should she walk on to the car line? But then he might come the other way round the block. A dark figure passed under a distant street light. Did it lurch a little? Was it Daddy? The figure turned into another street and Margy waited, the wet wind curling the loose ends of her hair. "Let him be sober, God. Let him be sober." When he wasn't, it meant two days, possibly three, of erratic, intoxicated home-comings, accompanied by any chance-met stranger; of scenes, when Mother, tried beyond endurance, burst into hysterical tirades of reproach; then a day or two of devastating sickness and mute penitence before the blessed routine of work every day was resumed. Margy knew the sequence from repeated experiences. She knew, too, that the pay lost on these occasions was a tragic setback in Mother's struggle to make ends meet. Margy thought of the time when her father, her father, had fallen in the street, and her cheeks burned in the dark. "Let him be sober, God; let him be sober."

Another figure came under the street light. It was tall like Daddy. It wore a dark overcoat; it was Daddy! Margy started forward. He was walking very fast. That was a good sign. Perhaps the cars had been blocked. "Hello, Margy," he greeted her. She turned and walked beside him, proudly now. His face looked white and queer. She couldn't trust herself to speak. Together they entered the house. Daddy hung his overcoat and hat on the rack in the hall. But he always did that. He was meticulous about his clothes. Margy followed him through the living room into the kitchen. As he entered the room Mother's eyes, the children's eyes, instantly sought his face. There was an almost audible snapping of the tension. The baby knocked down all his blocks with a cheerful clatter, Helen busily

placed the chairs about the table, Joey shut his book without marking the page, and Margy uttered a fervent, "Thank you, God!" Daddy was sober.

"Hello, kids;" his greeting was genial but forced. Mother, her voice a little uncertain in her glad relief, questioned, "What kept you so late?" Daddy went over to get a drink at the kitchen sink. Above the splashing of the water he answered her. "Funny thing happened. Just as I was getting on the car a man came running to catch it and fell. He didn't get up again and we got off the car, the motorman and some other men, and I, to see what had happened. The man had been drinking. Evidently he had fallen before, for his clothes were covered with mud. This time the side of his head struck the curb and—" Daddy paused a moment and lowered his voice, "he was dead!"

"They searched him for some identification, and in his wallet was a picture of a woman with a little boy on either side of her. The car started before the ambulance came to take him away. But — all the way home I've been thinking —" He turned to Mother, the glass still in his hand. "Liquor's a bad thing," he declared censoriously. Mother faced him across the steaming platter of chops. Her lips barely moved. "Joe, Joe," she murmured, "I've always known that!" Daddy's look fell before hers. A little abashed he continued: "He might have been a pretty good fellow, and the drink finished him in a rotten way like that!"

"Think," said Mother tensely, "what it means to his wife and children to have him brought home like that —"

"I have been thinking about it, I told you, all the way home. I'm glad I've cut out the booze."

Masculine pride might put it like that, but Margy knew. This had been a great shock to Daddy. She dared to hope that he had learned his lesson. Mother thought so, too, by the way her eyes smiled on him across the table. The children's clatter was unusually gay. The baby banged joyfully on his high chair tray with a spoon. Margy ate ravenously, her heart beating to a paean of thanksgiving. How nice Daddy was. How dear Mother was! How lovely home was! — when the specter was not there.

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

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**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 24**

### **ALL ABOARD FOR ENGLAND**

After spending some time in the beautiful city of Capetown my husband and I embarked on a boat going to London. How glad we were to start toward home, but lonely to think of leaving our dear little daughter in the heart of the great Dark Continent of Africa — her beloved mission field.

After we had put out to sea, we found that there were a number of Christians on board. One of these was a professional young man by the name of Marsh, whose way was paid by the steamboat company, that he might advertise their line by radio and newspaper. He suggested that we have a Bible study class each day. So about seven or eight of us sat around a table reading the Bible every morning. Then we prayed.

As Mr. Marsh had been converted young, I asked if he would not write his story for this book: so here it is.

#### **A Reporter's Story**

As a youngster I went to Sunday School because I was told to go and everybody else seemed to go. I was glad when, feeling I was too old to go any longer, I was able to stop without my parents' raising any serious objection.

Not very long afterwards I finished my schooling and, feeling that I was now a "full-grown man," I began to smoke, took up dancing, and decided to taste my fill of the pleasures that were to be had in the world. I was then eighteen.

About four months after leaving school, I chanced to meet in a bus a schoolfellow whom I had not seen since we had parted at the school gates, each to seek our future in life. He had been taking part in a Boy Scouts game. There was no time to take down all the details before I reached my destination, so he gave me his address and told me to come out the next afternoon. That meeting led to several others, and I soon discovered that my friend had changed very much since I had known him at school. He seemed to be tremendously happy, always smiling, never complaining — in fact, it was obvious that he had something that I had not. I was the more astonished at this, as I had discovered that he appeared to have very little to be happy about: his father was a drunkard, his people had difficulty in making ends meet, and his home was far from happy. He mentioned that he was teaching a Sunday School class of colored children in the slums. I thought that this must be the secret of his happiness, and asked if I could go with him and teach too. He told me that it was a condition of his school that nobody should be allowed to teach there unless he was converted and



had surrendered his life to the Lord Jesus. There were several reasons for this, he told me, not the least of which was the danger of going into the slums unless God were protecting you.

I thought about this for three days and nights. I used to go for long walks along the sea front at night, struggling for courage to ask the Lord Jesus to take over control of my life. Those three days and nights were like hell in my soul, Christ and Satan battling for possession of it. I wanted the joys of the Christian life, but I did not want to give up any of the pleasures of the world. The thought of my friends calling me "religious," "a fanatic," or a "sissy," also troubled me and kept me from deciding. However, thanks be to God, on the third night I surrendered. Kneeling down at my bedside I asked the Lord Jesus to forgive me for my sins. I opened my heart to Him, and immediately He came in and filled me with tremendous joy and peace, and I knew that I was His. I very soon realized that God did not want to make me unhappy, and that if ever He asked me to give up anything, it was for my good, because He had something better for me. He could not give me what He wanted, however, until I had cast out something worthless that was occupying my heart.

One afternoon when we had dismissed our classes in the Sunday School in the slums, while one of the teachers was addressing us, I felt God speaking to me, and saying, "John, I want you to stop smoking!" I got "panicky" and tried not to listen. Several times the voice came, until in desperation, I said to God: "All right, God, You know very well I have not the power to stop smoking, because it has a grip on me; but I'm willing to stop if You want me to. Only You'll have to take the habit away; I can't do it." From that moment the desire to smoke vanished. I had an opened packet of cigarettes in my pocket. I kept it there for a fortnight just to see if the desire would return. It did not, and eventually I threw the cigarettes away. I have never since felt a desire to smoke.

That, I have found, is typical of the way the Lord Jesus works in our hearts if we only let Him.  
— John H. Marsh.

### **A Fortune in Smoke**

Young people, ask your banker how much money you will have in sixteen years if you deposit with him at compound interest the price of two packages of cigarettes for each day.

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 25**

### **A DOCTOR'S STORY**

Before entering publicly my profession as physician I was engaged as assistant in a hospital. In such a place one gets acquainted with a great deal of human suffering. But amidst these things the precious fruit, produced alone by the faith which is in Jesus Christ, is also to be seen.

This was nothing new to me, for in the earliest days of my youth I had had opportunity to see such fruit, and especially in the life of my dear mother. She had been a godly, pious woman, quite often telling me of the dear Savior, and many times I had been a witness of her wrestling in prayer for my soul's salvation.

But nothing had made a deep impression upon me. The older I grew, the more wicked I became. For the God of my mother I did not care in the least, but rather sought by all means to drive Him out of my thoughts. I was in danger of becoming a thorough infidel, but for the voice of my conscience ever accusing and reproaching me for not walking in the path of my mother, who was then in a far better scene than this world of sin and misery.

About this time an incident which crossed my life gave it an altogether different course.

One day a seriously injured hod-carrier, who had fallen a considerable height while climbing a ladder, was brought into the hospital. The case was hopeless; all we could do was to ease the pains of the unfortunate man. He seemed to realize his condition, for he was fully conscious, and asked me how long he would last. As it was in vain to keep the truth from him, I gave him my opinion in as cautious a manner as I could.

"So long yet!" he answered. "I thought it would be sooner, but He knows best."

"Yes, I believe I know it," I answered. And the man looked at me endeavoring to smile.

"I understand you very well, but I meant some one else," he answered with difficulty.

"Have you any relatives whom we could notify?" I continued.

The patient shook his head. He stood alone in the world. His only wish was to see his landlady, because he owed her a little sum and also he wished to bid her farewell. His desire was, of course, granted.

After a week of much suffering he died. I went to see him on my regular visits, at least once a day. What struck me most was the quiet, yea, almost happy expression which was constantly on his face. I knew he was a Christian, but about such matters I cared not to talk with him, nor hear.

After the man had died, some things regarding the deceased's affairs were to be attended to in my presence.

"What shall we do with this?" asked the nurse, while holding a book in her hand. "What kind of book is it?" I asked.

"The Bible of the poor man. His landlady brought it at her second visit. As long as he was able to read it, and when he was unable to do so any more, he kept it under his bed cover."

I took the Bible — and could I trust my own eyes? It was my own Bible, the Bible my mother had given me when I left my parents' home, and which later, when short of money, I had sold for a small amount — yes, I had sold it. My name was still in it, written in my mother's own hand, and beneath it the verse which she had selected for me. I stood as in a dream, but I regained my self-control, managing to conceal before those present my deep emotion. In seemingly indifferent manner and tone I answered the nurse: "The book is old and has hardly any value, let me keep it and I will see about the rest."

