Classic Books for Today

No. 162 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy – Psalm 126:5 2024

# Praying Hyde

## A present-day challenge to prayer from the life of John Hyde (1865 – 1912)

*Edited by Captain E. G. Carré*

### Forward

The readers of these memoirs of the life of the saintly character known as "Praying Hyde," one of God's choicest gifts to His church in India, will naturally be interested to learn the reason for their publication in their present form.

These reasons are not far to seek, they are threefold: firstly, that God may be magnified in these fresh testimonies to His faithfulness as the prayer-answering God; secondly, that His people may be edified thereby, and encouraged to enter into a fuller and more expectant prayer life; and lastly, as a loving tribute and memorial to one who was greatly beloved in the land of his adoption, for whose people he lived and labored on behalf of his Master, and for whom he literally laid down his life. Truly may it be said of him that "He being dead yet speaketh," for his Christ-like life is still revered by many whose lives he touched in India, and especially in the Punjab, the scene of most of his labors, where his name is treasured not as a memory only, but much more as an influence.

These Reminiscences are written by two of the late Mr. Hyde's intimate friends, the first series by the Rev. J. Pengwern Jones of the Welsh Presbyterian Mission, the second and shorter series by the Rev. R. McCheyne Paterson of the Punjab. They were first issued month by month in the *Remembrancer*, the prayer circular of the Bengal and Assam Prayer Union, of which Mr. Pengwern Jones is the editor.

From their first appearance these memoirs have attracted an ever-deepening interest, both from the regular readers of the *Remembrancer*, and also from those Christian friends to whom the issues containing them have been passed on.

The results of their perusal have been so marked, so fraught with definite blessing and spiritual uplift, in convicting God's people of the sin of prayerlessness, in stimulating them to lay hold of His prayer promises with renewed faith and persevering courage, and in revealing to them the inmost secrets of intimate communion to which our Heavenly Father invites the fully-surrendered intercessor, that it was felt that such fruitful treasures were well worthy of a wider field, and that God would have them spread abroad for the benefit of His whole church.

With this purpose in view and in response to the many appeals which have reached him, Mr. Pengwern Jones has been led to decide upon the publication of the Reminiscences in a small volume, and to the writer was delegated their arrangement into a continuous and compact whole. Our chief merit for the task lay mainly in the fact that we had the necessary leisure to devote to it, which others more fitted for it lacked. Our duties have not proved onerous so far as the actual editing was concerned. No attempt has been made to rewrite the articles. They are given practically word for word as they originally appeared, in the form in which it has pleased God to bless them, and in which we believe He will continue to use them for His glory. The only work has been arranging of the articles in chapters with such headings as seemed useful and suitable. We felt that we were treading on holy ground, and that he of whom these pages speak lived upon a spiritual plane to which few in this or indeed any generation have attained.

To our own soul there has come – consequent upon the necessary reading and re-reading of these precious records in their arrangement for the Press – many valued thoughts and searching lessons, but, from among them all, one outstanding feature predominates and remains, please God never to depart, and probably it will be shared by all who read these pages. It is this: that such a life with such results emanating from it, such effects due to so clearly set forth a cause, comes as a definite challenge, convincing and convicting, each of us, *to pray more*, yea to "pray without ceasing"; for truly herein is God's law of exchange shown to be effectual to the uttermost, "give and it shall be given unto you."

Then how comforting it is ever to remember, that He who in His wondrous lovingkindness designed that we should be the objects upon which He should lavish His love, also designed prayer as the means by which He could continually have us in the attitude and the place for the reception of that love; hath He not said, "the prayer of the upright is His delight"? How blessed it is to feel that each time we come to Him whether in the sanctuary or in the street, that we are giving joy to our Father which is in heaven, and are treading in the path of Him who "suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps."

With the prayer that God may abundantly own this inspiring testimony to a fully-surrendered life, it is sent forth upon what we trust will prove a true mission of blessing and spiritual refreshment to all who read these pages.

– The Editor

**Introduction**

I have been asked by the editor to write a few lines of introduction to this long-expected little book and I gladly comply with his request, for, as I have said in the Reminiscences, dear Hyde was made a great blessing to me. I had read that precious book of Andrew Murray, "With Christ in the School of Prayer," and in Mr. Hyde I saw a living example of one who actually lived with Christ in the School of Prayer, and his example gave me a deep longing and even an inspiration to be a pupil in this school also.

I was asked by many to write a few reminiscences of Hyde and over and over again I purposed doing it, but I believe the time had not come, the church was not ready for such a record, and probably the Spirit of God saw that I was not ready to write sympathetically such incidents that I wanted to write; but when the Lord began to pour His Spirit upon the eastern coast of England and the north of Scotland, and the people of God began to pray more earnestly for a general revival all over the world, I found no difficulty in writing about dear Hyde's prayer life, and the account written by his beloved friend, the Rev. McCheyne Paterson, was kindly placed at my disposal at that time and became a further inspiration to me.

The last month or so I have heard that others have valuable information about Hyde during his college days. Probably these incidents in his life will be published as a supplement. I am anxiously waiting too for the American edition, which is, I hear, a stirring account of this great intercessor.

I hope that these booklets will lead many to become "companions" of our Great High Priest. He wants "companions," "fellows," "partakers" to enter with Him into the sanctuary as intercessors. The High Priest of old had to enter into the Holy of Holies *alone*, but our High Priest begs for partners to be with Him. This is what Hyde really was, and it is strange that we should be so reluctant to take up this great privilege of being fellow-intercessors with Him.

I trust that one of the results of reading these booklets will be the enlistment of many and better intercessors.

I feel grateful to the editor for undertaking this work and for the sympathetic and efficient way he has done the work.

May all the glory be unto Him.

– J. Pengwern Jones, May 1923

## PART 1
## A VESSEL UNTO HONOR

*"Epaphras, who is one of you, a servant of Christ saluteth you, always laboring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God"* (Col. 4:12).

*"*No one can continue long and earnestly in prayer without beginning to perceive that the Spirit is gently leading to an entirely new consecration, of which previously he knew nothing." – Andrew Murray

### CHAPTER ONE
### In the Very Presence of God

*Our first meeting and prayer-fellowship at the Ludhiana convention and its results*

By one of the last mails we had a letter from a dear sister who was a missionary in India for years and who still longs to be back if only the state of her health and home ties would allow her to come.

She says also that she is deeply touched by the account of Mr. Hyde's wonderful prayer life, and then she gives a few words of her own reminiscences of him. "I remember," she said, "during one of the Jubblepore conventions, at the noontide 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 home to America. How his influence still lives!"

Mr. McCheyne Paterson describes Mr. Hyde as *"a great fisher for souls,"* and that is very true, for he not only prayed for men but was a real angler. He would be just for a minute in a room with perhaps a perfect stranger, but it would be quite a sufficient time to open the Bible and show some wonderful passage from the Word, and quietly he would lead the person to the Savior.

We heard of a worldly lady once who thought she would have a little fun at Mr. Hyde's expense, so she asked, "Don't you think, Mr. Hyde, that a lady who dances can go to heaven?" He looked at her with a smile and quietly said, "I do not see how a lady can go to heaven unless she dances," and then he dwelt on the joy of sin forgiven – the overwhelming joy, especially for one who had been living for the world and for self, and he gently appealed to her, as to whether she had experienced this joy, and went quoting the Word of God and begging of her not to be satisfied until this wonderful experience would compel her "to dance for joy." We feel sure that she never tried to get any more fun at his expense. Truly Hyde was a fisher for souls, and we know that our members will be grateful to Mr. McCheyne Paterson for his articles.

Dr. Chapman, the great evangelist, said, after being round the world on an evangelistic tour, that it was during a season of prayer with Mr. Hyde that he realized what *real* prayer

was. I believe that hundreds in India can say the same. I owe to him more than I owe to any man, for showing me what a prayer life is, and what a real *consecrated* life is. I shall ever praise God for bringing me into contact with him; even now I have not been able to take in all that was lived before me by him. Jesus Christ became a new ideal to me, and I had a glimpse of His prayer life, and I had a longing which has remained to this day to be a real praying man.

But let me give a few reminiscences which have been indelibly impressed on my mind. The first time I met him was at Ludhiana in the Punjab where he lived at the time. I had been invited to speak a few words on the revival in the Khassia Hills to the Conference of the United States Presbyterian Mission, who had their annual session at the time there.

I had travelled by night from Allahabad to Ludhiana and reached there early in the morning. I was taken to have a cup of tea with the delegates and others, and I was introduced across the table to Mr. Hyde. All that he said to me was, "I want to see you, I shall wait for you at the door." There he was waiting and his first word was, "Come with me to the prayer room, we want you there."

I do not know whether it was a command or request. I felt I had to go. I told him that I had travelled all night, and that I was tired and had to speak at 4 o'clock but I went with him. We found half-a-dozen persons there and Hyde went down on his face before the Lord. I knelt down and a strange feeling crept over me. Several prayed, and then Hyde began, and I remember very little more. I knew that I was in the presence of God Himself and had no desire to leave the place. In fact I do not think that I thought of myself or of my surroundings, for I had entered a new world and I wanted to remain there.

We had entered the room about 8 o'clock in the morning. Several had gone out, others had come in, but Hyde was on his face on the floor and had led us in prayer several times. Meals had been forgotten, and my tired feeling had gone, and the revival account and message that I was to deliver and concerning which I had been very anxious had gone out of my mind, until about 3:30 when Hyde got up, and I found we were the only two present, and he said to me, "You are to speak at 4 o'clock. I shall take you to have a cup of tea." I replied that he must need a little refreshment too, but he said, "No, I do not want any but you must have some."

We called in my room and washed hurriedly and then we had a cup of tea, each of us, and it was full time for the service. He took me right to the door, then took my hand and said, "Go in and speak; that is *your* work. I shall go back to the prayer room to pray for you; that is *my* work. When the service is over, come into the prayer room again and we shall praise God together." What a thrill, like an electric shock, passed through me as we parted.

It was easy to speak, though I was speaking through an interpreter. What I said, I do not know. Before the meeting was through, the Indian translator, overcome by his feelings and overpowered by the Spirit of God, failed to go on and another had to take his place. I know the Lord spoke that night, He spoke to me and spoke to many.

I realized then the power of prayer. How often I had read of blessing in answer to prayer, but it was brought home to me that evening with such force that ever since, I try to enlist prayer warriors to pray for me whenever I stand up to deliver His messages. It was one of the most wonderful services I ever attended, and I know that it was the praying saint behind the scenes that brought the blessing down on me.

I went back after the service to him, to praise the Lord. There was no question asked by him, whether it was a good service or not, whether men had received a blessing or not; nor did I think of telling him what blessing I had personally received and how his prayers had been answered. He seemed to know it all and how he praised the Lord, and how easy it was for me to praise the Lord and speak to Him of the blessing He had given. I had very little talk with him at that conference. I knew very little about him and somehow I had no desire to ask him any questions; but a new power had come into my life which humbled me and gave me a new idea altogether of a missionary's life and even a Christian life. The ideal revealed to me then has never been lost, but, with the years as they pass, there is a deeper longing to live up to the ideal.

I had a talk with several of the missionaries about him, and I found that he had been misunderstood by them, but their eyes were being opened to the fact that he was not an ordinary worker, but specially endowed with the spirit of prayer and given to India to teach men how to pray.

Years afterwards I asked him whether he had realized in his early years that the missionaries were not in favor of the way he spent so much of his time in prayer. He smiled, that sweet smile which one can never forget, and said, "Oh, yes, I knew it, but they did not understand me, that was all. They never intended to be unkind." There was not one atom of bitterness as far as I could see.

At the time that I came into contact with him, they spoke approvingly of his long vigils. The probability is that he was not in bed one night during that conference, and the Lord honored him. He was out of sight, but in answer to his prayers, many were blessed. I believe a new era in the history of the mission and in the history of the Punjab was commenced at that time.

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*"And Jacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day...and he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me...and he blessed him there"* (Gen. 32:24, 26, 29).

"To one who asked him [George Müller] the secret of his
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service he said: 'There was a day when I died, utterly died'; and, as he spoke, he bent lower and lower until he almost touched the floor – 'I died to George Müller, his opinions, preferences, tastes and will, died to the world, its approval or censure – died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends – and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God.'" – George Müller

## CHAPTER TWO
## How the Innermost Secret of the Prayer Life Was Revealed

*Mr. Hyde tells his tale of conviction, rebellion, struggle and of final victory through a full surrender*

I said in the last memoir that my contact with Mr. Hyde was one of the greatest blessings of my life. Perhaps I should put it in the present tense and say that it is *the greatest blessing*, for I feel that the blessing lasts. This shows that it was the Holy Spirit that used His beloved servant and made him a blessing not only to me but to hundreds of others, men and women, Indians, Europeans, Americans, Christians and non-Christians. The Spirit made him an object lesson to us, so that we might have a better idea of what was Christ's prayer life. I hope and pray that these few imperfect reminiscences may be used of the Holy Spirit to reveal to others what is the "life of prayer" that we are called upon to enter into these days.

Naturally, I was interested and desired to know how Brother Hyde had entered into this life, what had led him to consecrate his life so absolutely to the Lord, and how he had been taught the secret of this prayer life. It was very difficult to get him to speak about himself, but I think he understood that it was not mere curiosity that prompted the enquiry, so he told me. How I wish I could describe this as he told me. Can I give it in his own words? It was something like this:

"My father was a minister – a Presbyterian minister – and my mother a very devoted Christian with a beautiful voice which had been consecrated to the Lord. I determined when I was a youth to be a missionary and a good missionary. I wanted to shine as a great missionary. I passed through College and did very well. I graduated and was a little proud of the 'B.A.' after my name. I was determined to master the Indian languages that I would have to learn, and I resolved not to let anything stand in the way that would hinder my becoming a great missionary. That was my ambition. This was not altogether perhaps of the flesh, but most of it was so. I loved the Lord and I wanted to serve Him, and serve Him well, but 'self' was at the foundation of my ambition.

"My father had a dear friend – a brother minister – who had a deep desire to become a missionary, but his desire was not fulfilled. He was greatly interested in me, and was delighted that the son of his great friend was going out as a missionary. He loved me and I loved him and greatly admired him.

