

Praying Hyde

By. Francis McGaw



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Glimpses of the amazing prayer-life of a missionary in India whose intercession "changed things" for the Sialkot Revival.

By Francis A. McGaw

The fact that John Hyde came by universal accord of his intimates to be known as " Praying Hyde" dates back to a day on the deck of the steamer which was taking him out to his twenty-year missionary service in India, when he crumpled up in anger a letter from a friend urging him " to seek for the baptism of the Holy Spirit as the great qualification for mission work." How he thought better of his hasty act, and how not only India but the world at large was blessed by this man's amazing prayer-life, is lovingly set forth in this brief record.

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Christ in the Home

JESUS said, "Today I must abide at thy house" I (Luke 19 : 5). What a blessed day that was in the home of Zacchaeus—Christ in the home! John Hyde/The Apostle of Prayer," as he was often called, was reared in a home where Jesus was an abiding guest, and where the dwellers in that home breathed an atmosphere of prayer. I was well acquainted with John's father, Smith Harris Hyde, D.D., during the seventeen years he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Carthage, Illinois. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, shortly before he died wrote these words: "Hyde's father was of rare proportion and balance, a healthful soul, genial and virile, firm of conviction, of good scholarly attainment, of abundant cheer and bent on doing for God to the best of his ability."

Personally I knew him in his home to be a courteous, loving husband. I knew him to be a firm yet sympathetic father, "commanding his household after him." I knew the sweet-spirited, gentle, music-loving, Christ-like Mrs. Hyde. I knew each one of the three boys and three girls who grew up in that home. Often I have eaten at their table. Twice I have been with the family when the crepe was on the door; once when Mrs. Hyde was taken away, and again when dear John's body was brought home and lovingly laid to rest in Moss Ridge Cemetery. Often I have kneeled with them and have, as a young minister, been strangely moved when dear Dr. Hyde poured out his heart to God as he prayed at the family altar. I knew him in his church and in the Presbyterian meetings. He was a noble man of God. Under God, his congregation was built up, and he was a leader among his ministerial brethren. I have frequently heard Dr. Hyde pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out laborers into his harvest. He would pray this prayer both at the family altar and from his pulpit. It is therefore no strange thing that God called two of his sons into the Gospel ministry, and one of his daughters for a time into active Christian work.

A minister once said in my hearing, "My son will never follow me into the ministry. He knows too well the treatment a minister receives at the hands of the people." Dr. Hyde magnified his office and rejoiced to give his sons up to a life of hardship and trial. Why are there thousands of churches in our country without pastors today? A prominent pastor recently said to me : "Our denomination is facing a tremendous shortage of pastors." Why are the millions in the foreign field yet waiting for the human voice to proclaim to them the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God?

Today I read in "Far North in India" the statement by a former missionary in India, Dr. W. B. Anderson, that a hundred million people in India today have not heard of Jesus Christ, and as things are now have not the remotest chance to hear about him. There are other millions in Africa and other countries in the same Christless ignorance. Why is it so? Because prayer closets are deserted, family altars are broken down, and pulpit prayers are formal and dead!

Bible schools and seminaries can never supply the workers needed. My own sainted mother prayed as a young girl that the doors of the heathen countries might be opened. Afterwards as the mother of ten children (eight of whom grew to manhood and womanhood), she prayed for laborers to enter these open doors, and God sent one of her sons to India and two of her daughters to China.

Grandmother Lois and mother Eunice prayed, and when the Great Apostle to the Gentiles was about to take his departure he could lay his hands on son Timothy and commission him to "Preach the Word!"

John Hyde was an answer to prayer, and when in other years he prayed in Indian, God raised up scores of native workers in answer to his prayers. The Great Head of the Church has provided one method for securing laborers. He said:

"Look on the fields . . . they are white . . . the laborers are few . . . PRAY!"

Holy Ground

In the Tabernacle of Moses there was one room so sacred that only one man of all the thousands of Israel was ever permitted to enter it; and he on one day only of all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. That room was the Holy of Holies. The place where John Hyde met God was holy ground. The scenes of his life are too sacred for common eyes. I shrink from placing them before the public. But when I remember Jacob at the Brook, Elijah on Carmel, Paul in his agony for Israel, and especially the Dear Man in the Garden, then I am impressed by the Spirit of God that the experiences of this Man of God should be published for the learning and admonition (God grant) of thousands. So we take our stand near the prayer closet of John Hyde, and are permitted to hear the sighing and the groaning, and to see the tears coursing down his dear face, to see his frame weakened by foodless days and sleepless nights, shaken with sobs as he pleads, "O God, give me souls or I die!"

Settled

His decision to go to the foreign field came about in this way; his oldest brother, Edmund, was in seminary preparing to preach, and was also a Student Volunteer for the foreign field. During vacation one summer Edmund was engaged in Sunday-school mission work in Montana. He contracted the mountain fever. The doctor advised his speedy return to his home in Illinois; so with his railroad ticket and instructions to the different conductors pinned to the lapel of his coat, he started. He became delirious before reaching home, but arrived safely. After a few days he passed away. John, who was already expecting to preach, was deeply impressed by his brother's death. There would be a break in the ranks on the foreign field, and he wondered if it were not God's will for him to step into the gap.

The decision was not finally reached till the next year, his last in seminary. Late one Saturday night he went to a classmate's room and asked him for all the arguments he could furnish on the question of the foreign field. His classmate told him that it was not argument he needed; what he should do was to go to his room, get on his knees before God, and stay there till the question was settled. The next morning at Chapel he said to his classmate, "It is settled," and his shining face was enough to show which way the decision had been made.

Sailing Day and the Voyage

The mighty deep, the great rolling waves, the days on days of water, water, only water, the feet lifted up from off the dear homeland and not yet planted on the new homeland—all these furnish suggestion and opportunity for thoughtful meditation. To our John this voyage in the autumn of

1892 was a time of heart-searching and prayer. He received a letter to which he afterwards makes reference in an Indian publication. He says, "My father had a friend who greatly desired to be a foreign missionary, but was not permitted to go. This man wrote me a letter directed in care of the ship. I received it a few hours out of New York harbor. He urged me to seek for the baptism of the Holy Spirit as the great qualification for mission work. When I had read the letter I crumpled it up in anger and threw it on the deck.

Did this friend think that I had not received the baptism of the Spirit, or that I would think of going to India without this equipment? I was angry. But by and by better judgment prevailed and I picked up the letter and read it again. Possibly I did need something which I had not yet received. The result was that during the rest of that voyage I gave myself much to prayer that I might indeed be filled with the Spirit and know by an actual experience what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1:8 R. V.). These prayers on shipboard were finally answered in a marvelous way.

First Years in India

At the first John Hyde was not a remarkable missionary. He was slow of speech. When a question or a remark was directed to him he seemed not to hear, or if he heard he seemed a long time in framing a reply. His hearing was slightly defective and this it was feared would hinder him in acquiring the language. His disposition was gentle and quiet, he seemed to be lacking in the enthusiasm and zeal which a young missionary should have. He had a wonderful pair of blue eyes. They seemed to search into the very depth of your inmost being, and they seemed also to shine out of the soul of a prophet.

On arriving in India, he was assigned the usual language study. At first he went to work on this, but later neglected it for Bible study. He was reprimanded by the committee, but he replied: "First things first." He argued that he had come to India to teach the Bible, and he needed to know it before he could teach it. And God by his Spirit wonderfully opened up the Scriptures to him. Nor did he neglect language study. "He became a correct and easy speaker in Urdu, Punjabi, and English; but away and above that, he learned the language of heaven, and he so learned to speak that he held audiences of hundreds of Indians spellbound while he opened to them the truths of God's Word."

The Punjab Prayer-Union

In every revival there is a divine side and a human side. In the Welsh revival the divine element comes out prominently. Evan Roberts, the leader under God, seems in a sense to have been a passive agent, mightily moved upon in the night seasons by the Holy Spirit. There was no organization and very little preaching—comparatively little of the human element. The Sialkot revival, while just as certainly sent down from heaven, seems not so spontaneous. There was, under God, organization; there was a certain amount of definite planning, and there were seasons of long continued prayer.

Just here as showing where human agency avails I wish to mention the Punjab Prayer-Union. This was started about the time (1904), of the first Sialkot Convention. The principles of this union are stated in the form of questions which were signed by those becoming members.

1. "Are you praying for quickening in your own life, in the life of your fellow-workers, and in the Church?"
2. "Are you longing for greater power of the Holy Spirit in your own life and work, and are you convinced that you cannot go on without this power?"
3. "Will you pray that you may not be ashamed of Jesus?"
4. "Do you believe that prayer is the great means for securing this spiritual awakening?"
5. "Will you set apart one-half hour each day as soon after noon as possible to pray for this awakening, and are you willing to pray till the awakening comes?"