I took the Bible to my room. It had been used frequently. Many leaves were loose, others torn; the cover was also damaged. Almost every page gave evidence that it had been read very often. Many places were underscored, and while looking through it I read some of the precious verses, and a word I had heard in the days of my youth returned to my memory. With a deep sense of shame I looked upon the precious Book. It had given comfort and refreshing to the unfortunate man in his last hours. It had been a guide to him into life eternal, so that he had been enabled to die in peace and in happiness. And this Book, the last and most precious gift of my mother, I had actually sold for a ridiculous price.

The voice of my conscience could no more be silenced. I found no rest until I arose and came to Him whose love I had often repulsed, but who ever thought of me in love and compassion. By God's grace and mercy I was enabled to believe that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," of whom I seemed to be "one of the chief." — Sel.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 26

### THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE

Little William was a multimillionaire — that is, his parents were. His father, Mr. Borden, had become so by the manufacture of that popular brand of condensed milk that bears his name. Their little son never lacked anything that money could buy. Their home was one of luxury, and a popular resort for people of high society. Mrs. Borden was a wonderful hostess, but served wine at her banquets, not realizing the awful danger that she was placing around her darling little son.

There was a holiness church in the city, where Mrs. Borden sometimes went. She loved the simplicity of the place, and the heartfelt religion the people there enjoyed. It shone out through their faces and made them happy and contented, though some were very poor. Besides, it had changed their lives so that they were honest, pure and good. This awakened a desire in Mrs. Borden for the same kind of salvation. She sought and found, and went home to lead a new life.

Little William, who was then eight years old, felt that he too would like to become a Christian. His mother prayed with him, and in a short time he was converted. Then they together made a change in their home. No more wine was served, and a beautiful Christian example was set before their crowds of worldly guests.

As time went on, William felt called to go as a missionary to China and, while studying, kept that in mind. He was a humble child and at school played with rich and poor alike, but there was a great difference between him and them. They were after the world, but he was after godliness and the salvation of souls. As he and his dear mother often prayed together, the vision of his call became clearer and clearer.

When older he went to Yale University, but was called home on account of the death of his father. When he returned to school he wrote a letter every day to his grief-stricken mother, for he felt it his duty to make her happy. He and his mother were the closest of friends, and a great comfort to each other.

While in Yale, William carefully concealed the fact that he was wealthy. His friends knew that he was always generous toward the cause of Christ, but that he never seemed to have money for superfluities. He never smoked or drank and was careful to observe the Sabbath.

When he first arrived at Yale, he was greatly disappointed; for he found that most of the students were worldly and some were wicked. The state of morals was low, and he almost felt like going home. In one of his first letters, he told his dear mother about it all, adding, "The great majority smoke, go to the theater Saturday nights, and do their studying on Sunday. Rather a hopeless state

of affairs. I hope to be able to do something by the grace of God. I am thankful for all the true teaching I have had from you, dear mother."

Once, while William was at home for a short time, he was told that their butler would have to be dismissed on account of drink. William could not bear to see him leave a Christian home unsaved, so talked and prayed with him before he went.

One day William was standing in the door looking out, when he called his boy friend to come at once and see a fine car, adding that that was the kind he would like to have. "Why don't you get one?" asked his friend.

"Can't afford it," was his reply. That was always his temptation he said, but he considered it an unjustifiable luxury. Though he was a multimillionaire, yet he felt it would be a sin to have anything he did not absolutely need. Naturally it would have made him very popular to own the finest car at Yale University, but such popularity he did not crave. It was too fleeting to satisfy him. He chose rather to be humble and obscure, and to walk while the other fellows rode.

When jokingly asked when he was going to marry, he looked serious and said that he thought it would be cruel to ask a girl to go with him to such a hard field as China; and, as a woman always fared the worst, he had no intention of marrying. In a notebook he had written,

Yes, without cheer of sister or daughter,  
Yes, without stay of father or son,  
Lone on the land and homeless on the water,  
Pass I impatient "till the work is done."

William's heart was aflame with the love of God and a keen desire to save souls. He was not content merely to be studying; he wanted to do something for the Lord while he was in school.

There was a young man in Yale who was likeminded, so they two opened a mission down town. This proved to be a marvelous blessing, not only to the poor unfortunates who attended, but also to the students who from time to time assisted.

Naturally, William was very busy, yet he took time to write to a poor fellow in prison, and seemed always on the lookout for ways of helping people find God.

There was one thing that made him very attractive, i.e., when conversing, instead of speaking himself, he tried to get the friend to tell him about himself. This was not! only his training but was an index of the humility of his heart, and the tactful way he had of winning souls. He never boasted of his deeds but, after his death, his mother found that the receipts in his trunks showed that while he was in school he had given \$70,000 to the work of God

William's work was done early. He went to Egypt to study the Chinese language. While there he entered every open door for service for the Master, and united with others to put on a campaign for reaching the thousands of wicked people in that country, using his time and his money for the

salvation of souls. But suddenly he became very sick with spinal meningitis, and died in a short time. His dear mother and sister, who had left New York a number of weeks previous to make William a visit, arrived just one hour after his death. What sorrow and yet what joy, for he had gone to his reward early! This young millionaire still preaches by his wonderful influence.

In his notebook after his death, his mother found the following beautiful poem:

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy,  
That day and wondered "how."  
A ploughman singing at his work had prayed.  
"Lord, bless them now."  
Away in foreign lands they wondered how  
Their simple word had power;  
At home the gleaners, two, had met  
To pray an hour.  
Yes, we are always wondering how,  
Because we do not see  
Someone, unknown perhaps and far away,  
On bended knee.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 27

### WHEN I WAS A BOY

Wife has asked me to write a few lines telling young people how to keep from backsliding. Well, my parents said I was a good boy until I was twelve. At this tender age I commenced to earn my own clothes. While working in our blacksmith shop I heard bad men swear and tell vulgar stories and it was not long until I did the same. At the age of fourteen I begin to drink and fight. It was a great mercy I was born in the country, for had I been reared in town I am quite sure I would have been a drunkard. I went into sin fast and my father called me the "black sheep" of nine children. I broke up the school, and the teacher resigned; both parents despaired of my salvation.

However, I am happy to say that at the age of sixteen I, like Saul of Tarsus, was smitten with terrific conviction while lying in an old sled under the influence of hard cider. The snow was deep and it was a wonder I did not freeze on the way home from town. When the neighbors and wicked men heard that I was seeking salvation, they were astonished. But after three days and nights, during which I prayed until I could but whisper, I was powerfully converted. Many declared I would not "hold out;" but instead, it was all I could do to "hold in." The change was as great as that of a blazing sun bursting in upon a midnight hour. There were about fifty converted in the same revival, but for some reason most of them either backslid or became cold church members.

#### **May I now tell you how I kept saved?**

1. I refused to flirt and be foolish. This surprised everyone, since I had been so wild and clownish. But I declared I would be "out and out for God," as I had been for the devil.

2. I made a covenant with God to improve every moment and not waste time by going to places of amusement. I borrowed and devoured the deepest books I could find, especially such as Wesley's "Christian Perfection," Fletcher's "Holy Living," "Life of Madame Guyon," etc., etc.

3. I kept up my Bible reading and secret prayer. I went out to the old barn when it was zero weather, so I could get away from others, and pray and shout as loudly as I desired. Sometimes I would jump up on a box and preach to the corn fodder and hickory logs, telling them to repent or be lost forever. I did not then know that later on I must preach to people as dry as fodder and as hard to move as hickory logs.

4. I sat up in the "Amen Corner." This severed me completely from the worldly and compromise crowd, who sat in the rear of the church. It also made it easy and natural to say "Amen" and to kneel during prayer. I have kept this up for over fifty years; more than once this rule has opened doors to speak, sing, or pray; whereas those who did not do so, though perhaps better dressed and more highly

educated, were left behind. I am satisfied this is more important to beginners than is generally believed.

5. Another Covenant was to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Before my conversion I had no regard for Sunday, but now I spent the afternoons reading, singing and in prayer. Later, when at college, I could not do as others — write letters and do little odd jobs. Later, when in Jerusalem and Rome, wife and I did not feel clear to go sight-seeing on the Lord's day in order to get the worth of our money. And later, when evangelizing from coast to coast, I felt clear to lose a day, rather than travel on the Sabbath. As a result, for over fifty years I have had solid satisfaction enjoying the peculiar smile of God. Besides, I think it paid financially, for we have published over fifty books, at an expense of over \$75,000.

6. If I stumbled and fell, I did not stay down. I need not have fallen, but did so on several occasions. I will relate one: While plowing in an orchard, one of the horses bit into a young peach tree. I said, "Jewell, if you do that again I will give you an awful jerk." The next time we came around she did the same, not knowing what I had said. So the carnality that was still lurking in me got the mastery and I jerked her until her mouth bled. Then in addition I went around and hit her in the face with my fist. (This was the way I formerly did in the blacksmith shop, until father came running in, wondering if I was "killing the animal.") The Spirit was grieved and I felt condemned. "What shall I do? Give it up and go back into sin? No, I will kneel right here and ask forgiveness." I did so and soon regained the smile of God. Then I arose and asked pardon of the horse. She jerked back, but I said with tears, "No, Jewell, I will not strike you again, but I come now to ask your forgiveness."

This was a lifelong lesson to me, viz.: If I grieved God or others, I must not delay, but quickly fix it up and thus be reinstated. Listen, reader, if you always do this, you will not stumble the second time over the same thing. But if you delay, Satan will get the advantage and you may never regain your footing. This and other sad incidents set me to seeking heart purity. Others who had just as good a chance backslid because they failed to hold themselves to separation and crucifixion. Oh, take warning! — E. E. Shelhamer.