"When I got on board the steamer at New York, bound for India for my life work, I found in my cabin a letter addressed to me. It was in the handwriting of my father's friend. I opened it and read it. The words were not many, but the purport of them was this: 'I shall not cease praying for you, dear John, until you are filled with the Holy Spirit.'

"My pride was touched and I felt exceedingly angry and crushed the letter and threw it into a corner of the cabin and went up on deck in a very angry spirit. The idea of implying that I was *not* filled with the Spirit! I was going out as a missionary, and I was determined to be a good missionary, and yet this man implied that I was not fitted and equipped for the work!

"I paced up and down that deck, a battle raging within. I felt very uncomfortable. I loved the writer. I knew the holy life he led, and down in my heart there was a conviction that he was right and that I was not fit to be a missionary.

"I went back after some time to my cabin and down on my knees to hunt for the crushed letter. Finding it I smoothed it out, and read it again and again. I still felt annoyed but the conviction was gaining on me that my father's friend was right and I was wrong.

"This went on for two or three days until I felt perfectly miserable. This was the goodness of the Lord answering the prayers of my father's friend, who must have claimed a victory for me.

"At last in a kind of despair I asked the Lord to fill me with the Holy Spirit, and the moment I did this the whole atmosphere seemed to clear up. I began to see myself, and what a selfish ambition I had. It was a struggle almost to the end of the voyage, but I was determined long before the port was reached, that whatever would be the cost, I would be really filled with the Spirit.

"The second climax came when I was led to tell the Lord that I was willing even to fail in my language examinations in India, and be a missionary working quietly out of sight, that I would do anything and be anything, but the Holy Spirit I would have at any cost.

"On one of the first few days spent in India, while I was staying with another missionary, a brother of some experience, I went out with him to an open air service. The missionary spoke, and I was told that he was speaking about Jesus Christ as the real Savior from sin.

"When he had finished his address, a respectable looking man, speaking good English, asked the missionary whether he himself had been thus saved. The question went home to my heart; for if the question had been asked me, I would have had to confess that Christ had not fully saved *me* because I knew that there was a sin in my life, which had not been taken away. I realized what a dishonor it would be on the Name of Christ to have to confess that I was preaching a Christ that had not delivered me from

sin though I would be proclaiming to others that He was a perfect Savior.

"I went back to my room and shut myself in, and told the Lord that it must be one of two things: either He must give me victory over all my sins and especially over the sin that so easily beset me, or I must return to America and seek there for some other work. I said that I could not stand up to preach the Gospel until I could testify of its power in my own life. I was there for some time, facing the question, and realized how reasonable it was. The Lord assured me that He was able and willing to deliver me from all sin, that He had planned work for me in India. He did deliver me and I have not had a doubt of this since. I can now stand up without hesitation to testify that He has given me victory, and I love to witness to this and to tell all of the wonderful faithfulness of Christ my Lord, my Savior."

As far as I can remember, it was in some such words that Hyde gave me his experience. Can I ever forget his face as he told me these things, that inexpressibly sad look when he spoke of his sin, and that wonderful smile of his when he referred to the faithfulness of Christ?

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*"And it came to pass in those days, that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God"* (Luke 6:12).

*"And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings, He…went up into a mountain to pray, and as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered"* (Luke 9:28-29).

*"*Who is sufficient for these things? The more we study and try to practice this grace of intercession, the more we become overwhelmed by its greatness and our feebleness. Let every such impression lead us to listen: 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and to answer truthfully: 'Our sufficiency is of God.' Take courage: it is in the intercession of Christ that you are called to take part. The burden and the agony, the triumph and the victory, are all His. Learn from Him, yield to His Spirit in you, to know how to pray. He gave Himself a sacrifice to God for men, that He might have the right and power of intercession. 'He bore the sin of many and made intercession for the transgressors.' Let your faith rest boldly on His finished work. Let your heart wholly identify itself with Him in His death and in His life. Like Him, give yourself to God a sacrifice for men. It is your highest nobility, it is your true and full union to Him; it will be to you, as to Him, your power of intercession." – Andrew Murray

## CHAPTER THREE
## In the School of Prayer – Another Lesson Learnt and Mastered

*A whole day spent before the throne and its outcome*

At the Sialkot conventions there are two prayer rooms, one for men and one for women, and prayer is constantly going on there, day and night, without intermission. Men and women separately meet there and two or three experienced Christians are always present to help those who need help. At times persons lead in prayer just as in ordinary prayer meetings; at other times silent prayer goes on or little groups form, and have prayer for some object that presses upon their heart. Missionaries and others bring anxious souls into the prayer room and they are prayed for and dealt with by men who know how to lead souls into the light. The power that is felt at the Sialkot convention is the result of the prayer room.

I remember one year a missionary was attending the convention for the first time, and it was very evident that he did not feel at home at the services. He came to me about the third day and said that the convention was on wrong lines altogether, that the leaders and speakers should be on the platform "to show themselves and encourage others" instead of hiding themselves in the prayer room all day. I told him that I did not agree with him and asked whether he had been into the prayer room, and he said that he had turned in several times.

Two days afterward he came to me with a beaming face and said, "Do you know, I have found out the secret of this convention – *it is that prayer room*. I never saw anything like it." I told him that I quite agreed with him, and we had a chat over the blessings that he had received and the new visions of Christ that he had.

This prayer room, if I am not mistaken, was the work of the Holy Spirit through Hyde. It was he who spent the first nights on the watchtower, but joined almost from the very first by his beloved friend and brother – McCheyne Paterson. I asked Hyde once how the Lord had taught him this lesson. He said that some time before he was to speak at a Bible School one morning, and he had no time or insufficient time for the preparation of the Bible reading, so he remained up all night to prepare the message.

The next day, he thought that as he had spent a night in getting the message ready, was there need of getting *himself* ready also, and would not a night of prayer and praise be a good preparation for a real blessing the following day? It was the Holy Spirit's suggestion undoubtedly, for that night he remained in prayer the whole night, and enjoyed it so much that he repeated it the following night. Others joined him, some for a part of the time and some for the whole night. He was always careful in his preparation for his Bible readings, sermons or convention addresses, but he often said that *the preparation of the messenger* was quite as important as the preparation of the message. What if we also realized this!

At the Sialkot convention referred to, the Europeans were accommodated in the dormitory of the mission boarding school, a long, narrow building, and our beds were placed so near each other that we had very little room to move about.
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The room was crowded between services. My bed had been placed between Mr. Hyde and Dr. Griswald's beds, but I noticed that Hyde's bed had not been occupied at all. Hyde spent his time in the prayer room; but one morning he rushed in and went down on his knees by his bedside. This was in the early morning soon after dawn. I went to have *chota-hazri* (early breakfast) and came back and found him still praying. Then I went out to the prayer meeting and morning service, and came back at 11 o'clock and found him still praying. I went in to breakfast and returned about 12:30, and lay down on my cot to rest and to watch him. I went to the afternoon service, then to tea, then to the 5 o'clock service, coming into the dormitory each time before going to a fresh service. At 6 o'clock, he was still on his knees, and had been all day. As I had an hour to wait until dinner, I determined to watch him and, if he rose from his knees, I would ask him how it was possible for him to remain quiet the whole day and to pray while there was so much noise around, for people were coming in and going out the whole time and there was a great deal of talking going on.

In half an hour or so he looked up and smiled. I sat on his bed, and asked him what was the secret of all this. I also asked him to allow me to fetch him a cup of tea, but he refused tea and asked for a glass of water only. Then he said, "Let me tell you, what a vision I had – a new vision of Christ!" His face as he spoke seemed to be illuminated. He had come truly from the secret of His presence, and I shall never forget his words. They gave me a new vision of Christ, and as he spoke to me I could not keep the tears back. At times I felt that it could not be true – that Jesus had never suffered *so much* for me, but as Hyde lifted Him up before me, I had to believe, and my heart went out to Christ in love and gratitude such as I had never felt before, and also in shame and sorrow that sin – my sin – had brought Jesus so low, into such suffering. That vision of my dear Savior is still before me. How I wish I could repeat it as Hyde brought me step by step to see Christ that evening.

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*"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"* (Phil. 2:8).

*"And Jesus saith unto him, the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head"* (Matt. 8:20).

*"*How marred must have been the face of the Holy One of God from His crown of thorns! How lacerated the form of His sacred body from the scourging of the soldiers.... Look at yonder pillar, black with the blood of murderers and rebels.... Look at the rude and barbarous beings who busily surround their victim. See them 'tear off His clothes, bind those hands…press His gracious visage firmly against the shameful pillar,' binding Him 'with ropes in such a manner that He cannot move or stir.' See! The scourging lasts a full quarter of an hour! The scourges cut ever deeper into the wounds already made, and penetrate almost to the marrow until 'His whole back appears an enormous wound.' A purple robe is then thrown over the form of the agonized Sufferer, and the twigs of a long-spiked thorn bush are twisted into a circle, and pressed upon His brow." – From *The Cross of Calvary.*

## CHAPTER FOUR
## A New Vision of the Master

He showed first of all what a condescension it was for (1) *Christ to become a man.* I saw something quite new in Christ "emptying Himself," leaving His glory and entering our world, our sinful world; what it must have cost Him to live in the atmosphere of sin. It was no wonder that He often escaped from the haunts of men, from the depressing, suffocating odor of sin to the mountains, to have a breath of the fresh air of heaven.

How Hyde described the environments of sin and the Holy Person living in the midst of it. I felt that even the Incarnation was an infinite sacrifice, even if the death on Calvary had never taken place.

Then he stopped, and said "and He took this place – became man – *for me*." I saw the vicarious sufferings of Christ then, in a new light. After a little time he began again and said (2) *Christ became a slave for me.* He washed His disciples' feet – this was the work of a slave. He stooped and became a slave *for me.* Then he described the life of a slave and how Christ in every sense of the word had voluntarily become a slave – *not like one* – but He actually became a bond-servant, a slave, He who was King of kings, who had the worship and adoration of the hosts of heaven, a real slave on earth. "And all," said Hyde, *"for me, for me."*

For some time he wept, we both wept. I wept at the thought of the sufferings of Christ for me, and how unfaithful I had been to Him; but Hyde was thinking of what he was going to say next, and what he said gave me such a shock that I hardly know how to repeat the words lest they should be misunderstood. Hyde continued speaking and weeping, "I saw more, I saw that my Jesus became a dog, a Pariah dog, *for me*." Is it blasphemy to use these words? (3) *Jesus became a dog for me.* Hyde said that he was thinking of the Syrophenician woman, and how Jesus applied the contemptible word – "dog" – to her and the Gentiles. Then he said, the Holy Spirit led my thoughts to the truth that Jesus had died for the Gentiles, *for these dogs* – then it must be that Jesus had taken *the dog's place*. "At first," he said, "this was too awful to think of, but when I thought of His life, I had to come to the conclusion that the life of Christ had more of the characteristics of a dog's life, than anything else, and that is what I have been doing," he said, "worshipping Him
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and praising Him for this." He explained that it must have been the intention of Christ to teach this truth by this miracle; Christ would never have used the epithet "dog" of a human being without a great purpose in view, and it was this, He wanted men to realize that He had gone down, even below men for the purpose of lifting them up.

Then Hyde showed the similarity between Christ's life and the pariah dog of the East.

A. Christ had *"nowhere to lay His head."* That is how the dogs of the East live. They have no place which they can call "home," and Christ was homeless, and "to think of Christ suffering all for me," said Hyde.

B. *The dogs of the East have constant kicks and blows from men,* and that is how men treated our beloved Savior, driven away from men, receiving oftentimes great unkindness at the hands of men, cruel words, scoffs, blows, and at last cruelly killed. Shall I ever forget the tenderness of Hyde as he spoke of the sufferings of Christ.

I remember nothing of dinner that night. My impression is that we both sat on that bed for hours speaking of Christ. I shall never forget it and never forget the vision I had of the love of Christ going lower and lower, suffering more and more and all *for me.*

If we could only spend time alone with Christ, what visions we would get, how we also could speak of Him to others until they had visions of Him. The distractions of our worldly affairs, the attractions of the world would cease to influence us as they do now. We need our quiet times with Him and to take time, and make time to be with Him, to see Him face to face.

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*"Call upon Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not..."* (Jer. 33:3).

*"Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him"* (Acts 12:5).

*"I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth"* (Luke 11:8).

*"*To summarize Mr. Müller's service we must understand his great secret. Such a life and such a work are the result of one habit more than all else – daily and frequent communion with God. He first satisfied himself that he was in the way of duty; then he fixed his mind upon the unchanging word of promise; then, in the boldness of a suppliant who comes to the throne of grace in the name of Jesus Christ and pleads the assurance of the immutable Promiser, he presented every petition. He was an unwearied intercessor. No delay discouraged him. This is seen particularly in the case of individuals for whose conversion he prayed. The year just before his death he told the writer of two parties, for whose reconciliation to God he had prayed day by day, for over sixty years, and who had not as yet to his knowledge turned unto God: and he significantly added, 'I have not a doubt that I shall meet them both in heaven; for my Heavenly Father would not lay upon my heart a burden of prayer for them for over threescore years if He had not concerning them purposes of mercy.'" – From *George Müller of Bristol.*

## CHAPTER FIVE
## The Burden of Prayer – and Its "Sure" Results

The most wonderful week of my life was the one spent in Murree with Mr. Hyde and several others of like spirit.

Murree is a hill station on the way to Cashmere. In the year 1907 several missionaries arranged to spend three or four weeks of the hot weather in this place, and the Spirit moved them to arrange for a week or ten days of waiting on the Lord while there. Others heard of this and joined them and I had the great privilege of being with them. When I say that several of the leaders (or a better word would be, *the intercessors*) from the Sialkot convention were there one can understand the privilege. I had the joy of sharing a tiny room with Hyde, and that room was a little heaven to me and the memories of it will never be effaced. We were entertained by the Rev. and Mrs. McCheyne Paterson, and all the other guests in the same house were of kindred spirit, so that the fellowship was almost perfect. Mr. Hyde was very full of humor which was under perfect control. The sad burdened features relaxed when he was in the company of those that shared his prayer life, and his face was lit up with joy – a heavenly joy. The conversation at the table was most uplifting, and Hyde and others led us into "green pastures." Some of us who were only beginning to understand this life feasted on the thoughts that passed through the lips of those dear saints who lived in the secret of His presence. But Hyde's place was often vacant; we knew where he was. No one enjoyed the company of men and women more than he did, but Jesus came first. He was afraid lest the fellowship of the saints should come between him and his Savior.

