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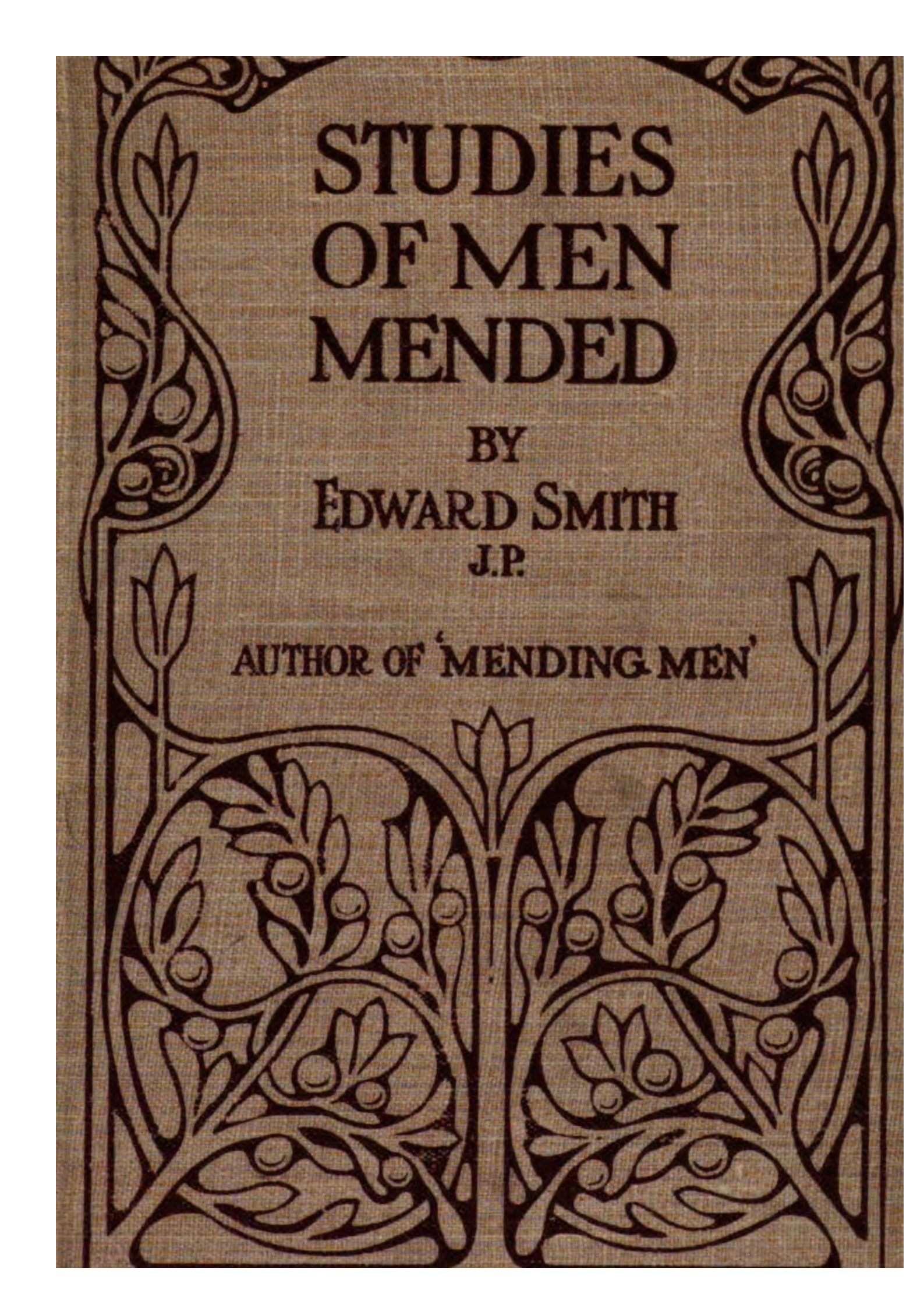
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The book cover features a decorative border with intricate floral and vine motifs. The border is composed of stylized leaves, scrolls, and floral elements, creating a frame around the central text. The design is symmetrical and detailed, typical of early 20th-century book design.

# STUDIES OF MEN MENDED

BY  
EDWARD SMITH  
J.P.

AUTHOR OF 'MENDING MEN'

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STUDIES OF MEN MENDED









**“ Harry.”**

# STUDIES OF MEN MENDED

BY

EDWARD SMITH, J.P.

AUTHOR OF "MENDING MEN"

LONDON :  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
4 BOUVERIE ST. AND 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.



## PREFACE



SINCE "Mending Men" was published, readers in Canada, West Indies, the United States, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, have written to the Author, in praise of the good which has resulted from the recital of "Sam's" efforts to "mend his brothers." Similar testimonies have been received from many English correspondents.

In response to requests for other examples of the effective working of the Adult School movement, the Author presents, in the following pages, three Studies of "Men Mended." Two of the men described are still

living. These three men represent three distinct types.

First, the "Old Gardener" is representative of many thousands to-day who, though in the grip of the drink snare, are continually yearning to get free, but are apparently helpless, for the will power has gone. Little encouragement is given them in their efforts to regain self-mastery. On the other hand, they are often despised by that type of Pharisee whose boast is that "he never takes more than is good for himself"; but who, nevertheless, is so ignorant of the nature of alcohol, and of its action upon different temperaments, that he actually hinders the recovery of his neighbour. If he sees the results of total abstinence, in

an improved home and a reformed character, he has little sympathy with the victim in his endeavour to be free, while he possesses no knowledge of the Power which alone can bring victory.

The second Study, "Harry," illustrates a large class of our skilled working men, who are self-confident, popular, often leaders of their fellows, but utterly indifferent to the claims of religion, yet curious to understand its influence and power. These men are generally honest and sincere by nature, though often morally corrupt by custom ; but when they realize the saving truth of religion, they are bold to testify to the reality and value of the new life.

The third Sketch, "My Son Timothy," reveals the working of the mystic power of the Holy Spirit, in its capture and sanctification of the intellect and the will for service. Such men are mighty for God, because He becomes so real to them, not only as a force dominating all life, but as a personal Father and lover.

These three witnesses speak in their own words—the last two mostly through their letters—letters which glow with warmth of feeling, and with that love and joy of victory which is such an emphatic testimony to the power of the everlasting Gospel. They also contain many laudatory tributes to the Author's personality and work, a few of which he has

ventured to transcribe, not in any spirit of boasting or egotism, but solely with the object of encouraging any weary Christian workers with the knowledge that, sooner or later, their efforts will be appreciated.

These three stories will answer modern critics of the Adult School movement.

In each case, some organized church has benefited. From the "Old Gardener," and "Harry," the Church of England has received two generations of communicants. In "My Son Timothy," the great Wesleyan Church has been enriched by a faithful and zealous Minister.

The Adult School seeks to win, for the Kingdom of God, men and women



who are non-churchgoers. The direct mission of the church is to gather the young, and also to train and retain them in the knowledge of the glorious doctrines of the Kingdom of God. If that Kingdom is foremost in the thoughts of all, it is certain that the various branches of the Universal Church will be strengthened and invigorated by the men and women whom the Adult School attracts.

Thanks are due to the Rev. Walter Lee, of Malvern, for again kindly correcting MSS. for the printer.

E. S.

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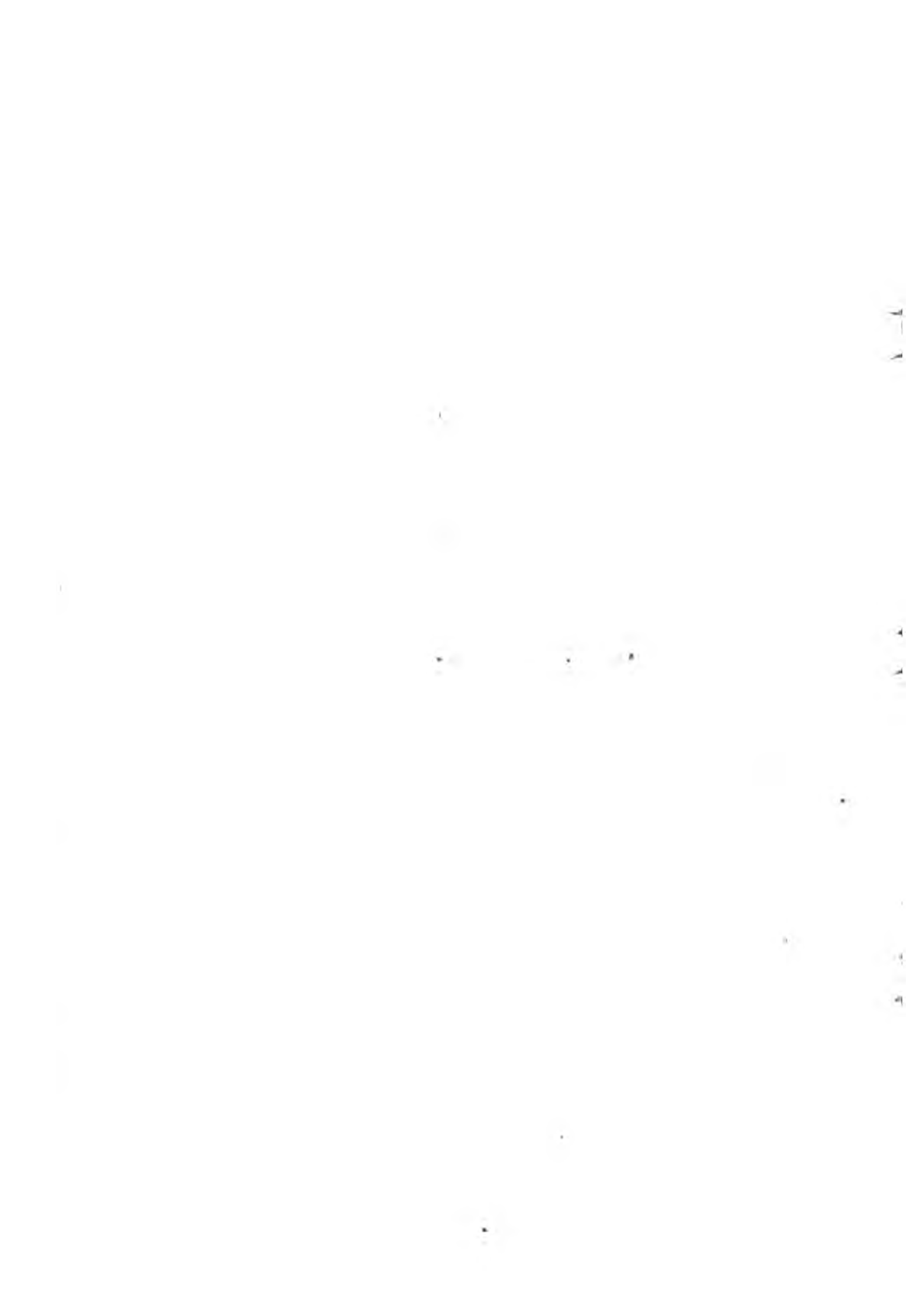
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# **THE OLD GARDENER**





I

## THE OLD GARDENER

**I** WAS bidding "adieu" to the old gardener, as he turned in, after school one Sunday morning, to attend to the fires of his master's greenhouses, when another companion remarked to me—"I love to look at that old man's face, and see it all aglow as he sits listening to your words." "Ah, that's the light of God's countenance resting upon him," I said; "surely that's it, if there's any meaning in words. That old man beholds the truth, and sometimes he says, 'I

## 16      The Old Gardener

wonders I never seed it afore !'” The Americans have wonderfully improved the rendering of that clause in the 34th Psalm which runs—“ They looked unto Him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed ;” their translation is, “ They looked unto Him, and were *radiant*.” That is just our old gardener.