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## THRILLING STORIES

for

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### Chapter 28

#### LADDIE

Dr. John Carter was a London physician who, by untiring efforts, had risen in his profession until he enjoyed a most enviable practice and reputation. He was of humble origin, which fact he never concealed nor obtruded upon people's attention, but to those who had a right to be interested he would say,

"My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I don't even know if I had a grandfather. I owe everything to the good old doctor who took me in hand, and whose talent made the ladder by which I have climbed to success."

Now so highly was Dr. Carter respected that when he asked Sir John Meredith for the hand of his daughter, Violet, the baronet unhesitatingly gave his consent.

The doctor sat in his consulting room one evening with a recent "Medical Review" in his hand. He had been engaged to Violet Meredith two days and tonight, instead of reading, he was dreaming rosy dreams, as is fit and proper after two days wandering in fairyland. His reveries were interrupted by his manservant. "Please, sir, there's someone wishes to see you. I told her it was too late, but she wouldn't be put off no how, sir."

"What sort of person is she?"

"She appears to be from the country, sir — rather of a countrified, homely old body, sir."

"Well, show her in."

"Countrified, homely old body" — somehow the description brought back to Dr. Carter's mind his mother, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He smiled to himself at the thought, and even as he smiled the door was pushed open and before him he saw (with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respectful servant) his mother.

"Mother! Why, mother!" He kissed her furrowed old cheeks, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and again said, "Mother! Why, mother."

She was clinging, meanwhile, to his arm, sobbing out, "Laddie, my boy! Laddie!" with eyes too dim with tears to see his face clearly, or to notice how tall and grand her boy was grown.

"I must have a good look at you, Laddie, my boy.'" And then her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face.

All the pleasure was gone and embarrassment and disquiet lurked on the lines of his face. "How did you come, mother?" "By the train, dear; and it did terrify me more, nor a bit at first, I'll not go to deny it. But bless you, I soon got over it, and trains is handy sort of things when you get used to 'em, Laddie."

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, well, I thought I'd give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking I'd not be able to manage it. But I'm not such a helpless old body after all, Laddie."

"And when must you go back, mother?"

"Go back, Laddie? Not till you are tired of me, Laddie."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burn into a blaze while his mother rambled on describing her journey. He paid little attention to what she said, for his head was busy trying to form some plan to get himself out of this difficult position. He did not want to hurt or be unkind to her in any way; but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society; as to his engagement, he did not venture to even allow himself to think of Violet."

"Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them — her life and his? He talked on quickly and nervously, telling her how they would go tomorrow and find a snug little cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and how he would come and see her often, very often, perhaps once a week.

"You would like it, wouldn't you, mother?"

"I'm a weary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans, and maybe, deary, too old."

"You must go to bed now, mother. Come, think no more of it tonight; everything will look brighter in the morning. I'll show you your bedroom."

He left her with a kiss. She stood for some time quite still, looking at herself in the long mirror. "And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother, and it ain't no wonder."

Before Dr. Carter slept that night he came to a different conclusion. "Come what may, I will. I'll keep my mother with me, let other people say or think what they will; yes, even if it costs Violet, herself, as most likely it will. I'll keep my mother with me."

But at daybreak his mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door. "I'll never be ashamed of my boy, Laddie, God bless him."

When Dr. Carter found his mother gone, he said to himself with a sore heart. "She has gone back to Sunnybrook. See what a miserable cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding her brave heart. I will go and bring her back — she will be ready to forgive me before I speak."

But she was not at Sunnybrook. He searched diligently all day, but with no success and, tired and dispirited, he put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find her before another day passed. It was with a haggard, anxious face that he went to see Violet.

"I have something to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque and yet do justice to the kind, simple old heart; trying to make Violet see the difference between the old country woman and herself. And then he told her how she had come to end her days under his roof.

"I could not ask you to live with her and so I have come to offer to release you from your engagement."

"It is too late to think of that, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago and I will not let you off. And then, I have no mother of my own; and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like? She is your mother, and that is enough for me."

"Hate me then, Violet, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one would know, not even you; and I hurt and wounded her, who would have done anything for her Laddie, as she called me; and she went away disappointed, and I can't find her."

"We will find her, never fear, your mother and mine, Laddie."

Months passed. The search for the mother was altogether fruitless. The wedding had been delayed from time to time, for Violet had said, "We will find her first. We must find her, Laddie; and then we will talk of the wedding." They had not given up hope of finding her, or their efforts to do so; but it no longer seemed a reason for postponing the marriage and the wedding day was set.

One morning a few days before the wedding, Dr Carter was making his rounds through a great London hospital. He had been bending over an interesting case in the accident ward and, rising to pass on, found he had lost from his coat some flowers which Violet had given him. They had fallen by some quick movement into the next bed. An old woman's hands were stretched outside the bedclothes, and one of the hard-worked hands closed involuntarily upon the flowers.

"Here they are, sir," said the nurse. "Leave go the flowers, that's a good woman; the gentleman wants them. She's not been conscious, sir, since they brought her in. We don't know her name. I fancy she's Scotch, for I heard her say 'Laddie,' several times."

The words seemed to catch the unconscious ear, for the woman turned her head and said, "Laddie, Laddie."

"Mother, mother, is it you? Mother, speak to me!"

"There is some mistake," said the nurse. "This is quite a poor old lady."

"Yes, and she is my mother. I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my home if she can bear it."

But it wanted little examination to tell that the old woman was past moving. Love is stronger than death. Yes, but it cannot turn back the cold waters of death when the soul has once entered them. So all Carter found that he could do, with all his love and with all his skill, was to smooth, and that but little, the steep, stony road down Jordan. He sent for Violet, who came at once and, kneeling down with her sweet face close to the old mother's, said; "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart. He's been a good son to his old mother, and you'll make him a good wife; won't you, dear? God bless Laddie."

Then the limbs relaxed with utter repose and stillness of rest, for the night had come when no man can work — the holy, starlit night of death with the silver streaks of the great dawn of the Resurrection shining in the East.

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## THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

### Chapter 29

#### THE WIDOW AND THE JUDGE

Sometime about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the North-western railroad, between Oshkosh and Madison. In two of the seats facing each other sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the car, and they needed another to take his place. Come, Judge, take a hand, they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but after repeated urgings finally, with a flushed countenance, took a seat with them and the play went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the Judge from her seat near the end of the railway car.

After the game had progressed awhile, she arose, and with trembling frame and almost overcome with emotion, approached the group. Fixing her eyes intently upon the Judge, she said in a tremulous voice. "Do you know me, Judge?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge, pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said; "I was with my poor boy three days off and on, in the court room at Oshkosh, when he was tried for — robbing some bank, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

All faces were now sober, and the passengers began to gather around, and stand up all over the car, to listen to, and see what was going on. She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father was taken sick and died, he done all the work and we were getting along right smart. He was a stiddy boy till he got to keard-playin' an' drinkin', and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till mornin', and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him, when I knew he'd been so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of them got killed, when he'd bin to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run agin a fence, and a stake run into one of 'em; and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed.

"And so after awhile, he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew

worse than ever, and after awhile, he couldn't get work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit, and be a good, industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the morning I found he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off.

"After that time I got along as well as I could cleanin' house for folks and washing, but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested, and was took to Oshkosh for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking betimes. But recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. \_\_\_\_." pointing to Lawyer , who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I an' sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. \_\_\_\_, the district attorney. "And you, Judge , sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playin' keards most all the night an' drinkin'. But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though, if he hadn't got to playin' keards, he might 'a been alive yet. But, when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he would say: 'Why, mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for candy, or cigars, or something like that.'

"And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothin' with him. We used to think it awful to do that way, when I was young, but it just seems to me as if everybody nowadays was goin' wrong into something or other.

"But, maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it just seems to me, as if the very sight of them keards would kill me, Judge; I thought if you knew how I felt, you would not play on so; and then to think, right before all these folks! Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such as you, and then I can't help thinking that maybe if them that ought to know better than to do so, and them as are higher learnt and all that, wouldn't set such examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor gran'chile, my darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinoy."

A more eloquent sermon is seldom preached than was heard from that gray, withered old lady, trembling with age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, a poor, lone, beggar widow, stood before those noble looking men, and plead the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale, was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar, would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair and said: "Don't cry, granmam; don't cry, granmam." Eyes, unused to

weeping, were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say that, when the passengers came to themselves, they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.

### **A Tramp's Testimony**

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman tells of a tramp who wandered into a church service one evening, and when the pastor threw the meeting open for testimonies he rose and said:

"When I was a boy I attended this church. My father was an officer. There were seven of us boys in our Sunday School class. Our teacher used to take us to her home on Saturday afternoons. We had some music and refreshments, and then we would look over the Bible lesson for the next day. After a bit, she taught us to play cards. She taught us several tricks. Soon we asked for more of the cards and less of the Bible. Then we dropped out of the class and met elsewhere to play. We took to gambling. Two of those boys have been hanged. Three others are in prison for life. If the police knew that I was in town, I would be under arrest within ten minutes. All I have to say is that I wish my Sunday School teacher had never taught us to play cards."

Then he turned to leave the church. As he did a lady dressed in black staggered to the aisle and fell at his feet crying:

"My God, I am that Sunday School teacher."

Three million gambling prospects, and about the only voice that is raised in protest is that of the gambler who has reached the end of the road. — Moody Monthly.

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# **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

## **Chapter 30**

### **HOPE FOR THE DISCOURAGED**

When the mother of the author was a blushing maiden with eyes of blue and hair of gold, she fell in love with a school teacher — the city band-master. As she also was a teacher, they seemed well mated, and when he asked her to marry him she consented.

There was a secret about this, viz., she had felt the call of God to go south, and do home mission work among the colored people, but was rebellious, and to keep from obeying, accepted the proposal of her fiancee. All went well! They established a home and business, but mother's accusing conscience counteracted her joy.