He was always on his knees clothed in a heavy overcoat when I went to bed, and on his knees long before I was up in the morning, though I was up with the dawn. He would also light the lamp several times in the night and feast on some passage of the word and then have a little talk with the Master. He sometimes remained on his knees the whole day. At other times, he would come with us to the services and spend the time in prayer in the vestry adjoining the church. The services were full of power. Every word seemed to reach the hearts of men. It was not the power of the messages but the power of prayer that did it all. How easy it was to speak. There was an atmosphere of prayer. I would be in the vestry with him and a few others until the service commenced, and back to the vestry for prayer as soon as the service was over.

One day the burden of prayer for the Europeans of the station had fallen on Hyde. For two or three days he never
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went to bed nor did he go down to meals, and the food sent up to his room was generally carried down again untouched. How often he came and knelt by my bed that I might try to help him to bear the burden.

On the Saturday night he was in great agony, McCheyne Paterson and myself remained with him. Oh how he prayed and pleaded for the Europeans of the station. It was a vision to me of real agonizing intercession. He seemed to say like Jacob of old, "I will not let Thee go," and yet in the determination there was such deep humility, such loving pleading.

At 2 o'clock in the morning there was a knock at the door, and Mr. McCheyne Paterson quietly whispered to me, "I am sure that is my wife reminding me that we ought to go to bed," but it was not so. It was a letter from a lady staying at the largest hotel in the place asking us to have a service for Europeans in the drawing room of the hotel.

Hyde heard us reading the letter and he jumped up from his knees and said, "That is the answer to my prayers. I *know* now that the Lord has heard me." The servant who was entrusted with the message had gone miles in another direction, and had to come back, and found it very difficult at night to get anyone to direct him to us, hence his appearance at 2 o'clock in the morning. He had been told that the message was urgent and a reply absolutely necessary.

Hyde's face was just full of peace and joy, and he almost commanded us to accept the invitation and arrange for the service which we did. It was not a large gathering at the hotel, and the service was not a success from a human standpoint, and yet I felt perfectly confident that the Lord was carrying out His plans and purposes, and that He was answering the prayers of His dear servant.

Hyde, of course, remained in his room to pray or rather to praise, for he was full of joy, and was not at all disappointed when we told him that not many of the hotel visitors had attended the service. He said that it was all in the Lord's hand and He knew how to carry on His work. One at least that was at the service came to the evening service which was held by us at the Scotch church, and Mr. Hyde was present that night with such heavenly joy in his features, that it was contagious.

What a privilege it was to be with him for that week! What lessons I learnt! His Bible was always in his hand. Even when we had our morning cup of tea, he regaled me with manna from the Word. When he knelt to pray, the dear old Book was always open before him and his hands rested on it. Face to face with the Lord and resting on the promises. He had always some dainty morsel or other to give me from the Word. He always led me right to His presence when we prayed together. How is it that we have so few who live thus at all times "in the secret of His presence"? Why do we not yield ourselves to the Lord and let our life be one of prayer and communion with Him? Then we could lead others to a higher life.

From Murree we all went together to the Sialkot convention and probably that was one of the most wonderful conventions ever held. Mr. Hyde took some of the morning Bible readings, which proved so helpful to those present.

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*"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints"* (Eph. 6:18).

*"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God"* (Phil. 4:6).

*"Pray without ceasing"* (1 Thes. 5:17).

"Prayer is to the spiritual life what air is to the physical. Make it a rule never to see the face of man until you have seen the face of God. Each day is a new life; make sure of a good beginning. The devil may be so thoroughly beaten in the morning, that his assault will be feeble all the rest of the day. ...The spirit of prayer should also be cultivated until we form the habit of associating prayer with all we do. Our petitions need not always be uttered in words. Prayer in the form of a silent aspiration of the soul should be continually breathed out to God, whether we are in solitude or surrounded by the busy crowd. ...We should finish each day as we begin it on our knees. Before retiring to rest always review the day and ask pardon for the wrong you have done. ...Be men and women of prayer. None are eminent for piety and usefulness who neglect this duty. All who would win great victories for God in public must first prevail in the solitude of their own chambers." – Thomas Cook

## CHAPTER SIX
## Intercession – A Continuous Ministry

*The prominent place given to prayer at the Sialkot convention both before and after the meetings: the spirit of love and harmony manifested*

There is no doubt that the Sialkot convention at one time, whatever it may be now, was the most wonderful gathering of the Lord's children that ever took place; and Hyde had a great deal to do with the form it took. He was not conscious of this, but the atmosphere he brought with him seemed to affect the whole place. One felt a change coming over one as one entered the compound of the convention – it was a spirit of prayer, and when we entered into the prayer room we understood the cause of the change of atmosphere.

Perhaps I should explain what this "prayer room" really is. Mr. Hyde and a few others realized the necessity of preparation for the convention, and he felt that his work was to wait on God and plead for those who would attend.

There are men in the Punjab who are specially endowed of the Spirit to organize such gatherings. Dr. Gordon, on
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whom in the old days the great burden of organizing all the departments of work fell, was so guided and helped by the Spirit that everything went like clockwork. To cater for 2,000 people is not an easy task, but the arrangements were so perfect that Dr. Gordon and all his willing assistants, including the missionary ladies that superintended the commissariat, were all able to attend the services.

I remember Dr. Gordon telling me that he had really nothing to do except to enjoy the convention. He spent much time in the prayer room, and one day he took me into his little tent and he showed me his account books, beautifully written, and everything noted down. The previous year's account had balanced to a pice, and all the work was carried on without any bustle or worry.

Why do I mention these things in writing about "Dear Praying Hyde"? Because *prayer* had so much to do with it. Hyde and his companions were in a room on the ground praying when Dr. Gordon and his companions were on the ground putting up the scores of tents, arranging the cooking apparatus, the supply of water and the one hundred and one little details necessary. Hyde felt and caused others to feel that it was necessary to prepare the messages and the tents and the food and the sleeping accommodation. When others reached the ground to arrange the external necessities, he was on the ground to enter the prayer room, and for two or three days and nights, Hyde and a few others were on their faces praying, pleading, praising, and claiming a blessing.

Has the marquee been erected? Hyde and his party enter in at once to dedicate it to the Lord and to make the spot a real Bethel where God would meet with His people.

Is the dining tent in position? The praying party must be there at once so that the Spirit of God can use the mealtimes to bring blessing to His people.

Sometimes the conversation in the dining tent destroys the effect of the messages given in the preaching tent; but in Sialkot we never heard any gossip during meal times. Men and women formed parties, Indians and Europeans together, sitting at tables or in small groups on the floor eating their meal, and feasting on the fellowship in the Lord.

Was there any one in spiritual difficulties? Some brother or sister would say, "Let us go together to have a little food and talk over this great matter," and there, while eating they realized that Jesus was with them. The meal was sanctified by His presence, and everything appeared in a new light. Someone has found the Savior and the Lord must be praised and a hymn or a bhajan is started and in an instant the whole place is full of praise. The ladies giving out the food, the Christian waiters, as well as those who are eating, all unite in praising God. The Panjabis can sing and the missionaries can sing too. It was in the dining tent I heard the "Glory Song" sung in such a way that I shall never forget, and I longed to go to "Glory" there and then to begin this glory life. The food was left and got cold before we could eat it, but our hearts had been warmed up with the fire of His love burning within.

Had Hyde's prayer anything to do with this? I do not know, but I do know that this is what he and his companions prayed for.

The first day of the convention and often on the previous night, two prayer rooms were open, one for men and one for women, and prayer and praise went on continually until two or three days after the convention. It is immediately after the seed is sown that the birds come and devour the seed. McCheyne Paterson always says that the time for very earnest definite prayer is *immediately after* the service or a convention is over. Hyde believed in this, and so when others remained on the ground after the convention was over to pull down the tents, etc., the prayer room parties remained to plead that the results of the convention might be permanent.

If we had more prayer in the very place at our conferences, and assemblies, before they commence, during the sessions, and when they are over, how different the atmosphere would be! If we only realized that there is as much need for heart preparation as there is for comfort preparation, if we could feel that this is the absolute necessity, and for some to take this burden upon them as Hyde did, what a blessing we would have! Can we not take this lesson to heart?

It was Hyde's desire that this should be introduced at Keswick. In the Rev. Evan Hopkins' days, he was accustomed to invite the Keswick speakers and a few friends to meet at his home for two days about a month before the Keswick convention.

Mr. Hyde and myself had the privilege of being with them in the year 1911, but I never heard of any praying band meeting at Keswick for some days before and after the convention. Hyde prayed for this, and longed to see the Keswick room, which I think is called the "committee room," being turned into a "prayer room."

The speakers, I believe, meet there for a few minutes for prayer before going on the platform to speak, but would it not be possible to have prayer and intercession constantly going on in that room? There are intercessors who could take up this work. Why not do so?

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*"And as He prayed…"* (Luke 9:29).

*"Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work"* (John 4:34).

*"And when He was come into the house, His disciples asked Him privately, Why could not we cast him out? And He saith unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting"* (Luke 9:28-29).

"In doing the will of the Father in respect of a single sinful soul, He had been renewed. And herein He seeks to train His disciples in the same method of life by imparting the secret of
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His strength. There is an interaction of spiritual strength and service, which means that enduement is actually increased by expenditure, when the direction of the effort is the will of God. His is the gospel of action, both in exhortation and example. Work is really the staff of life. It is service for God and souls which alone makes the servant strong in patient endurance and knowledge. As a matter of fact, strength is acquired, not in view of each task but as the result of doing it. In the same house of active obedience His disciples likewise eat of the hidden manna." – Rev. J. Stuart Holden

"I bless God, He has for some years given me an abiding conviction that it is impossible for any rational creature to enjoy true happiness without being entirely devoted to Him. Oh, my brother, pursue after personal holiness; press towards that blessed mark. Be as much in fasting and prayer as your health will allow, and live above the rate of common Christians." – David Brainerd

## CHAPTER SEVEN
## **Within the Veil**

Let us look at Hyde in the prayer room in Sialkot convention. The prayer room is in the Scotch church. Some of the seats have been moved aside and a carpet covers this open space. Sometimes there are hundreds of people there, at other times, only two or three. 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 all feel that petition has penetrated into every fibre of our nature, and we feel assured that God has heard and without a 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, "Oh, Father! Father!!" Even before he asked anything I always felt that the Father knew what he was going to ask for.

When he finishes his prayer, perhaps half-a-dozen are sobbing. Hyde goes to one of them and others go to the others. Hyde's arm is round the neck of the one that he is going to deal with. He speaks but little, but his well-worn Bible is used and before long he stands up with a smile and the man with him, and he begins to sing, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done," and he is so full of joy that his whole body begins to move. He claps his hands and then his feet begin to move, and look, he begins to dance for joy and others join him until the whole place rings with God's praises. Sometimes he wants to be alone and I heard of him climbing into the belfry. There in the dark, high above others, he pours out his soul to God. Men hear the echo of his voice and realize that he must not be disturbed for he is wrestling with God.

What about his meals? and his bed? The convention lasted for ten days in those early days, and his "boy," a lad about sixteen that he had taken to his home and his heart, had brought Hyde's bedding and had carefully made his bed, but it was never used during the convention.

I saw him more than once, when the prayer room was full, going aside into one of the corners and throw himself on the floor to sleep, but if the room began to get empty and prayer to flag, he somehow seemed to know it and was up immediately and took his place with the other intercessors.

Did he go to his meals? I think it was only once or twice that I saw him with us at table. Sometimes his boy, or Gulla, the sweeper, or one of his friends would take a plate of curry and rice or something else to him to the prayer room and if convenient he would go to a corner and eat it. How his boy used to cry because he would not eat properly and would not go to bed to sleep.

Hyde was not the only one that did this. There were other missionaries who did the same and Indian workers also, but it was Hyde's spirit and example that first of all led them into this prayer life.

How often Hyde told me that he was afraid of following the example of men, and *he dreaded lest anyone should try to follow his example* or McCheyne Paterson's example. So I wish to close this chapter of reminiscences by begging of our members to follow Hyde in his prayer life and prayer spirit, but not necessarily in the form in which he manifested it.

There are thousands of God's children who cannot spend weeks in prayer and fasting as he did. They are physically unfit for it, but everyone can have this prayer life, making prayer their very breath. We need to be in the line of God's will in this as in every other duty. Hyde realized that in his case God demanded it of him. We all feel our need of more prayer and to be more persistent in prayer and intercession whether we spend a night or a month on our knees. Realizing my own need, may I ask my fellow workers, Indians and Europeans, especially at this time, shall we not give more of our time to prayer? Can we not have an occasional day of prayer and fasting? Let us go to the Lord and settle it with Him. Let us be willing to sacrifice our own comforts in order to have more time for prayer.

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*"And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness"* (Acts 4:31).

*"But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word"* (Acts 6:4).

*"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture"* (John 10:9).
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*"*The secret life of prayer alone prepares and qualifies for the ministry. And each of these is equally necessary in order to accomplish the glory of God. For while work without prayer is sheer presumption, prayer without work is mere fanaticism. ...To understand rightly the necessity of this preparation puts new emphasis on the giving of ourselves to prayer. For it is in prayer that motives are tested, ideals examined, plans adjudged, and relative worth revealed. Ministry, which is the expression and outcome of life thus lived before God, may be of infinite variety, but is always a mediation of His Word to others. For this the world hungers, and without this it perishes." – Rev. J. Stuart Holden

## CHAPTER EIGHT
## A Living Message from the Empowered Messenger

In the last chapter I wrote about Hyde at the conventions and promised to give one or two other incidents which I observed at the conventions. He felt that his place was in the prayer room, but he had to enter the platform at times, and his messages were delivered with tremendous power, as we would naturally expect when he came straight from the prayer room to deliver his message.