It is a great joy to see him in his own house (which was built for him to order, and is well furnished) ; and also to see his happy wife beaming with smiles as she gives one a welcome and—as on the occasion of a recent call—introduces some of the grandchildren, who had come on a visit, to enjoy the delights of the country and the run of a good garden. She retails

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**The old gardener and his family.**

*(1893.)*

## The Old Gardener 17

the latest news of her family, especially of those who are across the seas; from which it appears that every one of the five children is doing well either abroad or at home. One son is a solicitor's clerk, a good draughtsman, and a musician, and he is beloved by many friends.

Our old gardener is quite a philosopher. Once he remarked, "I wish these classes had started twenty-five years ago." "Why?" I asked. "Oh, that a man might a got righted sooner." "Well," I replied, "you had the churches and chapels in those days, surely." "Ah, but they didn't 'insense' you like your school," he rejoined. Certainly, that remark struck me as giving a new meaning

## 18      **The Old Gardener**

to the word "insense." It is, though, just what the Adult School seeks to do; that is, to get a common-sense view of life; or, to use the Scripture phrase, "a good understanding" of God's dealings with men.

Another time, the old gardener remarked, "I should a' known nothin' about religion if it worn't for the Adult School." When he listened to an eloquent clergyman, whom everybody praised, he said: "I can see nothin' in his sermons. I certainly heard him a' speakin', and could see his tongue a waggin', but there worn't one word in a hundred as I could catch hold on."

What justification there is, then, for the establishment of Adult Schools in every parish!

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Sometimes at school, we would ask for texts or portions of Scripture that had helped any members; and tears would come into my eyes as the old gardener would slowly, but feelingly, read, from the 116th Psalm: "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live." . . . The 6th verse of this psalm—"The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low, and He helped me," had special meaning in his case, and it recalls the early years of our acquaintance.

When I first met the subject of this sketch—it was at a meeting in the early days of our Adult School

movement—a local friend interested in the movement remarked to me, “If you can help that man, it will be a good thing; he has lost many good jobs through his drunken habits.” There was nothing in his demeanour to suggest the drunkard; but three weeks later he was absent from school, and in answer to an enquiry, I was informed he was “on the booze.” That Sunday evening I sought him, but not succeeding, I returned early from business on the Monday afternoon, determined to find him somewhere. On going to the three-roomed dwelling where he lived, in a small court at the end of a dark entry, I found the house closed. A neighbour informed me that his two little girls

## The Old Gardener 21

were being cared for by a widow, living not far away. Thither I went. I told one of the girls I wanted her father. She offered to be my guide to a public-house in the same street. Pointing to a side door up an entry, she said, "That's where they goes in." I entered, and found my quarry seated with a pint jug before him. With a surprised, yet dazed, look, he rose, when I asked him to come with me. On reaching his dwelling, he unlocked the door. It was a dark and dreary afternoon, but the squalor and poverty of the room we entered seemed worse than the weather outside. I lit a match, and soon found a candle. Then we sat and talked. Poor fellow! He seemed very contrite, and when I

## 22      **The Old Gardener**

quoted to him the Scripture promise, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit," and then added that a start for better days might there and then be made, he burst into tears. So, kneeling in that dimly-lighted room, I prayed for my distressed brother. He willingly signed the pledge, and then went with me to the house where his two children were sheltered. I joyfully introduced the father to his sweet little girls (and also to the kindly neighbour) as one who had signed the pledge and promised to be a sober man, and privately advised her to encourage him, and not to chide him for his wrong doing.

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The following day I called again. The children were at home, and a very great change had already been made in the appearance of things.

The next question was, work for this man. I found he had lost the confidence of all who, otherwise, would have been likely to have employed him. I tried to get him work, but failed; and he himself could only get a few odd jobs. At length, there was a chance opening in my own garden. After some thought I engaged him. He proved very capable. Steadily he regained the respect of the neighbours. A widow, who had been left with a boy and two girls of nearly the same ages as the gardener's children, had rejected his persistent offers of



## 24      **The Old Gardener**

marriage. Eventually she consented to become his wife. A new home was started, with every prospect of happiness—a skilled husband, a frugal wife, four good-looking little girls, and a promising little lad. What more could be necessary to give hope of a glad future ?

Alas ! the devil does not let his victims go without a long struggle for the mastery. Three months after the marriage, it was discovered that the gardener had gone off, drinking. His mistress—my good wife—entered five public-houses before she found him, and brought him back to his duties. He was provided with good food at the house, and every assistance was rendered to fortify his constitution to

## The Old Gardener 25

resist the attack. But no sooner was he out of the grounds, than he was again found inside a public-house. When I returned from business, I heard the sad story, and later in the day went out to find him. He had not returned to his home. I was, however, not long in tracing him to his favourite tavern; but the good landlady said she had refused to serve him, and added that, after all we had done for him, she was not going to help him down-hill, if she could prevent it. I shook her heartily by the hand, and said, I only wished all licensees were as considerate in their treatment of similar cases. I invited the gardener to come out of the public-house, and we took a two-mile

## 26      **The Old Gardener**

walk together. Again, he signed the pledge; again, he resolved to go straight; but the attacks came on periodically, and after twelve months he was discharged from his post as gardener.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had employed the old gardener in earlier years, said he had done his best for him during the five years he was in his service, and had subsequently watched with much interest our attempt at his reformation, but had noticed that it was all of no avail. This neighbour had obtained, from an eminent physician in London, a recipe to take away the craving for drink; but it also proved ineffectual with the gardener. He said he was now

## The Old Gardener 27

satisfied this was a hopeless case, for he believed that, if the man were in a desert island, or on the top of a lighthouse, he would contrive somehow to get the drink.

We, however, always met him with kind words and sympathy, and never lost hope. He had not forsaken the school. Again and again he signed the pledge, only to break it. One day, at a special meeting, when we had a large gathering, our man once more expressed his willingness to sign. "Surely, man, you are not going to sign again!" I remarked. "Yes, sir; I am signing different this time." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, sir, I've axed the Lord to help me." "Yes, certainly He will," I

## 28      The Old Gardener

replied, "if you trust Him for strength."

A few weeks after, I learned the facts of this change in his attitude. One night, when he was thinking over his terrible condition—irregular work, poverty in the home, condemnation by every one at losing what was a good job—he felt he had come to the "end of his tether," and that nothing was before him but a drunkard's death and a drunkard's hell. He jumped out of bed, knelt down, and prayed for forgiveness and help. On recalling the circumstance to me, he said: "While I was a prayin', sommat seemed to come over me, and I felt God had heard my prayer."

Soon afterwards one of his former



The old gardener (in his 70th year)  
and his wife.



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employers re-engaged him, and for nearly twenty years since he has retained the position thus given him as head gardener. There have been only two or three falls during that long period. The temptations offered by moderate drinkers, who pride themselves on their moderation, and sneer at a total abstainer as a weak man, brought our man down once or twice. Then, a great disappointment at a Flower Show was the cause of another fall; but for years he has been staunch, and he humbly recognizes that his Lord is ever with him. His favourite text, which he says has served him well on many occasions, is: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." But the adversary



## 30      **The Old Gardener**

never assails him now, though our good man is ever on the watch.

Oh, what an example is this old gardener's life, as he tries to carry out the resolutions of the psalmist, in his favourite 116th Psalm :—

“ I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me ? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.”

**HARRY**



## II

### HARRY

**O**N the first Sunday in January, 1889, there walked into our Early Morning Adult School a working man of exceptional intelligence. Throughout the proceedings, he evinced extraordinary interest. I felt his eyes were upon me the whole time. He had been welcomed by several scholars who knew him well, but one of them rejoiced more than any at his presence. This scholar said to me, "Do you know, sir, I have been trying to persuade Harry for eight months to come to the school, calling every Sunday morning, and

inviting him at other times in the week when we've been together. I've done my best to get him to throw in his lot with us. I always felt he was too good a chap for the devil to have. He has only come to-day to see what it's like." All this naturally increased my interest in my new scholar. He had an open countenance, broad forehead, and good complexion; while the spectacles he wore as we read in the class gave him quite the student's look.

I was fairly astonished when I learned, subsequently, that he had usually spent his Saturday evenings in a public-house; that he was the ringleader of every bit of devilry; and that, while the house he usually

patronized closed at 11 o'clock, he used to boast he would stay until 12. He never rose on a Sunday until 11 a.m., and then went for a walk with some drinking companions, until they found the first open tavern. He prided himself, however, on being always ready for his work on Monday morning. Harry was a foreman wool sorter at a carpet factory

To my joy, at the conclusion of the first morning school at which he was present, he asked if he could sign the pledge, and remarked that, if he was to turn over a new leaf with the New Year, he must "chuck the drink." Naturally, the pledge was quickly secured and duly signed, and congratulations followed.

To hundreds of thousands, the drink habit obscures the possibility of vision ; it binds the will, and thus holds men and women captive, and unable to enter into their great inheritance. By this act, Harry "burned his boats," and was able to push forward to explore the new Kingdom he had heard about that morning.

The critical attitude I had noticed in him, was explained at a subsequent Sunday morning meeting, when several men were asked to testify as to what the school had done for them. Harry spoke, and said that he came that first morning partly out of curiosity. In referring to me, he remarked, "I can't imagine what can take him out

of his house on a Sunday morning so early as 7.30, to waste his time among a lot of working chaps. There is no money in it ; it can't be politics ; and what personal gain can there be ? ” In his own mind he had concluded there was nothing in religion ; in fact, he said to the vicar of the parish, when he first called on him after settling in the village : “ Religion is no good for working men, it goes clean over their heads ; and judging by what I see of the lives of many who go to church, it is little good to them, for they are no better than those who stay away.” The good vicar urged him to come to church and join with the singing, even if he went to sleep during the



sermon ; but it was of no avail. Like a good many more, Harry had the notion that a parson's work was a money-making business, and a very easy job for those who had the chance of getting a share in it. So in coming to an Adult School, he came partly to please his neighbour, but more to satisfy his own curiosity.