In due time God blessed the home with five little girls. Every time one came, mother said to herself that she was thus further excused from obeying her call.

The children were carefully trained, and in early life each felt she must prepare herself to be a soul winner, and later each succeeded in entering the field either as author, editor, evangelist, pastor or minister's wife.

Of course dear mother rejoiced in this, but as she advanced in years, the call of former days returned. She was now more than willing to obey, but how could she begin? Her hair was white and her shoulders stooped; one hip was larger than the other, because she carried babies on it while she did her housework. She had one weak eye, and most of her beauty was gone.

I often found her in the attic weeping and praying over her rejection of God's call when young. "Julia, what shall I do?" she asked in despair. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel, but there is no pulpit open to me now that I am old."

In my Theology course I had just been reading the "Life of John Wesley." When barred from preaching in the Church of England, he entered every open door for soul winning. Once he preached from his father's tombstone. Thousands gathered in the fields to hear him. He held services in barns and homes and humble mission halls, and thus established preaching points in so many places that he had to employ others to help him. He had as high as sixty such places on one circuit, and thousands were converted to God.

It was in this energetic way that Wesley launched upon the world the great Methodist Church, which for years was one continuous revival.



I never knew just how to comfort my dear mother, only by saying that her girls were doing the work to which she had been called. (Strange, wasn't it, that God should so forget Himself as to put five girls instead of five boys into her arms to take her place in the matter of preaching!)

But one day the Lord gave me an answer. "Mother, why don't you do like John Wesley did?" I asked.

She lifted her fair face, red with weeping, and caught the Inspiration. Despair left, and at once she began making her slate — a programme for every day in the week and to that regime she held until the last. It was about as follows:

There was a little village two miles away called Browntown, and another which was rightly named Bugtown. At each of them, mother established a weekly service.

On Wednesday she visited the hospital and prayed with the sick and the dying. Then there was the Brickyard, where she took a company of young people for an open-air service.

One afternoon was reserved for calling on irreligious families. Mother always had prayer with them, and numbers were thus led to Christ.

Down in the city stood the great jail where the condemned criminals were kept. On Fridays mother visited these. Policemen bowed and smiled as she passed. The jailors knew her, and gladly let her in. She was taken to the top floor. A great key opened the death cell, and my little mother was admitted. The door was locked after her. She sat and talked with the murderer as though he were her own son, then she read from the Bible and asked him to kneel while she prayed. She induced him to confess his sins to God, and in her sweet simple way led him to Jesus.

For years, I believe, not one poor criminal in that large jail died unprepared, for mother led them all to God.

One of these men told mother that the following Friday he must die. He was a black man, and had few, if any, friends, and humbly asked if she would condescend to be with him in the hour of death. Though delicate and timid, she consented.

One morning I said to her, "Mother, where are you going all dressed up?" "I'm going to see my boy die," she said sweetly.

I don't know why I did not go with her. She was so frail and little, but I let her go alone. (I regret such things now since she has gone.)

When the sheriff brought the condemned man out of his cell, mother was standing near, waiting for him. His sad countenance brightened when he saw her and, drawing near, he said, "Mother, I'm going to be with Jesus in just a few minutes." So happy was he that he caught hold of a rafter or iron bar above him and took a swing as though in ecstasy.

Then the black cap was placed over his head and a rope around his neck, and in a few seconds he dropped — into the arms of Jesus, a trophy of dear mother's faithfulness.

Dear Reader: God has called you to do your best to win souls. Will you not consecrate your service this day unto the Lord? Seek the Baptism of the Holy Spirit at once and receive that Divine Power to lead men to Christ. Do not feel that it is too late, but begin now — this very hour, to help someone find Jesus. Have you obeyed your early call? If not, do as mother did, re-consecrate yourself to God and He will yet show you how to proceed.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me."

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 31

### CAPT. BALL'S EXPERIENCE

As Related by Himself

"I have had a strange experience," said Capt. Ball, speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making some very good trades; and one night I was riding home reckoning up my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start that I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions. It was starlight, and very still; I could hardly hear a noise but the field crickets, and the tramp of my horse on the dark road, when suddenly a voice said: 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Was it actually a voice? No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind; or rather, the voice of the Holy Spirit in the conscience. But the expression was just as distinct and unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. I went to talk with my minister. I wanted to get into the church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house and sit down in his study, where he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion, and its value above all other things in this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

"Capt. Ball, do you know the first thing to be done, if you would be a Christian?"

"I do not know."

"The Christian life — the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ" — said he, 'can be founded only upon repentance. Now, it is easy to say we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance by which I mean not only sorrow for sin and an earnest desire to avoid it in the future, but one that goes to work and seeks, as far as in our power, to make amends for every wrong we have ever done. Is there a person in the world, Captain Ball, who can look you in the face and say you have wronged him?'

"He knew my weak point. Every man has his weak point, and I suppose the lancet must be applied there first. That question was like a sharp-scathing steel driven to the soul. I writhed and groaned inwardly, and struggled and perspired a long time before I could answer. I saw it was going to be dreadful hard for me to be a Christian. I meant, however, to get off as easy as I could. So I determined to confess something which I suppose was known to everybody who knows me — my horse trade with Peter Simmons last spring.

"Did you wrong Peter?" asked the minister.

"'I shaved him a little,' I said.

"'How much do you think?' said he.

"'I let him have a ring-boned and wind-broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gayworth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So I honestly think I shaved him out of about seventy-five dollars.'

"'And with seventy-five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear your prayers for pardon with stolen money in your pocket?' said the minister.

"'I said something about a trade is a trade and men must look out for themselves when they swap horses but he cut me short. 'Your own soul,' he said, 'will not admit the excuses which your selfishness invents.' 'But the rule you apply,' said I, 'will cut off the heads of church members as well as mine. There's Deacon Rich: he trades in horses and shaves when he can. 'No matter,' said he, 'whose head is cut off; no matter what Deacon Rich does. You have to deal with your own soul, and with the Lord. A single dollar which you have unjustly and knowingly taken from any man without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability, will be like a millstone hung about your neck, to sink your soul into the sea of spiritual death!' I couldn't stand that. The Spirit of God used those words with terrible effect upon my heart. I was greatly agitated. I went away, but I couldn't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars and went to Peter and paid him, making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that I was conscience-stricken and had paid back the money.

"'Then I went back to the minister again and told him what I had done. He didn't praise me as I thought he would. He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it was to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary, he seemed to think that my hands were not quite clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged anybody else besides Peter. I tried to say no, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I was discouraged. It was, indeed, so much harder being a Christian than I supposed, that I regretted going to talk with the minister at all. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak.

"'In the way of business,' said I, 'no doubt I have taken advantage here and there — as everybody does — as church members themselves do when they can.'

"'What everybody else does is no rule for you and me,' said the minister. 'It is to be Christians in the fullest sense — not simply church members.' I felt the rebuke. 'Well,' said I, 'there is Deacon Rich — I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it we were transacting other business and by some mistake the note wasn't destroyed. I found it among my papers afterward. I lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people where he could. He had driven more than one hard bargain with me. So I concluded I would serve the Deacon as he would probably have served me under the same circumstances.

"I kept the note by me a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, maybe he would like to take up that note, which had been due then a considerable time. He was surprised — looked excited, and held out stoutly for awhile; but there was the note. There was no proof that it had ever been paid, and finally he took out his pocketbook and with some pretty hard words, paid it over again with interest.'

"'And now,' said the minister, 'what are you going to do about it?'

"'I suppose,' said I, 'the money must be paid back.'

"So I went to the Deacon the next day and told him that, on reflection, I was convinced that he was right and I was wrong about the first payment of the note — and returned the money — one hundred and thirteen dollars — a good deal to his astonishment. I hoped then all was right. I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he had such a way of stirring up the conscience and finding mud at the bottom when we flatter ourselves that, because it is out of sight, there is no impurity there. And I knew that, as long as I dreaded to see the minister, something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage which I had foreclosed on a poor man, and got away his farm, when he had no suspicion but I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I got into my possession property worth two thousand dollars, for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Door never actually realized more than half that amount. But the proceeding was legal, and so I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying: 'You have taken a poor man's land without giving him a just return: the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul; your heart will burn you, until, with justice, you wipe out your own injustice to him, and to all others whom you have wronged.'

"Against the decree of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was hard for me to raise a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed. I groaned and moaned over it in secret, and tried to pray; but that mortgage came right between my prayer and God, and Heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I went again to the minister. I told him my trouble, and asked him what I should do.

"'There is a simple test,' said he. 'Do you love your neighbor as yourself? If you do, you will be just to him, if it takes from you the last dollar you have in the world.'

"That was a terrible sentence. I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow. But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I could never have ended the struggle. I knelt before God and solemnly vowed for the sake of His pardon and love, I would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give up, if need be, all I had in the world, so that I might find peace in Him. A strange, soothing influence came over my soul, and seemed to say, 'Though you lose all you have, God and Christ and the blessing of a heart pure and at peace shall be left you.' And in the solemn nighttime after I gave up the struggle, that comfort seemed to me so great and precious that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty and to go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing to my heart. The next day I was as light as if I had wings. Nothing

could keep me from going to Isaac Door, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket and a note for the remainder of what I owed him.

"Poor Isaac had grown discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children and go to California. His children were crying and his wife was in an extremity of despair. She received me a great deal better than I had anticipated. I had acted according to law she said, and Isaac, careless and improvident, was greatly to blame.

"Yes, said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, 'it was a savage game you played me, but I was fool enough to get in debt as I did, and then fancy that any man would not take advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined, in consequence, and here you see this woman and babes —'

"He broke down as he looked at them and then cried like a child.

"Isaac,' said I, as soon as I could speak, 'I have come to show you that a man can be honest even when the law doesn't compel him to be. I want to do right because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babes yet, unless you prefer to.'