I shall never forget the effect of one of his Bible readings on the congregation and on the whole convention. He spoke in Urdu and those who know Urdu say that he spoke the language well, if anything a little high flown, using the book language more than the colloquial. I could not follow him, for my knowledge of Urdu is very meager, so I had an opportunity of watching him and the congregation.

I realized very soon that he was delivering a solemn message, for there was a solemnity in the congregation that was almost oppressive. He spoke quietly, but all could hear him, and I felt that his *life* was in the Word.

He once told me that one had to give *himself* if he wanted to serve God and help men, that it was not enough to give our time and our talents, that our "life" must be given. This was true, he said, both in praying and in preaching. Alas! how few of us give of our life. When we think that our life is touched, we feel it is time to draw back. How often we have heard it said, "You will kill yourself if you work as you do, take it easy." But Hyde used to say "Give your life for God and men." Let that vital energy, that living power within, be poured out for men.

Who is right? ... Hyde or the modern man? Hyde gave himself as he preached – he poured out his life as he prayed. That morning in Sialkot he did this, and men realized the power. I heard that immediately after the service, the committee was called together to consider God's challenge to them and for prayer that the message might influence men. At breakfast, men were in groups asking what should be done, and I know that many went away alone to have their lives re-adjusted by the Holy Spirit.

At one of the conventions he spoke to the Europeans, most of them were missionaries. He spoke on "The Cross." I think that the Spirit used him to give us all an entirely new vision of the Cross.

That was one of the most inspiring messages I ever heard. He began the address by saying, that from whatever side or direction we look at Christ on the Cross, we see wounds, we see signs of suffering. From above we see the marks of the crown of thorns, from behind the Cross we see the furrows caused by the scourging, etc., and he dwelt on the Cross with such illumination that we forgot Hyde and everyone else. The "dying, yet living Christ" was before us. Then step by step we were led to see in the crucified Christ a sufficiency for every need of ours, and as he dwelt on the fitness of Christ for *every* emergency I felt that I had sufficient for time and for eternity.

But the climax of all to me was the way he emphasized the truth that Christ on the Cross cried out triumphantly, *"It is finished,"* when all around thought His life had ended. It seemed to His disciples that He had failed to carry out His purposes. It appeared to His enemies that at last their dangerous enemy had been overcome. To all appearance the struggle was over and His life had come to a tragic end. Then the triumphant cry of victory was sounded out, *"It is finished."* A cry of triumph in the darkest hour.

Then Hyde showed us that if united to Christ we can also shout triumphantly even when everything points to despair. Though our work may appear to have failed, and the enemy to have gained the ascendancy, and we are blamed by all our friends and pitied by all our fellow-workers, *even then* we can take our stand with Christ on the Cross and shout, "Victory, victory, victory!"

From that day I have never been in despair about our work. Whenever I feel despondent I think I hear Hyde's voice shouting "Victory," and that immediately takes my thought to Calvary and I hear my Savior in His dying hour, crying out with joy, *"It is finished."* As Hyde said, "This is real victory" to shout triumphantly though all around is dense darkness.

I remember that the Hon'ble M. Waldegrave (the late Lord Radstock's son) was in the service, and in leaving at the close, he said to me, "I generally go to my tent after every service and write the message that I have heard to my wife, but Mr. Hyde's message just delivered seems so sacred and appealing that I dare not try to write it."

I had a long talk with Hyde afterwards about the Cross and the message, and he told me that for a whole year he had been fascinated by the Cross. "I cannot speak on any other subject now," he said. I heard him speak on the Cross at another convention some weeks afterwards and that was accompanied by the Holy Spirit's power in a similar way.

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*"And when they had prayed.... And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.... And...great grace was upon them all"* (Acts 4:31-33).
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*"For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints"* (1 Cor. 14:33).

"Is there not an experience for us, similar in kind and degree to that experienced by the apostles? We say similar in kind, because the real secret of the change in the character and conduct of the apostles was not in the power of speaking with tongues, nor in the power to work miracles, but in the possession of the Holy Spirit Himself. Power dwells in a person, and that person is God the Holy Ghost. ...He comes to our hearts Himself. His gifts vary with the ages, sometimes bestowed, and sometimes withheld. His administrations differ according to the needs of the church and the times, but He Himself remains the same. *'I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.'* The same power must therefore, be possible to us which was received by the apostles on and after the day of Pentecost. We are still in the dispensation of the Spirit. The might of God was not exhausted at Pentecost. ...The promise still stands, *'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.'*" – Thomas Cook

## CHAPTER NINE
## The Way of Peace – Church Difficulties Overcome in the Spirit's Power

*How the spirit of dissension was quenched at Sialkot*

At the first convention that I attended at Sialkot, the evil one made a desperate attempt to destroy the whole work. At the previous convention some terrible confessions had been made both by missionaries and Indian workers and at the convention that I attended, sins were revealed that shocked all persons present.

Some few that attended were exceedingly annoyed and wanted the committee to consider the question and decide either that there should be no public confession or else that men and women should be separated and men should confess at the men's meetings and women at the women's meetings. These people wanted the committee to meet them to discuss the whole matter. The reply of the committee was "Let us meet together to pray over the matter."

These men would not, and said that it was useless to pray until the question had been decided. As I was an outsider I heard the arguments on both sides. I did not like to hear open confession of the sins of immorality, but I deplored the spirit manifested by some of the people who were against confessions.

One young fellow thumping the table with rage said, "I'll smash the whole convention." I had a quiet talk on the subject with Hyde. He was one of the committee and manifested such a tender, loving spirit, and was so sane through it all that I was greatly impressed. He said that the committee had never called for confessions, *that it was the Spirit of God that had moved men to confess*. He said that he felt that legislation on the question and setting apart special meetings for confessions would be like taking the matter out of the Holy Spirit's hand, and it would in one way give sanction to open confession.

I well remember how earnestly he said that the sin of immorality was more prevalent among the Christians than any one dreamt, and that the Holy Spirit saw that *extreme measures were needed to get men to realize the sin*. "Some men, I fear," said Hyde, "are guilty and are afraid that the Holy Spirit will compel them to confess."

How tenderly he spoke of these men, how confident he was that the Lord at the right moment would reveal clearly His will in the matter. It was one of the darkest hours of the Sialkot convention and yet Hyde's face was full of joy for he knew that victory was assured.

Victory came. Those who opposed confession went together to the prayer room hoping to discuss the question. Hyde was praying, several others of the committee were praying, and they gave such a hearty welcome to those men to pray with them that they did so, and after some time, McCheyne Paterson, one of the members of the committee, spoke, and spoke with such power that the discussion dropped. He showed that no member of the committee had ever urged public confession. All that the committee desired was implicit obedience to the Holy Spirit. These men said that they too desired that all men should obey the Spirit, and then someone began to praise God and all joined in singing and the prayer room became once more a praise room.

I realized then in a new way how much better it would be to settle our differences by meeting together to pray, by allowing the Holy Spirit to have His way with us. Since then I have put this matter more than once to the test. When at committee meetings or conferences disputes arose and feelings ran high, when men began to get excited and fight for their own opinions, the best way to meet all this was to keep quiet in a corner, praying that the Holy Spirit might come and reveal His will and direct men's thoughts in the right path. How wonderfully He has led us out of the mazes and brought peace and happiness to men's minds.

This was Hyde's way of meeting difficulties and this was the way of the Master. Shall this be our way? Whatever may be the trouble, let us put ourselves in the right attitude towards God and then wait for the Holy Spirit to work in us to do what is right.

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*"This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. ...If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin"* (1 John 1:5, 7).
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*"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"* (1 John 3:14).

"'He was in our hearts,' observed one of his friends in India, 'we honored him; – we loved him; – we thanked God for him; – we prayed for his longer continuance amongst us; we rejoiced in the good he was doing; – we are sadly bereaved….' He was one of those 'little ones' of whom Christ affirms that whosoever receiveth them, receiveth Him. To no one, indeed, would he give occasion to despise him; but all the dignity to which he aspired was to be their servant, among whom he labored for Jesus sake. 'A more perfect character,' says one who bore the burden and heat of the day with him in India, 'I never met with, nor expect to see on earth. During the four years we were fellow laborers in this country, I had no less than six opportunities of enjoying his company; and every opportunity only increased my love and veneration for him.'" – *Life of Rev. H. Martyn*

## CHAPTER TEN
## A Resting-Time in Wales

*Blest memories of a fragrant fellowship*

I left for Wales in December 1910. I saw Mr. Hyde the previous October and knew that he intended taking his furlough early in 1911. I asked him to take a run across to see me when passing through England, and he replied, as he generally did, that he would call if the Lord would open the way. I gave him my address but he lost it.

The day before his steamer was due to arrive in Liverpool he asked a C.M.S. missionary who was on board whether he had any idea what part of Wales I came from. I had only a casual acquaintance with this missionary and had never seen his wife, but he immediately told Hyde that his wife had my address and he went down to her cabin and brought it up. To this day I have no idea where she obtained my address.

The steamer arrived in Liverpool on Good Friday and he crossed over to Birkenhead to get a train for my home (Llangollen). When he reached the station he was told that only one train ran on Good Friday and that had gone. Someone overheard the question and answer, and told him that there was a cheap excursion train going direct to the place and told him to book an excursion ticket which he did.

But when he reached the train he was told that he could take no luggage with him and he had all his belongings in a big American trunk. He waited a moment and prayed I am sure, when the guard came to him and said, "Go and secure your seat and leave your trunk with me. I shall bring it in my van" and he did so.

All these incidents I have mentioned were clear indications to him *that he was in the line of God's will*. He lived so near the Lord that he was sensitive to the slightest promptings of His will, and he seemed to know at once when the Lord was not with him. How everything fitted together because all was under the direct control of God for the good of His servant.

But this was not all. It had been arranged by the mission that I should be on deputation work for some time in Carnarvonshire just those days, but at the last moment the tour was cancelled because the people were too busy in arranging for the installation of the Prince of Wales as Prince in Carnarvon for arrangements to be made for missionary meetings. So I had a fortnight's rest in my old home, and I wondered what was behind all this. I was glad of the quiet time, but I felt there was some other reason.

On Good Friday morning I went round the little town just as I used to go when I was a boy, and told my wife that I would be back in less than an hour, but when I arrived back my wife rushed to the door and said, "Guess who has come. Of all your numerous friends which one would you like to see and have his company on Good Friday?" I could not mention any one but I felt that there was some joy in store for me, and I saw that my wife was greatly excited for she had longed for years to meet Hyde. Then, she said, "Go to the bedroom and see who is there having a wash." I rushed upstairs, and there was Hyde with his face beaming with joy, and that was the beginning of a month or two of a little heaven on earth for me. It was not difficult for me to persuade him to make his home with me for some weeks.

A dearly beloved doctor and his wife who lived near begged that they should entertain him, and as I knew that he would be far more comfortable there than in the little house where we stayed, and I knew that he needed the care of a doctor, we gladly allowed them to have him there to sleep, and he came for most of his meals to us.

What a time that was! He and my wife seemed to understand each other from the very first hour and no brother and sister in the Lord ever loved each other, and understood each other better than they did.

What time we spent around that little table where we had our meals! The fellowship was so sweet. The blessing asked for before the meal commenced, often turned into a lengthy prayer, and the food became cold, but our hearts were warmed up, and every morsel we ate seemed to be tasty and to have an additional relish.

What a privilege it is to have one of the children of God who lives in His very presence with us at the table. It became the Lord's banqueting house and we freely drank of His Spirit.

What would I not give to have one of these days back again. Will the members forgive me for dwelling so long on this? I had such a blessing I can never forget it.

We went round to visit some of the old saints, and, among others, we called on a dear aged child of God who was very deaf. Mr. Hyde himself was deaf. This dear old lady shouted to him, that she missed the services very much, "for I cannot hear anything when I go," she said, and to her surprise he

said, "You ought to praise God for that." She thought that he had misunderstood her, and she said again, "I *cannot* hear, I tell you," and he answered "That is why I tell you that you should praise the Lord."

Then he explained to her what he meant. He said that it was rarely that he could hear anything when he went to the services but that it was a fine opportunity to pray. Everything was so quiet and the whole environment seemed to help him to pray and worship. He said that he looked at the preacher and prayed for him, then at the different people and prayed for them as he looked at them, until he began to praise God for being deaf as it gave him such a glorious opportunity for prayer and adoration.

The dear old lady laughed heartily and entered into the spirit of his remarks and said quite cheerfully, "I think I shall try that way too." And some two or three years afterwards she wrote to me and said that she praised God for what Hyde had said, and that it had made a wonderful difference in her life. She has gone Home and no doubt they have been drawn together on the other side and praise God together for all the way that He led them.

What walks we had together on the mountainside, and we would sit down together on one of the rustic seats provided for visitors, and have a time of prayer together, or throw ourselves down under some of those shady trees and have fellowship with the Master. How one longs for him!

It was during some of these walks that he gave me some of his early history. He spoke a great deal about his mother, what an earnest Christian she was, and what careful training she had given him. He often spoke of her singing. Over and over again he said that she was the best singer he had ever heard, and such a holy woman. I felt at the time that he just longed to go home to her.

When he was staying with me, he often spoke of Keswick and his one desire then was to remain in England over Keswick Week. He wanted to attend the convention and to have McCheyne Paterson with him there and he was giving me the privilege of being with them so as to make a trio and we were to have a prayer room in Keswick during the convention, and to continue in prayer day and night. He and McCheyne Paterson were ill during the convention and failed to attend.

The Lord allowed me to go there, but we did not have the prayer room, though I did suggest it. I often think what would have been the result if they had come there. Mr. Walker of Tinnevelly was present and would certainly have joined us.

To this day the "prayer room" has not had its place at Keswick, but there has been so much prayer for this, that it may yet come, and then Keswick will be as near perfection as we can imagine any holy gathering this side of Paradise.

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*"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against spiritual wickedness in high places"* (Eph. 6:12).

*"For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh: for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"* (2 Cor. 10:3-4).

