

# JESUS CAN TAKE IT OUT

BY S. H. HADLEY

This is an age of specialists. Everybody has a specialty. I know of many specialists in New York. There are specialists of the lungs and of the eye, and there are also specialists in other trades and occupations.

## MY SPECIALTY.

Now I am a specialist in my line of work. If ever Paul was called to preach to the Gentiles I have been called to preach to the drunkard, the harlot, the lost man, the helpless man, the man that nobody helps and nobody wants but Jesus. We talk about how to reach the working man; I reach men after they cannot work; after nobody would have them within a mile of the shop, and when they would set the dogs on them if they came into the church; you would have to burn the cushions and fumigate the place! Oh, it is dreadful to think that today, in my town right now, there are over 50,000 that do not know where they will sleep tonight unless they can steal the money or beat somebody out of it, or get a nickel to get a glass of beer, or somebody makes them work. Nine out of ten of those men had some religious training; some mother wept over them and kissed them, but they have been swept down by some awful temptation, and drink, drink, drink. Our city is full of them. We talk and we pray about it, but we don't mean much by our prayers, and when we don't expect anything.

I care not what you do; if you do not bring a man to Christ you have failed. You may sow the seed; you may not see the glorious fruition of your work, but you tried to do it any how. Have that in mind, and only that. "Love suffereth long, and is kind"—is kind. I never have lived that short, brief text faithfully in my life, and carried it to the wonderful fruition of what Paul meant it to be. When I have seen anything fail, or I have got tired, or my faith goes, I remember this text, and it encourages me to stick to men.

## LOVE SUFFERS LONG.

Do you know, there were over 5,000 people knelt at our meetings last year confessing their sins. We just as much expect people to believe, as we expect to hold a meeting. They come up there, many of them, simply to get a night's lodging, for Water Street is known all over the lowest quarters of New York city. But they come, and we are glad to have them there. Oh, how I pity them! how I love them! Glory to God, they know I do! When we kneel, we are kneeling with poor, helpless, friendless men, that not a hand in New York city will help. I say "O, Jesus, help us!" Then I say to some man, "My brother, you pray," and the poor wretch comes up to the front because he is willing to barter his soul to keep off the street.

Thoughts of home and mother and happy days come floating over his soul, and he cries, "Jesus, Master, help me!" and he is born again there before your eyes. Oh, I have seen thousands of men do that. Ah, my friends, "Love suffereth long, and is kind."

"How patient hath My Spirit been,  
To follow thee through all thy sin,  
And plead thy wayward soul to win,  
And son, give Me thy heart."

In Luke xxii. 62 we read—"Peter went out and wept bitterly." What made Peter cry? Women cry, and children cry, but what made Peter cry? If you read the sixty-first verse you will find out—"Jesus turned and looked upon Peter." What kind of a look could that have been? Just a little while before he had cursed and sworn that he did not know Him at all, and now he was crying. Do you suppose Jesus said, "You traitor, I'll get even with you for going back on me this way?" Oh, no; He forgave him as He looked at the backsliding disciple. That is the kind of look that Jesus gave, a look full of love and compassion.

## THAT LOOK!

I believe I got that look one night. I was sitting on a whisky-barrel in a saloon at the corner of 125th Street and Third Avenue. I had been in that place for five weeks, and I had drunk whisky for twenty-two years. It was the end of an awful spree; everything was gone—my mind, my money, and my friends, and all—and I was wondering how I could get another drink, when in the midst Jesus came. I saw that look. I wasn't looking for Jesus at all: I was looking for whisky, and wondering where I could get a drink. I hadn't the courage any more to steal, I was too near dead, and the minute I got that look I saw my sins, and I supposed I was dying, and I said, "Boys, listen to me, I am dying; I will drink no more whisky."

I went out to the station-house and I said to the captain, "Lock me up," and he said, "What for?" I said, "So that I cannot get a drink of whisky." They locked me up in cell No. 10, and in the morning they took me to the police court but that night I thought I was dying, and a voice said "Pray," and I got down on my knees and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

After they had let me go I went to Jerry M'Auley's Mission, twenty-one years two months and one night ago—I have been counting it up every day since—and there I saw Jerry M'Auley, that wonderful apostle of the outcast. I heard him say, "I am saved tonight from whiskey and tobacco and everything: Jesus came to me and took the whole thing out of me." I had supposed that, if I started to be a Christian, I should have to fight this thing all the time; but I heard from Jerry M'Auley that Jesus would

take it out of a man so that he would want it any more.

I wondered if I could be saved. When I gave the invitation, my hand went up, and I felt like getting down on my knees. I wish I could tell you about that night, about the dear men and women who were praying.