"Prefer to — go off in a strange country and leave them here to suffer,' he cried, and caught his children in his arms and wrung his wife's hand and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note; and such surprise and happiness I never saw. They would have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if Heaven were opened then and there — and it was opened in my heart with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before."

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 32

### "SAVED BY FAITH"

A student in a military school was about to be graduated with honors; but he broke some rules, and the rebuke he received from his father made him so angry that he vowed he would live at home no longer.

But he became calmer, regretted his hasty temper, returned to his father, threw his arms about his neck, and said: "Father, I have done a very wicked thing. I am sorry I have abused you so. Can you forgive me?" A quick embrace and a father's kiss removed the sense of guilt, and never afterward did the son treat his father with disrespect.

This young man later entered the army and became a colonel. He was wounded in battle; gangrene followed, and thus his father found him. Life was nearly gone and he was expected soon to die. He rejoiced to see his father, but said in a faint voice, "You must do the talking now; I am almost gone."

The father returned from a short walk with the surgeon, and the colonel asked him to sit down by him.

"Have you been talking to the surgeon?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"What did he say about me?"

"He says you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not more than four days, and you may go any moment."

"Father, you must not let me die now," he exclaimed. "I am afraid to die. I am not prepared to die. If I must, do tell me how. I know you can, for I have heard you do it for others."

This was no time or place for tears. There was work to be done. There was no hesitation. Instantly the Spirit said to the father, "Tell him of the school incident. That is what he wants; I have held it in reserve for this moment."

The father said, "My son, you feel guilty; do you not?"

"Yes, that makes me afraid to die."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"Yes, can I be?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Do make it so plain that I can get hold of it," he said, raising his feeble arm and closing the hand as if to grasp it.

"Do you remember the school incident of years ago.

"Yes, very distinctly. I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming."

"Do you remember how you came back into the house, and, throwing your arms about your father's neck, you asked him to forgive you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said, 'Forgive you with all my heart,' and he kissed me."

"Did you believe him?"

"Certainly, I never doubted his word."

"Did that take away your guilt?"

"Yes."

"That is just the thing for you to do now. Tell Jesus you are sorry that you have abused Him and ask Him to forgive you, just as simply and sincerely as you did me. He says He will forgive; and you must take His word for it just as you did mine."

"Why, Father, is that the way to become a Christian?"

"I do not know of any other," was the reply.

"That is very simple and plain; I can get hold of that."



Very much exhausted by this effort, the colonel turned his head upon his pillow to rest. The father, having done his work for the dying son, sank into a chair and gave way to tears, expecting soon to close his son's eyes in death. That painful suspense was not to last long. It could not. It did not. A change had taken place. A new life had come to that soul. Its first utterance changed the tears to joy.

"Father, you need not cry any more. I don't want you to. I want you to sing. It is all right with me now; I'm happy; Jesus has forgiven me. I have told Him how sorry I am that I have abused Him so, and He has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says He will, and I have taken His Word for it, just as I did yours. I am not afraid to die now; I don't think I shall. I feel the stirring of a new life within me, and with it comes the feeling of a new life in my blood. I want you to sing that good old hymn we used to sing when I was a boy at family prayer:

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies'."

Immediately the life current which was rapidly ebbing away began to flow back. The pulse, beating at the death rate, began to lessen, the eyes brighten, the countenance to glow with new blood, the voice to be natural, the sadness of that afternoon to give place to cheerfulness and hope. The surgeon coming in, as was his custom every day, to watch the rapid progress of the dreaded gangrene, put his fingers upon the pulse and said with great surprise, "Colonel, your pulse is wonderfully changed; you look better. What has happened?"

"Father has shown me how to be a Christian" replied the colonel, "and I have done it. I am better. I am going to get well."

When the wound was undressed the next morning, the whole mass of rotten flesh fell to the floor — the gangrene was arrested — its work ended. The surgeons, throwing up their hands, exclaimed, "Great God! This is a miracle. God only could do this!" —Anon

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## Chapter 33

### THE QUAKER GIRL'S DREAM

I dreamed I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the center, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod fastened upright in the ground with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, "The measure of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up at the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions — his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul growth which was shown in this mysterious way.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, "Surely E. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed."

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied E. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life then when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy.

Then came Lillian. She was a society girl and had plenty of money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low — so low that Lillian turned pale as death and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can thee grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next — poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

And then, O, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter and, though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark — Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "O give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I next come. This rule will help thee, 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord in singleness of heart as unto Christ.'"

And with that I burst into tears, and suddenly awakened to find myself crying. But, O, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark —. — Measuring Rod.

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# THRILLING STORIES

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By

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## Chapter 34

### A WHOLE FAMILY SAVED

Mrs. A. G. Ball, a prominent Christian worker of Los Angeles, Calif., tells the following:

When I was a little girl, almost everyone believed that the Lord could not save young children.

I had a fine Christian mother who taught me very carefully. So strictly did she impress upon me the fear of being thought a thief, that I can remember always holding my hands behind my back when I entered a grocery store, lest someone should think that I was taking something that did not belong to me.

When I was eight years old, our family attended a meeting held in a large tent. As the preacher spoke, it was deeply impressed upon me that I was a great sinner. It seemed that a heavy weight pressed right down upon my heart. When the altar call was given, I timidly slipped up the aisle and knelt among the older folk who were there.

Soon Christian people were praying with those at the altar, but to my disappointment, no one came to pray with me. They prayed earnestly for those all about me, but I was left alone. Finally, one woman came over near me and said,

"Well, God bless little Mabel!"

But that was all she said. How I longed for someone to show me how to get saved. I cried, asking Jesus to forgive my sins, not knowing that I must trust Him to do it. And so when the meeting was over I went with the heavy load still in my heart.

Because I was not saved at that time, I was twenty-one years old before I gave my heart to Christ. How glad I am that Christians now know that children are the very ones that Jesus wants to save, for they have their whole lives to give to Him.

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And now we shall let Mrs. Ball's daughter tell how her mother was converted. The writer was well acquainted with the family. Here is the story:

When I was three-and-one-half years old, father took mother and me on a sad trip from Portland, Oregon, to Los Angeles, in the hope that the warm sunshine together with the skill of the doctors in a famous sanitarium might bring her back to health. The trip was a last hope.

The first Sunday in the strange city of Los Angeles seemed lonely. In the evening, father said,

"Let's go to church."

"What church shall it be?" questioned mother.

"Your mother's church," said father "She is a real Christian. And if I ever 'get religion,' I want the kind she has."

So we found a Free Methodist Church on East Sixth Street. As they sang familiar hymns and listened to the Gospel sermon, strangely, mother and father were both thinking the same thing. Their loneliness in the strange city had made them feel their need of a Great Friend. When the invitation was given they both went forward and knelt at the altar. A kindly woman sitting near by kept me.

"Why are mother and father crying?" I enquired.

"They are asking Jesus to make them good," the woman told me.

"Oh, they are already good," I objected, beginning to cry myself. And with that I slipped up to the altar and knelt between my parents.

Soon mother and father were smiling instead of weeping, for God had forgiven their sins and filled them with a new joy. How good the faces of Christian friends around them looked! Now there seemed to be a new purpose in living. With Christ to help them, life was surely going to be brighter and better.

All of this I did not understand. But when we reached our rooms, father set me up on the table, and explained that now we were all going to live for Jesus. We were going to go to Sunday School and church instead of to movies and dances, and we were going to have God to live in our hearts and to help us to be like Him.

It must have been just then that I said to the Lord Jesus, "Come into my heart, too." For after that it was so much easier to be good. Before, I had cried to go in whenever I had seen a movie theater, but not now. I loved the Sunday School and the songs about our Lord. Christ had made our whole family over into a brand new one!

Before we had taken mother to the sanitarium, a wonderful thing happened. Mother had been reading her Bible, and she came across many promises, such as this: "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it."

One morning she knelt by a kitchen chair, and prayed, "O God, if You want me to live so that I can raise my little girl and teach her to love You, I pray, in Jesus' name, that You will heal me, and make me well. I know that You can do it. Amen."

And from that day mother began to get better rapidly. The doctor had said that there was little hope that she could live, but the Great Physician said differently. And how much my Christian mother and father have meant to me! And how glad I am that I gave my life to the Lord Jesus when I was three-and a-half years old!

I began at once to learn to read a little book of Scripture texts which a kind old gentleman gave me, and they were a great help to me. Whenever, because of mistakes or disobedience, the light grew dim, Jesus quickly forgave and pointed the way again. — La Verne Ball Davis.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

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By

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## Chapter 35

### QUICK ANSWERS TO PRAYER

#### The Chemist's Mistake

An earnest servant of God was endeavoring to arrest the attention of passers-by as he stood in the midst of a small crowd at the side of the promenade, faithfully telling of the love of God to sinners. Many were passing to and fro, and there were some quiet, thoughtful listeners. But presently the speaker was interrupted by a voice:

"That's all wrong. The Bible is false; there is no God and no Heaven."

But the speaker went on with his address, notwithstanding the interruption, and shortly after the meeting was closed and the people separated.

We will follow the interrupter. Poor fellow, his heart was full of bitter enmity to the truth, and he tried to persuade himself, and others, too, that religion was all a sham. But it was with poor success, in spite of his loud talk.

He was a chemist, and as he turned into the shop and looked at the clock, he decided that it was time to close up for the night. But just then there came a timid little girl.

"What do you want?" was the impatient question.

"Please, sir, mother's sick, and will you give her this medicine?"

"Too late; come in the morning."

"Oh, but please do; she is so sick; please give me it."

With a grumble he made up the prescription and away went the girl.

As the chemist proceeded to replace the bottles and turn out the gas, his eye caught the label on the last bottle he had taken up, and to his horror he saw at once that he had made an awful mistake, and put in some deadly poison.