*"*God can work wonders if He can get a suitable man. Men can work wonders if they can get God to lead them. The full endowment of the spirit that turned the world upside down would be eminently useful in these latter days. Men who can stir things mightily for God, whose spiritual revolutions change the whole aspect of things, are the universal need of the church. God wants elect men – men out of whom self and the world have gone by a severe crucifixion, by a bankruptcy which has so totally ruined self and the world that there is neither hope nor desire of recovery; men who by this insolvency and crucifixion have turned toward God perfect hearts." – E. M. Bounds in "Power Through Prayer"

## CHAPTER ELEVEN
## Victory Over the Powers of Darkness

*An incident with the Chapman-Alexander mission. Dr. Chapman's testimony of his solemn audience with the King of kings, and its effect upon his own prayer life and faith*

One of the red-letter days in my history in connection with Hyde was in connection with one of the missions which Chapman and Alexander conducted in one of the towns in Western England. Mr. Hyde was staying with us in my home and we happened to be without deputation work for some days. We heard that a mission was to be conducted by Messrs. Chapman and Alexander, and I suggested that we should attend this mission for three days. We engaged small rooms in a quiet hotel. For the first afternoon we had two of the Lord's children with us, a man and wife who had been greatly blessed in the 1904-5 revival, and Mr. Hyde's company was made a great blessing to them.

Mr. Hyde had never met Mr. Chapman, but, as they both belonged to the same church, Mr. Hyde was anxious to meet him. We reached the town about midday on a Thursday. The first service was to be held at 2 o'clock.

After a little food we made our way towards the service, so as to secure a good seat, as we expected a great throng. It was some little disappointment to me personally to find the street comparatively empty. When in sight of the hall we saw Mr. Chapman and party coming and we waited for them and Mr. Hyde immediately went and introduced himself to Mr. Chapman.

Possibly Mr. Chapman had heard his name as a missionary of his own church, but little did he guess the
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help that this missionary was to render him in his mission and in his life. Very few people were in the hall, but a few more came by 2 o'clock.

There was nothing very remarkable in the service. It was good and I enjoyed it, but we were all so disappointed at the congregation that we all felt more or less depressed.

I met one of the ministers and expressed my disappointment, and he said that such missions were not popular in their town, and evidently he was very well satisfied.

At night we had a larger congregation, but there was no enthusiasm. We thoroughly enjoyed the service but were surprised at the lack of zeal and response at the meeting. It was very evident that Mr. Chapman, and the others who were helping him were also disappointed. Hyde said very little.

That night one of the leading elders of one of the churches, an old friend of mine, joined us at supper and he was surprised that we had come all the way to attend a mission! He had heard of it but had not attended the meetings. We persuaded him to interest himself in the work and he promised to attend *if he could*.

It was suggested by Mr. Chapman that the ministers and leaders should meet together the next day for a quiet talk and prayer to see whether anything could be done to rouse the people to attend the services. Mr. Hyde and myself were asked to be present and it was at this meeting that we realized the great need of prayer.

The ministers present, and they were a good number, seemed to treat the whole mission as some little side-show. Mr. Chapman's address was intense, but the remarks made by some of the ministers revealed a state of appalling indifference, so that even Dr. Chapman with a sad countenance said that if that was the spirit in which the leaders faced the mission that he had nothing more to say and asked the people to excuse him, and went out.

That to some extent sobered the most frivolous, and the few earnest souls had their way. I noticed Hyde's head getting lower and lower, and his face wore that burdened look he always had when the burden of prayer was coming on him. He spoke but little to any one that night and the next afternoon we had to leave, for we both had preaching engagements on the Sunday. But he came to me and asked me to engage his room for him for the following week, that he intended coming back on Monday morning.

"I cannot leave a brother minister to bear this burden alone," he said. I secured the room for him. He spoke with power at two or three services on the Sunday and returned by train early on Monday.

Knowing the weak state of his health, and fearing lest the burden should be too much for him, I wrote (unknown to Hyde) a line to Dr. Chapman asking him, if possible, to arrange for someone to be with Hyde so as to help him in his work of intercession. Mr. Chapman very kindly arranged for a worthy, sympathetic helper in the person of Mr. Davies of the Pocket Testament League, and the two being kindred spirits became very friendly.

What was the result of this intercession? Let Mister Chapman's letter tell: "At one of our missions in England the audience was extremely small. Results seemed impossible, but I received a letter from a missionary that an American missionary, known as Praying Hyde, would be in the place to pray God's blessing down upon our work. Almost instantly the tide changed – 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 tears streamed he said, *'Oh! God!'*

"Then for five minutes at least he was still again, and then when he knew that he was talking to God, his arm went round my shoulder, and then came up from the depth of his heart such petitions for men as I have never heard before, and I rose from my knees to know what *real* prayer was. We have gone round the world and back again, believing that prayer is mighty, and we believe it as never before."

Mr. Hyde remained in the place for a whole week and then crawled back to us. I saw at once that he had been wrestling with the Lord and had gained the victory, but it had almost been too much for his physical strength. The following day he could scarcely speak, he was so weak!

But he smiled and whispered to me as I bent over him, "The burden was very heavy, but my dear Savior's burden for me took Him down to the grave."

From other sources we heard what a great success the mission had been, how the churches were revived and many were brought to the Light. I was specially interested to read of a stirring address given at a presbytery a few weeks afterwards by the very elder who had joined us at supper and was scarcely interested enough to attend the mission. But he did attend and was gloriously blessed and his account of the mission and the blessing which accompanied it stirred the whole presbytery. How much had Hyde's prayer to do with this?

Thinking over Hyde's share in the work, I could not help comparing his devotion and my lack of responsibility. He realized the need in a way that I did not. He was willing to sacrifice everything so that Christ's name should be honored in that town. How willing he was to work out of sight. He never thought of himself. He just saw the town, the condition of the churches, the indifference of the ministers as Christ Himself saw these things, and instead of criticizing and blaming the men he took their burden and carried it to the Lord. Not one word of criticism did I hear, not one word of what he had done, but he did speak of the glory of Christ manifested, of the powerful messages delivered

by Messrs. Chapman and Alexander and especially of the power of intercession which his companion Mr. Davies had received. Oh for that absence of self in me! For the power of prayer, and the Spirit's insight to see the need all around.

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*"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who...humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"* (Phil. 2:5-8).

*"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, shewing grace to one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath shown grace unto you"* (Eph. 4:32, Darby's Translation).

*"*Self is the whole evil of fallen nature: self-denial is our capacity of being saved; humility is our savior…. Self is the root, the branches, the tree, of all the evil of our fallen state. All the evils of fallen angels and men have their birth in the pride of self. On the other hand, all the virtues of the heavenly life are the virtues of humility. It is humility alone that makes the unpassable gulf between heaven and hell. What is then, or in what lies, the great struggle for eternal life? It all lies in the strife between pride and humility: pride and humility are the two master powers, the two kingdoms in strife for the eternal possession of man. There never was, nor ever will be, but one humility, and that is the one humility of Christ. ...He therefore only fights the good fight whose strife is that the self-idolatrous nature which he hath from Adam may be brought to death by the supernatural humility of Christ brought to life in him." – William Law

## CHAPTER TWELVE
## His Spirit of Meekness – Triumphing Under Testings

Two incidents which occurred when Mr. Hyde was in England gave me great pain, but they did not appear to affect him in any way. To watch him at that time made me realize how very Christ-like he was, and brought home many lessons to me.

Hyde and myself were invited to join the Keswick speakers and promoters in a two days' prayer meeting at the residence of the late Rev. Evan Hopkins. We were glad of the invitation and had two days of very precious fellowship with the Lord and the dear saints assembled (about forty or more).

The time was spent in prayer; it was an ideal time of intercession. I could see that the burden of prayer had come upon Hyde, for his very countenance proved it. He was in his element with so many experienced intercessors around him. But I saw that he longed that they should be led into a still deeper life of intercession. He did not say so, for criticism was not in his line at all. I do not think that I ever heard him criticizing any persons, though he could vehemently denounce sin. It was by his prayers, when we were praying together that I was led to realize this.

Towards the middle of the second day, one or two spoke. There was a kind of discussion over the question of a prayer room for Keswick, and we were asked to state our experience of this in Indian conventions. I stated very briefly my thoughts on the subject. I wanted Hyde to have as much time as possible for I felt that he would raise the question to a much higher level than the setting apart of a prayer room where continued prayer could be made.

He began, and spoke more slowly, if anything, than usual. I happened to be the only one that knew him, and knew by his manner that he was heavily burdened with his message. He spoke very quietly for three or four minutes. Then one of the ladies present began to sing a popular hymn and it was taken up by several others, *and the message was never delivered*. Mr. Hyde just closed his eyes and prayed.

I was afraid that his feelings would have been hurt, but there was not a word of resentment or even displeasure. How many of us would have borne it as he did? The burden weighed so heavily upon him that he was prostrated and had a violent headache and became so weak that he could not leave with the rest of us that evening, so he stayed on as the guest of the Rev. Evan Hopkins, and he told me afterwards that he had such blessed fellowship with him. Not one word did he utter about the meeting having sung him down, but spoke with love and tenderness of all.

How many of us would have stood it in the same way? I am afraid I would have keenly felt it even if I had not resented it; but Hyde's constant fellowship with Christ in prayer had made him impervious even to such subtle attacks of the evil one.

A similar incident took place at a presbytery in North Wales. Mr. Hyde had been speaking with great power at many of the churches belonging to that presbytery, and many were the invitations that he had to be present at the following presbytery and deliver a message to the ministers and elders. He was not officially asked by the moderator, but the leaders in the church where the presbytery was held had pressed him to be present.

Being a Presbyterian himself he told me that he looked forward with joy to the gathering. It was at a great sacrifice that he attended. He had to leave very early in the morning and take a long railway journey so as to be in time. He was suffering too at the time from a severe headache and from the malady which carried him away in less than twelve months.

The presbytery was a large one for it was rumored that Hyde would be present. Word was sent up to the moderator and to the secretary more than once, but the meeting closed without even welcoming a brother Presbyterian minister, who had been a missionary for years, to their midst.

A visitor is usually welcomed, especially if his name be known, but Mr. Hyde sat out throughout the whole meeting. Being deaf he could not hear, and the proceedings being carried on in Welsh he would not have understood had he
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been able to hear. His eyes were closed, and I knew he was praying for all present. When the meeting closed and many rushed up to him to shake hands with him and to express their disappointment that he had not been asked to speak, he smiled on all, and spoke quite cheerfully. When I expressed my sorrow and my indignation to him when we were alone, he gently rebuked me and said that the Lord knew everything, and it was not our place to criticize the Lord's people.

Scores of times since then have I thought of him when the Lord's children were inclined to act unkindly towards me, or appeared to me to misunderstand my attitude willfully, and been compelled to check myself and not to criticize them, but to praise the Lord that He knew all and to pray for the very friends that acted so.

How often Mr. Hyde excused men who had been unkind to him; "They do not understand," he said, "I know they do not want to be unkind," he once replied when he was urged to defend himself against a bitter and unjust attack. A friend even offered to write and to explain, but he quietly said, "This is my cross which He wants me to take up and carry for Him."

What if we all had this spirit – misunderstandings in mission stations, etc., would cease. How the work in many stations in India is marred and hindered by these trivial misunderstandings. The parties themselves grieve over this and wish it could be removed. How often the work of the Holy Spirit has been hindered and even stopped by petty jealousies; someone feeling that he is not having the position he ought to have, or someone has passed an unkind remark or an uncharitable criticism about someone else.

Oh, these petty quarrels, jealousies, and misunderstandings among the dear children of God. How can they be done away with? I think that Hyde's way is sure to succeed. *Be much in prayer;* let any slight or even insult be an occasion to pray for the very persons that do these things, and to praise God for the privilege of being permitted to bear these things. I think it is Madam Guyon that used to say when she was insulted or persecuted, "Thank you, Father, you saw I needed just this humbling."

But we need a *life* of prayer to be able to do this, not a spasmodic spurt, but a *habit* of prayer, to live in communion with Him. Shall we take this lesson from Hyde?

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*"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God"* (Acts 20:24).

*"*In the evening God was pleased to help me in prayer beyond what I have experienced for some time; especially my soul was drawn out for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom, and for the conversion of my poor people: and my soul relied upon God for the accomplishment of that great work. Oh, how sweet were the thoughts of death to me at this time! Oh, how I longed to be with Christ, to be employed in the glorious work of angels, and with an angel's freedom, vigor, and delight! And yet how willing was I to stay awhile on earth that I might do something, if the Lord pleased, for His interest in the world! My soul, my very soul, longed for the ingathering of the poor heathen; and I cried to God for them most willingly and heartily; I could not but cry. This was a sweet season; for I had some lively taste of heaven and a temper of mind suited in some measure to the employments and entertainments of it. My soul was grieved to leave the place; but my body was weak and worn out, and it was near nine o'clock. ...Oh, the inward peace, composure, and God-like serenity of such a frame! Heaven must needs differ from this only in degree, not in kind. Lord, ever give me this bread of life." – David Brainerd

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN
## His Three Outstanding Characteristics, and Their Undying Influence

Thinking over Mr. Hyde's life as a whole I find some special features in him which account for his influence over men.

1. *His ardent love for the Savior.* I asked Hyde one day, how it was that he was not married, that a wife would be able to look after his comforts. He smiled and, after a little time, he said just as if he were betraying a secret.

"Years ago," he said, "I felt that I wanted to give something to Jesus Christ who loved me so, and I gave myself to Him absolutely and promised Him that no one should come into my life and share my affection for Him. I told the Lord that I would not marry but be His altogether."

What a devotion! and how loyally he kept his promise. Christ was all in all to him. He was constantly talking to Him; this accounted for the atmosphere of prayer that Hyde lived in. This love was a gift, and we can have the same gift. Hyde went down, lower and lower, so that the love of God could be *poured* into his life; he opened his life for God's love to flow in. Oh that we could do this, then prayer would naturally flow into our lives also.

2. Arising out of this, all knew that *he had a passionate love for the people among whom he worked,* so that he practically sacrificed everything for them. He lived with them, he ate and slept with them.

I repeatedly heard that some took advantage of his kindness and imposed upon him. He knew this, but would say nothing to them even though they stole his goods. He saw men wearing his clothes; he would not call them to account lest the men should be driven further away from Christ. He so loved men's souls that worldly goods were of no account
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when a soul was in danger. He was often blamed for this by some of his fellow missionaries, but it had no effect upon him.

