

REES HOWELLS INTERCESSOR

The Story of a Life Lived for God

NORMAN GRUBB



Rees Howells, Intercessor

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Foreword

I count it as one of the great privileges of my life to have had a hand in preparing this biography of Rees Howells. I first met Mr. Howells in 1928. I was then a missionary on furlough, and as I spent a few days with him at the Bible College of Wales, which was then in its young days, light simply poured into my soul as he took time to tell me some of the Lord's inner dealings with him. It was one of the great experiences of my life. I learned secrets of the Spirit—as the One come down to do His mighty work through human agents—which revolutionized my future ministry.

In the years that followed, I had many periods of intimate fellowship with Mr. Howells—although I always wondered why I was allowed such a privilege. It came to my mind on many occasions how much I would like to get that testimony, that light the Lord had revealed to His servant and those marvelous dealings of the Spirit with him, into print for the world.

It now seems as if it was an unrecognized preparation for what was coming. I never dreamed that the Lord would so suddenly take His servant; but as soon as I heard, back came those thoughts of past years.

It was because of this that Samuel Howells, Mr. Rees Howells' only son, and Mrs. Rees Howells, offered me the great honor of writing his life. But I now want to make it clear that I have only been, as it were, the senior member of a writing team.

First, Miss Mary Henderson, Mr. Howells' honorary secretary, for the past ten years had faithfully recorded his morning and evening talks in the college—eighty manuscript books packed with references to his own experiences—and then in preparation for the biography had spent weeks in indexing them, so that I could get straight to the important passages.

We have been daily coworkers in preparing the book, and she has been able to keep me on the straight and narrow path of accuracy on many points and add vital tidbits of information.

Then Dr. Kingsley Priddy, the headmaster of the Bible college, dedicated hours of his time to going over every chapter and offering many valuable suggestions. With his keenly sensitive appreciation of the spiritual content of Mr. Howells' life, he has been able again and again to put the needed touch to bring out the inner essence of an incident.

Combined with this has been the work of Miss Marie Scott, Bachelor of Arts. As teacher of English literature in the school and college, as well as being one of those whose life was revolutionized through her contacts with Mr. Howells, she has smoothed out many an uncouth passage, and often added touches of inspiration.

Miss Doris Ruscoe, Bachelor of Arts, the headmistress, has been another member of the team and helped particularly in hammering out the best methods of producing the biography.

Finally, all has been checked by Mr. Samuel Howells, Master of Arts, the present director of the Bible college, and by Mrs. Rees Howells, who was with her husband from the earliest days

of his ministry and was herself eyewitness of a great deal recorded in the book.

I have found it a most healthy and exhilarating experience to produce a book as a team instead of as an individual, and we have been wonderfully conscious every day of the Lord's good hand on us.

For some of the facts of Rees Howells' early days, we have been indebted to his eldest brother, Mr. John Howells, who was always greatly respected by the family; another brother, Mr. Dick Howells, a retired mine manager; his sister, Nurse Catherine Howells, who was deeply devoted to him; and to Mr. Tom Howells, the only remaining member of the family still living in the old home.

Beyond measure large-hearted, irrepressible in the joy of the Lord which poured out of him ("The Spirit is full of jokes," he once daringly said), this man of God, who bore on his heart the world's deep suffering and sin till it broke him, could have told his own tale with so much more vividness than we could ever put into it; but may God reveal, even through these pages, Himself through the veil of human flesh, through a man "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord."

Mr. Morgan James, a retired official of the Great Western Railway, and a friend of Mr. Howells, said well, "He was the biggest-hearted Christian I ever met."

The men of God of his generation recognized the peculiar anointing of God upon him: Lord Radstock; Mr. Albert Head, the chairman of the Keswick Convention; Mr. D.E. Hoste, the director of the China Inland Mission; Mr. Stephen Jeffreys, so mightily used in evangelism and healing, who in his last years leaned much on Mr. Howells' faith; Mr. Dan Williams, founder of the Apostolic Church; Mr. Paget Wilkes of the Japan Evangelistic

Band; the Rev. Andrew Murray, who wrote of him in a booklet and asked him to come for a visit; Miss Bentham of Dr. Barnardo's; Mrs. Charles Cowman, author of *Streams in the Desert*.