John Hyde was associated with this prayer union from its beginning and also had a definite part in the Sialkot convention. The members of the prayer union lifted up their eyes according to Christ's command and saw the fields,—white to the harvest. In the Book they read the immutable promises of God. They saw the one method of obtaining this spiritual awakening, even by prayer. They set themselves deliberately, definitely, and desperately to use the means till they secured the result. The Sialkot revival was not an accident nor an unsought breeze from heaven. Charles G. Finney says: "A revival is no more a miracle than a crop of wheat." In any community revival can be secured from heaven when heroic souls enter the conflict determined to win or die—or if need be to win and die!—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt, n : 12).

Three Men

David's mighty men are catalogued in the Scriptures; there were the first three, then the second three, and afterwards the thirty; Jesus had many unnamed disciples. He had the Twelve, but in the inner circle nearest to himself were the special three: Peter, James and John. Hundreds came to Sialkot and helped mightily by prayer and praise. But God honored a few men as leaders. This sketch is not given to flattery or fulsome praise, but God's Word says, "Honor to whom honor is due." God laid a great burden of prayer upon the heart of John N. Hyde, R. McCheyne Paterson, and George Turner for this wonderful convention. There was need for a yearly meeting for Bible study and prayer, where the spiritual life of the workers—pastors, teachers, and evangelists, both foreign and native,—could be deepened. The church-life in the Punjab (as indeed in all India) was far below the Bible standard; the Holy Spirit was so little honored in these ministries that few were being saved from among the Christless millions. Sialkot was the place selected for this meeting and 1904 became memorable as the date of the First Sialkot Convention.

Before one of the first conventions Hyde and Paterson waited and tarried one whole month before the opening day. For thirty days and thirty nights these godly men waited before God in prayer. Do We wonder that there was power in the convention? Turner joined them after nine days, so that for twenty-one days and twenty-one nights these three men prayed and praised God for a mighty outpouring of his power! Three human hearts that beat as one and that One

the heart of Christ yearning, pleading, crying, and agonizing over the church of India and the myriads of lost souls. Three renewed human wills that by faith linked themselves as with hooks of steel to the omnipotent will of God. Three pairs of fire-touched lips that out of believing hearts shouted, "It shall be done!"

Do you who read these words look at those longcontinued vigils, those days of fasting and prayer, those nights of wakeful watching and intercessions, and do you say: "What a price to pay!" Then I point you to scores and hundreds of workers quickened and fitted for the service of Christ; I point you to literally thousands prayed into the kingdom and I say unto you, "Behold, the purchase of such a price!"

Surely Calvary represents a fearful price. But your soul and mine and the millions thus far redeemed and other millions yet to be redeemed, a wrecked earth restored back to Eden perfection, the kingdoms of this world wrested from the grasp of the usurper and delivered over to the reign of their rightful King!—when we shall see all this shall we not gladly say, "Behold the purchase!"

1904—The First Sialkot Convention

One of his dearest friends in India writes about the great change that came to John Hyde's spiritual life at this convention in 1904. He writes that though John was a missionary and a child of God, for he had been born of God, he was yet a babe in Christ. He had never been compelled to tarry at his Jerusalem till he was endued with power from on high. But God in his love spoke to him and showed him his great need. At this convention, while he was speaking to his brother missionaries on the work of the Holy Spirit, God spoke to his own soul and opened up to him the divine plan of sanctification by faith. Such a touch of God, such a light from heaven came to him, that he said at the close of the convention: "I must not lose this vision." And he never did lose it, but rather obtained grace for grace, and the vision brightened as he went obediently forward.

Another missionary tells how John came to this convention to lead the Bible studies. During those days he spoke on the length and breadth and height and depth of the love of God. That mighty love seemed to reach out through him and grip the hearts of men and women and draw them closer to God. This brother writes:

"One night he came into my study about half-past nine and began to talk to me about the value of public testimony. We had an earnest discussion until long after midnight and I think until after one o'clock, and as I remember it, quite an interesting argument.

We had asked him on the next evening to lead a meeting for men which was being held in the tabernacle out on the compound, while the women of the convention were holding a meeting of their own in the missionary bungalow.

When the time for the meeting arrived the men of us were seated there on the mats in the tent, but Mr. Hyde the leader had not arrived. We began to sing, and sang several numbers before he did come in, quite late.

I remember how he sat down on the mat in front of us, and sat silently for a considerable time after the singing stopped. Then he arose and said to us very quietly, "Brothers, I did not sleep any last night and I have not eaten anything today. I have been having a great controversy with God. I feel that he has wanted me to come here and testify to you concerning some things that he has done for me, and I have been arguing with him that I should not do this. Only this evening a little while ago have I got peace concerning the matter and have I agreed to obey him, and now I have come to tell you just some things that he has done for me."

After making this brief statement, he told us very quietly and simply some of the desperate conflicts that he had had with sin and how God had given him victory. I think he did not talk more than fifteen or twenty minutes and then sat down and bowed his head for a few minutes, and then said, 'Let us have a season of prayer.' I remember how the little company prostrated themselves upon the mats on their faces in the Oriental manner, and then how for a long time, how long I do not know, man after man rose to his feet to pray, how there was such confession of sin as most of us had never heard before and such crying out to God for mercy and help.

It was very late that night when the little gathering broke up and some of us know definitely of several lives that were wholly transformed through the influence of that meeting."

Evidently that one message opened the doors of men's hearts for the incoming of the great revival in the Indian Church.

1905 Convention Brokenheartedness for Sin

In the spring of each year the Punjab Prayer Union holds its annual meeting. But as preparation for this meeting the leaders spend much time in prayers and fastings and all night watching. Then when the Union comes together we look to God for guidance during the coming year. "Early in 1905, at that annual meeting, God laid on our hearts," writes a brother, "the burden of a world plunged in sin. We were permitted to share to some extent in the sufferings of Christ. It was a glorious preparation for the convention in the fall of 1905."

At this convention John Hyde was constantly in the prayer room day and night; he lived there as on the Mount of Transfiguration. The words were burned into his brain as a command from God; "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that are the Lord's remembrancers take ye no rest and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth" (Isa. 62 :6, 7).

There can be no doubt that he was sustained by divine strength, for are we not told to "endure hardness according to the power of God,"—not in our own weakness but in his strength? It was not the quantity but the quality of sweet childlike sleep that our Father gave his servant which enabled him to continue so long watching unto prayer. One could see from his face that it was the presence of Christ himself that strengthened his weak body. John Hyde was the principal speaker, but it was from communion with God that he derived his power.

His prayer-life was one of absolute obedience to God. I remember once the lunch-bell sounded when we were in the prayer room. I heard him whisper: "Father, is it thy will that I go?" ... There was a pause, the answer came, he said: "Thank you, Father," and rose with a smile and went to

lunch. Needless to say, he recognized his Lord as seated at the table with them, and oh, how many hungry souls were refreshed by his talks.

He was leader of the morning Bible readings, his subject being John 15 : 26, 27, "He shall bear witness of me, and ye also shall bear witness of me." "Is the Holy Spirit first in your pulpits, pastors?" Do you consciously put him in front and keep yourselves behind him, when preaching ? Teachers, when you are asked hard questions do you ask his aid as a witness of all Christ's life? He alone was a witness of the incarnation, the miracles, the death and the resurrection of Christ. So he is the only witness!" It was a heart-searching message, and many were bowed down under the convicting power. The next morning Mr. Hyde was not allowed to give any further teaching. The chairman came down from his seat and declared the meeting to be in the hands of God's Spirit. How wonderfully He witnessed of Christ and his power to cleanse all who repent. The next morning once again his servant said that he had no fresh message from God. It was pointed out that God would not be mocked—till we had all learned this lesson as to putting the Holy Spirit first at all times God would not give any fresh message. Who can forget that day ? How wonderfully those prayers were answered! The watchmen that night in the prayer room were filled with joy unspeakable and they ushered in the dawn with shouts of triumph. And why not, for we are "more than conquerors through him who loves us."

At one time John Hyde was told to do something and he went and obeyed, but returned to the prayer room weeping, confessing that he had obeyed God unwillingly. "Pray for me, brethren, that I may do this joyfully." We soon learned after he went out that he had been led to obey triumphantly. Then he received the promise that he would be the (spiritual) father of many children—an Abraham indeed. He entered the hall with great joy, and as he came before the people, after having obeyed God, he spoke three words in Urdu and three in English, repeating them three times, "Ai Asmani Bak," "O Heavenly Father." What followed who can describe ? It was as if a great ocean came sweeping into that assembly, and "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." Hearts were bowed before that divine presence as the trees of the wood before a mighty tempest. It was the ocean of God's love being outpoured through one man's obedience. Hearts were broken before it. There were confessions of sins with tears that were soon changed to joy and then to shouts of rejoicing. Truly, we were filled with new wine—the new wine of Heaven!