The spirit of comradeship and brotherhood which animates the Adult School, the absence from it of all class distinctions, the simplicity and practical reality of the religious life of its members, together with the presence of an elevating something which he could not explain—all this Harry noticed, and it won his unbounded enthusiasm. It also stimulated his

devotion to the school ; he was one of the first arrivals every Sunday morning, except when he undertook to walk four miles to call for two men who worked with him, and who he desired should possess the joy he had found. Once, he told me, he had to clean a pair of boots for one of these two men ; another time, he overcame an excuse by taking his own collar-stud and giving it for the second man's use. This tactful Christian act was successful with the reluctant brother, and it illustrates how quickly vital religion works.

“Harry,” said one of these men, “I mean taking those pictures down ; they don't seem to fit in with religion.” Accordingly, pictures of

champion prize-fighters were deposed for others of a different kind.

One winter morning, on leaving my home, I found the ground covered with a foot of snow. On reaching Harry's cottage, I discovered he had left. All aglow, he appeared with his two friends at school, soon after we had commenced the singing. His untiring zeal in the work, he said, was justified by the methods adopted by his employers, and which he explained as follows. For months, he said, they would experiment on some new fabric. At length, when they considered they had "made a hit" by some novelty that would be likely to take the market, they would proceed to boom it. No opportunity

would be lost. Every agent, in all parts of the world, would be advised. Travellers would be instructed to make it their leading line. Thus, before the idea could be appropriated by others, a good profit would be secured. "So," said Harry, "now that I have found the real thing, and proved it by what it has already done for me and mine, I mean to make the Truth known in every way I can, and to try and make up for the time I've wasted."

Such enthusiasm influenced others. In the dinner hour at the works, he exchanged the reading of the "Sporting Times" for the Bible, and many rich finds did he make as he searched the Sacred Word. One day, he came

to me with a Scripture story that had immensely interested him—namely, Peter's visit to Cornelius (Acts x.).

“ See,” said he, “ how Peter's eyes were opened. ‘ Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons ; but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.’ So God is no respecter of persons. Character and conduct is the test. Our governors are no more in God's sight than the men they employ.” This discovery gave him dignity, as he learned by it that happiness is not measured by money. There was scarcely a week when he did not show me Bible beauties in the Proverbs, the Psalms, the Gospels, and in St. Paul's letters.

He found great comfort in that promise of succour in time of temptation: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Some of the clerks in the works once laughingly asked him, "How far is it to the other world? Because," said they, "according to Sir Robert Ball" (who had the previous week delivered a lecture in the town on the sun and stars), "it is many millions of miles to the nearest of those worlds which move, revolve,

and keep their time." Harry replied, "You don't believe they do all that without some Almighty Mind arranging it all?" They agreed that that was all right. "Well," said Harry, 'if you want to get to this other world you are asking me about, you must enter it here, for it is here, now, to some of us. Now, I'll put you a question. I am only a working man; our governor is a rich man; yet I'll venture to say, since I've known what real religion is, I'm a happier man than he, nor would I change places. What's more, what I've got, hundreds of others have got, who are doing as I am. Now, can you explain that?" They acknowledged they could not. To

Harry it was a great joy that so many had found the same truth, and that they gloried in making it known.

He was delighted to act as host ; and nothing gave him so much enjoyment as the entertaining, for a week-end, of some working man from another Adult School, that they might rejoice together in the victories won. The eight promises " To him that overcometh " were ever treasured promises to Harry, and especially " Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, . . . and I will write upon him My new Name."

One morning, in the class, we discussed the spirit of vindictiveness. On this subject, Harry remarked : " Before I came to school I reckoned



if any one did you a bad turn it was your duty to pay him back in his own coin, with a little interest, even if you had to wait for your chance ; but religion seems to reverse all the world's ways."

Some neighbours accused him of trying to do them an injury ; they shouted after him as he passed along the road, " There's your Christianity ! " He sought them out, and disproved their charge. At first, he gloried in his victory over his detractors, and determined to have nothing more to do with them ; but somehow, as he confessed, he did not feel comfortable. So, one day, having cut some beautiful cauliflowers, he sent them two or three of the best as a present. The

effect was wonderful. Soon afterwards, these neighbours killed a pig, and sent him a good cutting of pork. "Now," said Harry, "we are the best of friends." He often said: "The first thing I shall do, when I get to heaven, will be to seek out two chaps I worked with in America. They possessed the same faith as I have got now. I persecuted them beyond measure, and was ever playing them some trick, but they took it so well." The memory of their Christianity enriched him now—he felt it was a debt he would like to repay.

Harry was quick to learn, and highly appreciated the lectures of friends who came from time to time.

Sir Andrew Clark, in 1889, was taking his holiday in the neighbourhood. He offered to give us a lecture, and his offer was heartily accepted. His subject was, "The Constitution of Man, and a glance at its relation to Health, Knowledge, and Religion." At the conclusion of the lecture, Harry's comment was "My word! He did open my eyes when he talked about work, and showed how we could be working with God in all our daily toil. Why, I always reckoned a man had to get as much money as he could for as little work as he could give, and that the clever man was he who could make the most money in the shortest time, and then retire and live at ease."

It was not long before the directors of the factory discovered the change in the man. The one responsible for the wool buying selected Harry as his expert and adviser. This post involved his travelling to great wool sales in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh; and also his going, often alone, to sample stocks of wool at farmhouses in different parts of the country. What a revelation of life all this gave him, and how many opportunities were thus opened to him for witnessing to the grace and love of God! "Just fancy," he once remarked, "my being sent, in the old days, on jobs of this kind! Why, at Liverpool, or London, the first pub. would have been sure to have

caught me; but now the Master is always with me.”

These journeys were seasons for thought and quiet reading. At his hotel, at night, he loved to write to me; if I was away for a holiday, Harry always remained a faithful correspondent. I treasured his letters, for they have proved an education, and are full of encouragement. By transcribing a few extracts, it will be possible to trace Harry's steady growth in spiritual knowledge and faith, from 1889 to 1901. The first letter, of which the following is an extract, was sent to me when I was on my holidays in 1889:—

“ My connection with the Early

Morning School has caused me to realize what a pleasant thing it is to lead a Christian life ; and the more I try to carry it out, the clearer I see the necessity of the Saviour's guidance. How often I fail ; but I feel that I have tasted sufficient of the love of Christ to enable me to go on. The power of prayer is sufficient proof to satisfy me."

Harry was such a leader of men, that a few months after coming to the school, he was elected its secretary. He writes :—

" I feel much indebted to you for your kind letter. I am grieved at my deficient ways ; but I feel, by

prayer and real earnestness, I shall eventually be successful. I feel a desire to be more worthy of the many blessings conferred on me by the Almighty. All my defects seem to present themselves more clearly, telling me how I need the constant presence of my Saviour. I try to improve, and am bound to, because I want to, even with my scanty knowledge of God's promises."

After his first year as a changed man, he writes :—

"What a pleasure to me now, in my quiet moments, to review the past year! Never have I rested on my pillow, or left my home for my work,

without a prayer to God to help me. How beautifully he has responded! My great prize has been a closer connection with my Saviour. One cannot tell other people's feelings, but I can only hope they are all feeling as much benefited as I. I mean to use every effort to increase the school this year."

Then he refers to the general work of the school:—

"You are aiding, more than you can imagine, men around you to tread the better way. It must be a pleasure to you, but to us who are benefited, words fail us how to thank you."



It sometimes happens, with men who have found the joy of salvation in an Adult School, that they want nothing more in the way of religious privilege. The churches which failed to draw them before do not attract them, and they have no desire to enter them now; and too often a minister or a clergyman, who has entered a school, has used his opportunity to exalt unduly the duty of church-going, and thus, instead of attracting the men by love, he has repelled them by a lecture. Some such experience was expressed by a delegate, who gave his testimony at an Adult School Conference which Harry attended; and in relating his experience and views of this

Conference in a letter, he remarks :—

“ I do feel I ought to have asked our Birmingham friend if it was unintentional on his part saying workingmen need not attend any other places of worship than our school. If that was his idea, I think he was wrong. If he said our school quickens a desire to go to a place of worship, I should say Amen. The more I see of this work, the more I see how workingmen are indebted to you who are leaders of this grand movement. One begins to see what encourages you all to work, after hearing, at meetings, the testimony of men who seem boiling over with gratitude. Before closing,

I would say—that fatherly gentleman, Alderman White, came and shook me by the hand before he went away ; just what I wanted him to do, for one cannot help loving him.”

Harry loved his parish church. The vicar, who had failed to induce him to attend church when he first came to the village, now found him never absent ; and, complimenting him one day on being the best listener in the church, Harry replied, “ Ah, sir, you must remember the Adult School brought me in.” He became a morning Sunday school teacher, and also a sidesman of the church ; so that, altogether, his Sunday programme was very full, thus :—Adult School, 7.30

to 8.45 a.m. ; Church Sunday School 9.30 to 10.30 ; service, 11 to 12.30 ; P.S.A., 3.15 to 4.15 ; evening service, 6.30 to 8 ; and if, as was often the case, we had an open-air service after the churches were closed, Harry was sure to be present.

At the close of two years, when away in London, he writes :—

“ You will readily understand the great pleasure it is to any man, in his quiet moments, as he surveys the past year, to think of the mercies he receives. I find, the more I try to follow the teaching of the Bible, the happier I am. . . . Journeying along in the train, my thoughts went back to our beloved school and the Sunday

lesson. I read again the passage, Rom. xiv. 19: 'Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.' Never in my life did I feel the companionship of Jesus Christ as I do now. He accompanies me everywhere. How true I find the words that fastened themselves on my mind two years ago: 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Life to me is quite a treat. My conscience will now tell me what is wrong."

The secret of a successful Adult School is, love for leaders and teachers, who must win such love by sacrifice,

and by manifestations of sympathy with, and interest in, the whole life of their scholars.

When away the next summer, on my holiday in Switzerland, Harry wrote me from the works as follows :—

“ Our thoughts were with you on Sunday morning. How the remark passed from one to another ‘ Our President is thinking of us now.’ It is quite plain to me that we are knit together in the bonds of love, too close to be separated by distance.”

Harry was always delighted with the idea of the unity of all true believers in Jesus Christ. The visitors who, at different times, came to the

school, represented various denominations; but the note of unity was always heard. That invariably cheered Harry, and gave to him the promise of better times. In a letter he refers to it in the following terms :—

“ Many of our formalities are useless. Time, and a deeper interest in true religion, will remove much that now exists. If we compare the present with, say, twenty years ago, we find the bulk of our leaders more considerate toward others. When I was a lad in the Church Sunday school, the curate who was our teacher had a great dislike to our cricket club playing with dissenters. He would be ashamed to utter such nonsense

now. I feel, though, that many of our clergy are fully alive to the fact that, if they had to depend on their merits for their living, it would be a sorry look-out for many of them. I always find there is a certain amount of human nature about us. It is aiming at the Higher Life that makes the real man come out. I am in daily contact with men far better educated than I am, and yet Jesus Christ, as Saviour and Brother and Guide, is nothing to them. Often they are only too ready to scoff at the idea of being a Christian; but when a man can feel, as I do, that his very nature is reversed, and his Saviour is to him a living reality always, he feels sure others must



think about it. I am ever conscious of my weakness, but there is my favourite 117th Hymn to help me.”\*

Harry found hymns a great help to him, and he was constantly discovering their beauty. I remember how much he found in the hymn :

“ Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe.”