Mr. Henry Griffiths, a group accountant of the National Coal Board, said this of his first acquaintance with him in 1921:

I read about the mighty movement of the Spirit through him in Africa. He was coming to Llanelly, so I walked three miles to hear him. He was to me the most wonderful missionary I had read of. His way of speaking was different, the Spirit had so dealt with him. I remember one young Christian asking him how he knew God's voice, and he said, "Can't you tell your mother's voice from any other?"

"Yes, of course," the young man answered.

"Well, I know His voice just like that."

I shall never forget the meetings in the Llandrindod Convention after he came back from Africa. Frankly, he was by himself. He was only about forty years old and in the strength of his manhood. He lifted the meeting to such a plane that everyone was spellbound. No one could move, no one could follow him. He was requested to test the meeting and asked who would like to give themselves to God as he had done, and everyone stood up, ministers and all.

At a ministers' meeting the next day, to which I was allowed to come, Mr. Paget Wilkes was speaking. He was quick enough to recognize the Spirit in Mr. Howells, and said, "There is someone here among us, and I feel like going round the country with him, carrying his bag and cleaning his boots."

May God meet with many in reading this book, as He has met with the author in writing it.

—Norman P. Grubb

1

Early Years

Rees Howells was born on October 10, 1879, the sixth of a family of eleven. The little whitewashed cottage still stands on Llandilo Road, in the mining village of Brynamman, South Wales, where Thomas and Margaret Howells brought up three girls and eight boys. It is a wonder that the little home could contain them!

It was a hard struggle in the early years. Rees' father had employment in the iron works and afterwards in a coal mine. His wages, the sole source of income for the family, was the handsome sum of two shillings three pence or two shillings six pence a day. Sometimes when a strike was on, there would be no income at all and no unemployment benefits. In later years he opened a little shop in the village for the sale and repair of shoes. Things became easier as the older children left school and went to work.

But they were a happy family, for godliness and love were preeminent in the home. His mother's love was one of the deepest impressions on Rees' young life, especially as he watched her ceaselessly nursing one of the three little members of their circle

who were later taken from them. As for the proud father, a visitor one day puzzled young Rees by looking round on all the children and exclaiming to his father, "How rich you are!"

"How could he say you are rich?" Rees asked him later.

"Well, how much would I sell you for?" answered his father. "For £1,000? Or would I sell John, David or Dick for £1,000 each? That's how rich I am!"

But outstanding from Rees' earliest days
was his consciousness of God.

Most of the children started work in the local tin mill, at the bottom of the valley below the village. The only education they had was in the one village school.

They were not supposed to be employed before they were thirteen years old, but when Rees was only twelve and was taking food down to his brothers in the mill, the manager asked him one day if he would like to do a little work. His name would not be on the payroll, but he would give him a wage and put it down in the name of his brother Moses.

So Rees' schooling ended at twelve, and the next ten years were spent in the tin mill, where he was considered a good worker. His job claimed him for twelve hours a day, rising at six o'clock in the morning, and not returning home till nearly six o'clock at night.

Both Rees and his brothers felt their need for further education and attended night classes weekly in the village school. In those days there was no such thing as a library in the village; the only reading center was a little newspaper shop, where for a penny a month they could go and read the newspaper or borrow a book. By these means two of his brothers passed several examinations,

John, the eldest, joined the railway company and Dick became a mine manager.

Rees himself did not take up any specific line of study, but he did show signs of organizing capacity. When his mother would give the boys odd jobs to do, the others would each do their own, but Rees would usually manage to get about half a dozen of his friends to help him—and then ask his mother to give them all dinner! She must have wondered if it was worth asking Rees to do a job!

The generosity which was such a marked characteristic of his later life was also seen in his boyhood days. He would give all he had away.

One of his brothers tells how a customer came into the shop to buy some shoes while his father was absent. The customer tried to persuade this brother to reduce the price from three shillings nine pence to two shillings six pence; he refused. A few days later she came in and told the story to his father, giving a description of “the salesman,” which could fit either Rees or the brother. It didn’t take the father a second to choose, for he knew Rees couldn’t have refused her!