Here is the experience of one missionary: "Hours alone with God, with no one to see or hear but God were customary; but the fellowship of others in prayer or praise, for hours, could it be downright real? On entering that room the problem was solved. At once you knew you were in the holy presence of God, where there could be only awful reality. Others in the room were forgotten except when the combined prayers and praises made you realize the strength and power and sympathy of such fellowship. The hours of waiting on God in communion with others were precious times, when together we waited on God to search us and to speak to us, together interceded for others, together praised him for himself and for his wonderworking power. There was a breadth and freedom during those ten days that I never imagined existed on earth. Surely it was for freedom such as this that Christ has set us free. Each one did exactly as he or she felt led to do. Some went to bed early, some prayed for hours, some prayed all night long, some went to the meetings and some to the prayer room and some to their own rooms; some prayed, some praised, some sat to pray, some kneeled, some lay prostrate on their faces before God, just as the Spirit of God bade them. There was no criticism, no judging of what was being done or said. Each one realized that all superficialities were put away, that each one was in the awful presence of the Holy God."

The same missionary referred to John Hyde when she wrote, "There were some who knew that God had chosen and ordained them to be 'watchmen.' There were some who had lived for long

so near Jehovah that they heard his voice and received orders direct from him about everything, even as to when they were to watch and pray and when they were to sleep. Some watched all night long for nights because God told them to do so, and he kept sleep from them that they might have the privilege and honor of watching with him over the affairs of his kingdom."

1906 The Lamb on His Throne

Again at this convention in answer to prayer God poured out on us by his Spirit a burden for lost souls. We saw the same "brokenheartedness" for the sins of others. None felt this more than John Hyde. God was deepening his prayer-life. He was permitted of God to have the privilege of drinking of the Master's cup and of being baptized with his baptism—the second baptism of fire, suffering with him that we may reign with him here and now, the life of true Kings for the sake of others.

About this time John Hyde began to have visions of the glorified Christ as a Lamb on his throne — suffering such infinite pain for and with his suffering Body on earth, as it is so often revealed in God's Word. As the Divine Head, he is the nerve center of all the body. He is indeed living today a life of intercession for us. Prayer for others is as it were the very breath of our Lord's life in heaven. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." It was becoming increasingly true of John Hyde. How often in the prayer room he would break out into tears over the sins of the world, and especially of God's children. Even then his tears would be changed into shouts of praise according to the divine promise repeated by our Lord on that last night when he talked freely with his own. "Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy" (John 16 : 20-22).

A brother writes about the Convention of 1906, "Thank God, he has heard our prayers and poured out the Spirit of Grace and intercession upon so many of his children. For example I saw a Punjabi brother convulsed and sobbing as if his heart would break. I went up to him and put my arms about him and said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' A smile lit up his face. 'Thank God, Sahib,' he cried, 'but oh, what an awful vision I have had! Thousands of souls in this land of India being carried away by the dark river of sin! They are in hell now. Oh, to snatch them from the fire before it is too late!'"

See another example of how this agony of soul in John Hyde was reflected in one who was a daughter in Christ to him. An Indian Christian girl was at this convention. Her father had compelled her to neglect Christ's claims upon her. In the prayer room she was convicted of her sin and told how her heart was being torn away from her father to Christ. One could almost see the springing tendrils of her heart as the power of the love of Christ came upon her. It was a terrible time. Then she asked us to pray for her father. We began to pray and suddenly the great burden for that soul was cast upon us, and the room was filled with sobs and cries for one whom most of us had never seen or heard of before. Strong men lay on the ground groaning in agony for that soul. There was not a dry eye in that place until at last God gave us the assurance that prayer had been heard and out of Gethsemane we came into the Pentecostal joy of being able to praise him that he heard our cry.

"That meeting was one," writes this brother, "that will never leave my memory. It went on all night. It was a time when God's power was felt as I never had felt it before."

This brother continues, "God wants those who are willing to bear the burden of the souls of these millions without God to go with Jesus into Gethsemane. He wants us to do this. It is a blessed experience to feel that in some measure we can enter into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. It brings us into a precious nearness to the Son of God. And not only this, but it is God's appointed way of bringing the lost sheep back to the fold. He is saying, 'Who will go for us, and whom shall I send?' Are you who read these words willing to be intercessors? If we are willing to put ourselves into God's hands, then God is willing to use us. But there are two conditions: obedience and purity. Obedience in everything, even in the least, surrendering up our wills and taking the will of God. And the next step is purity. God wants pure vessels for his service, clean channels through which to pour forth his grace. He wants purity in the very center of the soul, and unless God can have a pure vessel, purified by the fire of the Holy Spirit, he cannot use that vessel. He is asking you now if you will let him cleanse away part of your very life. God must have a vessel he can use!

1907 Holy Laughter

In the summer of 1907 John went to a friend's house for a holiday. It was in the M— Hills. The friend writes about it thus: "The crowning act of God's love to us personally was the wonderful way in which he brought Mr. Hyde up to stay with us. I also had to come up to do duty among some English troops here. So Hyde and I have been having glorious times together. There were seasons of great conflict and at times I thought Hyde would break down completely. But after all nights of prayer and praise he would appear fresh and smiling in the morning. God has been teaching us wonderful lessons when he calls us to seasons of such wrestling. It is that command in 2 Timothy 1 : 8, "Suffer hardship with the gospel according to the power of God." So that we have the power of God to draw upon for all our need. Ever since Mr. Hyde realized this he says he has scarcely ever felt tired, though he has had at times little sleep for weeks. No man need ever break down through overstrain in this ministry of intercession."

"Another element of power: 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' Ah G—, a poor Punjabi brother of low caste origin, has been used of God to teach us all how to make such times of prayer a very heaven upon earth, how to prevent the pleasure of praying and even of wrestling ever descending into a toil. How often has G— after most awful crying seemed to break through the hosts of evil and soar up into the presence of the Father! You could see the smile of God reflected in his face. Then he would laugh aloud in the midst of his prayer. It was the joy of a son reveling in the delight of his Father's smile. God has been teaching John and me that his name is the God of Isaac—laughter. Have you observed that picture of heaven in Proverbs 8 :30? 'I was daily in his delight.' This is the Father's love being showered upon his own Son. No wonder that in such a home the Son should say that he was 'always rejoicing before him.' 'Rejoicing,' laughing, the same word as Isaac. This holy laughter seemed to relieve the tension and give heaven's own refreshment to wrestling spirits.

"I must tell you of dear Hyde's last message before he returned to Ludhiana. It was a special revelation to Paul, and one which the Spirit forced him to give out to the Romans, that he had unceasing pain, for he could wish that he himself were anathema from Christ for his kinsmen according to the flesh (Rom. 9 : 1-3). Surely this was more than Paul's love for Christ. When he could wish that he should be what Christ had become for us—a curse! Fancy having to give up

all hope in Christ! Fancy going back to the old sins and their domination over us! The thought is unbearable! Yet such was the divine pity in Paul's heart that he was willing to be anathema from Christ, if it were possible in this way to save his kinsmen the Jews. Such in a few words was God's message by his messenger, John Hyde. How we all broke down! Ah, God's love was indeed shed abroad in the hearts of those present. All this was leading to the great crisis in John Hyde's prayerlife, which I had the privilege of seeing."

Summer 1908

"This summer we persuaded him to come up to the Hills with us. His room was a separate one upon the hill and to one side of our house. Here he came, but came for a very real intercession with his Master. This intercession was fraught with mighty issues for the kingdom of God amongst us. It was evident to all that he was bowed down with sore travail of soul. He missed many meals, and when I went to his room I would find him lying as in great agony, or walking up and down as if an inward fire were burning in his bones. And so there was that fire of which our Lord spoke when he said: 'I came to cast fire upon the earth, and how would I that it were already kindled! But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how I am straitened till it be accomplished.' John did not fast in the ordinary sense of the word, yet often at that time when I begged him to come for a meal he would look at me and smile and say, 'I am not hungry.' No! there was a far greater hunger eating up his very soul, and prayer alone could satisfy that. Before the spiritual hunger the physical disappeared. He had heard our Lord's voice saying to him: 'Abide ye here and watch with Me.'" So he abode there with his Lord, who gave him the privilege of entering Gethsemane with himself.

One thought was constantly uppermost in his mind, that our Lord still agonizes for souls. Many times he used to quote from the Old and New Testaments, especially as to the privilege of 'filling up that which was lacking of the afflictions of Christ.' He would speak of the vow made by our Lord devoting a long drawn out travail of soul till all his own were safely folded. 'For I say unto you that I shall not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine till that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.' 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' These were some of the verses used of God to open his eyes to the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. These were days when the clouds were often pierced and the glorified life that our Lord now leads shone through, revealing many mysteries of travail and pain. It was truly a following of him who is the Lamb, suffering still with us as he once did for us on earth, though now himself on the throne. John Hyde found that he still carries our crosses—the heavy end of our crosses, 'for he ever liveth to make intercession for us.'

"It was into the life of prayer and watching and agonizing for others that he was being led step by step. All this time, though he ate little and slept less, he was bright and cheerful. Our children had ever been a great joy to him. Uncle John, who had so often played with them, was always welcomed with smiles of love. Yet now, even the little ones appeared to realize that this was no time for play! They were wonderfully subdued and quiet in his presence in those days, for there was a light on his face that told of communion with another world. Yet there was nothing of the hermit about him,— in fact people were more than ever attracted to him, and freely asked for his prayers. He always had leisure to speak to them of spiritual things, and entered even more patiently than ever into their trials and disappointments. We will not speak in detail of those days of watching and praying and fasting when he appeared to enter into our Lord's great yearning for his sheep. We feared his poor weak body would sink under the strain; but how marvelously he was sustained all the time! At times that agony was dumb, at times it was a crying out for the

millions perishing before our eyes; yet it was always lit up with hope. Hope in the love of God—Hope in the God of Love."

