

## "WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL."

"By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. xv. 10).

---

**T**HE apostle Paul seems to have often recounted the story of his conversion. As "a chosen vessel" bearing the name of Jesus "before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel," he delighted, not only in declaring the glories of that Name, but also in telling *how* it became the controlling passion and hope of his life-work and destiny.

My conversion is not to be compared with his. Mine was little out of the common, his was almost tragic in its suddenness and its effects. Mine can only be known to a few, his has been for centuries on the lips of thousands. Mine will soon fade from the annals of time, his has been handed down to posterity on the Bible page, and is still being circulated in millions. Nevertheless my conversion is as real to me as his was to him!

Knowing how often the Lord uses a simple personal testimony, and that, faulty creature though I be, yet I am a living demonstration of the saving power of the gospel which I preach, I would like to tell you who read these lines "what he hath done for my soul" (Ps. lxvi. 16).

From my childhood I breathed the atmosphere of the gospel, and often was my heart touched by the soul-stirring appeals of my dear father, the late

William Carter, who, together with Richard Weaver, the converted collier, was one of the pioneer theatre-gospel-preachers of the south of London.

When I was sixteen years old my father died, and I entered a commercial house and spent some two years on the London Stock Exchange. I was in the Foreign Market, and what with tossing, smoking, billiard playing, &c., and succumbing to other outside temptations, I soon banished home influences, and began the down grade to an early grave and an endless hell.

My mother persuaded me one night to go with her and hear Moody preach. I went and was greatly subdued when 20,000 people sang "Hold the Fort." Then Sankey's voice reached to every corner of the vast Agricultural Hall, Islington, as he sang "Yet there is room"—sang it with such depths of feeling that I felt like crying aloud for mercy. Then Moody preached, and every word hit, cut, and told.

Moved by motives of curiosity and soul trouble, I got the better of my pride and went into one of the inquiry rooms. But, alas, I did not decide for Christ that night; *pride*, PRIDE, PRIDE got the upper hand again, and I actually scoffed. A man close by fell prone on the floor and wriggled like a worm under the convicting hand of God, but I sullenly refused even to own my anxiety.

The scene in that inquiry room is indelibly engraved on my memory. I still see my widowed mother weeping on my right hand, and brethren praying on my left, and Moody right before me—with

his big broad margin Bible all covered with notes—pleading, as few could plead, with my soul. Yet, spite of the importunity around, and the wretchedness within, there was I standing with a smile on my face, and unbelief in my words and eyes.

So I went away still unsaved, and returned to my old ways. Shortly afterwards I left for Australia, where I sought all I could to forget God. But when money and friends were all gone, and I had come down pretty near to the swine trough of the prodigal, God again worked in my soul.

It was one Saturday afternoon in the rooms of the local Y.M.C.A. that a young fellow spoke to me about eternal things once more. He had his Bible in his hand, read the Scriptures, warned and exhorted me, and in the end I promised to pray for myself, and he did the same. He was only about nineteen years of age, and died a few months after in Wesley College, Melbourne, but he was used to my conversion and will get his reward.

It came about in this way. Next day, Sunday, I became increasingly miserable, and at last, late in the afternoon, I went down on my knees in my lodgings crying for peace, and resolved not to rise till I got it. Satan tried his old devices, and cajoled, insinuated, threatened, raged, fought, and bound me tighter with the cords of my sins, so much so that my poor soul, cleaving to the dust, refused to be comforted. But still I continued to wait upon God. Then deliverance came, and light broke in, and I saw and owned not only my sinful self and my sins,

but also my Saviour. In faith I committed my past with its sins, my present with its darkness and distress, and my future with its uncertainties and fears, all to Him, and the load rolled off my soul.

I remember as though it were yesterday, when I whispered, "Lord, I *do* believe Thee!" I had a very vague idea of *what* I believed, but I knew *whom* I believed, and I trusted Him to save me. All I knew was that I was saved, because I knew He would save me, for *He said He would!* He was *trustworthy*—that was the measure of my knowledge, and of my confidence; and lo, the judgment-cloud dissolved, and heavenly light and love illuminated me.

My great desire now was to get a Bible, but there was not one in the house. Out I went, it being evening and church time, in search of this treasure, and presently I found myself in a chapel. I did not know what the preacher was saying, but I got hold of a Bible, and eagerly turned to that blessed life-giving, heart-resting, conscience-healing passage, John iii. 16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"There it is," said I to the tempter, who still harassed me, "God has it written in black and white;" and I showed it to him, and found that it was as conclusive to *him* as it was to me, for he ceased to assail me, and has never since *even tried* to make me doubt my salvation. I staked my whole eternity on the divine testimony of John iii. 16, and

I do so still, though I have explored wonders in it since which I did not dream of then. Satan may well hate and fear this magnificent scripture, for he knows it to be one of the most poignant weapons in the gospel armoury of God. John iii. 16 has milk for the babe in Christ, and strong meat for the matured. The ocean of God's love contains shallows in which a child can revel, and depths so profound that the most advanced saint cannot fathom them.

Since my conversion more than a quarter of a century of Christian service, and pilgrimage, and wonderful mercy has gone by, but the joy of the Father's house and heart which I tasted of then is still my portion, yea, and it shall be till I know it in all its fulness above. Then in the endless bliss of my Saviour's love, and together with all His own, I shall bless Him and praise Him as I would, for "what he hath done for my soul."

"How shall I meet those eyes,  
 Mine on Himself I'll cast,  
 And own myself the Saviour's prize,  
 Mercy from first to last."

S. J. B. C.

---

### THREE SOLEMN FACTS.

---

**Y**OU may consider yourself, dear reader, an entire stranger to the one who addresses you through this paper, but it so happens that he knows three things about you—**THREE UNDENIABLE FACTS!** To throw this paper down