An Indian doctor in the Punjab told me soon after Mr. Hyde's "home-call" that some time before, the Arya Samaj was troubled because of his influence over men and the number of men that were converted under his preaching. The members of the Samaj determined to send a man to find out all about Mr. Hyde's life, to watch for his faults and then they would publish these abroad and so break his influence over the people.

One of their number went to Mr. Hyde and pretended that he was an enquirer, and wanted to know all about the Christian religion. Mr. Hyde received him kindly and invited him to stay with him. This was just what the man wanted and he remained with Mr. Hyde for three or four days and then ran away, and went to the men that had sent him and said, "He has no fault, the man has no fault, he is a God! he is a God! and not man."

This was the verdict of a man who lived with him day and night for three or four days – *no fault*. How many of us would have stood the test? He so loved men, and men realized it, that they could see no fault in him.

This again accounted for his prayer life. Hyde must have seen much fault in the men, but to see a fault was only an excuse for prayer for those men. He always found some excuse for those who deceived and robbed him. It was so like the Master, "They know not what they do."

If we loved men more and sacrificed more for them, we would pray more for them.

3. *His genuine regard and affection for his fellow missionaries,* and yet he dared to go against their opinions when he felt that the Lord was guiding him in that direction. We have heard some of the members of his own mission say, that for years they did not understand him, but once they did they were the first to acknowledge his power. Some hard things were said to him and of him, but I do not think that anyone ever heard him speak an unkind word *to* any missionary or *of* a missionary. He said more than once to me, that some of the missionaries did not understand him.

Many thought that he was a morose, melancholy person, but he was not, though he looked like that at times. When he was in the company of those that understood him, how bright and cheerful he was. He had what some have called "sanctified humor." He was very humorous, but he had it under perfect control and he seemed to keep the company that he was in, in the same spirit.

His influence over missionaries the last few years of his life was wonderful. I think that it would not be wrong to say that he created a new era of prayer in the Punjab among some of the old prayer warriors that knew and felt India's needs. They prayed much for the country, and loved to be with Mr. Hyde for he gave them a new conception of prayer. The dear Indian Christians flocked around him, and he always gave them some dainty morsel from the Word. He was as faithful in leading men to Christ. If he thought that men were looking up to him and not to the Master, he would run away and remain away in some hiding place praying for them.

"He being dead yet speaketh" is true of him. It is now ten years since he was called Home, but he is not forgotten. He is speaking to us today, and throwing light on the prayer life of Christ. Whenever I spent a few days in his company, I always vowed that I would pray more than I had ever done and Christ always seemed more real to me. It seemed easy to pray, for Jesus had become more precious than ever to me. And if these reminiscences of him will lead us nearer to Christ and give us a new conception of prayer, then they will not have been written in vain.

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## PART II
## A MASTER FISHER FOR SOULS

*"Jesus wept! Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him"* (John 11:35-36).

*"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy!"* (Psa. 126:5).

*"Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears"* (Acts 20:31).

*"*Oh! people say, you must be very careful, very judicious. You must not thrust religion down people's throats. Then I say, you will never get it down. What! Am I to wait till an unconverted, godless man wants to be saved before I try to save him? He will never want to be saved till the death rattle in his throat. What! Am I to let my unconverted friends and acquaintances drift down quietly to damnation, and never tell them of their souls, until they say, 'If you please, I want you to preach to me'? Is this anything like the spirit of early Christianity? ...We talk of Old Testament saints, but I would we were all like David. Rivers of water ran down his eyes because men kept not the Law of his God. But you say, 'We cannot all hold services.' Perhaps not. Go as you like. Go as quietly and softly as the morning dew. Have meetings like the Friends if you like. Only do it. Don't let your relatives, and friends, and acquaintances die, and their blood be found on your skirts!" – Catherine Booth

### CHAPTER ONE
### Pleading With Tears

J. N. was a Brahman attending our mission school. As he grew up, the teaching of Christ attracted him and he was the faithful scholar of one of our lady missionaries at Sunday
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School as well. When he left school and was beginning to earn his own living, he was drawn to confess publicly that Christ was his Savior. He did this in the face of the bitterest opposition of a widowed mother and relations.

Then they tried a more subtle plan: they began to please him. Their kindness won his heart – he went back home and he was surrounded by young men who led him into drink. It must have been an inherited weakness with him. He fell and denied his Lord.

But thank God he was miserable and went to see Mr. Hyde, who received him as did the father his prodigal son. The lad living with Mr. Hyde was won from his evil ways and once again confessed faith in his Savior: but what a trial he was when the drink demon would possess him! Again and again he stole Mr. Hyde's clothes, and sold them to satisfy his mad craving. I met Mr. Hyde about that time, and he said to me with a smile, "I may not get up to you to the hills this summer. The Father evidently desires me to spend my hot weather in the plains for I have no warm clothes left!"

He took the spoiling of his goods cheerfully and thought they were a small price to pay in exchange for an immortal soul. He would point out how our Lord bore with Judas and others, how He never sent any away who were anxious to remain in His company, and so Hyde bore with this demon-possessed youth. In his sane moments, the lad realized what a privilege was his to live with such a saint.

I was travelling in the train and a Christian lady ticket collector met me at W_____. She was full of a wonderful man she had seen. He was speaking to a lad seated in a train going to Lahore. The boy was loud and almost abusive. "I am tired of this sort of thing – I am going to my boon companions and shall have a good time," he said. Then the gentleman he was speaking to leant forward and in a low tone begged him not to go away from him. He got back only a rude answer, and she feeling angry and disgusted left them. When she came back she saw the missionary leaning into the carriage window, and she heard him beseeching the lad not to leave him. He was imploring him in Christ's name, and she saw tears flowing down his cheeks as he reasoned with the headstrong lad. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "he knew the value of an immortal soul!" In spite of all entreaties the lad took his own way but to the very end that missionary was seen in deadly earnest trying to win that soul from the way of sin.

She lost sight of the missionary when the down train steamed out. (He went sadly to some dear friends in Gujerat alone.)

Next day she saw the same lad coming back from Lahore. She said to him, "You have come back very soon again." He looked up with a pale face. "I am going back to him," he replied, "I have not been able to sleep all night – I could not forget his tears." And he came back a penitent. That missionary was John Hyde and that lad J. N.

I often feel that if souls could say the same of us, that we wept over them – our tears would bring them to a proper frame of mind.

Our Lord's whole body shed tears "when His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground."

"Jesus wept." The Jews therefore said, "Behold how He loved him!"

Soul winners! Can this be said of each one of us?

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*"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich"* (2 Cor. 8:9).

*"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work"* (2 Cor. 9:8).

"'God is love.' His children please Him only so far as they are like Him, and 'walk in love.' True heavenly love has its life and root in the cross of Christ; it has the single eye, and is its own recompense; endures ingratitude, and survives indifference and contempt; has quick sense of wrongs, but is ready to forgive; and covers a multitude of sins. The love we speak of is meek and lowly; behaves itself wisely and edifies; bearing with the foolish and self-conceited, while it shuns their folly. This holy love is the durable work of the Spirit of God: it proves faithful in wintry days; and, ever ready to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice,' adds gladness to their days of sunshine. If we would so love all saints as to please God, we must bear in mind that their names are written in heaven and on Christ's heart; otherwise we shall love some because they are lovely, and dislike others because of their blemishes." – Robert Chapman

## CHAPTER TWO
## **Grace Abounding**

Those interested in the case of the Brahman lad mentioned in the previous memoir will be glad to hear that he afterwards paid me a visit. He seemed much chastened and never before had been so like his former self. He spoke of his aged mother as one who had to be considered, and the old narrow-minded Brahman friend accompanying him said to me in a kind of stage whisper: "He will be with you again whenever his mother dies." The lad heard it and smiled up assent with the old love in his eyes.

We talked long of John Hyde – whom he referred to as "Up there" pointing heavenward, and when I besought him once again to give up drink and become a teetotaller, he owned that he had not kept his promise. "With God's help you can." He agreed to that. Praise and pray on!

The same lad has visited me a second time and we had a heart-to-heart talk about Mr. Hyde. He tells me that when
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he returned miserable from Lahore after running away from Mr. Hyde, he met me near the mission school in the city and I told him Mr. Hyde was at our mission house.

He went there and going to his room found him praying. Mr. Hyde opened his eyes, saw him, took him into his arms and said, "I have just been praying that God would send you back to me and see, He has answered me!"

When I asked him how he got to know Mr. Hyde so well, he told me a long story, the gist of which I set down just to show how this man of God used to win hearts for his Master. He saw Mr. Hyde at Moga Railway Station, went up to him, mentioned a fellow missionary's name and said that he had been baptized but had fallen back. "Why did you deny Christ?" Mr. Hyde asked. The lad began to make excuses but Mr. Hyde took him with him, went into the third class waiting shed and with two other Christians the three knelt down and prayed with this lad – he kneeling among them even though a crowd gathered, and his relations came and saw him praying with the others. The lad says he does not remember exactly what he said in prayer but he prayed for him. Then the train came in and he said good-bye to the lad, adding, "We will meet again in a week's time or so, God will arrange it."

All this made such an impression on the lad's heart that he took leave and set out to find Mr. Hyde. He at length heard that he was away inland at a Christian colony holding meetings.

A Christian lad and he set out on foot for it and after two days' travel arrived tired out. They were told that Mr. Hyde was in his room praying. He looked up and seeing the Brahman lad took him in his arms in good Punjabi style, and then finding he was tired out made him lie down and began to rub and press his swollen feet. The lad objected, but Mr. Hyde insisted upon waiting on him and ministering to his wants with his own hands. He has told me of this with tears in his eyes adding, "I often see him in my dreams before me as of old." "Remember he is praying for you," I have reminded him.

Then the lad told me of another instance that occurred in that colony. One day he missed Mr. Hyde and following him saw him on an island in a pool surrounded by a number of Christian children all engaged in prayer. The lad joined them after wading through the water as the others had done. He found that Mr. Hyde was praying aloud and the children were repeating what he said. They were praying that God's Holy Spirit might fill all their hearts. After prayer Mr. Hyde crossed the water again with them all and said to the lad, "God told me from His Word to go into the valley and pray. I saw that this place was the valley and while I was coming here the children followed me and joined me in prayer."

That night while they were all eating dinner, news came that the Indian pastor was taken suddenly ill and at the same time his house had caught fire. Mr. Hyde ran with the others to help. While they fought the flames, he went to the pastor and found him crying out in agony, and for fear of death. Some unconfessed sin was evidently weighing on his conscience. Mr. Hyde talked and prayed with him and then said, "I think it is God's will that you confess your sin in church before your congregation."

The pastor agreed and he was carried to church on his bed. Lying on it, with tears, he declared that he had committed a great sin against God in that very church and prayed for forgiveness. Then a great peace fell upon him and all pain and sickness at once left him.

Upon this some twenty members of the church were conscience stricken, and confessed their sins, finding pardon and peace. They were joined by the others who had put out the fire, and the service lasted for an hour and a half, a great work for God beginning. Afterwards they all returned to their half-finished dinner.

The next day they left for a hill station where Mr. Hyde had received an urgent call to conduct evangelistic services. They travelled in the third class in the hot weather to the foot of the hills. They had only money for one pony and a coolie between them so they got on the pony turn about.

One night the Indian preacher was riding on ahead when suddenly his pony stopped short, trembled in every limb and advanced toward a great big cat, that seemed to fascinate the poor beast with its eyes. Then the preacher felt the big body whiz through the air and land just behind him. The pony recovering itself dashed away up the road and leaped a ditch at the side in its terror, leaving the baffled tiger standing on the roadside. It must have slunk away, for when Mr. Hyde passed, there was no sign of the animal.

When they came near the bungalow they were met by the preacher in a great panic along with a number of men who had gone back with sticks to see what had happened to Mr. Hyde. He made them go back to the place where the tiger had made his spring. In the moonlight they saw the marks of its paws on the dust of the roadside; but the animal had gone. They heard that it had killed people and many bullocks. They remained a week in that hill station and held daily services for Christians.

A real work of grace began there and this lad too was convicted of the sin of denying his Lord, and, making confession, was again received into fellowship.

On their return journey they each had a pony. "So they went like beggars and returned like kings!" the lad laughed and said, "Yes, and a missionary lent me his own pony to ride back on because one of the Christian workers had said to me, 'Why did you come and increase the expenses?' and I had to burst into tears at this rebuke." The lad is working for himself in _____ with a barrister there. I hate this work, but as he has not passed his entrance examination, it is difficult to find him good honest work in Christian surroundings.

Perhaps friends will join me in prayer about this also. It is not for nothing that God has sent the lad back to me and he is sitting by my side as I write.

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*"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ"* (Eph. 5:20).

*"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you"* (1 Thes. 5:18).

*"Find something to thank God for in all things: for this is the purpose of God with respect to you..."* (1 Thes. 5:18, Way's Translation).

"I never believed till now that there was so much to be found in Christ on this side of death and of heaven. ...Our sufferings are washed in Christ's blood as well as our souls, for Christ's merits brought a blessing to the crosses of the sons of God. ...I bless the Lord that all our troubles come through Christ's fingers, and that He casteth sugar among them, and casteth in some ounce-weights of heaven, and of the Spirit of glory that resteth on suffering believers, into our cup, in which there is no taste of hell. My dear brother, ye know all these things better than I. I send water to the sea to speak of these things to you; but it easeth me to desire you to help me to pay my tribute of praise to Jesus. ...I entreat for your prayers and praises. Your brother and fellow-sufferer in and for Christ." – Samuel Rutherford

## CHAPTER THREE
## The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving
## "Giving Thanks Always for All Things"

This is God's command to those who would be full of the Holy Spirit, and no one, I have ever known obeyed this command more faithfully than John Hyde. It was one great source of his joy and therefore of his attractive power. Again and again he would declare that if we want to know why trials are sent us, let us begin by thanking God for them and we will doubtless soon see why they have been sent. We had among ourselves a phrase "Praising God through shut teeth," that meant praising God in the face of the greatest troubles and darkest hours of life. This we can always do for we can never doubt that He is our Father in heaven, and so all must be well for us at all times and in all circumstances.