With all that depth of love which he seemed to be sounding with his Lord, there were glimpses of its heights—moments of heaven upon earth, when his soul was flooded with songs of praise, and he would enter into the joy of his Lord. Then he would break into song but they were always "Songs in the night." In those days he never seemed to lose sight of those thousands in his own district without God and -without hope in the world. How he pleaded for them with sobs—dry choking sobs, that showed how the depths of his soul were being stirred. "Father, give me these souls or I die!" was the burden of his prayers. His own prayer that he might rather burn out than rust out was already being answered.

Let me introduce here a gem from the pen of Paterson: "What was the secret of that prayer-life of John Hyde's?" he asks. This, that it was a life of prayer. Who is the source of all life? The glorified Jesus. How do I get this life from him? Just as I receive his righteousness to begin with. I own that I have no righteousness of my own— only filthy rags and I in faith claim his righteousness. Now, a twofold result follows:— As to our Father in heaven, He sees Christ's righteousness—not my unrighteousness. A second result as to ourselves: Christ's righteousness not merely clothes us outwardly, but enters into our very being, by his Spirit, received in faith as with the disciples (see John 20 :22) and works out sanctification in us.

Why not the same with our prayer life? Let us remember the word "for." "Christ died for us," and "He ever liveth to make intercession 'for' us," that is, in our room and stead. So I confess my ever failing prayers (it dare not be called a life), and plead his never failing intercession. Then it affects our Father, for he looks upon Christ's prayer-life in us, and answers accordingly. So that the answer is far "above all we can ask or think." Another great result follows: it affects us. Christ's prayer life enters into us and he prays in us. This is prayer in the Holy Spirit. Only thus can we pray without ceasing. This is the life more abundant which our Lord.gives. Oh, what peace, what comfort! No more working up a life of prayer and failing constantly. Jesus enters the boat and the toiling ceases, and we are at the land whither we would be. Now, we need to be still before him, so as to hear his voice and allow him to pray in us—nay, allow him to pour into our souls his overflowing life of intercession, which means literally: Face To Face meeting with God—real Union and Communion."

1908 Convention One Soul a Day

It was about this time that John Hyde laid hold of God in a very definite covenant. This was for one soul a day—not less, not enquirers simply but a soul saved—ready to confess Christ in public and be baptized in his name. Then the stress and strain was relieved. His heart was filled with the peace of full assurance. All who spoke to him perceived a new life and a new life-work which this life can never end.

He returned to his district with this confidence nor was he disappointed. It meant long journeys, nights of watching unto prayer and fasting, pain and conflict, yet victory always crowning this. What though the dews chilled him by night and the drought exhausted him by day ? His sheep were being gathered into the fold and the Good Shepherd was seeing of the travail of his soul and being satisfied. By the end of that year more than four hundred were gathered in.

Was he satisfied? Far from it. How could he possibly be so long as his Lord was not? How could our Lord be satisfied, so long as one single sheep was yet outside his fold? But John Hyde was learning the secret of Divine Strength: "The joy of the Lord." For, after all, the greater our capacity for joy the greater our capacity also for sorrow. Thus it was with the Man of Sorrows, he who could say: "These words have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be full."

John Hyde seemed always to be hearing the Good Shepherd's voice saying, "Other sheep I have—other sheep I have." No matter if he won the one a day or two a day or four a day, he had an unsatisfied longing, an undying passion for lost souls. Here is a picture given by one of his friends in India: "As a personal worker he would engage a man in a talk about his salvation. By and by he would have his hands on the man's shoulders looking him very earnestly in the eye. Soon he would get the man on his knees confessing his sins and seeking salvation. Such a one he would baptize in the village, by the roadside, or anywhere."

I once attended one of his conventions for Christians. He would meet his converts as they came in and embrace them in Oriental style, laying his hand first on one shoulder and then on the other. Indeed, his embraces were so loving that he got nearly all to give like embraces to Christians and those too of the lowest caste.

This was his strong point. Love won him victories.

1909 Convention Two Souls a Day

Again John Hyde laid hold of God with a definite and importunate request. This time it was for two souls a day. At this convention God used him even more mightily than ever before. God spoke through his servant John Hyde.

We speak with bated breath of the most sacred lesson of all—glimpses that he gave us into the divine heart of Christ broken for our sins. He did not overwhelm us with this sight all at once. He revealed these glimpses gently and lovingly according to our ability to endure it. Ah, who can forget how he showed us his great heart of love pierced by that awful sorrow at the wickedness of the whole world, "which grieved him at his heart."

Deeper and deeper we were allowed to enter into the agony of God's soul, till like the prophet of sorrow, Jeremiah, we heard his anguish, desiring that his eyes might become a fountain of tears, that he might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of his people. There the divine longing was realized in Gethsemane and Calvary! We were led to see the awful suffering of the Son of God, and the still more awful suffering of the Father and of the Eternal Spirit, through whom He offered up himself without spot unto God.

How can we enter into the fellowship of such sufferings? "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Observe the progress in intensified desire,— great, greater, greatest, and the corresponding reward till, to crown it all, the Father's heart is thrown open to us. Yes, to all and sundry we tell our joys; it is the privileged few very near our hearts to whom we tell our sorrows! So it is with the love of God. It was to John the beloved as he lay close to the heart of the Master, and then drew closer still, that Jesus revealed

the awful anguish that was breaking his heart, that one of them should betray him. The closer we draw to his heart, the more we shall share his sorrows. All this we obtain only by faith. It is not our broken heart, it is God's we need. It is not our sufferings, it is Christ's we are partakers of. It is not our tears with which we should admonish night and day—it is all Christ's. The fellowship of his sufferings is his free gift—free for the taking in simple faith, never minding our feelings.

"Lord, give me Thy heart of love for sinners, Thy broken heart for their sins. Thy tears with which to admonish night and day," cried a dear child of God at the end of this convention. Then he went on: "But, O Lord, I feel so cold. My heart is so hard and dead. I am so lukewarm!" A friend had to interrupt him. "Why are you looking down at your poor self, brother? Of course your heart is cold and dead. But you have asked for the broken heart of Jesus, his love, his burden for sin, his tears. Is he a liar? Has he not given what you asked for? Then why look away from his heart to your own?" ,

John used to say, "When we keep near to Jesus it is he who draws souls to himself through us, but he must be lifted up in our lives; that is, we must be crucified with him. It is 'self in some shape that comes between us and him, so self must be dealt with as he was dealt with. Self must be crucified, dead and buried with Christ. If not 'buried' the stench of the old man will frighten souls away. If these three steps downwards are taken as to the old man, then the new man will be revived, raised, and seated—the corresponding steps upward which God permits us to take. Then indeed Christ is lifted up in our lives, and he cannot fail to attract souls to himself. All this is the result of a close union and communion, that is 'fellowship' with him in his sufferings!"

1910 Convention Four Souls a Day

The eight hundred souls gathered in since last year's convention did not satisfy John Hyde. God was enlarging his heart with his love. Once again he laid hold on God with holy desperation. How many weeks it was I do not remember, but he went deeper still with Christ into the shadows of the Garden! Praying took the form now of confessing the sins of others and taking the place of those sinners, as so many of the prophets did in old time. He was bearing the sins of others alone with his Lord and Master. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." According to that law we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. This, John Hyde was doing. He was "dying daily."

What was that burden referred to in Galatians 6 : 2? The previous verse reveals it. It was bearing the sins of others. He at length got the assurance of four souls a day.

Yet this was the year that God used him all over India. He was called to help in revivals and conferences in Calcutta, Bombay, and many of the larger cities. Surely he was being prepared for an eternitywide mission. Yet he was never more misjudged and misunderstood. But that too was part of the fellowship of Christ's pain. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

We who were so privileged saw in John Hyde's life the deepening horror of sin during that year of 1910, though it was all but a pale reflection of the awful anguish over sin that at length broke our Saviour's heart. Before this year's convention he spent long nights in prayer to God. This burden had lain now for five years on his heart—each year pressing heavier and heavier. How it

had eaten into his very soul! One saw the long sleepless nights and weary days of watching with prayer written on every feature of his face. Yet his figure was almost transformed as he gave forth God's own words to his people with such fire and such force that many hardly recognized the changed man with the glory of God lighting up every feature. It was Jehovah's messenger speaking Jehovah's message, and we who had shared some of its burden in prayer knew that it was God's own burden spoken to his Church in India—yes, to his Church throughout the whole world.