Rees developed a fine physique and was interested in physical training. He brought home dumbbells, boxing gloves and so on, and took his brothers on in friendly fights. A healthy appetite accompanied a healthy body.

Dick and Rees arrived back late some nights from their various occupations. If Dick came in first, so the story goes, his mother who had gone upstairs would call down, “Is that you, Dick? Help yourself to a piece of tart.” But if Rees preceded Dick, his mother would call down, “Is that you, Rees? There’s a tart on the table. Leave a piece for Dick!”

But outstanding from Rees' earliest days was his consciousness of God. It seemed as if an invisible presence overshadowed him from birth—the One who, as with Paul, separated him from his mother's womb and called him by His grace.

In this respect, Rees' grandparents were the most powerful influence on his early years. Their home was another little whitewashed cottage, called Pentwyn, up on Black Mountain. Rees said in later years that to cross their threshold was to pass from earth to heaven.

They had been converted in the 1859 Revival and Rees always believed that their blessing came down to him. Something drew him in that little home. "God was its atmosphere," he would say. He loved the walk from his own home down in the Amman Valley and up through the fields, leaving the houses behind one by one until an iron gate clanged behind him and he was out in the silent spaces of the mountain slopes.

In future years, those slopes were so often to be his trysting place with God. Here the only sounds that disturbed the stillness were the song of the lark, the occasional bleating of sheep and the music of tumbling mountain stream.

Over the crest young Rees would go, down the other side with the eight miles of green Welsh valley spread out before him, until he reached his beloved Pentwyn, perched on the steep slopes where the moorland gave place again to hedges and fields. As he crossed the threshold, he would usually hear the sound of his grandmother's voice reading the Bible to his invalid Uncle Dick.

It reminds us of Timothy, another young lad who probably spent many an hour on another Black Mountain (Kara-dagh), with Lystra at its foothills, where young Timothy was brought

up under the godly influence of his “grandmother Lois and [his] mother Eunice” (2 Tim. 1:5).

Indeed, the young men of Bible times who feared and served God from their boyhood days, like Joseph and David, had a great influence on Rees. His wise father had brought the children up on Bible stories; Rees’ earliest memories were of those evening readings and their effect on him. The story of the Savior, His birth and life and death, stood out above all others and kept him from ever taking His name in vain or daring to sin against Him.

But is it not God who turns the ordinary into extraordinary when He is given a chance?

Even the normal pleasures of the world had no attraction for him. He would walk miles to hear someone preach and bring him “under the influence of God,” but he “wouldn’t cross the road to hear a concert.” Only once did he even attend a football match. As the crowd were “shouting and bawling” around him, he felt it was not the place for him and vowed that, when he got his feet out of it, he would never go to such a place again. He never did.

The apostle Paul makes that striking statement about serving God, as did his ancestors, with a clear conscience (see 2 Tim. 1:3); Rees seemed another example of it. He said years later:

I didn’t run into sin. There was always a restraint on me. It seems that some people are much more sensitive than others, even before conversion. I marred my conscience once, when my father sent me to deliver some shoes to a customer, and I asked him for one shilling ten pence when the correct price was

one shilling nine pence. I spent the penny on apples. Although I confessed my sin to my father, I never got it out of my mind—especially when I saw apples! I had marred my conscience. Of course, because it had that effect on me, it kept me from anything bigger.

But it also had another effect, from which he had to be disillusioned later, for he added, “I thought in those days that probably I had been born with a good nature!”

He became a member of the chapel at thirteen, resolving, according to the light he then had, that he must now “live up to the teaching of the Savior.” He got this idea from reading Charles M. Sheldon’s book *In His Steps*, only to find out later, of course, that he couldn’t do it.

Contact with the other young fellows in the tin mill did not alter his tastes. Swansea was only about twenty miles away, but he said:

City life, a superficial life, never appealed to me. It was no test to me not to go to a theater; I didn’t like such places. I was at home in the chapels and prayer meetings. Nature—the hills and valleys and running streams—appealed to me. Sunday mornings were wonderful times to me: such a hush and peace over everything. I felt I could face God every night, because I lived such a clean, pure life, and there were hundreds in Wales who lived like that.