"What can I do? The girl is gone. I know nothing of her — don't know where she lives — perhaps her mother has taken, it even now!"

As he thought, the cold perspiration began to come out at every pore, and he stood in terror.

"If the woman takes the medicine there is no hope — I shall be a murderer. What shall I do?"

What hope, what comfort could there be for him, a man who did not believe in God? In spite of his cold denial but an hour or two before, the man fell on his knees just where he was, behind the counter, and cried aloud:

"O God; don't let the poor woman take that medicine!"

God, who leads the blind by a way that they know not, was surely leading this poor, restless sinner to the knowledge of Himself.

Scarcely able to move, in utter helplessness, the chemist knelt, repeating his prayer.

Just then he heard some one open the door. Looking up, he saw the child, and she was crying.

"Oh, please, sir, I'm so sorry. I was hurrying, and I fell down and broke the bottle. Oh, please give me some more medicine!"

The chemist was almost overcome with joy. The child's fall had prevented an awful death.

God — yes, there is a God — He had indeed heard his prayer.

"Yes, my dear, I'll give you some more don't cry." With trembling hand and beating heart and mind all aglow with wonder and relief, the chemist carefully made up the prescription again, and the child gleefully ran off once more, her lips full of thanks for this kindness.

The lights were put out, and the door locked, and the chemist went home to his room, to be alone with God — God whom he had treated so terribly in the past, and whose Word had been mercifully fulfilled in his behalf, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee."

As a repentant sinner he sought and found pardon and peace through a crucified, risen and exalted Savior at God's right hand, and since then it has been his delight to make known the love of Christ to others.

### **A Child's Prayer of Faith**

Tommy Brant was a bright little five-year-old boy who lived in the big city of Chicago. One day his father was brought home on a stretcher. He had been shot. There were two bullets in his body and he was dying.

Tommy's mother had trusted Jesus as her physician for many years, but when she saw her husband lying there so white and still she forgot that the Bible says that all things are possible with God, and



all things are possible to him that believeth, and she sent straight away for two surgeons. They probed the wound, but could not find the bullets, and told her and there was no hope, and went away.

Tommy heard the surgeons say that his father could not live, but it did not trouble him, for he had learned to pray and Jesus always answered his prayers. So without saying anything to his mother he ran away to his closet where he always prayed. After while, his mother found him there and said, "Come to mother, darling." "I'se can't come now, mother, I'se praying for father." The mother went away broken-hearted to think that her husband must die, and little Tommy would lose his faith in God, because his prayers would not be answered.

After while, she went to the little lad again and said, "Do come to mother, darling." He said, "I'se can't come yet, mother, I'se done praying. I'se waiting for the evidence." The poor mother went back to her dying husband more sorrowful than ever. After while, a bright cloud came down and settled all over the darling boy. He jumped from his knees and ran to his mother shouting, "I'se got the evidence! Father will live."

The dying man opened his eyes and smiled. By the power of God those bullets moved slowly to the surface and dropped out and the wound healed. In about ten days, Tommy's father went back to his work to tell the workmen how God heard and answered the prayer of "a little child." — A Tract.

### **A Quickened Memory**

The following incident is from the life of Rev. H. W. Hodge, who was saved and entered the ministry under my husband's labors in Atlanta, Georgia.

That was a lonely day when I had been at school in Lee County (Ala.), "Rocky Ridge" Schoolhouse, in 1869. I was asked that day to memorize seven pages of ancient history and was informed by the school teacher that missing one word I would "have the hide taken off" my back. This happened when I was eleven years old, and while the teacher, with his eyes dancing in his head like yellow lights, pointed me to my seat and fixed the next morning at ten as the hour of recitation. Over that mountain road with tears in my eyes I wandered, and reaching home soon informed my precious mother of the impossible task and the doom awaiting me next day.

For once I found that no human help could avail. Mother sat up late trying to coax into my head the triumphs of Caesar and Hannibal. The fear of coming punishment deterred me from memorizing one word of that seven-page history lesson. Mother persuaded me to retire and rise early when memory would be fresh and the lesson easy. I retired, but sleep fled; my flesh was cold and clammy; yet rising I fell to the study, but alas, of no avail. My hope sank. I could even then feel the seasoned hickory cutting great, long furrows in my quivering flesh. Mother said, as she handed me my little tin dinner bucket, "There is one chance for you, my son. Go down in the woods just this side of Rock Ridge Schoolhouse and ask God to help you learn the lesson, for He is a God who will answer prayer!"

Over the road I trudged with steps of lead, reaching the deep pine woods within five hundred yards of the school. I took mother's advice and crept down under a great pine tree, crying to God as

a poor boy all undone and helpless, for assistance to learn the long lesson. In a moment, like a flash, I was conscious the help had come to me from the eternal world, my first message which ever went through to God and my first conscious prayer from God. I sprang up with a new life and bright hope, my mind working like lightning. I ran to school, opened the history, and literally ate the seven pages of history, kernel and core, until the teacher called me at ten o'clock. My answers were so perfect that the irate teacher looked me over (a rapture betrays itself) and said: "Young fellow, you saved your hide; go to your seat." It was God who answered my cry that day.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 36

### THE INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning about eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac River, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove, in a retired place, to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along amusing each other with idle jests, the bell of a church in a little village not two miles off began to ring. It sounded in the ears of those thoughtless young men as plainly as though it were only on the other side of that little stream along which they were walking.

Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped, and said to the friend nearest him that he would go no further, but would return to the village and go to church. His friend called out to their companions, who were a little ahead of them: "Boys! Boys! come back here; George is getting religious; we must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him by immersion in the water. In a moment they formed a circle around him. They told him that the only way he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them. In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said:

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water, and hold me there till I am drowned; and, if you choose, you can do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles away from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father, and offered to take me without any charge. He was very anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left in her. At length, after many prayers on the subject, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject till the morning when I was about to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked me if everything was ready. I told her all was ready, and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head, she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe, till the day of my death, I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother's heart, in parting, for the last time, from her youngest child. When you leave home, you will have looked, for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can.

Your father cannot afford the expense of your making visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sand in the hour glass of my life has nearly run out. In the far off strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to give counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me farewell!

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. By God's help, I mean to meet her in Heaven."

As George stopped speaking the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed around him was opened. He passed out and went to church. He had stood for the right against great odds.

They admired him for doing what they had not the courage to do. They all followed him to church. On their way there, each of them quietly threw away his cards and his wine-flask. Never again did these young men play cards on the Sabbath.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in Heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the church. Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good Christian woman. And, if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors, we should have a good illustration of a mother's prayers. — Anon.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 37

### THE POWER OF THE CROSS

Bishop Berry gives the following story:

And it all came about through the power of a Name.

"I was traveling through the southern end of New Mexico when our train stopped at a little station below Deming. Several men came into our coach. One of them sat down beside me. He was an athletic young fellow, rather good-looking, and his dress belonged to the frontier region through which we were passing.

"I greeted the young man as he sat down and we began to talk. While we were chatting, I noticed that he was looking at me closely. Presently he turned sharply upon me and asked, 'Is your name Berry?'

" 'It is,' I replied.

" 'I know you,' was his hearty rejoinder, as he reached out his big brown hand. 'You were at our house when I was a kid, and I have never forgotten you,' he went on. 'Don't you remember when you visited our house at Adrian?'

"I remembered.

"Then I knew that the young fellow was from Michigan, and that his father was an old friend. It dawned upon me also that I had heard my friend's laddie had become wayward and had gone west. Then sitting by my side as the train rumbled along, he told me a remarkable story, told it with a kind of realism that made it very vivid and clothed with dramatic power:

"A little while after you were at our house,' began young Bickle — Joe Bickle was his name — 'father and I had a difference. I became very angry, and said some things I ought not to have said. That night I ran away from home. A week later I was in the Sherman House at Chicago, and met a young fellow from northwestern Ohio, who had also had trouble at home and had left abruptly. We struck up an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship. There was something in the circumstances, so similar, which caused us to run away from home, that drew us together and made a common bond. We each got a job and saved our change, and finally came to Denver.

"In Denver we went bad,' he confessed. 'We learned to drink and gamble and went into sins that should have made us shudder. After a few months we drifted down into New Mexico.

"One afternoon,' continued Bickle, 'my friend Clark and myself were in the back room of a saloon, playing cards with two Mexicans. A dispute arose over the game and angry words were spoken. Without warning, one of the Mexicans pulled his gun from his belt and shot Clark through the body. The poor fellow's face turned white, as he rolled off his chair to the mud floor of the room. I was too horrified to speak or act, but I heard Clark say: "I guess I'm done for, Joe, but I can't die here. For my mother's sake, take me out of this place."

"With the help of an attendant, I lifted my chum and carried him out of the saloon, across the narrow street, and in the shade of a tree on a little hill. Then I took off my coat, made it into a pillow, and laid the poor fellow down upon the rock ground.

"He was quiet for a few minutes and seemed to be scarcely breathing, but then he opened his eyes, and whispered pathetically: "Joe, I can't go this way. Both of us were taught to believe in God, and that Christ is merciful. Maybe He would be merciful to me if we'd ask Him. Won't you pray a little for me? I've tried, but this pain hurts me so I can't keep my mind on the prayer."

"I wondered for just a moment whether I could venture to pray, but I had gone so far away from God, and had been so reckless and wicked, that I dared not try to pray, so I shook my head. Excepting for the low moaning that escaped his lips involuntarily, Clark was very still for a time.

"In a few minutes, however, he looked straight at me, and said: "Old man, I've been trying to remember some of the words of the Bible that tell of God's mercy to sinners, but I can't get any of them. Won't you get some of those words for me?"