We were transported to Mount Sinai and to the sin of Israel in worshiping the golden calf. Up till that time Moses had not interceded for God's people. Why? Because he had not yet entered into the sufferings of God's heart over sin. So he is sent down among the sinners. Sin cost him the presence of God. Was he not being made a partaker of the sufferings of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world? Then he fasts a second forty days and forty nights (Deut. 9 : 19). "For I was afraid of the anger and hot displeasure, wherewith Jehovah was wroth against you to destroy you. But Jehovah hearkened unto me that time also." Moses reports this in 9 125, doubly emphasized by the Holy Spirit. Surely the Great White Throne in its awful purity shone among us from that time right on through the convention—no wonder we were filled with shame and confusion of face as were so many of God's Intercessors of old—Moses, Job, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. When God said to Moses, "Let me alone," he revealed the power of intercession. No! Moses "stood in the breach," and the wrath of God was stayed. He gave up the honor and glory of his own name and family for the sake of God's people. "The Church in the wilderness" was saved by one who shadowed forth our Great Divine Intercessor and partook of his Spirit.

The confession of the sins of others laid hold of John Hyde's heart. It was about that time he was taught a very solemn lesson—the sin of fault-finding even in prayer for others. He was once weighed down with the burden of prayer for a certain Indian pastor. So he retired to his "inner chamber," and thinking of the pastor's coldness and the consequent deadness of his church, he began to pray: "O Father, thou knowest how cold"—he was going to say; but a finger seemed to be laid on his lips, so that the word was not uttered and a voice said in his ear, "He that toucheth him toucheth the apple of mine eye." Mr. Hyde cried out in sorrow: "Forgive me, Father, in that I have been an accuser of the brethren before thee!" He realized that in God's sight he must look at "Whatsoever things are lovely." Yet he wanted also to look at "Whatsoever things are true." He was shown that the "true" of this verse are limited to what are both lovely and true, that the sin of God's children is fleeting, it is not the true nature of God's children. For we should see them as they are in Christ Jesus—"complete," what they shall be when he has finished the good work he has begun in them. "And it is right for me to be thus minded concerning you all, because / have you in my heart." Then John asked the Father to show him all that was to be praised ("if there be any virtue and if there be any praise take account of these things") in that pastor's life. He was reminded of much for which he could heartily thank God, and spent his time in praise! This was the way to victory. The result? He shortly afterwards heard that the pastor had at that very time received a great reviving and was preaching with fire. It is this way of praise which is appointed of God for preparing the Bride and the putting on her beautiful garments. In Revelation 19:6-8 it is praise that leads to the glorious results.

I remember John telling me that in those days if on any day four souls were not brought into the fold, at night there would be such a weight on his heart that it was positively painful, and he could not eat nor sleep. Then in prayer he would ask his Lord to show him what was the obstacle in him to this blessing. He invariably found that it was the want of praise in his life. This command, which has been repeated in God's Word hundreds of times—surely it is all important! He would then confess his sin, and accept the forgiveness by the Blood. Then he would ask for the spirit of praise as for any other gift of God. So he would exchange his ashes for Christ's gar-

land, his mourning for Christ's oil of joy, his spirit of heaviness for Christ's garment of praise (the Song of the Lamb—praising God beforehand for what he was going to do), and as he praised God souls would come to him, and the numbers lacking would be made up.

Here is a picture of his work in those days: Two evangelists went out with Mr. Hyde to a distant village; before leaving they were assured of ten souls being won for Christ. They reached the village, they preached, they sang, the day wore on, not a sign of any soul being interested. They became hungry and thirsty. No man gave unto them. The evangelists became impatient to get home for rest and food. John Hyde would not move. He was waiting for those ten souls. At last, at a common cottage they asked for a drink of water. The man offered them milk, too. They went into his humble home and were refreshed. As they talked to him, he showed a most intelligent knowledge of Jesus Christ. Yes, he had entertained them in his name. Would the family not become his followers? Why not now? He agreed, and called his wife and children. They certainly realized what they were doing, and were determined as a family to come out on the Lord's side. One can picture how tenderly John Hyde ushered them into the family of God. Nine in all were baptized.

But it was now growing dark, and a dangerous road lay ahead of them. The evangelists made haste. The father began to urge it, too. Unwillingly John Hyde left that house. The cart was sent for by one, and the other tried to hasten John's steps. Then they wanted to lift him into the cart. But no—his eyes rested pleadingly on one of his men: "What about that one that is wanting?" The evangelist (he told me this with a hot flush of shame) lost his temper. It is all very well for the Sahib if he broke his neck; he had no wife or family to think of. But it was a very different story for them both. But John stood there waiting for that one soul,—the tenth was yet wanting. He knew the Good Shepherd was himself searching for that one, and would search "until he find it." The two evangelists used almost force to get him to move. There burst one cry from his lips: "What about that one?" By and by the father of the family came up. Why was the Padre Sahib waiting? John told him of the one not yet in the fold. "Why, there he is!" cried the man. "He has just come back. My nephew, whom I have adopted." He brought the boy forward. Mr. Hyde went back to the house and asked him of his faith in Christ. He was clear and intelligent. So the tenth was gathered into the fold. He gave a sigh of heart's ease and weary content as he climbed into the cart. Of course, they were kept and reached home safely—with a heart full of rest such as the Good Shepherd gives his faithful under-shepherds. Yes, and that is the rest of the soul they give him, for through such he shall yet see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

And now, farewell to Sialkot! As far as this sketch is concerned, we are leaving those hallowed scenes. Others there are who will assemble on those holy grounds; others care for the great company that annually assembles in those audiences; others will keep watch in the prayer-room; but as for our dear brother Hyde, 1910 was his last year at Sialkot. We may wonder why it should be so. Only forty-seven, surely his taking away seemed untimely. But God in heaven knows how wonderfully rounded out were the years of dear John Hyde. Seven Sialkot conventions, and seven wonderful years of prayer. Surely God saw in John Hyde a well rounded out experience and character. Surely God and the recording angel know that the fruitage will be bountiful at the ingathering at the great harvest home. "He that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully."

But before we leave Sialkot I am led to record my appreciation of our brother, McCheyne Paterson. Paterson, I have fallen in love with you in the Lord. Because you loved Hyde I love you. Often, dear brother, I have prayed for you, and shall yet pray. And will not all who read this sketch join me in praying for the convention at Sialkot, and for this precious man of God, still praying and preaching and praising there ?

Calcutta and the Doctor

John Hyde was only one of many men who have hazarded life for God's service. Nehemiah was warned of the plotting of Sanballat and Tobiah. He was advised to go into the house of God and shut the doors. He answered, "Should such a man as I flee? and who is there that, being such as I, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in."

Of Jesus it is written, "And it came to pass, when the days were well-nigh come that he should be received up, he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem" (Luke 9: 51).

When Mr. Moody was in England the last time, he was having trouble with his heart. He was examined by an eminent physician, who told him that his excessive labors were costing him his life. He was killing himself. He promised that he would not work so hard.

On the voyage back to America, an awful storm struck his ship, the Spree. She was partly submerged, and in great distress the people appealed to Mr. Moody. He exhorted and prayed. He told the Lord at that time that if he would get them out of this trouble he would never let up in his labors for lost souls.

That summer was the time of the World's Fair in Chicago. Mr. Moody gathered such a band of preachers, evangelists, workers, and singers as probably never was assembled for such work before or since. Halls, storerooms, theaters, churches, and even circus tents, were utilized for Gospel meetings, Mr. Moody worked with all his old-time vigor. They "put over" a magnificent campaign. A few months later, at Kansas City, while on the platform preaching with all his tremendous energy, the great evangelist's heart gave way, his voice ceased, and his labors on earth were over. A few days later, among his friends at Northfield, he passed over to join that heroic band who counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might win precious souls to Jesus.

A friend of John Hyde's, living in Calcutta, who now knows what it means to be despised and rejected of men, gives the following testimony as to John's prayer life. "I remember W. T. speaking of dear Hyde's having spent thirty days and nights in prayer for the great Sialkot Convention (that was in 1906), when the Convention was opened for the first time to all Christians.

"This news made a deep impression on me, as it stood out in such contrast to my own prayerless life at that time. When he and I were alone, I pressed Turner for more details, particulars of which he was very reluctant to give (as he himself had stayed twenty-one days with the little prayer band). 'I cannot go into details,' he said, 'but it was a time in the Mount with God.' "

Soon after the 1910 Sialkot Convention, John Hyde held a meeting in Calcutta. His friend in that city writes about him: "He stayed with us nearly a fortnight, and during the whole time he had fever. Yet he took the meetings regularly, and how God spoke to us, though he was bodily unfit to do any work! At that time I was unwell for several days. The pain in my chest kept me awake for several nights. It was then that I noticed what Mr. Hyde was doing in his room opposite. The room where I was being in darkness, I could see the flash of the electric light when he got out of bed and turned it on. I watched him do it at twelve and at two and at four, and then at five. From

that time the light stayed on till sunrise. By this I know that in spite of his night watches and illness, he began his day at five.