Quiet, good living and hard working. There was not much to attract attention to this young Welsh lad or to inspire prophecies for the future except perhaps an unusual piety, which might be strange to English eyes though maybe not to Welsh. But is it not God who turns the ordinary into extraordinary when He is given a chance?

2

Two Shocks

Not until Rees was twenty-two years old did anything happen to alter the quiet course of his life at home. By then he was a fine-looking, broad-shouldered young man of nearly six feet, with sensitive hands, the striking square-cut forehead which one sometimes sees among the Welsh and above all, remarkable, crystal clear and penetrating eyes: the eyes of a seer. Beneath the quiet surface, however, one strong tide was running—ambition.

He wanted to see the world and make money; America became the loadstone. Several young men from the village had gone to the United States of America and were sending back glowing reports of the money they were making, earning in one day what it would take a week to get in South Wales.

When Rees heard this, nothing could hold him back, not even the pull of home. He “weighed the losses and gains, and America won every time.” His brothers were studying for careers, but he decided “to make money and retire early in life”! He had a cousin, Evan Lewis, who had emigrated and taken work in New Castle,

Pennsylvania in the steel area around Pittsburgh. Rees took a ship and joined him, getting employment in a tin mill.

Before he left Brynamman, however, a word from God came to him, which he called the greatest blessing he received before his conversion.

One Sunday night, a month before he sailed, he came late to church, and as it was crowded out, he stood in the vestibule. The minister was reading Hebrews 12:1, “Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses.” “These witnesses,” he said, “are the men of faith mentioned in the previous chapter and we ought to realize they are around us; we know they are real, because Moses and Elijah spoke to the Savior on the Mount of Transfiguration, and the disciples saw them.”

The gracious Hound of Heaven
was on his trail.

The minister then said straight out, just as if he knew Rees was listening, “Young man, you may be leaving home, you may be going to a place where your parents will not see you; but remember, the cloud of witnesses and God will see you.”

The words struck home to Rees. They were new to him and the effect was “an impression from the other world” coming over him. “I saw the Mount of Hebrews 12:22,” he said, “the city of the living God, the general assembly and church of the firstborn.” He saw them, not as spies, but there to encourage and strengthen him. It was God’s overshadowing hand again, putting an external restraint on His chosen vessel until He revealed His Son to him; for till that day came, this cloud of witnesses remained “the greatest reality” of his life.

When he left his homeland Rees continued to live the same religious life in America, where he became a member of a church and never missed a prayer meeting. Only once did he nearly yield to the temptation of worldly amusements, when a friend invited him to go to a big boxing match. Doubtless, his former interest in boxing was the attraction. But the restraining hand of God was upon him.

The day before the match, the thought came to him, "If your father or uncle were here, would you go? And what about the cloud of witnesses?" He told his friend he wouldn't accompany him that night for a fortune!

Living an upright life like that, how could God bring him to the realization that he was born in sin and needed to be saved? Even the minister of his church thought he was "the best young man in the congregation"—an indication that the minister himself must have needed what Rees needed!

His case was not unlike Paul's: "as to righteousness under the law, blameless" (Phil. 3:6); and until there is a conviction of need, there can never be a desire for a change. But God has *His* ways!

The first mark that God made on him was through his cousin, Evan Lewis. He gave Rees a sudden shock one night by asking him if he was "born again." Rees had never heard the expression. He says he was "as ignorant of it as Nicodemus" (see John 3:4).

But he knew he was wounded and raised his defenses, "What do you mean? My life is as good as yours." "That's not the point. Put it this way: Do you know you are saved?" "I am a Christian, and that's good enough for me."

But though he professed to be unconvinced, his complacency was shaken. His cousin was faithful and did not let the matter drop, although it always seemed to end in fruitless argument.

But one day the arrow really found its mark. His cousin told him that when his sister was dying she had spoken to him about his own need of the Savior. As she spoke, he had “seen Calvary.” Again Rees did not know what he meant, but instinctively felt he was on holy ground and a voice seemed to warn him not to argue any more. The impression was so strong that he decided to leave the place and seek work elsewhere, lest he should “touch the forbidden thing.”