"I reached back through the years, and tried to compel my memory to reproduce some of the promises I had learned when a boy. Soon I got hold of one word that suggested another. Then a verse came to me, and another, and another.

"He asked to be lifted to a sitting posture. Then after steadying myself, he said slowly: "You will never know how much those words from the Bible mean to me. How wonderful! I never saw them so wonderful before. They seem to be just for me. Now, my chum, do one thing more. Sing one of the songs we used to know back home, something about His mercy."

"I tried to remember some Gospel song. At first the silly ditties I had learned on the frontier came to mind. I could also recall snatches of college songs. But for anything serious my mind seemed to be a blank.

"Suddenly, like a flash, there came out of the rubbish of memory a line of an old hymn. That line suggested the stanza and other stanzas. With my arm around my dying chum I began to sing in a low voice,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"The eyes of my friend were fixed upon me as I sang the first stanza. Then I began the second:

"Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

"Before the next line was reached I saw that Clark was trying to lift his right hand. He got it partly up and it fell by his side. Then he tried again. He seemed to be reaching for something he clearly saw.

"Just as I was singing,

"Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

he pushed his hand a little higher, clutched at something above him. He seemed to grasp it.

"Then, turning a radiant face to me, he said: "It's all right, Joe. It's the Cross, I've got hold of it, and I'll never let go!"

"In a moment his hand dropped, and he leaned more heavily upon me. I was startled, and looked down into his face. Clark was dead."

Then Bishop Berry wrote to Clark's mother, telling of her boy's last moments.

Her reply was full of gratitude, and she said, "I felt sure my boy would be saved. I had prayed for him every day since his birth. I never relaxed my hold upon God. Somehow I always had the assurance that he would be brought back." "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

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## **THRILLING STORIES**

**for**

**Young and Old**

**By**

**Julia A. Shelhamer**

### **Chapter 38**

## **A GLORIOUS VICTORY**

"A VICTORY, a glorious victory!" shouted Horace Fleming. "Did not I tell you, uncle, that Old England never would be beaten? Though Frank is at the front he will be all right, you may be sure."

Frank Conyers was an only son of Mr. and Mrs. Conyers, heir to a considerable property. He had been educated carefully; and his parents had hoped he would eventually take his place as owner of a large inheritance. But Frank was filled with thoughts of military glory, and gave his parents no peace until they consented to his entering the army. His military career had been a short one; but now, amid the stirring scenes of the war, he was seeing the realities of a soldier's life, also its hardships. He had been wounded, and his parents fondly hoped that he would be satisfied now. They had been anxiously looking for a letter announcing his speedy return home "invalided," when Horace Fleming rushed in with the news of a glorious victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Conyers were so well acquainted with the courageous and daring spirit of their son that they knew he would be an actor in the scene again, if able to mount the horse. But his wound had been so recent they hoped he was still too unwell to make any such attempt.

Slowly passed the hours of suspense until the full information anxiously looked for, yet dreaded, was received; and then the shock was none the less when a letter from the War Office was received, in which were these words, "I am truly sorry to inform you that on the 6th instant, in the desperate charge of the cavalry, your gallant son, Lieutenant Conyers, fell while bravely cheering on his men." They seemed to burn like letters of fire before their horror-stricken gaze. Thus the worst of their fears came upon them in all its sudden horror, and the bereaved parents were utterly prostrated beneath the blow. In vain well-meaning friends spoke comfort, but they sorrowed as those who have lost their all.

How fearful is affliction when the mourner cannot flee to Him who binds up the stricken heart; when the bright hope of the Christian believer is unknown! This was the grief that had fallen upon the unhappy parents of Frank Conyers. As their lives were of the world, worldly and with no thought, no hope beyond, bitter beyond expression was the agony of their grief.

The first transport of sorrow was succeeded by a sullen despair; when their affliction was re-awakened by the arrival of the baggage and effects of an only son cruelly torn from them. In the agonies of her grief, the mother clasped the garments of their son, which spoke to her so plainly of him. At last, as poor Frank's desk was lifted out of the packing case, Mr. Conyers seized it with a sudden hope that some word from their son might be found within it.



As his trembling fingers sought for the key, and fitted it to the lock, how well he remembered the day on which he had given the desk to Frank for a birthday present, made after his own directions, with a secret drawer! After a moment's delay, caused by his shaking hands, the private drawer revealed to view a thick letter, addressed,

"To my beloved Father and Mother."

With a cry Mr. Conyers summoned his wife and with straining eyes they read together: "Dearest Father and Mother, — I am once more out of the doctor's hands and pronounced 'fit for duty;' and as I may now be called into action at a moment's warning, I write you a letter which will, should I fall, tell you my whole heart. I have often thought since I was wounded, you would not have had a last word from me to speak comfort to you. But could I have written then, how different would it have been! I should have told you that I had been wounded and died for the honor of my country, and tried to soothe your sorrow for my loss by the thought that I had fallen gloriously on the battle-field. But now! oh, my loved ones, should I fall in the impending engagement, I shall die a victor through the blood of the Lord, even Christ my Lord — not an earthly victor, but victorious over death and the grave, my soul going with joy to meet the great Captain of my salvation. I think I see your astonishment, dear parents, as these words meet your eyes; and I hasten to tell you how I came to have such views and feelings — those hopes, nay, certainties, which fill me with a joy that is not of earth, even in expectation of a violent death.

"While lying in the hospital, wounded, a brother officer, quite a young fellow, whom we used laughingly to call "Praying Fred," was brought in badly wounded, and placed in the next bed to mine. He had to undergo an operation, which he bore like a hero — not a murmur then, or after, escaping from his lips, although he suffered torturing pain. This showed me that he practised what he preached, and that there must be a reality in the religion he professed. Some such thoughts were going through my mind, when I met his eyes suddenly raised to mine as I looked at him, the day after the operation had been performed, and, though thinking he was asleep, I could not forbear expressing them aloud, as he gazed at me in wonder at my earnest look.

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'my religion is a reality — a support and comfort under every trial. I know nothing can occur to me without the eyes of my heavenly Father taking notice of it; and whatever He orders is right, and just what I would choose, if I could order things for myself, for I know that all things work together for good to those who love Him.'

"'Why, what good can it do you to be laid there in torture, deprived of a limb?' I asked in surprise.

"My companion was silent for a moment — and then he replied: 'One good result is, that it has given me an opportunity to speak to you, friend, of the hope that is in me; and if you are brought to know the blessedness of that hope, how joyful will it have been for me that I was laid here! How small a price would my lost limb and pain be, for the joy of knowing that I was instrumental in bringing you to knowledge of my Lord and Savior! If (as we are told) one soul is worth more than the whole world, how trifling comparatively my sufferings, to the bliss of carrying the good news of salvation to you!'

"You must not value me at so high a price as the "whole world," even though; I am an only son,' I said, laughing; for the conversation was becoming too serious for my worldly mind.

"Oh, Conyers;' he replied, 'you mistake; it was not I who set that value upon you; the Creator of us all showed that He did so value you, when He gave "His only Son" to die for you, that you might live for ever.'

"Dear parents! when Fred Singleton spoke those words, a veil seemed to fall from before my eyes. I thought of you and of your indulgent love for me. I knew that you would give up your lives, before you would suffer me to fall. And then I thought of God giving HIS Son to die for me. In a moment I saw, as by a sudden revelation, how dreadful must be my state as a sinner, to require such sacrifice; and how wonderful must be the love of God to me, to give His only Son to die in my stead! All sermons I had ever heard — 'to come to Jesus and be saved' — seemed to rise up in array before me, as I lay stunned by the suddenness of the revelation that swept through my brain. At length, as though compelled to speak, I said, 'Singleton, you have struck me to the heart; if God has valued my soul, (as I now see and feel He has) what a fool I have been not to value it more myself! I never saw it in that light; in fact (to be sincere) I never thought about my soul at all.'

"That is it; that is the danger,' said Singleton. 'We forget that we have within these bodies spirits that can never die; and yet, how awful to think that at any moment the body may cease to exist, and its immortal tenant go on its eternal journey, unsaved, to everlasting misery! Oh! why do we go on facing such doom, when Christ shed His blood for us?'

"God must be very angry with us for neglecting to seek Him,' I said, thinking aloud.

'He pities us and entreats us to believe and be saved,' said Singleton, tenderly. 'You believe that Jesus died for you; do you not?'

"Yes; oh, yes,' I replied. 'O Singleton, explain this to me more fully,' I exclaimed.

"I have heard it explained in this way, Conyers; it is simple, but I think perfect,' said Singleton. If a man were drowning and a rope were thrown to him, unless he grasped it and clung to it for life, he would not be safe. Don't you see? You must take the salvation Christ has secured for you, over eighteen hundred years ago. It is for you; only believe it. Accept this salvation, and you have done your part. God has given His Son, the Savior; Christ has given Himself for you, and you have only to believe that He did so, and that God has accepted that sacrifice — in your place.'

"Oh! I see it — I see it all now;' and I felt compelled to cry out, 'It is marvelous, but it is true. I feel it — I know it. I do believe that Christ has died for me, and that I am thus saved — yes, saved for ever!'

"Bless the Lord for this great salvation;' cried Singleton, as well as his feeble voice would permit. 'Did I not say right, that all things work together for our good if we love Him? How little I thought when I was laid here what a blessing was in store for me!' — His voice became exhausted, and I begged him not to weaken himself by speaking any more just then.