But whenever he was asked, with others, to name a hymn for singing in school, he would be the first to call for his favourite :—

“ What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear ;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

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\* “Songs and Solos” (early edition).

Oh! what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh! what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.”

In common with all Christians who would know anything of the rapture of Divine Love, Harry had to pass through terrible trials. Those he endured at the hands of his chaffing fellow-workmen and clerks were as nothing compared with a family sorrow, which came to him through the vagaries of a wayward daughter, who happily came to the truth eventually. In the following letter, he incidentally refers to this domestic trouble :—

“I was much depressed when I reached home last night, but your

very kind letter took my thoughts from my trouble, and reminded me of the sure refuge in Jesus Christ. I know you are pleased with my humble efforts to help my fellowmen, but how could I do otherwise? The unspeakable joy it gives me to feel able to help others! The more I see of our work, the clearer it is revealed to me that the very best way to help others is to live near to Christ. The friend we had on Sunday fastened some thoughts in my heart. The men I get up and call for on Sunday mornings cannot understand why I should do what I do for them. They do not understand what Jesus Christ has done for me. I notice this—as soon as we get men to decide to come

to school, they want their faces to be clean and shoes blacked. Then they find out that the 'pub' is no place for them on Saturday night. All this is a good stepping-stone to religion. I have seen more of the other side of the picture than you are aware of; all that cannot be undone. All I can do now is to hold it up as a danger-board to myself and others. I saw B. B., and was glad to see that he was true to his word. He says he is held by prayer. I shall keep in touch with him. One of the biggest boozers on our firm has now been teetotal two weeks. If I can only induce him to keep it, I feel it will help many others. How I love the book of Proverbs! How helpful

it is to me and to others, to the end of time! I long for more strength for this glorious cause. Your love for me won me; my love for them wins them. 'The Greatest Thing in the World'—how true that little book is! It seems to me that, in religion, we have to win them to us, and then connect them with Jesus Christ. I feel you pray for me, because I am surrounded with the same temptations as before, and it is so helpful to feel that others pray for you. Many of us pray for you, feeling that, sinful as we are, God hears us. I know it is a joy to you to know we are better men."

Writing from London, after five

years of the Christian life, he says :—

“ It is when one is away you can feel the great advantage of our Adult School work. Here I am, away from you all, in this busy London. I have the consolation that Jesus Christ, my dear Saviour, will guide and keep me even here. I find, as I read the lives of good men, their desire is for more faith. The closer I read my Bible, the better I can understand it. I feel somehow for you in your noble efforts, meeting with so many discouragements. Still, I would say, ‘ Keep straight on ; you can never measure the good you are doing.’ A working chap stopped me on Monday.

I knew what he wanted, but I waited for him to ask me plain. I gave him a penny in coin, and advice worth pounds. How heartily he shook my hand, and promised to sign the pledge.”

Writing from Edinburgh, in 1896, he says :—

“ To be absent from home and from my school to-day is very much against my wish, though unavoidable. On Saturday, I had to see a gentleman in Carlisle, and then journey here for Monday morning. Coming the whole distance during the daytime, I was for the first time able to enjoy the beautiful scenery. After I reached

Edinburgh, and had had my tea, I spent about two hours in the various streets. I was sorry to see the amount of drinking that must take place, to cause so many men and women walking about the streets to look half silly; and much of the conversation one overheard was most objectionable. Nothing on this earth can equal drink for lowering the human race, and yet how hard it is to convince people of it. On Friday last I was in Staffordshire, packing a large farmer's wool. He was surprised to see me pull my jacket off and roll up my sleeves. I finished the packing in little over an hour. Before leaving, he said, 'What will you have to drink?' I said, 'Ginger



beer or tea.' I was delighted when he told me he did not take any intoxicants. His dear old mother was living with him; she was so pleased I was teetotal. The dear old lady's eyes filled with tears of joy as I told her of your work and your daughter's Band of Hope, and my four lads members. I am going to one of the kirks this morning, and will conclude," etc.

A year later, I had a most helpful letter from him in Liverpool, in which he says :—

“I am learning every day that humility is one of the most Christlike

attributes you or I can possess. To step down is to step up; when we stoop to raise another over some difficulty that prevented him from seeing the Loving Guide whom we see, we are blest. I like to think of the good resulting from united prayer. How is it we cannot close our eyes at night without asking God's blessing on each other? How is it, the further we are apart, the closer we are spiritually? Yours is a long experience of Christ's Love; mine short. May we both, as we journey, strengthen each other. To reflect for one moment in the rush and turmoil of life, is to remind me how every moment I am dependent on God's mercy. Few of our scholars see so

much of outside life as I do. I see a wide range of men.”

Harry's love increased in depth and power. His heart was brimful of love—he struggled with words to express it.

The following is a Christmas letter, acknowledging some small gift. After speaking of the little book I had sent him, he remarks :—

“ You raised me from a low standard, and your great joy is to see the humble effort I make. When I review the last eight years, and see the joy brought to me through your loving influence, I am at a loss to know what to say. God will always

reward you for what you have done for me. While I am from home, your presence seems always with me. How we all need to pray for more and more grace and faith, from the true and only Source. If I should be spared for another year, may I be more useful than in the past.”

Every Sunday morning we opened the school with the reading of a Psalm, the beauty of which I endeavoured to bring before them in a few words. Harry writes in 1898 :—

“ I am reminded of your remarks last Sunday on the 27th Psalm. How difficult you found it to find words to properly express your feelings!

During this week I have read over and over again the 145th Psalm. I feel how difficult it will be for you to satisfy yourself whenever you come to this one. One feels so grateful for ever being brought to read such sublime and life-giving words, and to feel that they have been preserved for us. I cannot wonder at your love and reverence for your Bible. Your many years of careful study are now shared by so many more. To me it is all most helpful, although I am following very far behind. We get many discouragements in our desire to help others, but none that lessens our love for the Divine Father of us all. My great aim is to follow closely in the footsteps of my fellows, who

have drunk deeper than I have of this Well of Life. Plodding day by day, I pray that my life may help others. We must never close our eyes to the fact that there are many influences around us which pull men down. Many are satisfied with just seeing the actors on the stage ; others like to peep behind the scenes, and see the folly going on. But we must plod on, hoping that, at some future time, working men will be able to discern right from wrong. Mr. Barnum, the American showman, said : the more you gull the people, the better they like it. At times, one is tempted to think so. Sunday will find us together spending another happy, joyous morning in what, after

all, is the most precious of our meetings. Psalm cxlv. 13, 'Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.'

“Ever yours,

“HARRY.”

The late Alderman William White, of Birmingham, whose memory is so deeply treasured by all who had the privilege of meeting him, gave us a lecture on Temperance. Harry was in Liverpool. He wrote:—

“I fear I shall not be back in time to hear that dear friend of working men. Oh, I do love him for, at his age [78], living the active life he

does ! We owe him our deep gratitude for coming to our school, with the desire in his heart to benefit the men in our neighbourhood. May the visit bear much fruit. I have now been a total abstainer long enough to be able to speak of the many advantages for health, happiness, and finances. My home, as it is now, gives me a fore-taste of heaven. How I desire my fellows to share with me this joy ! The temptations are many and strong to drag a man down, but there are many willing hands to encourage him to keep clear of the drink. How I rejoice that my boys are growing up abstainers ! If I can catch the 4.5 train, I may call, if only to hear a few words ; if not, may God abundantly



bless the effort made to carry joy into our homes.”

The return from my holidays was something to look forward to, in view of the hearty welcome from the school, and especially from Harry. He wrote me thus :—

“ I am looking forward to Sunday, to receive that warm, hearty grip of the hand, feeling what brotherly love there is when Christ is present in our hearts, allowing no social barriers to arise. What a schooling it is to travel about, and carefully note the ways of men, and to listen to the course of their conversation, and to be ready at all times to put in a word

that may be of some service, and especially to help any one in doubt in spiritual matters. I shall be happy to see you.”

It is amazing to some of us, who have been labouring in the Temperance cause all our lives, to see how slow is the progress of temperance legislation. Harry, writing from Edinburgh, after having visited Liverpool, says :—

“ I went to a grand meeting at Liverpool in favour of Sunday closing. It is so convincing to see the various parts of the Christian Church so united on this one point. We move slowly, but this must come. The speakers all said good things. A big portion

of the community knows little of the blighting influence of drinking. I bought from an old bookstall a little book, 'A Bright Light in a Dark Place.' It was a memoir of Betsy Eleys, of Bilston. I enjoyed reading her life, because I see she succeeded where I often have failed. It humbled me very much, and brought forth fresh and better resolves. I find, when compared with such a life, I am just on the fringe; on the lowest rung of the ladder; sipping, instead of taking a deep draught; but I feel sure that God will fully answer my desire, and develop my better nature. Oh, that He may give me that clear knowledge of His love, that I may reflect some small portion of it! I

notice at some of the hotels the Bible gets defaced, which shows there is a difference between the patrons of these hotels. May the loving Saviour create in our hearts a warmer love for Himself.”

Harry had saved money. He wished to purchase some land opposite to the side of the road where he lived. The estate, of which this field was a part, came into the market; and, singularly enough, when the auctioneer's prospectus arrived, it showed that the field was to be sold in No. 1 lot. I found Harry anxious to get it, but as he did not know how to proceed, I promised to ask my solicitor, who was to attend the sale, to bid for him.

Having ascertained the amount Harry was prepared to give, I instructed my representative to bid up to that amount. The field was bought for £20 less than the amount fixed. The following letter on the subject gives further testimony to Harry's faith :—

“ The deep interest you take in my welfare fills my heart with joy and gratitude towards you. I was hoping to get the land, and I prayed that it might be so ; but, trusting firmly in God's will, I should not have grieved had it been otherwise. Still, here is another clear answer to prayer.”

He found his neighbour, a widow, was anxious to build four houses, but

she had no land. He gave her the offer of half his lot at half the purchase money, and asked for no profit, which he might easily have done. He preferred, however, to give her the full benefit of his purchase.

We were all grieved to see Harry suffering from some weakening complaint, which proved to be diabetes. He went to Blackpool for a good rest, but his spirit was ever with us. On hearing we were about to hold an important Temperance meeting, he wrote :—

“ I admire you for your aggressive work. The wonder is, my fellows fail to see who are their true friends. I know many of the working men in B. ;

personally, I don't know one who would not greatly benefit by total abstinence from strong drink. The great difficulty is to get them clear from the many inducements to be found in connection with public-houses. Of course, the profits are large for those in the Trade; but if Christ dwelt in their hearts they would find it impossible to take from poor creatures money which is urgently needed in their homes. If you see any working men, convey my best wishes, and ask them, for my sake, to sign the pledge.