He moved about a hundred miles to Martin’s Ferry, Ohio. As his cousin saw him off at the station, even his last words drove the shaft farther home: “If only you were born again I wouldn’t mind your leaving, but it troubles me to see you going when you are not right with God.” Rees could not forget these words. The gracious Hound of Heaven was on his trail “with unhurrying chase, / and unperturbed pace,” with “those strong Feet that followed, followed after.”¹

I was outside the Kingdom, which all my good life and religion had never enabled me to enter.

The light really began to dawn as he was reading one day an outstanding book of that time, Professor Henry Drummond’s *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Drummond was telling how he had never thought it possible to give a definition of life, till he found one in the works of Herbert Spencer, who said that life is “correspondence with environment.”

A child is born with five senses and various bodily organs, and each corresponds with something in his environment: the

eye sees sights, the ear hears sounds, the lungs breathe air and so on. “While I can correspond with my environment, I have life,” said Spencer, “but if something happened to me which prevented me from corresponding with my environment then I should be dead; death is failure of correspondence.”²

Drummond took the definition back to Adam. The Lord had told him that the day he disobeyed, he would surely die. Did he die?

On Spencer’s definition he died spiritually, for though he continued to have a natural life, he lost his correspondence with God and could only come back to Him by the way of sacrifice, the way of a victim killed in his stead.

On reading this, the first thoughts that came to Rees were:
Had he correspondence with God?

Could he say the Savior was as real to him as his mother?

Did he know God as a daily presence in his life, or did he only think of Him in the prayer meetings?

If he died, had he another environment with which to correspond?

He was a part of his parents—distance didn’t interfere with their fellowship—but he hadn’t a relationship with God like that. Back came those words to him which his cousin had constantly been quoting: “Unless one is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God” (John 3:3).

“I saw it!” said Rees. “I believed in the Savior, but one thing I knew, I wasn’t *born* of Him. So far as having correspondence with the spiritual realm where the Savior lived, I was a dead man; I was outside the Kingdom, which all my good life and religion had never enabled me to enter. I was outside, though I was not a drunkard or a thief, because I had no correspondence with God.”

His religious complacency was shattered. There was no great conviction of sin, but he knew there was a gulf between him and God, and a deeper concern for his eternal destiny than for any of the affairs of this life possessed his mind.

3

Meeting the Risen Lord

Nigh and nigh draws the chase.”¹ What Rees had begun to meditate upon in theory, he soon had to face in fact. He was suddenly struck down with typhoid fever—always dangerous, but in those days often fatal—and soon he was face to face with death. In this bitter experience he was alone in lodgings and far from home, and this again was the finger of God, for he said later, “I found fear in me for the first time, and when I faced leaving this world and entering an unknown realm, pangs took hold of me, such as I had never felt before. Thank God my parents were not there to take that fear from me. Thank God that human sympathy did not blind me to eternity, for you may live in a crowd, but you meet God and face eternity alone.”

He cried to the Lord not to allow him to die. The enjoyment he had had in moneymaking, traveling and sightseeing was forgotten as he besought the Lord to give him eternal life. “Give me one more chance,” he cried, “and I will give my life to You.”

There was a vow in that cry. The Lord saw to that before He answered, and even as the cry went up Rees knew in his heart

that he was not to die. From that moment he began to recover, but he was a changed man.

“As I faced losing all and entering an eternal darkness, I touched real life for the first time,” he said. “I had seen the world at its very best taking me down to a lost eternity, and I knew I owed my all to the God who had delivered me.”

From that time on, he never regarded eternity lightly, for he had faced the reality of hell—a separation from God forever.

As he recovered, the gravity of his recent experience made him examine his position with renewed earnestness. He had been delivered from death, but not from the fear of death. He had always believed in the Incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection; they were the most precious truths in his life.

Why then were they not real to him? If Christ had conquered death, why was he afraid of it? Those who have heard him tell of this period in his life will never forget how he rang out the answer to these questions: “I found that I had only a historical Christ and not a personal Savior who could take me to the other side.”