One look you could tell what they were there for—to help poor souls into salvation. Jerry began to pray: "Dear Jesus, pity those poor fellows; they have got themselves into an awful hole and they cannot get out. Send to them, Lord." He finally came to me. Now, I had gone there to be saved, so far I can remember, knowing no more how I would be saved than a brass railing. The devil said to me, "You pray? You dare to pray!" I had a crime of forgery hanging over me, and the devil suggested, "The minute you confess your crimes, you will go to Sing-Sing Penitentiary."

So I said to Jerry M'Auley, "I can't pray, somebody pray for me." Jerry said, "Your prayers won't help you unless you pray. So at last I cried, "Jesus help me!"

Oh, this world has been a heaven to me. I have never seen a dark day since. The light of God's glorious day burst into my soul, and all sin and gloom and shame vanished. I have never known what it was to want a drink of whisky from that day to this. I used to swear in my sleep; my hands have handled ill-gotten money; since that day though a million dollars have passed through my hands, every coin has gone to its right place. It is all just as if it were to me now as it was that first day.

## OLD TASTES UPROOTED.

The astonishment of my life is that I have never wanted a drop of whisky since.

*Bright Words.*

## AN UNNAMED STATION.

It was late afternoon, at the hour when the business men and belated shoppers, as well as the motley crowd of toilers, seek their homes, and the suburban car was filled to its utmost capacity. Sitting side by side in one corner were a stout, over-dressed man with a very little boy. The woman, so often endeavored to obey the harp conductor's adjuration to "sit close," in her voluminous skirts quite overspread the child's dangling legs and feet, leaving her more than a small, patient face set round a fringe of cropped yellow curls, and lighted by a pair of large, serious blue eyes. I could not wonder that the woman seemed to give him no attention. He must have been tired with the long, noisy ride. Why did he not take him on her lap and cushion himself nicely upon her ample shoulder?

Singly or in groups the passengers began to leave the car at the various street crossings, until there was left, besides the woman and child, only a young lady in black, with a beautiful sad face. At length the woman pressed the signal button and the car came to a stop. Half way to the door I heard the conductor calling after her:

"Lady, you've forgot your boy!"

"My boy! What 'cher mean? I ain't got no boy!"

The man stared.

"Whose is he, then? He's been on along with you ever since we left the car barn. Looks to me as if you meant to shake him!"

"Me! Shake him—" The woman choked with indignation. "I never seen the kid before in my life!"

Still incredulous, the conductor addressed the child.

"Ain't she your mother?"

"O no, sir!" The clear little voice sounded sweet as "pipes o' Pan." "Mamma's gone to heaven. That's where I'm going—to find her. Here's my penny. I tried to give it to you but you didn't see. Will you please tell me when we get there?"

The man gazed about him helplessly.

"What d'ye know about that?" he muttered. Then—with a queer catch in his throat:

"I'm sorry, kiddie, but heaven ain't on our line."

There was a rustle of garments, a soft, breathless rush, and the lady in black had the child in her arms.

"Tell me all about it, darling. What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name used to be Dickie, but it's Fiftys-seven now, and I live at the 'sylum. A man took me there after my mamma went away. There are lots of little boys and girls, but no mammas there. Nobody kisses me good-night, or tucks me up in bed, or hears me say my prayers. Have you ever been to heaven, lady, and is it a very far ways?"

"I have never been there myself, dear, but I had a little boy who went. And it is very far off. I know you could never find it alone."

"But your little boy—did he get lost?"

"No, for somebody led him all the way."

"Won't that somebody lead me, too?"

"Some time, darling, but not now. One must wait patiently until He comes."

"That's what my mamma said—to wait.

But I'm so tired waiting!"

"I am tired, too, waiting—for my little boy. Dear, will you come and live with me, so that we can wait together?"

The blue eyes gazed for a long, silent moment into the other eyes of tender brown. A look of utter trustfulness stole over the childish features, a pair of little arms twined about the neck of the lovely lady, and the curly head sank upon her breast.

The conductor drew his sleeve across his eyes.

"I mistook," he murmured under his breath. "Heaven ain't named on our books, but it's sure on the line after all!"—*Mary A. P. Stansbury.—Christian Advocate.*

"Why do not more people come to tell us of the Gospel?" asked an African woman. "Is it because they do not love us, or because they do not love Jesus very much.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet disposition, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand from an unhappy misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home, the children gather, as clouds, and as doves to their windows, while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and distress the world, are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christ homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and of trouble to those around them.—*Sel.*