"The next day he was very faint, only exchanging an occasional word or look with me, but they were truly words and looks from the borders of the heavenly land to which he was hastening. Not even the painful amputation could save his life; and the doctors at last reluctantly admitted the fact, when he asked them calmly if it was not so. After they had left him, he turned to me and said, 'Here is a leaflet which has been my motto since I knew the Savior; let it be yours. Never forget it.' He pressed my hand as he placed the leaflet in it. I send a copy of the verses, that you also, dear ones, may make it your motto: —

"Jesus and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

"Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

"Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then — I boast a Savior slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

"The next day it was plain that my dear — yes, doubly dear — friend was sinking; but still he met my gaze with a bright smile and an upward look, as he said repeatedly, 'I am going home.' Towards evening he said, 'All things work together for good to those who love Him. See, the loss of this limb is sending me home to that Home. I might have passed many years of suffering on earth, but my gracious Father wills it otherwise; He is taking me home to be with Himself.' Those were his last words, as he sank into a sleep, and awoke no more.

"Dear parents, since I have left the hospital I have boldly taken my stand as a soldier of the Cross; and should I die upon the field of battle, without a moment's warning, remember that to me sudden death will be sudden glory, for I shall be with my Savior, and with Singleton once more. When you read these lines, believe that it is I, your son, your loving son, speaking; and even from Heaven let my voice reach you — for it is my voice, not the silent pen. I am not dead; I live! Because my Savior lives, I live; — and I implore of you, beloved ones, hear me, that you also may with me enjoy the blessings of His kingdom. Never think of me as if dead — only having gone before you, called away by God in His mercy, that you may be led to see His love, and to believe in Him as I believed when Singleton spoke to me. Remember how much greater a love must God have had for His 'only and well-beloved Son' than even you, dear parents, could possibly have felt for me. And then think how much He must have loved us, when He gave His only Son to suffer for our sins. Take Him for your Savior; for we shall be for ever together. Come to Him now, is the prayer of your DEVOTED SON."

Had a voice indeed sounded in their ears from the eternal world, the awe, mingled with rapture, that fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Conyers, as they read these lines, could not have been surpassed. With

one consent, they sank upon their knees together and accepted the Savior of their son to be their Savior — a Glorious Victory!

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 39

### WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS

A sea-captain lay in his cabin in mid-ocean, with death staring him in the face. He shrank back in the presence of the "king of terrors," and the dread of eternity took fast hold upon him.

Captain Coutts sent for his first mate, and said. "William, get down on your knees and pray for a fellow; I have been very wicked, as you know, and I expect I shall go this time."

"I am not a praying man, you know, Captain, so I can't pray. I would if I could."

"Well, then, bring a Bible and read me a bit, for my rope is about to run out."

"I have no Bible, Captain; you know I am not a religious man."

"Then send for Thomas, the second mate; perhaps he can pray a bit."

The second mate was soon in the presence of his dying captain, when he said to him: "I say, Thomas, I am afraid I am bound for eternity this time; get down and pray for me. Ask God to have mercy on my poor soul."

"I'd gladly do it to oblige you, Captain, if I could, but I have not prayed since I was a lad."

"Have you a Bible, then, to read to me?"

"No, Captain, I have no Bible."

Alas for the dying sinner! How awful his condition! On the brink of eternity, and without Christ!

They searched the ship over for a man who could pray, but they searched in vain; and for a Bible, but not one could be found, until one of the sailors told the captain he had seen a book that looked like the Bible in the hands of the cook's boy, a little fellow named Willie Platt.

"Send at once," said Captain Coutts, "and see if the boy has a Bible."

The sailor hurried off to the boy and said to him, "Sonny, have you a Bible?"

"Yes, sir; but I only read it in my own time."

"Oh, that is all right, my lad; take the Bible and go to the captain's cabin. He is very sick, and wants a Bible. He thinks he is going to die."

Away went Willie Platt with his Bible to the captain's cabin.

"Have you a Bible, my boy?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Then sit down and find something in it that will help me, for I am afraid I am going to die. Find something about God having mercy on a sinner like me, and read it to me."

Poor boy! He did not know where to read, but he remembered that his mother had made him read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah just before he left home for that voyage.

Willie turned to that blessed chapter that so fully sets forth the love and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ in dying for poor sinners such as John Coutts, and commenced to read. When Willie got to the fifth verse — "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed" — the captain, who was listening for his very life, realizing that he was surely having his last chance of being saved, said, "Stop, my boy; that sounds like it; read it again."

Once more the boy read over the blessed words: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

"Aye, my lad, that's good — that's it sure."

These words from the captain encouraged Willie, and he said: "Captain, when I was reading that verse at home, my mother made me put my name in it. May I put it in now just where mother told me?"

"Certainly, Sonny, put your name in just where your mother told you, and read it again."

Reverently and slowly the boy read the verse: "He — Jesus — was wounded for Willie Platt's transgressions, He was bruised for Willie Platt's iniquities; the chastisement of Willie Platt's peace was upon Him, and with His stripes Willie Platt is healed."

When Willie had finished, the captain was halfway over the side of the bed, reaching toward the lad, and said: "My boy, put your captain's name in the verse and read it again — John Coutts."

Then the lad slowly read the verse again: "He was wounded for John Coutts' transgressions, He was bruised for John Coutts' iniquities; the chastisement of John Coutts' peace was upon Him, and with His stripes John Coutts is healed."

When the boy had finished, the captain said, "That will do, my lad; you may go now."

Then the captain lay back on his pillow and repeated over and over these precious words of Isaiah 53:5, putting in his own name each time, and, as he did so, the joy of Heaven filled his soul. He was saved! Yes, praise the Lord, reader, he was saved! Another poor sinner for whom Christ died had "received Him" (John 1:12).

Captain Coutts soon passed away. His body was rolled in canvas, placed upon the plank and allowed to glide overboard into the water, to be seen no more until Jesus comes, and the sea gives up its dead (John 2:24-29; Rev. 20:13).

Before John Coutts fell asleep he had witnessed to every one on his vessel that the Christ of God — the Man of Calvary — was wounded for his transgressions, bruised for his iniquities, that the chastisement that he rightfully deserved had fallen on his blessed Substitute, and by His stripes — the stripes that fell on Jesus — he had been healed. — Unknown.

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# THRILLING STORIES

for

Young and Old

By

Julia A. Shelhamer

## Chapter 40

### DELIVERED FROM A TYRANT

"Stand aside, you drunken tramp and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on," growled the saloon keeper, as old Tim Connor moved farther down the bar.

"Give me one more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever," answered the old man.

"Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers or tramps who are in my way and have no money to spend."

"What will you have, young gentlemen?" he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man had again walked up to where they stood, and addressing the barkeeper, said:

"True, I have no money. True, as you say, I am nothing but a drunken tramp. I came into this town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink was my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way, I am going now; but before I go I want to say to you, young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respected as you, but see me now! Oh! for Heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition."

"Look thou not upon the wine . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23:32.

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly through the street, passing a large church, into which great crowds were pouring. "This is no place for me," he muttered; but, just as he passed, the congregation began singing —

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly."



It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he never heard such rapturous music in his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and turning slowly back, he stole around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading to the preacher's study, that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened as song after song was sung, and the minister prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity were invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer that touched him; and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memories came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard it not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin. He saw the elegant home and its furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she tolled day after day over the wash tub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears fall unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a plain pine box in the potter's field and her child given to the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man wandering for more than twenty years, a drunken tramp, begging from door to door.

"Oh, God, why didn't I die before she did?" he moaned. "What have I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die."

"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. 6:10.

The services in the church were over, so slowly the old man moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

That evening old Tim was again seated on the steps of the preacher's study.

"I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more," mused the old man, "and I want to be here in time to hear it all."

He had fully determined to move on after the song service; but before it began a sweet little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and thinking he was the janitor, said:

"Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said old Tim, rising and lifting his tattered hat. "I am not Mr. Johnson, but —,"

"Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought it was the janitor."

"I only stopped to listen to the singing," said the old man, apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

"Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments," said the little girl.

"No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that," replied the old man: "besides, they would not want such as I in there."

"Oh, yes, they do, sir," said the little girl. "My papa is the preacher, and he always likes to have the old people come to hear him."

"It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people I am ragged and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man."

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks, and going up to him, she looked up into his face and said:

"Jesus loves you, and is able to make you a good man, just like my papa, if you will let Him. Do come with me and hear the sweet songs and hear papa preach, and I know it will do you good."

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the people arose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving that it seemed each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

The preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, and His wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tim had never heard it before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his yearnings for home, his final resolve, and how that resolve was put into execution. When the preacher reached the climax in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

"Thus," said the minister, "our loving heavenly Father stands ready to welcome the wanderer to Himself."

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the people began singing. Numbers of men and women went forward. The poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a child.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him, and as he looked up into her face he thought it shone like an angel's.

"Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?" the sweet voice said.

"Oh, I can't," he sobbed. "I am too far gone, I am a wretched, miserable sinner, and there is no hope for me."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," quoted the little child. "Jesus can save you to the uttermost. Do come, and He will help you. Only trust Him, and He will make you whole."

It must have caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, gray haired man to the front loud "Amens" were heard from different parts of the house.

One by one they arose and confessed their faith in the Savior; and when the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said.

"Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all."

When the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

"My name is Connor — Tim Connor — but I am best known as 'Old Tim the drunkard.'"

"Father, father, my long lost father!" exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

"Father, I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to be the means of bringing my own dear father back to the fold. For years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead."

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, and had made the earnest preacher he was. It was a beautiful sight the people witnessed the next night as the gray haired father was led down into the baptismal pool and buried beneath the yielding wave by the hand of his son. And when on emerging, a pair of little arms were thrown around his neck — and a sweet voice said, "Grandpa, this is the happiest hour of my life," the good preacher responded with a hearty "Amen" and that whole congregation joined with earnestness in singing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Old Tim, the drunkard," is known no more, but "Father Connor," as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Preacher Connor has no more attentive listeners, nor has the church two more devoted workers, than Grandpa and little Mary.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. O that every poor, lost sinner might accept Jesus right now, before mercy's door is closed. — Sel.

**THE END**