"I shall never forget the lessons I learned at that time. I had always claimed exemption from night watches, as I felt too tired at bed time. Had I ever prayed for the privilege of waiting upon God in the late hours of night ? No! This led me to claim that privilege then and there. The pain which had kept me awake night after night was turned into joy and praise because of this new ministry which I had suddenly discovered, of keeping watch in the night with the Lord's 'Remembrancers.' At length the pain quite left my chest, sleep returned, but with it the fear came upon me lest I should miss my hours of communion with God. I prayed, 'Lord, wake me when the hour comes' (see Isa. 50 :4). At first it was at two A. M., and afterwards at four with striking regularity. At five every morning I heard a Mohammedan priest at the Mosque near by call out for prayers in a ringing, melodious voice. The thought that I had been up an hour before him filled me with joy.

"But Mr. Hyde grew worse, and the annual meeting of his Mission was calling him. Being anxious, I induced him to come with me to a doctor. The next morning the doctor said: 'The heart is in an awful condition. I have never come across such a bad case as this. It has been shifted out of its natural position on the left side to a place over on the right side. Through stress and strain it is in such a bad condition that it will require months and months of strictly quiet life to bring it back again to anything like its normal state. What have you been doing with yourself?' Dear Hyde said nothing; he only smiled. But we who knew him knew the cause: his life of incessant prayer day and night, praying exceedingly with many tears for his converts, for his fellow-laborers, for his friends, and for the church in India!"

Then the friend writes how God taught him to live a life of prayer through Mr. Hyde's example, and how afterwards he too, like John Hyde, was led into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings down, down, down, farther and farther into the very recesses of Gethsemane, till he too seemed to tread the winepress of the wrath of God against sin all alone.

"The spirit jealously desires us for his own" (Jas. 4:5; Alford). It is his highest desire that there be in us a life of fellowship with himself. For this supreme wish of his heart he rises early, seeking, knocking, unasked, uninvited (Isa. 50:4). How much more if asked and invited! Does not this fact make the Morning Watch unspeakably precious and glorious ?

He seeks communion with us because it is his right and our benefit. He seeks this communion at the beginning of the day. He would claim the best, the very best hour of the day. With so great a privilege pressed upon us, does it not mean a solemn obligation on our part to cultivate this life of fellowship?

If we are willing, he will quicken and empower.

Remember Gethsemane! Our Lord's appeal to his disciples in his hour of supreme crisis was: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" The appeal, though thrice repeated, fell upon deaf ears, because the enemy's power had overmastered the disciples through sleep. Do we not hear the Lamb upon his throne, "standing as though it had been slain," make the same appeal again at this hour of world-crisis, at this hour of church-crisis, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" The renewal of the church will depend on the renewal of our prayer life. The powers of the world to come are at our disposal if we will make time for quiet hours for fellowship and communion, which is our Lord's supreme, yearning desire."

"Oh, ye who sigh and languish,
And mourn your lack of power,
Heed ye this gentle whisper:
'Could ye not watch one hour?'
For fruitfulness and blessing,
There is no royal road;
The power for holy service
Is intercourse with God.
"Or e'er a word or action
Hath stained its snowy scroll
Bring the new day to Jesus,
And consecrate the whole.
Then fear not for the record;
He surely will indite,
Whatever may betide thee,
It shall be, must be, right.
"Soon the last golden sunrise,
Shall deck the eastern sky;
Soon the last "Watch" be ended,
Redemption draweth nigh.
Then may this bright incentive,
Within our spirits burn.
It may be that this morning
The Bridegroom shall return!"

"The Calcutta friend concludes: "We have heard of martyrs who were kept in prison, and in the end were put to death. But have we ever heard of one who was so given up to the ministry of prayer that the strain of a daily burden brought him to a premature grave?" "No, friend," answers another brother in India, "not a premature grave; it was the grave of Jesus Christ. John Hyde laid down his life calmly and deliberately for the Church of God in India."

"Who follows in his train?"

Transformed Lives

Behold how much was wrought in the life and work of one lady missionary. She had worked hard for many years in her district and none of the work there was bearing real fruit. She read the account of Mr. Hyde's prayer-life and resolved to devote the best hours of her time to prayer and waiting on God in the study of his word and will. She would make prayer primary, and not secondary as she had been doing. She would begin to live a prayer-life in God's strength. God had said to her: "Call upon Me, and I will show thee great and mighty things. You have not called upon me and therefore you do not see these things in your work." She writes: "I felt that at any cost I must know him and this prayer-life, and so at last the battle of my heart was ended and I had the victory." One thing she prayed for was that God would keep her hidden. She had to face being misunderstood and being dumb and not opening her mouth in self-defense if she was to be a follower of the Lamb.

In less than a year she wrote a letter, and oh, what a change! New life everywhere—the wilderness being transformed into a garden. Fifteen were baptized at first and one hundred and twenty-five adults during the first half of the following year!

"The most of the year has been a battle to keep to my resolution, I have always lived so active a life, accustomed to steady work all day long, and my new life called for much of the best part of the day to be spent in prayer and Bible study. Can you not imagine what it was and what it is sometimes now? To hear others going around hard at work while I stayed quietly in my room, as it were inactive. Many a time I have longed to be out again in active work among the people in the rush of life, but God would not let me go. His hand held me with as real a grip as any human hand and I knew that I could not go. Only the other day I felt this again and God seemed to say to me, 'What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?' Yes, I knew I was ashamed of the years of almost prayerless missionary life.

"Every department of the work now is in a more prosperous condition than I have ever known it to be. The stress and the strain have gone out of my life. The joy of feeling that my life is evenly balanced, the life of communion on the one hand and the life of work on the other, brings constant rest and peace. I could not go back to the old life, and God grant that it may always be impossible."

Another year passed, and she wrote again: "The spirit of earnest inquiry is increasing in the villages and there is every promise of a greater movement in the future than we have ever yet had. Our Christians now number six hundred in contrast with one sixth of that number two years ago [before she began the prayer-life and gave herself to it]. 'I believe we may expect soon to see great things in India. Praise for his hourly presence and fellowship!"

The pastor of a congregation in Illinois writes, "We have lost a strong and noble brother, who has not only done the Lord's work in the far-off land but has been an inspiration to us as well and the means of awakening at least one from this congregation to such an interest in the for-

eign work that today she is in China." Who can measure John Hyde's influence and power in India, in England, and in America ?

"J. N. Hyde was like his father. When duty called, the call was imperative. He answered it not with skyrocket exploitation and great ado, but with unalterableness of purpose that meant this or death! It seems God meant this and death. In the last class letter he wrote to his seminary classmates he says: 'For three full years now God has given us decisions and baptisms every day when we have been out in our district—over a thousand the past two years.... never a day if we were right with God without souls.' 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' Is there anything in this old world worth while except seeking and saving that which was lost?" (Herrick Johnson.)

Read of these experiences, as recorded by a missionary in India who wrote "An American Girl's Struggle and Surrender."

"On the wall in my room in India hung a motto card. It is the picture of a stony hill with a little green grass here and there. On the top of the hill is a tree; most of the branches on one side have been entirely swept away by the wind and only a few scraggly limbs remain on the other side. On this card is printed: 'Endure when there is every external reason not to endure.' And this verse: 'He endured . . . seeing him who is invisible.'

"A dear young friend seeing this card said to me; 'Memsahib, that motto card is to me your photograph. God has been cutting from your life one branch after another and again and again has removed earthly supports.' "

She and her husband were very happy in their going out to India and during the first year. But there were shadows over the pathway. The next year God gave and soon took to himself a dear little life. From the first her husband would ask God to fill him with the Spirit at any cost to himself. At first she could not pray this prayer. After the babe was taken she would join her husband in this prayer, and as they would rise from their knees she would say, "But, oh, I am afraid of the cost." Then next her husband was taken with fever. How she pleaded and prayed and even commanded God. But he passed away. For months she was dazed and seemed oblivious to everything but her unutterable loss. It was a year of great darkness.

But in the spring God sent a messenger (Mr. Reginald Studd, a man from whom John Hyde learned much) through whom God revealed what He desired to be to each of his children, their all in all, the chiefest among ten thousand, their heart-friend.

Christ possessed this man's life. Christ was to him all that the dearest earthly friend could be, and infinitely more. Not only was his life centered in Christ,—Christ was his very life. He communed with him as with a friend, spending hours with him, his inmost being was made radiant with Christ's abiding presence, and wherever he went "Christ was revealed." Soon after meeting this messenger of Christ she relates further, "In a written consecration I gave myself, my child [born shortly after her husband's death], all I had and all I ever would have, to the Lord, to be his forever. It was an unconditional surrender and the Holy Spirit entered in his fulness and began to lead me into the love and joy and peace—a knowledge surpassing the love and joy and peace for which I had long been yearning. There came to my heart a deep quietness. The Word of God opened up to me in marvelous richness, becoming food for the soul.

"In the years that have followed I have again and again been brought to places where two ways opened; one the way of the ordinary Christian life, the other the way on which one seemed to

see the bloodstained marks of the Saviour's footsteps; and he called me to follow him—the slain Lamb. It has meant the way of the cross; but it has also meant fellowship with Christ."