“You will seem to get very little encouragement for the great efforts made, but you will never be able to realize what the results of your efforts have been; and when the finish

comes, the consolation to you will be that Christ has taken notice of them, and that the hearts of many beat with love for you. I have been reading the life of Newman Hall; it is just the book for me out here. At times, I cannot suppress the tears of joy for his many acts of love, especially to working men. How much he owed to his parents! What a great responsibility rests on mothers! You will be glad to know I have benefited by the change, and from here I am going to Edinburgh for business."

A letter from Edinburgh, dated July 27th, 1899, runs thus:—

"My thoughts, while on the sands



of Portobello the other evening, were with you. I think the greatest task any one can set themselves to do is, to try and get people to act rationally. During my recent inactivity I had opportunity to reflect, and this, the great desire of our life, will be for our children : That they may participate in everything we know to be good, and warn them of the evil ; but how often it is that they are not satisfied till they find the fire burns. While on the sands just outside Leith last evening, I was one of a large party listening to some good advice given to some children, evidently some school trip. There was a banner with the words ' Suffer little children to come unto Me.' The

schoolmaster asked for a show of hands of those who desired to be in heaven, wearing golden crowns, and playing on the harps. I thought I should have liked a show of hands of those who wanted to wear the crown of a good life here, and play on the harp of penitence. Still, I rejoiced at the noble effort the good man and others were making. Why, if sin could be obliterated from this planet, what a paradise it would be! I roam about in the evenings, sometimes amongst the slums, sometimes in the West End places. It's very instructive to me. I feel confident the Spirit of Christ is planted in every human heart, but sin terribly smears it. I hope to be in my place on Sunday,

sharing with you all the great joy of our Adult School service. May our cup of joy be full ! ”

The summer holiday of 1900 brought me a most interesting letter from Harry. It refers to a very happy morning school, and then adds :—

“ In the afternoon, for some unknown cause, our speaker did not come, so your humble servant spoke for a short time, taking the latter part of the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians : ‘ For you see your calling, brethren, how that . . . not many mighty, not many noble are called ; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world

to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are : that no flesh should glory in His presence.' ”

This, to Harry, was a mighty truth ; he realized that God had called him, so no opportunity of service did he miss. Every Saturday he bought a dozen copies of the Salvation Army “ War Cry,” and he took the deepest interest in the individual testimonies and reports of the growing work of that mighty organization.

In 1900, the National Drink Bill reached an abnormal figure ; drunkenness was rife. This deeply grieved Harry, because of his yearning love for his fellow working-men. " I am sorry," he writes, " to see the account of the drunkenness during the Easter holidays. I was at Llangollen on Tuesday, and returned home in the evening. At Wolverhampton, I was unfortunate in getting into a coach filled with men who had been to the races. What a contrast ! One would hardly think human beings could sink so low. It was not so much drink, but sin. We have great cause for thankfulness for the knowledge of the love of Christ ; we are kept by His love. If these men could be brought

to see as we do, they would at once forsake their foolish ways.”

In Sept., 1900, that Grand Old Man,\* so beloved by every Adult School man in England, was suddenly called to his rest. The Midland Adult School Union elected the writer to succeed him in the office of President. No one rejoiced in this event more than Harry, though he realized that it would mean frequent abstentions of his teacher in official visitation on a large scale. Still, he was pleased with the wider outlook which his teacher would now have, and the hearty welcome which he would receive in other schools and districts. Harry

\* Alderman White, of Birmingham.

was a communicant of the Church of England, and he longed to see a closer union of Christians and churches. So, when he heard that I had been the week-end guest of the rector of an important town in the Black Country ; that at 7.30 a.m., I had marched with this enlightened clergyman at the head of a procession composed of three schools ; and that, subsequently, I had been privileged to give an address from the pulpit to a crowded church, Harry rejoiced, and wrote :—

“ It was a treat to read your letter. How much the rector must have benefited by his connection with Adult Schools. What splendid opportunities you now have of understanding

the great spiritual strength of the Adult School Movement! We miss you very much when you are away; but it is a great consolation to know that you are working for Christ. You will, I know, give your best to His service. You have the tact to get the confidence of the men; it naturally follows that much good will result."

The last letter, dated July 22nd, 1901, was sent to me when I was again on holiday in Switzerland. In it he describes the speakers who had visited the school, and records an address in particular, on the love of Christ, which seemed to have deeply moved him. He says:—

"It caused me to think of the



great army that exists all over the world to further the Kingdom on earth, giving their time and testimony for the benefit of their fellows.”

He mentions a new scholar, and his desire to help him :—

“ I know full well if I can get him fully introduced to Christ, it will reverse all, and make him a complete man.”

For two years our hero, Harry, had been fighting against the exhausting complaint already described, gradually getting weaker and weaker, and looking thin and worn. His loving faith never abated, nor did he miss his

school more than one Sunday. Then we heard how ill he was. On the Christmas Day following, he was worse. I called. He held my hand. As I talked of the joy we had experienced together, of the help he had been to me during the previous twelve years, and of the glory he was soon to enter into, he smiled and pressed my hand. We bade "good-bye" to each other. The next day God took him.



# MY SON TIMOTHY





## MY SON TIMOTHY

**T**HE subject of the following study was so essentially my spiritual son, that the relationship of Timothy to Paul suggested a like application.

Twenty-seven years ago from the present time of writing, I removed to a country village in Worcestershire, in close proximity to a small, but ancient, borough.

Soon after starting an Early Morning Adult School for men, and a P.S.A. for men and women, a resident lady asked me to call on a poor widow woman, of feeble health, who

at times was a great sufferer. The lady had done her best to help her, and now thought interest shown by another soul-seeker might have some good influence. I gladly made the call, and found this frail little woman at home, in a very tiny cottage. She was quite cheerful, and surprised me with her intelligent conversation. She had at one time occupied a good position. Her husband had been a draper in the South of England, but had failed through extravagant living. On the death of her husband, the widow removed to Worcestershire, in order that she might be near her only relatives.

The eldest of her three lads—the subject of this sketch—was at home.

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He had recently left a well-known Charity School, bringing home several prizes as evidences of his diligence.

I took special interest in the mother and son, and invited them to join my afternoon class. The mother came, but the son declined.

According to the generous terms of the Charity School foundation, he had been apprenticed to a carpet designer, whose office was some three miles distant, whither he walked to and fro morning and evening.

I frequently called, for I felt disappointed at the refusal of the lad to join us. One day, the mother, with tears, related to me their unhappiness. The son, from whom she expected so much, was cross and



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dissatisfied; and what was worse than this, she told me she was sure he was reading books that would do him no good.

I met him, evidently in a very morose mood, one Sunday morning. I shook him by the hand, and gave him a warm invitation to come and listen to an address, to be delivered by a well-known minister, on "How to be Happy." He replied, "I wish I knew how to be happy." "Well, then, come," I said. I looked that afternoon for him in vain; he came not.

Time passed. The mother and her boys removed further away, and consequently she was less frequent in her attendance at the class. One

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day, a district visitor requested me to call on the woman; she was very ill, and greatly desired to see me. I went the same evening. In the kitchen of a low-roofed, humble cottage, the poor woman lay on a settle, suffering from a severe attack of asthma. Her wan face lit up with a smile, as she found how quickly I had responded. At a small table sat her first-born, busily painting some carpet designs he had brought home. I admired his work, and then told him how disappointed I had been that he had never come to see us, and especially that he had missed hearing the address on "How to be Happy." I asked, "Have you yet found the way?" "No," he replied,

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in a melancholy tone. "Well," I said, "God wants you to be happy. He says, 'My son, give Me thine heart.' He recognizes our relationship, and wants us to recognize it too, so that we may do His will."

I urged him to respond to the invitation, by repeating after me: "Lord, my heart is Thine." He seemed willing. I proposed we should kneel, which we did. I offered a few words of prayer on his behalf, and asked him just to surrender his will to his Heavenly Father. He did so. We then rose. "Now," I said, "don't look back, only forward; always remember you are His. Join in fellowship with others who rejoice in this relationship. Search that

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## My Son Timothy 105

wonderful library of sacred literature—the Bible. Believe the promises; let the words of Jesus sink into your heart; remember He is your Prince and Saviour, and you will find a new world.”

The sight of her son, thus surrendering himself to God, had a miraculous effect on the mother; she recovered from her illness, and lived for two more years.

It was a joy to me to have the help of this intelligent young fellow in the school. He proved a most attentive scholar. Others, who had been interested in him, now became his companions. A useful life seemed before him. But alas! Satan, who had marked him for his own, was

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not going to relinquish him without a struggle. Note this cry from the depths in a letter to me :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am sorry if what I am going to say should cause you pain ; but perhaps you are prepared to hear it. It is, that I am not what you think me to be. I am, in fact, a hypocrite ; and that, while coming to school, and acting a saint, I am at home a bully, grumbling, snarling, cursing, swearing, and this not occasionally, but every week almost. You may think that this is written in an ill-humour, and things are not so bad as that ; but it is written with calmness and deliberation. As

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for it being true, ask my mother ; ask the neighbours ; and if you are not convinced, look at my face, and see the seal of the devil there. I was the same at school,—a coward, a bully, and a bit of a sneak ; ask any of the boys. When I went there last, I was as good as hooted off the playground. Ask my master ; he has a letter from my mother, describing my ‘goings on.’ I think I have said enough, though there is still a lower depth. Yet I must say, also, that all the time since I was seven years old, since I had a mind or feelings at all, I have believed in God, in Jesus, in the atonement ; and I believe now more than I ever did ;—but the fruits of the Spirit !

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That brings me to the lesson for the class, which of course I shall have nothing to do with, though I have 'taken' it in a more terrible way than you thought I should. In conclusion, I humbly beg pardon for giving you a false impression, and hereby resign my position as under-secretary."

Such a letter was indeed a blow; but though he left the school, and cut off his connection with the Wesleyan Church which he was attending, we did not give him up. A lecture, on the character of "Adam Bede," was about to be given, by a relative of the author of that famous book. My friend was per-

## My Son Timothy 109

suaded to come. The lecturer—a minister of great experience, and brimful of the Spirit of God—well described the different types of Christians, as exemplified in the two brothers, Adam and Seth Bede. As a result, the heart that, three years ago, had surrendered to God, now beheld the fuller light. The dawn of happy days was upon him, as this letter, written to me when on a holiday, will reveal :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I was pleased to receive your letter, and to know you were enjoying your holidays, as are all the members of the Society. The Sunday meetings have so far been



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most successful.” (Then follow names of speakers, and the character of their addresses.) Of one friend he says:—  
“His address was interesting, as it always is. He speaks with such enthusiasm, that the people would be cold indeed who were not affected by it. . . . Thank you very much for your kind promise to give me advice, when I feel the need of it. It is very comforting to know that I have a friend, one who sympathizes with me. But although I am reserved, I am not unhappy. I do not believe that any one who has the peace of God (which is incomprehensible, but very real), can be unhappy. There is nothing in the world can shake our foundations,

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though clouds may dim our sky and even storms may break over us. I do, indeed, feel I am not in my right place yet; but that, I learn, is common to most young men. I see plainly enough the hand of God trying to shape a 'character;' but I feel also that which is opposed to Him. May I never forget Who giveth us the victory. Please excuse this rather hurried letter."