For five months he searched daily for the way to God. He said he would gladly have spent every penny, and gone from one end of the vast country to the other, if he could only find a man to show him the way to eternal life.

He did go to the only one he could think of. He took the one hundred-mile journey back to New Castle to ask his cousin about it but, though his cousin knew the way himself, he seemed unable to make it clear to Rees.

During these months he made another move, to Connellsville, Pennsylvania. Here at last “the chase” was to end. “Halts by me that footfall: / Is my gloom, after all, / Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?”² How wonderfully each restless move had

only been one further stage forward in the pursuit and capture of the prey. Rees had not been long in his new home when he heard that a converted Jew, Maurice Reuben from Pittsburgh, had come to the city for a series of meetings.

The first night that he went to hear him, Reuben told the story of his conversion and how the Holy Spirit had revealed Calvary to him. "I had heard preaching on Calvary scores of times before and believed it," said Rees, "but I had never seen Calvary before that night." He was being brought back to the very same point which had so struck him in his cousin's testimony.

It was his supreme test. If he became a disciple,
he knew that he too stood to lose all.

Maurice Reuben told how he belonged to a wealthy family and had the best the world could give him, and how he had lived to make money. He was a manager of Solomon and Reuben, one of the largest stores of Pittsburgh. The life of one of his buyers used to put him under deep conviction until one day he said to him, "You must have been born happy."

"Yes," replied the buyer, "in my second birth. I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ and was born of God. In my first birth I was no happier than you!"

Reuben was so moved by this testimony that he bought a New Testament, and there he was impressed with the fact that all those who followed Jesus were Jews: John the Baptist pointing to Him as the Lamb of God; Peter, James and John, the chief disciples; and to a Jew the Savior had said, "On this rock I will build My Church" (Matt. 16:18). Then he came to the story of the rich

young man (see Matt. 19:16–22). It was a dramatic moment—a rich Jew of the twentieth century under conviction, reading of the Savior’s dealings with a rich Jew of the first century!

The way that Reuben saw it was that if Jesus had told that young man to sell all to inherit eternal life, how could he, Reuben, inherit the same gift, unless on the same condition? It was his supreme test. If he became a disciple, he knew that he too stood to lose all. But it was too late to go back; he had seen it, and he must follow. As Reuben said those words, Rees echoed them in his own heart; it was too late also for him to go back.

Reuben faced it fairly and squarely and counted the cost. His wife might leave him, his brother put him out of the business, and not a single Jew follow him, but he had made up his mind; if he lost everything, he meant to do it.

Then one day on the way to the store, Reuben heard a voice repeating to him the words of John 14:6: “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.” The truth flashed upon him—he accepted Christ and entered into life that moment.

He then told his brother and others. According to his father’s will he was to forfeit every penny if he changed his religion, but his brother offered to give him \$20,000—his share of the business—if he would cross the United States, and retire in Montana. But Reuben replied, “I have had the light in Pittsburgh, and I am going to witness in Pittsburgh.”

Late that Saturday night detectives came and took him to the police station. On Monday two doctors visited his cell and asked him about the voice he had heard. *Do they question my sanity?* he thought. Two hours later warders came from the asylum and took him to a room where there were twenty-nine mentally deranged

people. The bitterness of his position overcame him. He had victory in the lockup, but this seemed more than he could bear. He fell on his knees by his bed and poured out his heart to the Lord.

He did not know how long he was there, but he seemed to lose himself, and a vision of Calvary appeared to him. He said he witnessed every stage of the crucifixion. He forgot his own sufferings in the sufferings of the Savior, and as he gazed on the cross, the Master Himself said to him, "And must I bear the cross alone, and all the world go free?" From a broken heart Reuben answered, "No. There's a cross for everyone, and there's a cross for me."

From that hour he was a new man. Instead of complaining at being in the asylum, he began to pray for the other twenty-nine, and to the Savior he said, "Let me suffer for You. Whatever You allow me to go through, I will never complain again." Two weeks later, Reuben's brother came to see him, and reproached him for his folly in getting himself into such a place. "Why don't you be wise?" he said. "Get out of here and go to Montana."

"Does that offer still stand? Then it is not a medical condition, but something else that is keeping me here!" said Reuben, with all the keenness of his logical mind.