She writes further about "the Messenger" whom God had sent to the Punjab who showed such a Christ-possessed life. She writes: "I do not remember that he ever talked about prayer; he prayed. Speaking sometimes four and five times a day, he would then spend half the night in prayer, sometimes alone, sometimes with others. He prayed."

She gives us modestly some glimpses of how wonderfully God worked through her. Sometimes it was among the Mohammedans, sometimes among the native Hindus, and sometimes among the foreign missionaries. She was associated with the Punjab Prayer Union and the Sialkot Convention.

She says, "There have been many failures, times when the self-life hindered God. I am more and more amazed that God has been able, notwithstanding my failures, to work in such wondrous ways, and has given me the joy of seeing him work.

"God offers," she continues, "to bring all who are willing into the secret place, within the veil, the place of sweetest refuge, where 'all is peace and quiet stillness.'"

Within the veil. Be this, beloved, thy portion,

Within the secret of thy Lord to dwell,

Beholding him, until thy face his glory,

Thy life his love, thy lips his praise shall tell.

Within the veil — for only as thou gazest

Upon the matchless beauty of his face

Canst thou become a living revelation

Of his great heart of love, his untold grace.

Within the veil — his fragrance poured upon thee;

Without the veil, that fragrance shed abroad;

Within the veil his hand shall tune the music,

Which sounds on earth the praises of the Lord.

When I was a boy there was a pond near my father's house. I would stand on the shore of that pond and throw a stone out into the water and then watch the waves in ever widening circles move out from that center, till every part of the surface of the pond would be in motion. The waves would come to the shore at my very feet and every little channel and inlet would be moved by the ripples.

Sialkot started circles and waves of blessing that are even now beating in the secret recesses and inlets of many human hearts. And I am led to believe that every atom and molecule of water in that pond felt the impact of that stone. Only God and the recording angel can determine how much the whole body of Christ has been moved upon and benefited by the tremendous prayer force generated by the Holy Spirit in that prayer room at Sialkot.

Native pastors, teachers and evangelists have gone home from these conventions with new zeal for Jesus Christ and have influenced thousands of lives in their many fields of labor.

Foreign missionaries have had their lives deepened by visions of God. Letters and printed pages, like the aprons and handkerchiefs from Paul's body, have been sent probably to every country on earth to bring healing to the faint-hearted, and direction and encouragement to those desiring to enter the prayer life. I am assured that tens of thousands have been born into the kingdom because of the soul travail at Sialkot. Myriads will one day rise up to thank God that two or three men in North India in the name of Jehovah said, "Let us have a convention at Sialkot!"

England Again

The meeting and visit in Calcutta occurred in the fall or winter following the 1910 Sialkot Convention. The next spring, March, 1911, John Hyde started home as the physicians would say a "dying man." He had arrived in India in the autumn of 1892, less than twenty years before. But surely they were nineteen beautiful years!

When he arrived in England, he went to visit some friends in Wales, intending later to attend the Keswick Convention. While in Wales he heard that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, on their world-wide evangelistic tour, were holding a meeting at Shrewsbury. With two of his friends he went to the opening of this campaign. During the first stay of three days a friend writes: "We greatly enjoyed the services, but we realized that there was some great hindrance, and this was felt especially at the meeting for ministers."

"After that service we saw that the burden had come upon Mr. Hyde, and as we were leaving the next day he asked whether we could engage his room at the hotel for the following week. He was preaching on the Sunday at another place; but he intended returning early Monday morning to take up the burden of prayer for Shrewsbury. To those who knew him, it was apparent that the load was weighing very heavily upon him. The faraway gaze, the remarkably sweet pathetic pained expression, the loss of appetite, the sleepless nights, all went to prove this."

Here is Dr. Chapman's letter:

"God has been graciously near to us in all these long journeys around the world, and we have learned some things which have increased our faith. First, more than ever before we believe in the Bible as the authentic Word of God.

Second: We believe in prayer as never before. I have learned some great lessons concerning prayer. I know that all great revivals are born of prayer. At one of our missions in England the audience was extremely small—results seemed impossible—but I received a note saying that an American missionary was coming to the town and was going to pray God's blessing down upon our work. He was known as 'The Praying Hyde.' Almost instantly the tide turned. The hall

was packed, and my first invitation meant fifty men for Jesus Christ. As we were leaving I said: 'Mr. Hyde, I want you to pray for me.' He came to my room, turned the key in the door, dropped on his knees, waited five minutes without a single syllable coming from his lips. I could hear my own heart thumping and his beating. I felt the hot tears running down my face. I knew I was with God. Then with upturned face, down which the tears were streaming, he said: 'Oh God!' Then for five minutes at least, he was still again, and then when he knew he was talking with God his arm went around my shoulder and there came up from the depth of his heart such petitions for men as I had never heard before. I rose from my knees to know what real prayer was. We believe that prayer is mighty and we believe it as we never did before."

Mr. Charles M. Alexander related to Mr. Hyde's sister Mary further particulars about this meeting. Not only did Dr. Chapman meet John Hyde, but Mr. Alexander was present also. And the three of them spent almost the whole day in conference about the meeting. Then later the other workers were called in, and a long time was spent in prayer. After that the Spirit was present in the meetings in such power that all barriers were broken down and sinners were crying for mercy and being saved all over the house.

Mr. Hyde had a helper in intercession furnished him in the person of Mr. Davis of the Pocket Testament League, and the two, being kindred spirits, became very friendly.

Mr. Hyde remained there for a whole week and then went back to his friends in Wales. The following day he was seriously ill and could scarcely speak, but he smiled and whispered: "The burden of Shrewsbury was very heavy, but my Saviour's burden took him down to the grave."

The manner in which John Hyde prayed as referred to in the above quotation—that is of pausing between petitions or expressions is also referred to by another writer: "Right on his face on the ground is 'Praying Hyde'—this was his favorite attitude for prayer. Listen! he is praying, he utters a petition, and then waits, in a little time he repeats it, and then waits, and this many times until we feel that that petition has penetrated every fibre of our nature and we feel assured that God has heard and without doubt He will answer. How well I remember him praying that we might open our mouth wide that He might fill it (Psa. 81: 10). I think he repeated the word 'wide' scores of times with long pauses between. 'Wide, Lord, wide, open wide, wide.' How effectual it was to hear him address God, 'O Father, Father.' "

A lady who was for years a missionary in India writes to The Remembrancer, "I remember, during one of the Jubblepore Conventions at the noon-tide prayer meeting I was kneeling near to him, and can never forget how I was thrilled with a feeling I cannot describe as he pleaded in prayer: 'Jesus— Jesus—Jesus!' It seemed as if a baptism of love and power came over me, and my soul was humbled in the dust before the Lord. I had the privilege of meeting Mr. Hyde again in England, when on his way to America. How his influence still lives."

Home at Last

"And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When we come to the end of the way."

John Hyde arrived in New York, August 8, 1911. He went at once to Clifton Springs, N. Y. His purpose was to obtain relief from a severe headache from which he had suffered much before leaving India. A tumor soon developed which when operated on became malignant and was pronounced by the physician to be sarcoma, for which as yet medical science has found no

remedy. He rallied from this operation, and on December 19 went to his sister —the wife of Prof. E. H. Mensel at Northampton, Mass.

But soon after New Year's he began to have pains in his back and side. He thought it was rheumatism, but the physician knew it was the dreaded sarcoma again.

He passed away February 17, 1912. His body was taken by his brother Will Hyde and his sister Mary back to the old home at Carthage, Illinois, and the funeral was held in the church where his father was for seventeen years the pastor. At the time of John's funeral the Rev. J. F. Young, his classmate, was pastor of the home church and preached at the funeral. It was my privilege to assist in the service and to stand on the platform and look down into the casket at that dear, dear face. He was greatly emaciated, but it was the same sweet, peaceful, gentle yet strong, resolute face that I had known in 1901,—the last time I saw him alive.

That February the 20th was cloudy and chill and gloomy as out in beautiful Moss Ridge we tenderly laid him beside his father and his mother and his brother Edmund. But I know that by and by the clouds and the shadows will flee away, the chill and gloom of the grave be dispelled, and that man of prayer and praise come forth in the likeness of the Risen Son of God!

Holiness Unto the Lord

As I have carefully and prayerfully gone over the facts and incidents and experiences in the life of my dear friend, I am impressed that the one great characteristic of John Hyde was holiness. I do not mention prayerfulness now, for prayer was his lifework. I do not especially call attention to soul-winning, for his power as a soul-winner was due to his Christlikeness. God says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and we may scripturally say without holiness no man shall be a great soul-winner. Mr. Hyde himself said in substance, "Self must not only be dead but buried out of sight, for the stench of the unburied self-life will frighten souls away from Jesus."

It does not seem that John Hyde preached much about his own personal experience of sanctification, but he lived the sanctified life. His life preached. Just as he did not say very much about prayer. He prayed. His life was a witness to the power of Jesus' Blood to cleanse from all sin.

Read these testimonies that have come to me from a number of sources. Further search would no doubt reveal scores of other witnesses to the saintliness of this beloved servant of Jesus Christ, and man of prayer.