My "son" grew in grace and love. It was a pleasure to consider his literary thirst, and to lend him books, and occasionally present him with one.

Another three years passed. He was about to be put on the local

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preachers' plan of the Wesleyan Church; so I gave him, for a Christmas present, "Young's Analytical Concordance." His letter of acknowledgment beautifully expresses his quiet growth:—

“ I am quite unable to express my feeling of thankfulness for the gift I have just received from you. It is a beautiful book, and will be very valuable to me. I have lately wished for just such a book; to have a concordance of my own, so that it could be ready to my hand at any time, as the tools of a workman should be. Now that your kindness has supplied my want, I will endeavour to use it, not only as a means whereby



**“My Son Timothy.”**



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I can get much good and pleasure for myself out of my Bible, but also as an instrument by which I can do work. I hear I may be put on the next plan, as 'on trial,' although I have only taken one service. I feel very unworthy of this high calling; there is so much of the old Adam to put off; such a constant need of the Holy Spirit. But I *know* that we belong to God; that He possesses us, and gives us what we need for deliverance, of love, of guidance, of discipline; and that He will bring us to our promised land when He has completed what He has begun in us. May I continue to have the benefit of your prayers; the knowledge that I have had them in the

## 114      **My Son Timothy**

past, has been a great comfort and help to me. Thanking you for your kindness and help, given me in many ways during the past years, I remain," etc.

Seven years later, my young friend took part in a mission at a neighbouring church. He writes:—

“ I am writing in order that you may share our great joy. The Holy Spirit has been with us to-night in our meeting. F. B. stood up, and told us that he was converted, that he had been for some time; then E. P., as the meeting was closing, forced his way, as it were, into the

## My Son Timothy 115

Kingdom. He said he could not let the meeting break up without saying that he had felt a change. He had been unable to believe what he had heard about these weak fellows; but he knew now. He could say, to-night, he had stepped over the line. To say this, he had to stop the meeting, which was just about to sing a hymn. He was not over-excited, but spoke calmly and decidedly. I wish to thank you for your influence on myself and others, asking you to share our joy, and to give the glory to the Lord Jesus. Pray for us."

It was now I began to speak of him as "my son Timothy," for I



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was often able to give him introductions to platforms and pulpits; and in every case he acquitted himself well. His prayers, too, were a benediction; rarely did I hear him without tears coming to my eyes.

On visiting Canada, in 1902, I was much impressed by the signs of its coming prosperity; and, on my return, I did not forget to convey the information to the members of the school. One day, my hero brought me the "Methodist Recorder," and showed me an advertisement in its columns, in which the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Canada, asked for some thirty young men to act as Evangelists in the North-West provinces. "Do you think I am qualified to

## My Son Timothy 117

apply ? ” he queried. “ Certainly, ” I answered ; “ you are the very man. Your Adult School training, and village work, have given you just the equipment to teach these back-woodsmen the principles of the real life. ” Application was made, but with grief we learnt he was too old ; no one was to be taken over thirty, and our man had passed thirty-one. I immediately obtained the Rev. Doctor’s address, and wrote him. I told him I knew the West, that I had met many of their men, and would answer for it that he would take out his thirty, but none of them would excel the man he was leaving behind. It was sufficient. “ My son Timothy ” was sent for to Bristol,

## 118 My Son Timothy

and was engaged for twelve months ; but he was reminded that, if he failed in a certain examination, there would be no further obligation in regard to him.

This was joy indeed. " Timothy " had proved thrifty, and he was able to start on his new life in Canada with a little reserve of money. His subsequent letters are graphically written. Extracts will give a picture of the life, in Canada, of a Methodist Evangelist, as he rises to the position of a fully-ordained minister. In the first letter, he states that twenty-eight was the number of the prospective young men evangelists who embarked in the *Empress of Britain*, and that about a dozen of them

## My Son Timothy 119

were “out and out good Christian fellows, and as merry as possible. The welcome at Montreal was most cordial. We were fortunate enough to arrive while the Conference was meeting. We were officially welcomed by the chairmen of the different North-Western districts, and had a beautiful and stirring address from Dr. Carmen, general superintendent. All the men were heartened by the brotherly way in which we were received. . . . An Ex-President introduced a party of us to a long stream of doctors—nearly every mature minister is a D.D.—and every one had a kind, brotherly word to say. Said one, ‘You will have plenty of hard work, and little pay; but you

## 120      **My Son Timothy**

will lay up treasure in heaven.' Nearly every one said it was 'a fine country, a wonderful country, and you have a good opportunity.' Mr. Collier gave a very helpful talk. He said, if he were young, he would rather be in Canada than in England, because he was sure of the great future in store for the Dominion. He advised us to be men of the Bible ; to study the great words 'Grace,' 'Righteousness' ; to be men of prayer ; to keep an Index and Commonplace Book ; to go in for individual work in soul-winning—souls for Christ ; especially pray with a man."

After a journey of 2,420 miles overland, he reached a little town

## My Son Timothy 121

in Alberta, situated away North from Calgary. A letter from him, written in 1906, gives the following account of the place :—

“ Six years ago there was no one here, and not a sod turned ; now it is quite a little place, and the folk are trying to get a siding on the C.P.R. There is only a population of 20 persons, yet they call it a city. All the buildings are of wood. There is quite a handsome church, holding about 200, with an American organ. There are about a score of farms around, all doing well. They have had good seasons for several years, and have had fine crops of wheat, oats, and barley. It costs

122      **My Son Timothy**

little to keep cattle, of which every man has a 'bunch.' They let them run in the unbroken parts, which are free."

He describes as "a noble Christian hero" a minister on a neighbouring field with whom he stayed *en route* :—

"He is just such a one as we read of in books. He has been in the work 20 years, and says you could not bring him to leave it, he has got such a love for it. He is an Englishman. He drove me round his 'field' in his buggy on Sunday, and I preached twice (different sermons), so that he could judge of my fitness. I shall begin to preach in

## My Son Timothy 123

my own 'field' on Sunday. There are four places, three of which have to be visited each Sunday. One old farmer, who was very pleased with me, said I was 'not like an Englishman.' There is a great prejudice here against Englishmen as preachers, because they say several would not stop. One of them left without saying a word to any one. I shall have to show them the different side of the English character. If there is one thing I can do, it is to *hang on*. The work will be just what I've been used to: visiting country people and preaching to small congregations. I have spent my afternoons this week in visiting farmhouses, and in most places the



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folks said, 'Come again.' I think I shall have some good times. The difficulty of the work here is, that they work so hard, they like rest on Sundays; and it is five miles on an average to a place of worship. Last Sunday several women rode to service astride their horses. It looked rather funny. Remember me to the Early Morning School men."

The following letter gives a vivid picture, and describes the receipt of the first letter from his 'spiritual father':—

"Your very welcome letter arrived the day before yesterday, and was just three weeks in coming. I

## My Son Timothy 125

cannot tell you how glad I was to get it. You would have been interested if you could have seen us when the mail arrived. We were gathered, seven or eight of us, in the room at the hotel where the 'Post Office' room is. The young woman clerk sat at a small table in one corner, stamping letters, while a barber operated in another corner about three yards away. Letters are not delivered here, but we have to fetch them. One and another would come in, and stand or sit around the stove. Snow is lying on the ground to the depth of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and when the mail carrier drove up he was in his fur coat. He brought one bag of letters and one of papers, both shaken out

126      **My Son Timothy**

on the floor. The proprietor of the hotel, who is the postmaster, and the lady clerk, then sorted them out, and tossed them across the room to the different men. The neighbours fetch one another's mails, and a man will set off with a bundle for half-a-dozen people. I am writing this on a Sunday morning, at a lonely farmhouse about nine miles away from ——. Service is to be held here in the cottage at 11 o'clock, but I expect the snow will prevent many from coming. There is just the farmer and his wife and little boy. The house is just a frame building, with one room downstairs, divided off by curtains into a small kitchen, and two spaces

## My Son Timothy 127

called bedrooms, but with only just room for the beds. There was only just a hanging sheet between my bed and the one in which the farmer and his wife slept. The *coyotes* are very numerous here, and they would come quite close to the house, until the dogs would bark and chase them away. I like the work very much, and wouldn't like to go back for anything. I am just getting to know the people, and their sorrows and difficulties. One good woman where I stayed is anxious about her two boys, aged 19 and 23, who, years ago, were converted, and joined the church in Ontario. She says that, when they were little, she dedicated them to the Lord, and prayed that

## 128      **My Son Timothy**

they might be ministers; but she is afraid that they may stray, now that they are away from all religious influences. The women especially live very lonesome lives, and are very grateful for the means of grace. The people are well educated, and do a great deal of reading. Here and there, one finds a young fellow who is intellectually proud, and feels himself above the church; but they like to engage in debating societies, and as they say, 'thrash things out for themselves.' Altogether, the work requires an all-round man, and I am very grateful for my Adult School experience. I hope to start a literary society, and shall endeavour to get them to look at things from a Christian

## My Son Timothy 129

standpoint. On Wednesday last, October 31st, Hallowe'en, we had a dinner, which was a great success. It was got up by the 'ladies' aid'; different families brought pies and other delicacies, which were served at a charge of 25c. The food was excellent; and afterwards there was a social in the church, consisting of solos, recitations, etc., myself presiding. About 130 were present, and a profit of \$30 was made. Hallowe'en is the night when the young fellows have a 'night off.' They overturned a small shed bodily, hid one bicycle, and ran mine into the bush as far as they could, so that I had to get an axe and clear the way, before I could draw it back. As they say, they

130      **My Son Timothy**

‘ must have some fun sometimes.’  
I pray God will continue to give you His blessing. The papers you have sent me I have lent to an Englishman who drinks, a man who has been through a fortune, and now keeps a small fruit shop. He comes to church, and patronises me somewhat; like many drinking men, he offers to do a lot for me. I pray that I may be able to lead him to the Lord Jesus. I have earned four dollars pocket-money, by painting advt. boards for store-keepers. No one out here can do such work. I make about 1s. 6d. per hour at it. I was doing some lettering on a wagon. I overheard two men say, ‘ Who’s that over there painting?’ ‘ Oh,

## My Son Timothy 131

that's the preacher.' 'The preacher!'  
'Yes, I guess he knows how to paint.'  
The young fellows think more of me  
now they know I can do something  
besides preach. I have also painted  
some roses on a board, which has  
quite surprised folk out here. They  
say I am the best artist that has  
ever been in their city! That work  
will be a change, and keep me in  
pocket-money for books."