He used to tell of a remarkable experience he had. He and his catechists were all itinerating together in his district. They had arrived at a village, and as it was the hot weather they had to rise early to go out preaching.

This morning John awoke with one of his worst headaches; it was so painful that he could not lift his head from his pillow. Yet he could look up to his Heavenly Father and thank Him for the love that had permitted that headache. His evangelists carried his bed out to a shady place and then went away to preach at his express desire. Now in that village, work among the womenfolk was at a standstill. Some of the men had learnt of Christ and confessed Him in baptism; but their wives had never come forward. When spoken to they would always make the excuse that they had never consulted each other, so that all of them might be baptized together.

These women heard that the Padri Sahib was not well and in a body went to commiserate with him. He spoke to them of the claims of Christ, which they at once admitted. Yes, they believed He had died for them, sinners. John asked them why they had not confessed Him before men. They said they had not talked the matter over among themselves. He said there was no time like the present; let them do so now.

To this they agreed, and after some discussion they all declared that it was plain to them that they ought to be baptized. To the great joy of their husbands and the evangelists this was done and John Hyde saw why the headache had been sent. He was enabled to thank God then with understanding. He always declared this experience was a valuable lesson to him and enabled him to thank God for all things at all times.

Now this became no mechanical habit on his part, but a deep-rooted principle of his life, founded on experience of God's marvelous love. The deeper our sense of that love, the more we will be able to praise and thank Him. How John Hyde used to agonize in prayer for believers that they might know the love of God! In this matter he was strictly in the apostolic succession – a succession for all missionaries both men and women!

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*"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God"* (Psa. 50:23).

*"By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name"* (Heb. 13:15).

## CHAPTER FOUR
## The Sacrifice of Praise
## The Secret of His Power With God and With Man

Mr. Hyde had a wonderful experience to which he owed, I believe, his power with God, and therefore with man. He used to speak of it as one of the most direct and solemn lessons God had ever taught him. He was up in the hills resting for a short time. He had been burdened about the spiritual condition of a certain pastor, and he resolved to spend time in definite intercession for him. Entering into his "inner chamber" he began pouring out his heart to his Heavenly Father concerning that brother somewhat as follows:

"O God! Thou knowest that brother, how" – ("cold" he was going to say) when suddenly a hand seemed to be laid on his lips, and a voice said to him in stern reproach, "He that toucheth him, toucheth the apple of mine eye." A great

horror came over him. He had been guilty before God of "accusing the brethren." He had been "judging" his brother. He felt rebuked and humbled before God. It was he himself who first needed putting right. He confessed this sin. He claimed the precious blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin! "Whatsoever things are lovely…if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on 'these things.'" Then he cried out, "Father, show me what things are lovely and of good report in my brother's life." Like a flash he remembered how that brother had given up all for Christ, enduring much suffering from relations whom he had given up! He was reminded of his years of hard work, of the tact with which he managed his difficult congregation, of the many quarrels he had healed, of what a model husband he was. One thing after another rose up before him and so all his prayer season was spent in praise for his brother instead of in prayer.

He could not recall a single petition, nothing but thanksgiving! God was opening his servant's eyes to the highest of ministries, that of praise.

Mark the result also on that brother's life! When Mr. Hyde went down to the plains, he found that just then the brother had received a great spiritual uplift. While he was praising, God was blessing. A wonderful divine law, the law of a Father's love. While we bless God for any child of His, He delights to bless that one!

This was the secret of John Hyde's power with God. *He saw the good* in God's little ones, and so was able to appreciate God's work of grace in that heart. Hence he supplied the heavenly atmosphere of praise in which God's love was free to work in all its fulness.

This too was what gave him power with men. We are attracted to those who appreciate us. All our powers expand in their presence and we are with them at our best. Hence they call out all that is good in us and we feel uplifted when with them.

To such souls we turn as naturally as the flowers to the sun and our hearts expand and bloom out with a fragrance that surprises even ourselves.

Now this is a law that holds good especially with children, and with those who are yet young in the Christian life. The more mature God's people are the less they depend on man's approbation or censure, but not so when they are children. Remember, too, our Lord's solemn warning against casting a stumbling block in the way of any of His little ones! When we look at their faults, we shrivel up their energies; they are at their worst. In a word, we encourage their faults by thinking about them.

Let us remember above all else that God's people on this earth are in the making. This is His workshop and souls are being fashioned and formed in it. The final polishing touches we will not receive in the present life, but when this body of our humiliation has been transformed. Suppose you go into a carpenter's shop and begin to find fault with his unfinished chairs and tables! You say, "How rough this is! What an ugly corner that is!" The carpenter will doubtless get angry and say, "Bear in mind that I am still making these things. They are not yet finished. Come and see the pattern after which they are being fashioned. See this is what they will yet be like when I have done with them." He shows you beautiful chairs and tables – shining, perfectly formed, polished to perfection! Is the carpenter not right? Is the critic not in the wrong? The one looks at the things that are lovely and eternal. The other at things which are unlovely and, thank God, fleeting.

Would you have power with God and man for the upbuilding of the Indian church – of any church? Follow the method of the carpenter of Nazareth who never broke the bruised reed, who never quenched the smoking wick, no matter how much smoke it was giving out. He turned His eyes to the light of God, there burning dimly, and by so doing blew it into a flame till erring disciples became the light of the world. This is the way of love and of eternal hope. The other is the way of sense and of present fact and failure – all of which are fleeting – none of which is the eternal truth in eternal love.

I never met any man, whose very presence seemed to help the weak to become strong, the sinful to repent, the erring to walk aright so much as John Hyde. The secret of his success in building up the people of God lay in this method of looking for all the good in men and making it so to expand that the evil was driven out for want of room! Then should we shut our eyes to the faults of all? Should we never reprove sin? Turn to our Lord. Did He not do so at times? Yes, to the impenitent – to those who opposed Him and would not come to Him for help. Just because He was in the habit of looking at all that was good – for that very reason He was able to reprove with all the greater power. No one could do so more severely than our Lord just because He loved much and sympathized so much with all that was good in men.

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*"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified"* (Isa. 61:3).

*"Then he said unto them, 'Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry: for the Joy of the Lord is your strength'"* (Neh. 8:10).

"Perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had perfect confidence in the power we were obeying." – Anon.

"Spiritual joy is not a thing, not a lump of joy, so to speak,
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stored away in one's heart to be looked at and rejoiced over. Joy is only the gladness that comes from the possession of something good, or the knowledge of something pleasant. And the Christian's joy is simply his gladness in knowing Christ, and in his possession of such a God and Savior. We do not on an earthly plane rejoice in our joy, but in the thing that causes our joy. And on the heavenly plane it is the same. We are to 'rejoice,' not in our joy, but 'in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation'; This joy no man nor devil can take from us, and no earthly sorrows can touch." – Mrs. Pearsall Smith

## CHAPTER FIVE
## One Cause of His Success – "The Joy of the Lord"

It will be a comfort to many when they hear that Mr. John Hyde was not naturally a bright and happy man. On the contrary he was in himself inclined to be morose, retiring, shy and silent. Yet he became one of the most joyous souls I have ever met.

He was very fond of Isaiah 61:3, where that wonderful exchange is effected by our Lord. He will give us His own "beauty," His own "oil of joy" and His own "garment of praise," if we hand over to Him our ashes (what is our past life but "ashes"), our mourning and our spirit of heaviness. So he received our Lord's double gifts of joy (John 15:11) freely from his Master's hand, and then would burst out into joyful praise. For no one can be filled with the divine joy and not sing His praise! As we joy in God we soar up into His immediate presence and it is only in song that our joy finds vent. As well expect the soaring lark to keep silent, as expect the joyous saint not to sing God's praise.

In this matter of praise Mr. Hyde used to tell how "a little child shall lead them." He was taught again and again that joyful praise is the divine method for catching men alive.

One day he was in a country cart travelling to a distant village. His faithful Punjabi evangelist was with him – one who was transformed through contact with John Hyde. Two of the evangelist's little children were in the cart. The elders were speaking sadly about the village – how long the Gospel had been preached there and how little interest had been aroused among its people! The children had no such sad thoughts. They were so happy that they sang and went on singing Psalms and hymns one after the other. This was infectious and the two men were constrained to join them and they too were so carried away with the spirit of praise that they all continued singing till they came to that village. Imagine their amazement when they found the people full of real interest and zealous to confess Christ and follow Him. Before they left, over a dozen showed such a living faith in their Lord and Savior that Mr. Hyde felt he dared not refuse them baptism then and there. This was the first gospel triumph in that village, heralded and brought about, he was confident, by the spirit of praise which the children had evinced.

Another time they had a more marked experience. He with a party of his evangelists, was encamped in a certain village where the work had been carried on for thirty years. The farm servants had for years been putting off the question of deciding for Christ. They were now in the habit of saying, "Not now during the harvest, but afterwards when it is over." So alas! every year it had ended with –

The harvest is past, the summer ended,
and we are not saved (Jer. 8:20).

This mission party was so disheartened by their previous experiences that on this occasion they had made up their minds to leave early next morning. That night someone suggested they should all go into the village and sing the Gospel in it. This they did and they were so carried away that they sang on and on till after midnight. Next morning they were preparing to leave when a young man came running from the village. He begged them not to go away, for the Panchayat (council) had been called and was meeting even now. No one had gone to work that morning. They were considering whether they should not at once decide for Christ and confess Him before all men. They gladly waited and presently the same young man came running back with the welcome news that they had all decided to serve Christ. Mr. Hyde found some fifteen men – mostly the heads of families – quite prepared for baptism and with an overflowing heart he baptized them before all.

After the service that same young man who had brought the message – a new convert – said to Mr. Hyde, "This is the result of your singing last night. You remember how we sang –

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
and let the King of Glory enter in!

"Has he not entered in this morning?"

No one had noticed till then the connection between the song of triumph of the night before and the reality of that triumph of the next morning until they learnt it from this babe in Christ. Yes verily –

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,
Thou has perfected praise (Matt. 21:16).

In fact, Mr. Hyde used to say that at any time when he noticed few souls being led by him to Christ he invariably found it was all due to his lack of the spirit of praise. He would then confess his sin, ask pardon and take the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. His experience then invariably was that Christ would again draw souls to Himself through him. Now the reason for this is plain. No fisher can possibly throw his line lightly when he is dull and sad. It is only the bright and joyous soul that can win souls to Christ.

Notice how St. Paul connects these two in Philippians 4. He is speaking of his fellow-laborers or fellow-fishers and of their success in the work. Then he goes on as if to give the reason for this success and how it may be continued –

Rejoice in the Lord always
And again I say unto you, Rejoice.

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*"This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you"* (John 15:12-14).

*"We are fools for Christ's sake. ...Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place. ...Being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day"* (1 Cor. 4:10-13).

"And thus I spent the evening praying incessantly for divine assistance, and that I might not be self-dependent, but still have my whole dependence upon God. What I passed through was remarkable and indeed inexpressible. All things here below vanished; and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me, but holiness of heart and life, and the conversion of the heathen to God. ...I exceedingly longed that God would get to Himself a name among the heathen, and I appealed to Him with the greatest freedom, that He knew I preferred Him above my chief joy. Indeed I had no notion of joy from this world; I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. I continued in this frame all the evening and night. While I was asleep, I dreamed of these things; and when I waked (as I frequently did) the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan." – David Brainerd

## CHAPTER SIX
## A Second Cause of His Success – His Love for Souls

This was his wonderful love for souls. It overpowered all else, making him forget everything but that soul with whom God had brought him into contact. He would go on past his railway station as far as the man with whom he was in touch was travelling in order to talk to him the "Words of Life."

This was irritating at times, especially once when he was almost ordered to attend an important business meeting of his mission. He met an Indian in the train (when travelling to that same meeting), fell into conversation with him about Christ, and continued the train journey with him that he might tell him more of the Savior of the world. This made him late for that meeting, no doubt to the annoyance of even his best friends, but John Hyde's mind was at peace. He had bought up his opportunity, Ephesians 5:16, paying a heavy price for it, perhaps, and had faithfully held Christ up to a soul that had need of Him. That was sufficient motive, and reward for John Hyde.

It must be said his mission at last saw his gifts, and this special work to which he seemed more and more drawn as he grew older, and set him free for it. One of his old evangelists, who shared his village mud house with John Hyde for some time, once told me with tears of regret in his eyes of his great love for souls. He said Mr. Hyde was always giving away his clothes, anything he had, to those who came to see him about the things of God. "If by any means I may win some" seems to have been his life's aim.

One cold winter night Mr. Hyde tapped at the door of this evangelist's room. It was late and he did not want to open. So Mr. Hyde called out his name and said, "Can you lend me a sheet for the night?" "Where are your own blankets?" was the angry retort through the still closed door. "Oh yes! that drunken sot that was with you has gone off with them. He will sell them, get drink and make a beast of himself. Do you know that you put us all about by doing things like this and then shivering yourself in the cold?"

He owned with remorse how impertinent he had been and the tears came to his big black eyes as he asked me if I could imagine all the answer Hyde gave him. He called him by his name and said, "Ah, J___! J___!! If the prodigal had come back to you, you would have taken a stick to him!"

This same evangelist told of another experience. It was in the days when souls were being gathered in. They were at times assured how many would be granted them. That morning after prayer it was ten souls. They then set out away among the Punjab villages in a country cart. The road lay along a river bank, dangerous at night. They reached that village. They sang, they preached, then sang again and preached.

The day wore on. Not a sign even of one soul being interested. They became hungry and thirsty. No man gave unto them. Then the two Indian evangelists became impatient to get home to food and rest. But John Hyde would not move. He was waiting for those ten!

At last near a common cottage they asked for a drink. The man offered them milk and water. They went into his humble house and were refreshed. Then as they talked he showed most intelligent knowledge of Jesus Christ. Yes, he had entertained them in His name. Would the family not allow Jesus to enter and take possession of their home? The father replied they had been thinking of this. Then why not now? He agreed and called his wife and children. They certainly realized what they were doing, and there and then made up their minds to take their stand at once on the Lord's side. One can picture how tenderly John Hyde received them into God's family in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Yes, all were baptized, nine altogether.
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It was now getting dark, the short cold-weather day was wearing to an end rapidly. Now at any rate they could depart, so thought the two evangelists, before the darkness made their return journey dangerous. The father began to urge it too.