From a publication in this country: "The Bishop of Oxford says of personal holiness: 'There is no power in the world so irrepressible as the power of personal holiness. A man's gifts may lack opportunity, his efforts be misunderstood and resisted, but the spiritual power of a consecrated will needs no opportunity and can enter where doors are shut. In this strange and tangled business of human life there is no energy that so steadily does its work as the mysterious, unconscious, silent, unobtrusive, impenetrable influence which comes from a man who has done with all self-seeking. And herein lay John Hyde's mystical power and great influence. Multitudes have been brought to their knees by prayer he uttered when filled with the Spirit.' "

This from a letter written to Mr. Hyde's sister, "If ever there was a godly man, forgetful of himself and devoted to the Master's service, your brother was that one."

A native of India, "The marvelous spirituality of Mr. Hyde had for some time been so great that all who saw it were filled with wonder." These words are by a missionary in India: "His loss will be sadly felt in this country, especially by the Indian Christians. He was one of the holiest men I have ever known, and his life exerted a great influence."

One of his classmates writes, "No saint of the church was ever beyond him in holiness. He verily gave his life for Christ and India."

Another missionary in India wrote, "He revealed a Christ-possessed prayer-life. He talked with Christ as with a friend, spending hours with him. His inmost being was made radiant by Christ's abiding presence, and wherever he went Christ was revealed."

The Indian Witness says this: "He has had a very remarkable influence in the Indian Church. A year ago last autumn his addresses at the Sialkot Convention produced a profound impression. He was an acceptable speaker in Urdu, Punjabi and in English and it was always the man of holiness and power back of an address which made it indeed a message."

Another India missionary writes, "He had become a real prophet of God. He was truly one who spoke for God. Thoughtful men would sit for hours during a day listening to his wonderful exposition of truth, as he slowly, quietly, and clearly set forth what the Spirit of God had taught him from His Word."

Not only was his the word of a prophet, but his life had been sanctified by the truth. One day a missionary was talking to a young Hindu who had become acquainted with Mr. Hyde, when the Hindu said: "Do you know, Sir, that Mr. Hyde seems to me like God." He was not far from the truth, for in a sense unknown to his Hindu understanding this man had become an incarnation. I quote from a postal card written by John to his sister while he was at Clifton Springs, N. Y., dated October 27th, 1911, "Am still in bed or wheel chair getting a fine rest and doing a lot of the ministry of intercession, and having not a few opportunities of personal work. How the radiance of holiness shone out in Jesus' every u'ord and deed!" Yes, dear heart, and we can truthfully and reverently say, "How the radiance of holiness shone out in John Hyde's every word and deed."

A cry of anguish and a song of praise The Twenty-Second Psalm

I am grateful to God that in a letter to John's sister Mary has been preserved the following exposition and comment on this wonderful Messianic psalm. I am adding the full text of the Psalm where he has given only the reference to verses. I have changed a little the arrangement, but the notes are from the hand of dear John himself. Psalm 22:

Verses 1-2: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent."

David is here praying in some deep and terrible trial, but the prayer is of agony—experience so real and awful as to reveal to David Christ's prayer. Jesus in the awful agony and desolation on the cross used the words of the first verse. God seemed to answer in these words: "For a small moment have I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I gather thee." Here in

these verses are the sufferings of the lost and the victory of the saved. The Spirit of Christ in David witnessed clearly the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.

This prayer in verse 1 is the cry, the voice of the sufferings of hell, but by a person with the praise of heaven in his heart.

Verses 3-5: "But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel. Our fathers trusted in thee: They trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered. They trusted in thee, and were not put to shame." This man was a Jew, and said "Our fathers."

Verses 6-8: "But I am a worm, and no man, A reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn. They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, Commit thyself unto Jehovah, let him deliver him. Let him rescue him, seeing he delighteth in him."

Here he is taking the sinner's place and enduring what came to him on the Cross of Calvary. The sinner's place and reproach, yet himself without sin.

Verses 9-11: "But thou art he that took me out of the womb; Thou didst make me to trust when I was upon my mother's breasts. I was cast upon thee from the womb. Thou art my God since my mother bare me. Be not far from me; for trouble is near. For there is none to help." Here is "trust." He says, "My God." Here is the right in himself to be helped—no cry for mercy—just help which is his by right—the sinless Christ. Yet in his greatest sufferings, "There is none to help."

Verses 12-15: "Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gape upon me with their mouth, as a ravening and a roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart is like wax, it is melted within me. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death." Surrounded by enemies and by fiercest adversaries brought into "the dust of death"—still unhelped, God has become as it were his adversary: "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief." (Isa. 53 : 10.)

Verses 16-18: "For dogs have compassed me: A company of evil-doers inclosed me. They pierced my hands and my feet. I may count all my bones. They look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, and upon my vesture do they cast lots."

What a picture of the cross! "I may tell all my bones." How this tells of three years—yes, a lifetime, but especially of three years of sorrow over our, my, sin, of prayer and fasting and watching, sometimes whole nights; and then days and nights of work—teaching, healing, preaching, and of grief as he saw sin and its hold and havoc—as he saw the weaknesses and sins of God's own disciples!

"They look and stare upon me." How this tells of a human soul, sensitive and shrinking from the gaze of men. This tells of the indignities heaped upon him which only the most refined and holy can feel in all their power!

It tells too of astonishment: "Many were astonished at thee—his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men" (Isa. 52 : 14). They were surprised, he was so emaciated and worn. How this all tells of his sorrow over sin. "Whose sorrow is like unto my sorrow?" "Oh! thou Man of Sorrow!"

Verses 19-21: "But be not thou far off, O Jehovah: O thou my succor, haste thee to help me. Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog. Save me from the lion's mouth. Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me."

Here again is a cry for help unheard, yet in faith heard. Thou hast "answered me." "It is finished," "Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Here end these wonderful notes except that he points out that in the remaining verses, 23-31, are revealed "The glory that shall follow."

These words have been wonderfully blessed of God in giving me a new vision of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who is worthy "to receive power, and riches, and wisdom and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. 5 : 12). And then it has seemed to me that in no other writings have I seen such a likeness of the dear brother himself. I have said, "John Hyde has here unconsciously given us a portrait of John Hyde."

Victory

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death" (I Cor. 15:26). John Hyde had faced the enemy too many times in going over into "No Man's Land" to rescue the dying to be frightened when the last awful encounter took place that February day in 1912. When John Hyde was in England Mr. Charles M. Alexander took him to his own doctor and then a consultation with two other physicians was held. The doctor then endeavored to impress Mr. Hyde with the seriousness of his condition. Mr. Alexander listened to the conversation. Surely Mr. Hyde understood that really he was then in a dying condition. Both Mr. Alexander and the doctor were amazed at Mr. Hyde's perfect composure. He had long ago ceased to fear death, and for him to depart and be with Christ was far better.

I am persuaded that no words of mine could fittingly bring this sketch to a close. But the description I am using is from the pen of Dr. W. B. Anderson in The Men's Record and Missionary Review (United Presbyterian.) Dr. Anderson was for some years himself a missionary in India and was chairman of the committee that established the Sialkot Convention. He was well acquainted with dear John Hyde. He writes: "He went a long way into the suffering of India and he had desperate encounters with her foe for her deliverance. To him who dares much in this warfare God seems to give a wonderful vision of victory.

"One day about four years ago he was talking of an experience he had on a day of prayer that was being observed for India. He was speaking intimately to intimate friends. He said: 'On the day of prayer God gave me a new experience. I seemed to be away above our conflict here in the Punjab and I saw God's great battle in all India, and then away out beyond in China, Japan, and Africa. I saw how we had been thinking in narrow circles of our own countries and in our own denominations, and how God was now rapidly joining force to force and line to line and all was beginning to be one great struggle. That, to me, means the great triumph of Christ. We do not dare any longer to fight without the consciousness of this great world battle in which we are engaged.

'We must exercise the greatest care to be utterly obedient to Him who sees all the battle field all the time. It is only He who can put each man in the place where his life can count for the most.' Above all the strife of battle he could see the great Commander whom he was following so implicitly.

"When the word came to us in India that after severe suffering in America, he had been called Home, it seemed to me that I could hear something of an echo of the shout of victory as he entered into the King's presence. Then the next word that came was that he had died with the words upon his lips: 'Bol, Yisu' Masih, Ki Jai!' ('Shout, the victory of Jesus Christ!')

"When I heard that I thought of that awful time in the life of our Lord when his foes were closing in about him. He knew that the time of his sacrifice was near. Just before him lay the desertion of his disciples, and Gethsemane and Calvary. Yet in that hour he said, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Then I remembered the days and nights when Mr. Hyde had struggled in India for those bound by sin, and that after hours of agony he had often risen with those about him to shout: 'Bol, Yisu' Masih ki jai,' until this has become the great war cry of the Punjab Church. As he sent that shout back to us from the presence of the great Victor, let us see to it that it rings throughout the whole world: 'Shout, the victory of Jesus Christ.' "

In Jehovah's Name, Amen!