His letters were always welcome.  
Here is another :—

"You will like to know how we  
spent Christmas here. At 'Central,'  
the teachers at the school arranged  
for a school treat and social, to be



## 132      **My Son Timothy**

held the Saturday before Christmas, inviting me to preside. I am something of a vicar of a very large parish. At the meeting, the children recited, sang, and gave little dialogues, while the adults helped as well. The room was decorated, and the parents and friends attended in large numbers. After the programme was rendered, paper bags, or sacks as they are called, of candy-nuts were distributed to the children. On Christmas Eve, we had a tree for the Sunday School and people. A large spruce tree, 10 ft. high, was brought into the church and decorated. Gifts hung, with names of the recipients. Parents provided the gifts for their own children and friends, and for one

## My Son Timothy 133

another. Meetings were free; expenses covered by subscriptions. About 300 were present. On Christmas Day, I had breakfast at my room, and went with two others  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles in a sleigh to dinner at a farmhouse. Grand, seasonable dinner,—turkey, goose, Christmas pudding, etc. In the evening, another sleigh drive, with six of the ‘boys,’  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the Swedish Settlement, where in the Swedish church they were having another tea and social, another programme, two-thirds in Swedish. It was a glorious night and moonlight, and snow everywhere. The ride was most charming, there being three sleighs from our city; the bells made merry music all the

## 134      **My Son Timothy**

way home, which we reached about 11.30. On Wednesday, another social, at one of my other places. Short addresses on seasonable topics : Christmas customs, English history, Christmas carols. I contributed a recitation, ' Trouble in Amen Corner,' and read two carols of Mrs. Browning's : ' The Virgin Mary,' and the ' Child Jesus.' "

In another letter, he writes :—

“ There seems to be an impression among many people in England, that the folk out here are rough and uneducated. I would like them to know that it is not the case by any means. The average man is far more

## My Son Timothy 135

cultured than in England. At our meeting the other evening, our chairman was an ex-schoolmaster, so was the first speaker; and two schoolmistresses were present besides. I have been surprised at the purity of the English spoken. The people here, on the whole, speak better than at home. Every one pronounces the aspirate correctly. Of course, there were strange expressions and Americanisms used in free conversation. In fact, the people are an energetic and well-read class of people who are out West. A large proportion of the wives of the farmers are taken from the ranks of the school madams. Smart girls come out here from the East, in order to get the extra salary

## 136      **My Son Timothy**

of \$50 per month; they soon are able to marry successful young farmers. The result is a home of some refinement and culture. In the winter, there is not much work to be done on the farms, and every opportunity for reading. Each school is provided, by Government orders, with a well-chosen library. The topic discussed in our literary society will show the style: 'Resolved that Canada has the best form of Government in the world.' This was lost. 'That the inventions of the past have been more beneficial than those of the future will be.' 'That the pleasures of hope exceed the pleasures of memory,' etc. The people come two to six

## My Son Timothy 137

miles to the meetings. One of the fellows that came out with me, has written me from a distant station in Saskatchewan. He says:—  
‘ During my time here I have helped in digging a cellar, carpentering work, cheese cloth, and paper hanging. I passed one night in the prairie in an Indian reserve, after losing the trail. I have slept in a stable, on a table, on the floor of a sod shack, with a blanket.’  
A good number of rough experiences have been mine; but God is good, and I was never in better health at any time. I still find out that truth of God, ‘ that all things work together for good to them that love God.’ I shall be glad of your continued

## 138      **My Son Timothy**

prayers. As you know, I am reserved when I ought to speak. I see the need of personal and individual work, but lack the boldness required. May God our Father make me a real fisher of men. Sometimes, I think all I can do is merely to hold the fort, when I ought to be attacking the enemy. May God bless you and make you a blessing; and if it be His Will, may a double portion of your spirit fall upon your son in the Gospel."

In our Adult School, we vary our teaching in the educational portion. Sometimes, a passage is dictated, which the scholar takes down in a book with perforated leaves. I

## My Son Timothy 139

generally select a good phrase, which the writer can take home. One Sunday, I read for dictation these words, from the pen of the late Rev. Walter Smith :—

“ There, where the hosts of darkness lie,  
And the brave battle rages high,  
Give me my post to live or die  
    With fearless heart.  
Thou, Lord, alone may'st plan the fight,  
Alone array the battle right,  
Mine but to do with all my might  
    My little part.

“ Not mine to choose my work or fate,  
Whether to die with hope elate,  
Or live, the triumph to relate  
    In after years.  
Enough to battle in Thy Name  
For truth and right, but not for fame,  
And ne'er Thy Holy Cause to shame,  
    By coward fears.



140      **My Son Timothy**

“ And if it be my lot to fall  
Unnoticed and unknown of all,  
Named only in the Great Roll-call,  
So let it be ;  
Give me my weapon and my task,  
Timbrel or sword or water-flask,  
To know my task is all I ask,  
And to serve Thee.”

This he often referred to. After twelve months' experience in the North-West, he composed these lines under the title, “ On Guard ” ; thus showing that he fully realized the call of the church militant :—

“ O say not, lone one, that thy time is lost,  
And thou art weary far from His right hand,  
Thy Leader's whose it is to take command,  
For He Himself did place thee at the post.  
Has He then failed in ordering His host—  
To do the best ? Right here He bade thee  
stand ;

## My Son Timothy 141

Right here, in the great scheme of things, He  
planned

Thy place. Be wise. Thy duty is the most  
Expected of thee ; let it be done well.

One lonely outpost thou art set to guard  
At His command ; be watchful, and be still—  
What may depend upon it who can tell ?  
One way, at least, against the foe is barred,  
And thou art here according to His will.”

As before remarked, much depended on his first examination, which proved a success. He obtained 88 per cent. of marks in his preliminary subjects, which was a record in the Alberta Conference. He also wrote on four subjects, and obtained an average of 92 per cent. At the district meeting, two men were up for oral examination, and among the subjects was this one:—  
“ Do you take snuff, tobacco, or

142      **My Son Timothy**

intoxicating drinks?" A distinct answer in the negative was required in each case, as a condition of continuing on probation. To these questions he replied with such an emphatic "No," that all the men laughed. The result of the examination was, that he was recommended to Conference for College, after another year in the field. His reference to finance is interesting:—

“ At present, they are about 120 dollars behind in my salary, which is supposed to be 350 dollars, with 60 allowed for house per year. Very few preachers ever get their full allowance; but as we visit so much,

## My Son Timothy 143

and in consequence do not have to pay much for board, it works out all right. Life is full of interest here. It is like one long holiday to me. The farmer where I board let me do a couple of rounds with the plough, so I am picking up a lot of useful knowledge. We preachers find it useful to talk 'horse' and 'crops,' etc., in order to gain the confidence of the people. It is a great privilege to have the opportunity of working in this great country, at this critical time, for the cause of God and humanity. Give my kind regards to the men at school, where I learned so much."

It is interesting to catch a glimpse,

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144      **My Son Timothy**

in the following extract, of the fight against the drink curse :—

“ We have a large hotel put up in this city, in the hope of getting a licence ; but the temperance feeling is strong, and I realize we can successfully oppose it. Legally, they cannot have it, as the place is too small. There have to be 200 residents in 960 acres, under one section of the Act ; and 40 dwelling-houses in 960 acres, under another section. Last week, I attended a convention about 30 miles away. We had some good times. The Women’s Christian Temperance Union was holding a convention at the same time, and a United Temperance

## My Son Timothy 145

Convention followed. At the latter, there were several important resolutions :—

“ ‘ (1) To flood the province of Alberta with good temperance literature.

“ ‘ (2) To set apart the best men, to obtain a Templar Advocate and Organizer, his duties being to study the laws, and attend the meetings of Licensing Commissioners, on behalf of temperance, as well as travel over the province giving addresses and taking pledges, etc.’

“ Next Sunday I am holding a special temperance meeting, and getting a first-class speaker for a week-night meeting.”

## 146      **My Son Timothy**

In another letter, he states that he enquired about some of the men who went out with him two years before, and learnt that "one only stayed three days at his field, and then returned straight back to England. 'It was just as well,' my informant said, 'for men are no good unless they have spirit.' But others are doing grand work, and contending with great difficulties. I am quite satisfied this is a great country, with infinite possibilities for young men with energy and spirit. The novelty and interest of the country have not worn off. It is wonderful to be able to drive for miles through country that has never been touched by the hand of

## My Son Timothy 147

man. The farmers are all wanting help; they are handicapped because labour is so scarce. Girls especially, who would come as hired helps, would be well treated, like members of the family in fact, and get good pay. If you know any girls who can work, and are out of employment, advise them to come out, right out West. Girls who can wash, bake, milk, and sew, would very soon get rich."

A very long and interesting letter from him describes the Alberta Wesleyan Conference, the men he met there, and the speakers he heard; and he remarks that the desire of all was to extend the work



## 148      My Son Timothy

and win souls for the Kingdom. At this Conference he was accepted as a probationer, which involved the spending of another year in a different field, and the bidding "Good-bye" to his first friends.

The next letter is a heart letter, which must be given. After thanking me for books and papers, he says :—

"Your letter contained such helpful thoughts, that at our little prayer-meeting last night, which was held in the farmhouse where I am boarding, I read extracts to them, and we had a profitable talk on the subject of living *in* the Lord's country, and not on the borderland. It was most interesting, especially as I was

## My Son Timothy 149

able to show them your picture in the 'Quiver' and tell them of some of your work, and of the miracles of grace in connection with the Adult School. I told them of 'Old Sol,' who papered his room with the summonses; and of the wonderful little address he gave at our annual meeting. The passage 'Love, love, love, in action, and pray, pray, pray, in secret,' was also very instructive. As I go to my new field in a few days' time, I could not have a better plan or purpose. Some of the friends here say they are very sorry I am leaving, which is a comfort to me. Already, I experience one of the sorrows of a minister's life. After endeavouring to sow

## 150      **My Son Timothy**

good seed, and looking forward to seeing it germinate in the lives of the people, to have to move away and leave the work just begun. Another may come and undo or change the state of things. But I take comfort in the thought that 'God giveth the increase.' He gives the seed, He watches over it, and to Him belongs the harvest. I have had the joy of making some good Christian friends in my present circuit, with whom I would gladly remain; but I think we shall all meet again in the heavenly life, and sometimes this thought comes with overwhelming force: 'The fellowship of the Saints.' All the dear old friends in England, and all the new friends