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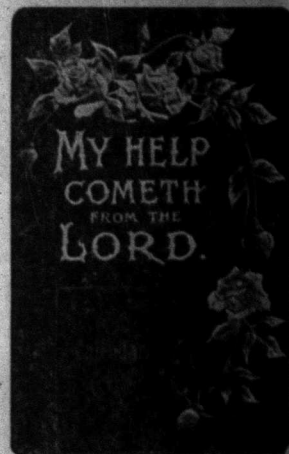
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# Sunday School Lesson

P. R. NUGENT, Richmond, Va.

[Lesson for Nov. 26, 1911]

## NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1.

**Golden Text:** "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (Jas. 5:16).

God cares for His people, through human agency stands out clearly once more in the lesson. Almost a century had passed since Zerubbabel and Jeshua had led back to Jerusalem volunteers to rebuild the temple. After these leaders had passed away Ezra was called of God to help the people in Judea, and now that they were in trouble again, Nehemiah is stirred up to prayerful interest in their welfare. The lesson can be profitably considered by noticing the connection of other things with prayer. They are:

1. **Information**, (4). The beginning of Nehemiah's effective praying came after he heard of the state of the people and, therefore, of their definite need. The information both stirred him to prayer and enabled him to pray definitely about the existing need. The same principle applies now. Praying indefinitely for people is not as satisfactory as is prayer based on full information about the person, or work, for which prayer is offered.

2. **Sympathy** (4). Nehemiah's heart was deeply stirred by the sad condition of his people—so much so that for days he fasted, mourned and wept. Feelings like this will result in either of two ways. It will make a person give up in despair or, as in this case, stir up to hearty prayer. Where there is sympathy with those in trouble there is a heart interest in prayer that there would not be otherwise. If there is lack of interest in, or sympathy with, those we pray for prayer may be somewhat formal.

3. **Earnestness**, (4). Nehemiah was thoroughly in earnest. There was strength in his purpose and it brought about true meaning in his prayer. Some people's prayers have no earnestness of purpose and they really do not care much whether they hear from God or not. And if people do not mean what they pray how can they expect an answer "Ye . . . shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13). Not that there is merit in this, or any other human attitude. Nothing I am, have, or do, can be brought as a meritorious cause for God to answer prayer. Only the merit of the Lord Jesus avails.

4. **Fasting**. There are times when fasting is an aid in prayer. It enables one to more fully set the mind on spiritual things. It also brings the soul into a more lowly attitude and, by setting aside bodily needs for a season, intensifies the purpose and desire towards God. It is a practical proof, too, that a person esteems prayer above the regular needs of the body. In this respect it is an evidence that there is victory over bodily appetite. Most people are slaves to their stomachs and would rather eat than pray.

5. **Perseverance** (6). "Day and night." There is such a thing as lazy prayer and there is also such a thing as importunate prayer. The latter is according to scripture standard (Lk. 18:1). There are times when there will be no success in prayer unless a person "prays through" to the point where the matter is settled. To stop short of this will mean failure. Much loss has come to God's people because of stopping too soon in prayer.

6. **Confession of sin** (6). This is a vital point. Unconfessed sin is an effectual barrier to prayer. Nehemiah so identified himself with his people in trouble that he confessed their sin. Probably they were too blind to see the extent of their sin for people who are suffering the consequences of their sins often see only those consequences and not the sins that caused them. It is sometimes quite necessary to confess the sins of those for whose help and deliverance we are praying. And of course the petitioner must confess and forsake all known sin in his own life. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me."

7. **God's character** (5, 6, 8, 9, 11). When one knows God's character, and His ways that necessarily spring from that character, he is in position to approach God rightly in prayer. In these verses

Nehemiah speaks of God as—the God of heaven (therefore superior to man and his false gods), great, terrible, covenant keeping, merciful, attentive, observant, heedful, mindful, faithful, truthful, able. One reason people do not believe God and pray more in this: they do not know Him well enough. A knowledge of who God is is a great help in prayer.

8. **God's Word** (8, 9). Scripture is given as a guide to prayer, as well as other things. It reveals God's character, shows what He has done, and, by that, reveals His ways; it contains the promises that are a ground for definite faith. It also reveals conditions of prevailing prayer. A person who would be successful in prayer has to get the Word stored in mind and heart and give heed to it.

9. **Fellowship** (11). Nehemiah recognized that he was not the only one who was in prayer. This showed that he was not egotistic, self centered nor proud about his praying. There may be many people praying for what is apparently an answer to one person's prayer. United prayer is an important phase of it and at times seems necessary to success.

10. **Dependence upon God** (11). Nehemiah recognized the fact that God must act if his king did what was necessary. His eyes were more upon God than upon man. Like Jacob, he prevailed first with God and then went to prevail with man. Some omit the first and attend only to the second part. Their dependence is really on man and not on God. The right order is: petition to, and dependence on, God then, petition to man where, as in Nehemiah's case, man must be consulted.

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