Unwillingly John Hyde left that home. The cart was sent for by one, the other hastened John Hyde's steps toward it. When it came they tried to get him to climb in. But no, his eyes were fixed pleadingly on this evangelist: "What about that one?" he asked longingly. Surely that cry from a true shepherd's heart found a response! He hardened his face and said something about their wives and children being anxious for them at home. But John Hyde stood there waiting, waiting for that tenth soul. He knew that the Good Shepherd was Himself searching for that one still outside the fold.

The two evangelists told me afterwards with shame how they urged John Hyde to come away from that village, and how the same cry always broke from his lips, "What about that one?"

By and by the father of the family came up wondering about this delay. Why had Padri Sahib waited so long? John Hyde told him about the one sheep still wanting. "Why there he is," cried the father, "my nephew whom I have adopted. He has been living with the rest of us: but has been out playing."

He brought the lad forward, a bright intelligent boy. Mr. Hyde asked him of his faith. The boy answered very clearly and intelligently. There could be no doubt about him. So he too was brought into the fold. "That is the ten," said John Hyde with a weary sigh of heart's ease as he climbed up to his seat. They were kept safe along that dangerous road in the darkness and arrived home tired but content. That is the "rest of soul" our Lord Jesus gives to His faithful, earnest under-shepherds.

Yes, and that is the rest of soul they give Him too, for in their passion and longing for the lost He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied.

Lord, teach us at whatever cost to satisfy Thy great heart of love, broken over wandering sheep. So shall we apply balm and healing to that heart. So shall we bind up Thy wounds and give Thee the joy that was set before Thee. May we realize that the angels envy us such service! They cannot render it unto Thee. Only pardoned sinners can, by bringing other sinners into the circle of Thy pardoning love.

Lord, show us too that this passion for souls cannot be worked up by any efforts of our own. It comes forth from Thy bleeding heart, O Thou Lamb upon the Throne, who art still giving forth Thy glorified life for us. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." We praise Thee, O Lamb of God, that Thou madest known Thy Father's name and wilt make it known, "That the love, wherewith Thou, O Father, lovest Me may be in them and I in them."

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*"If ye abide in Me, and My Words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. ...If you keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love. ...Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you"* (John 15:7, 10, 14).

"It was because Christ humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, yea, the death of the Cross, that God so highly exalted Him. And Paul, in this connection, exhorts us: 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' We see, above everything else that the obedience of Christ, which was so pleasing to God, must become really the characteristic of our disposition and of our entire walk. Just as a servant knows that he must first obey his master in all things, so the surrender of an implicit and unquestioning obedience must become the essential characteristic of our lives. Christ holds Himself responsible to work this out in me every moment if I only trust Him for it. 'Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling…be glory and majesty' (Jude 24, 25)." – Andrew Murray

## CHAPTER SEVEN
## **His Child-Like Obedience**

Not a day did I pass in John Hyde's company but his simple obedience surprised one and led me to see what a real son he was and how much his Heavenly Father's will guided his life. Let me mention one such instance. Once at the Sialkot convention, which was so inspired by his prayers in those old days, the committee, in order to lay stress on the message instead of on its messengers, did not announce the names of the speakers.

John Hyde was suddenly asked to speak at the evening meeting. Somehow it got noised abroad and many were saying "Mr. Hyde will speak tonight!" The meeting was very full and expectant, especially as a great friend of his was in the chair in place of the usual chairman.

Just before the speaker's prayer meeting this friend was asked what Psalm should be sung. The subject of our Lord's sufferings being much on his heart, he suggested the 22nd Psalm. Imagine his surprise when the leader of song announced that they would sing the 22nd Psalm at Mr. Hyde's request. It was supposed they had talked it over together. There was much prayer, the praise was fervent; but Mr. Hyde was sitting down on the platform behind the pulpit deep in prayer. As he did not move, the chairman read Zechariah 13, commenting at some length on that question and answer, "What are those wounds between thine hands?" Then he shall answer, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." He spoke of the loneliness of Christ in His sufferings, no one knowing about His sorrows and pointed out that only three disciples even entered Gethsemane with our Lord; the other eight were left outside;
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those three, alas, were full of sleep, so much so that Peter referring to this with a certain guilty conscience speaks of himself as only a witness of the sufferings of Christ, who am also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. He was not yet a partaker of those sufferings. So is it today; the majority of Christians know nothing of Gethsemane. At the best a few are "witnesses" only of His sufferings. Hence the world is not won for Christ, nor will it be until His people as a whole become fellow partakers of His sufferings.

All this time John Hyde was lost in prayer. After this the chairman during another singing laid his hands on his shoulder and said with a friendly squeeze, "If God has a message for you to give, will you give it now?"

As John did not move, the late Rev. John Forman, then chairman of the convention, said to his brother in the chair, "Is he going to speak?" "I have asked him," was the reply. "You ask him too if you are led to do it."

Presently as the singing stopped he said, "May I give two messages God has laid on my heart?" He did so and the meeting proceeded to its close after which there was a very earnest after-meeting and much prayer by those present.

During that time John Hyde went away to the prayer room without addressing a word to the meeting. The people were thus taught to attend to God's message and not to the messenger.

Some time afterwards I asked him about that matter. He told me that he felt full of a subject, "The glory of Christ's Kingdom." When, however, the chairman laid his hand on his shoulder, he seemed as if he pressed John down. This thought was enforced by his words "If you have a message from God." John began to doubt if God wanted him to give this message then and so of course, waited on God in prayer and never had His direct leading to speak to that meeting!

Only a man very closely in touch with his Heavenly Father would have been quick enough to follow this leading and only one whose supreme wish was to please God and not his fellow men would have been brave enough to keep silence in the circumstances.

A friend afterwards speaking of the revival said to me: "We ought to have emphasized the lesson of absolute obedience more than we did. I believe it was want of obedience that grieved the Holy Spirit and stopped that Revival."

I could not but agree with him, at the same time telling him this incident to show that one of the leaders in that revival at least could not be accused of the sin of disobedience.

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*"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth"* (Acts 1:8).

*"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess: but be filled with the Spirit"* (Eph. 5:18).

*"And when they had prayed…they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness"* (Acts 4:31).

*"*We are often asked, 'Have not all Christians the Spirit?' Certainly. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' But all are not 'filled with the Spirit'; and having the Spirit, and being filled with the Spirit, are different things in degree. ...This equipment is not eloquence, nor is it intellectual force, or keenness. It is not any human gift, power, or qualification whatever. ...It is a power altogether distinct from all gifts of mind and speech, and the power which alone can vitalize them and make them effective in the work of God. It is this marvelous something, this holy unction pervading what we do and say, which tells those to whom we appeal that we are sent of God. It is this which converts a look into a saving message, and which touches into mighty effectiveness the simplest word we speak, or the feeblest effort we put forth. To this full equipment for Christian life and service every believer in Jesus is called of God and called now!" – Rev. Thomas Waugh

## CHAPTER EIGHT
## **Honoring the Holy Spirit**

All know how loyally John Hyde supported the Sialkot convention. It was really his addresses that led to the great blessing in that first convention of 1904. This convention was attended largely by missionaries, especially those in the vicinity. It was a time when God met His own people, when "self" was unveiled, when God called His own to a deeper consecration, when the Holy Spirit convicted of sin and led to many changed lives. In fact, it was there that the heart-surrender of the leaders took place which led to the revival of 1905. Mr. Hyde's addresses on the Holy Spirit were much used of God to this great end.

This convention in the summer of 1904 owed much also to the Punjab Prayer Union, begun by a few souls (about April 1904) on whom the burden of united prayer for revival had been heavily laid. Needless to say, one of the moving spirits of this union was John Hyde. All its members were greatly inspired by his habits of prayer – and by his whole life of intercession. Most particularly did they value and benefit by his presence at the annual meetings of the union. His addresses there appealed to many hearts, and the conversation he had with them led to lives of joy and service such as had never been dreamt of before.

Who can forget that memorable annual meeting of the Punjab Prayer Union in the spring of 1905? It was a time when all felt the great burden of the Indian church, and her need of revival, so very keenly as to be inexpressible in words.

This was mainly due to the teaching of John Hyde and those like him in regard to "the fellowship of Christ's
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sufferings." There was a general break down of all hearts when this subject was talked and prayed about. To many the Lamb of God appeared with His wounded hands and side, and showed them how His heart was still being made to bleed by His children when they were not fully consecrated to Him, and when they were not filled to overflowing with His Spirit. Little wonder that the convention of 1905 touched so deeply the life of the Punjab church!

Here again John Hyde was the moving spirit of the whole convention. It seemed as if the mantle of his second great spiritual teacher (the first was the Rev. Mr. Ullmann) – the Rev. D. Lytle of the American United Presbyterian Mission – had descended upon him. The burden of Mr. Lytle's later teaching had been that self-support could only be looked for on the old Apostolic lines – when the baptism of the Holy Spirit and then the constant infilling of the Holy Spirit, received its true place in the heart and life of the Christian community. Then self-supporting congregations would spring up everywhere as a natural consequence. Mr. Lytle loved to point out that almost all the Apostolic congregations over forty in number were self-supporting and also self-propagating simply because they put first things first and never rested till they had received the baptism, and then the infilling of the Holy Spirit for every new service.

This was the burden of John Hyde's addresses at the Sialkot convention of 1905. What a thrilling message he delivered! How plainly he showed that the Holy Spirit was the one true witness – to be put first and foremost by all Christians – so that they might also give their witness in His strength and by His help.

When he addressed pastors asking them who was first and foremost in their pulpits – they themselves, or the Divine Teacher and Guide into all the truth – I don't think there was a single preacher who was not convicted of this sin.

Then he went right through the life of Christ, showing how all the mysterious events of that life were performed by means of the Holy Spirit: Our Lord's Birth, His Baptism, His Preaching, His Miracles, His Sacrifice, His Resurrection, – the Holy Spirit was witness of each event, so He alone is the true witness. When John Hyde called upon all to see to it that this Divine Witness was depended on to teach all enquiring souls the meaning and the mystery of each event, few hearts were unmoved. And then afterwards when John Hyde intimated that he had no other message to give, the chairman was led to leave each meeting to the guidance of the Holy Spirit – surely that was the direct result of this teaching! What else could result but that the Divine Spirit, given His true place, should move all hearts, break them down, melt them into confession and tears? So began the first great revival in the Punjab.

In the convention of 1904, missionaries were much blessed. It was then that one leader brought things to a crisis by saying: "Either we missionaries receive power from on high now, or let us all take the first steamer home for we are otherwise unfit for this task."

In the 1905 convention our pastors and elders were laid hold of largely through Mr. Hyde's teaching and perfect obedience. In the convention of 1906 the blessing extended to Christians generally and reached outside congregations all over Northern India.

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*"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint"* (Isa. 40:31).

*"Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I have bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself"* (Ex. 19:4).

## CHAPTER NINE
## Recollections

### An Address to Students: "The Life on Wings"

One of our Indian workers and a faithful member of our Prayer Union recently found a small volume in one of the second-hand book shops in Calcutta entitled, "A Spiritual Awakening Among Indian Students: Addresses of Six Student Conferences by the Student Volunteer Movement held at Jaffna, Bombay, Lahore, Lucknow, Calcutta and Madras." Published by Messrs. Addison & Co., Madras, in 1896.

This Indian worker turning over its pages found that one of the addresses was by the late Mr. Hyde. He immediately decided to purchase it. The marked price was two annas, but the man would take no payment for it, as it was stained and spoilt. It was immediately carried to one of our members, who has kindly sent it on to me with these words:

"Twenty-six years ago! He who spoke on *The Life on Wings* in Lahore during this conference when Dr. Mott was present still speaketh to us and to the body of Christ. I know you will rejoice with me at the discovery of this volume." – F. K.

### From "The Life on Wings" by the late Rev. J. N. Hyde

At another time Satan seems to have struck a hard blow at the work, and one is fighting against discouragement. Then a passage like that in Second Chronicles 15 infuses strength, "The Lord is with you while ye be with Him." One knows that he has not forsaken the Lord and that therefore the Lord has not forsaken him and with this promise that he can say to Satan: "Wait and see who will have the victory." And he feels that he can go out alone even into the battle. His prayer may be like that of Asa, who cried unto the Lord his
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God and said, "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God: let not man prevail against Thee" (2 Chr. 14:11). After such a prayer as this the Lord could do nothing else than smite the Ethiopians before Asa.

At some such times of discouraging circumstances and trial, when strength comes and one rests in the word "Father," there comes to one an experience in which he feels as it were on wings. It is an actual experience and there is no verse that so well describes it as that in Isaiah, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." My friend, can you say that word "Father"?

It happens also, at times, that we do not see the fruit of our labors, and the heart longs to see the harvest. I have read a story of a Scottish minister to whom, one Sabbath morning, some of his elders or deacons came and said they felt they must speak to him about the small results of the past year. The minister replied that he had tried to be faithful and to do his duty. But again they told him they felt it laid upon them to speak to him, that there had been only one communicant received in the whole year, and he was a boy.

The minister went through with the service that morning with a heavy heart, and at its close lingered in the Kirk made dear to him by so many memories. He felt as though he could die, and while thus cast down one came up to him. It was the boy before mentioned, and he said, "Pastor, do you think if I worked hard I could be a minister, and a missionary perhaps?" "Robert," the minister said, "you have healed the wound in my heart. Yes, I think you will be a minister."

Years passed away, the story says, and the old minister was laid in his grave, when one day a missionary returned from a foreign land. His name was mentioned with reverence. The great received him into their homes. Audiences rose to greet him, and nobles stood uncovered in his presence. It was Robert Moffat, the boy of the old Kirk. He had added a country to civilization, a province to the church, and savages through his work had become obedient to Christ.

The harvest of faithful work is sure. It may be, however, we have wanted results instead of wishing that needy souls might have life, and that Christ might see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Have we ever wept for souls? Have you? Have I? "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Let us go out looking to the need about us and to our Savior, trusting Him to use us for His glory.