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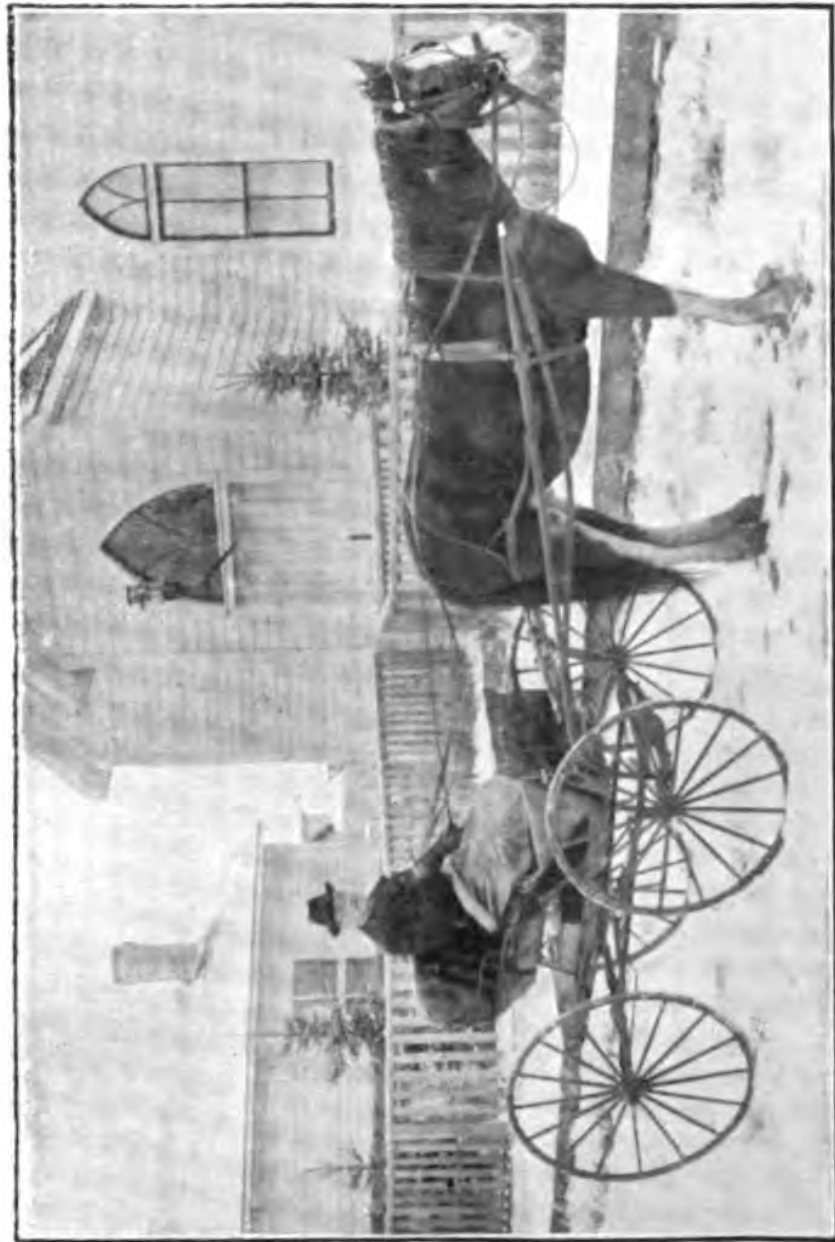
in this great land, all gathered home in the presence of our Father. Oh, the blessed hope of the Gospel! Now for a little while we have the privilege of serving here, of making friends with some of God's children, of helping lame ones over stiles, of bringing the prodigals back, and pointing out the true way of life. We were told we are called to teach men religion, not simply to teach them to know about God, but to *know* God; and while we have to be pastors, teachers, administrators of church discipline, leaders in social improvements, our great work is to bring men to God. For this we not only need knowledge, but a disciplined and loving spirit. We must live

## 152      **My Son Timothy**

in the presence of God ourselves, before we can bring others to Him. As I rode home, the thought came to my mind, 'How much time my friend gives to me, so that I might say he gave this much of his life to me.' I am humbly thankful to God that, by His providence, in serving Him you have enriched my life so much. With all good wishes."

The Winnipeg College was the next step in his career. There "my son" did well. He writes:—

"My college work has been successful. That is, I've tried to carry out the motto given me by one of the Professors: 'If you want any-



**“My Son Timothy” and his Church on the Frontier.**



## My Son Timothy 153

thing, pay the price and take it.' Last term I won the best scholarship open to us, and at the last Christmas examination I led by 40 marks; so I hope to win the scholarship again this coming quarter term. I am glad to hear your Early Morning School is again flourishing. My last summer's mission work was near Medicine Hat. I enjoyed being among the people again. This year we are studying 'Plato's Republic,' which I enjoy very much. We also have St. John's Gospel in Greek, under Dr. Bland, which is a great privilege; and parts of Genesis and Exodus in Hebrew, under Dr. Stewart. This I also like very much. Hebrew is very intricate, especially at first;



## 154      **My Son Timothy**

but now we have got to the Bible text, it is most fascinating. The Scriptures seem all alive now one has a little knowledge of the originals. But the great thing is the religious element, especially the spirit of Jesus. We get nearer to Jesus as we get among the people, rather than as we pore upon the Book, great as that is."

One need not carry the story further. "My son" is now ordained. He is labouring in the Far West, where he is superintendent of a most important mission. He never loses the vision of the Kingdom, nor the fellowship of the Spirit. His letters breathe the same love for the Adult

## **My Son Timothy** 155

School of the old land ; and whether or not it will be my lot to again see the face of " My Son Timothy " on this earth, I know we shall meet above, and recount together the triumphs of Redeeming Love.

## APPENDIX

### WHAT IS AN ADULT SCHOOL?

AN Adult School is a society of Men or Women (over seventeen years of age) formed for the purpose of mutual helpfulness.

The basis of an Adult School is the practical teaching of Jesus Christ. It does not concern itself with the spreading of any special theories, but aims at helping the members in their actual lives. These principles underlie every School, but the methods by which they are carried out naturally vary. The free, but reverent and practical study of the Bible, conducted in common, with full opportunity for discussion, is deemed the centre of the School work. In most of the Schools a portion of the time is devoted to Educational work of various kinds, according to the requirements of the members. Associated with each School will be found some or all of the following:—Library, Savings Bank, Study Circles, Lectures and Social Evenings, Technical Classes, Social Club, Sick Benefit, Coal, Book, and Athletic Clubs, etc.

Each School is governed as much as possible by the members themselves. The success of a School depends on every member taking his share of the work.

Each School endeavours to bind its members together by the power of friendship. The only qualification for membership is a wish to join the School. The members of a School may belong to all kinds of denominations, or to none. (*From the Adult School Annual Directory, published by the National Council of Adult School Unions, 1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.*)

**THE ADULT SCHOOL MOVEMENT****A BRIEF ACCOUNT****BY W. C. BRAITHWAITE**

THE Adult School may be regarded as among the most significant religious and educational developments of the last half-century. It was cradled by the Society of Friends, by men who put character before creeds, righteousness before ritual, and who believed that in every person there was some seed of the Divine. It has now grown into a national movement with 1,900 Schools and nearly 100,000 members (men and women), but still retains the impress of its origin. It lays the emphasis on character building, brotherly service, and the worth of inspired personality. It takes us back to the Master Himself, and His method of training men through educational fellowship and companionship with Him in His work. A good School is a singularly bracing place: the atmosphere is so brotherly, sincere, and soul-expanding. You are in a small group of men or women, not in an indeterminate mass. In the Men's School the group usually meets on Sunday morning. The men are there to help and be helped by associated study in that greatest of all text-books on life—the Bible. They are not there to be preached at nor to be amused, but to learn. There is the quick play of question and answer—what someone has called the method of Socrates at work upon the ethic

of Christ—there is in many schools free use of the blackboard and a frank acceptance of modern historical methods; there is an earnest facing of difficult questions, not always leading to their solution, but always arousing fruitful thought on the great issues of life. Above all, there is that real interchange of life and experience which comes from true fellowship. The Christian life is presented worthily as a great fellowship and a great education. The educational methods and the practical subjects arouse keen interest. The natural simple conditions of fellowship promote the warm brotherliness. Great pains are taken with the lists of subjects. A Handbook is published, containing introductory papers on the courses of Bible lessons.

In addition the Handbook also contains papers on "Programme Making," "The Junior Movement," "The Fellowship Hymn Book," "Adult School Higher Education," etc. "Allied Subjects," suitable for "First Half-hours," for Lectures, or for general study, have been carefully chosen. (Adult School Handbook, published by Headley Bros., Bishopsgate, E.C.)

THE END



SOME APPRECIATIONS  
OF  
**MENDING MEN**

By EDWARD SMITH, J.P.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards. 1s. net.

**The Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett says:—**

“I am perfectly sure that your little book will have a very fruitful ministry. What the world is needing just now is a great company to bear witness for the Lord Jesus in purified and transfigured life. It is still true, as in apostolic days, that when the world can see ‘the man that was healed’ standing with us they can say nothing against our faith. The real proof of the grace of the Lord Jesus is a grace-filled and gracious life. It must be very stimulating to your own spirit to find these glorious trophies of redeeming love. It is a beautiful thing to watch the coming of the spring in the realm of nature. It is infinitely more beautiful to watch the dawn of spring in a human soul. The flowers as they appear on the earth are altogether lovely, but to see the flowers of the spirit growing in lives that were once barren as the wilderness is more lovely still.”

**Professor David Smith says:—**

“The value of the story in my judgment is that it provides an irrefragable apologetic, proving beyond the possibility of criticism the power and truth of the Gospel of Salvation by Jesus Christ. It has long been my desire that such stories should be told for the encouragement of the Church and the conviction of an unbelieving world; and I rejoice with great gladness in this glowing chapter of that age-long record, ‘The Acts of the Holy Spirit.’”

**The Rev. H. Carter, M.A. (of Cambridge), says:—**

“I read the book with immense pleasure. It is inspiring and makes one want to start an Adult School next week! I have long believed the movement to be one of the most vital and promising of all that are among us to-day. The book has, of course, a special interest to me for the love I have for the Black Country people.”

**The Dean of Hereford writes:—**

“I am indeed grateful to you for the delightful book you have sent me. I have just finished reading it. What a grand work the Adult School has done in the Midlands and I have no doubt elsewhere also. We have a fairly flourishing one here at which I have spoken. The doings and writings of Sam show what one man, who has been rescued, can do in bringing others to the Lord—such men are diamonds out of the coal pits.”

**The Rev. Dr. Clifford says:—**

“My heartiest thanks for your ‘Mending Men.’ It has been a pure joy to read those letters of ‘Sam.’ They breathe the air of reality. They ring true from first to last. They never slip into conventionalism. The ‘tricks’ of the talker are out of sight. The incalculable human soul, redeemed, regenerated, moves simply and strongly through them all. They are a record of victorious grace. I rejoice with and thank God for Sam, still more for Sam’s wife and for the President.”

**The Rev. Dr. Charles Brown says:—**

“I am exceedingly grateful to you for sending me your little book. I have read it through and every word of it has interested and delighted me. It ought to be in every Adult School in the country, and be read by every Minister.”