Some Christian friends he was in touch with caused inquiries to be set on foot. In six weeks his release was procured. It became a court case, and the test was on "the voice." The judge called the doctor and asked why this man had been certified insane. "Because he heard a voice?" countered the judge, who was a Christian man. "This is a disgrace to the American flag," he exclaimed and told Reuben to prosecute anyone who had anything to do with it.

"I shall never prosecute anyone," answered Reuben, "but I will do one thing—I will pray for them." He crossed the court and

offered his hand to his brother, but he turned his back on him. He went to his wife, but she did the same. But what a victory he had in his own soul!

Reuben rented a small room in Chicago, where he lived alone with the Lord and won many converts, though for two years he hardly had a square meal. A year later his wife came to hear him in a camp meeting and was converted, and for the first time he saw his little boy who had been born after his wife had left him. She was willing to make her home with him again, if only he would earn a living as other Christians did.

I changed altogether. None of my friends could understand what happened.

His heart went out to his little boy, and this test was even greater than the first. Her request seemed so reasonable, but he knew that the Lord had called him from the world into this life of faith. He pleaded with the Lord, but the only reply he received was, "Back to Egypt!"

It was enough, and once more Reuben embraced the cross. He went to see his wife and child off; it was a costly experience, but as the train steamed out of the station it seemed that God poured the joy of heaven into his soul.

He literally danced on the platform. He did not see his wife for another three years. Then, in another camp meeting, she too had a revelation of the cross.

As a result of this she testified that, whereas before as a believer she had not been willing to share the sacrificial life of her husband, if it would be for God's glory she would now be willing to beg

her bread from door to door. They were reunited and she became a wonderful coworker with him in his ministry.

One thing that had hindered Rees Howells from coming through before was that while people said they were born again, he could not see that their lives were better than his. How then could he be convinced that they had something he had not? But he had sometimes said to the Lord, “If I ever see a person who is living the Sermon on the Mount, I will give in.” Before Reuben came to the end of his story, the Lord said to Rees, “Is this your man?”

Rees Howells tells in his own words what followed in that little Methodist chapel.

As Maurice Reuben brought those sacred scenes before us, I too saw the cross. It seemed as if I spent ages at the Savior’s feet, and I wept and wept. I felt as if He had died just for me. I lost myself. I had been living in the fear of death, and I saw Him taking that death for me. My parents loved me very much and, up to that time, to me there were no people like them, but they never suffered death for me. He *did* it. His love for me, as compared with theirs, was as high as the heavens above the earth, and He won my love—every bit of it. He broke me, and everything in me went right out to Him.

Then He spoke to me and said, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock. May I come in to you, as I came in to Reuben and took the place of wife and son and home and store and world? Will you accept me?”

“Yes,” I replied, and He came in, and that moment I changed. I was born into another world. I found myself in the kingdom of God, and the Creator became my Father.

That night I received the gift of eternal life, that gift which money cannot buy.

When I went home, my friend who accompanied me to the meeting, but had seen nothing in it, seemed so rough to me. Everyone who was not born again seemed rough. The Savior became everything to me. He was not only the fairest among ten thousand, but fairest among millions! That love of His had always been there, but before I saw it, there was no response from me; but He had plenty of response after this. Everything of this world was rough, but everything about Him, so holy, pure and beautiful.

I changed altogether. None of my old friends could understand what had happened. I had no fellowship with natural things. It wasn't a point of doctrine I saw; no, it was Calvary. It wasn't giving a mental assent; no, the veil was taken back, my eyes were opened and I *saw* Him. That night I saw this world as a cursed place, and the thought came to me that I would never touch it again.

The love of the Savior was revealed to me. You can't explain what a revelation is. I saw that the Savior and Father, before I should suffer, would rather suffer for me. No natural love is in the same world as His love. It was not merely that the Savior helped me outside Himself; no, He took my place. I saw every other love so rough in comparison. Self was the motive of it. But I could see *that* love enduring through the countless ages of eternity. When you receive the Savior, you receive the love of God. That love flooded my being, and it has flooded my being ever since.

I saw that by His coming in to me, He would love sinners through me, as He loved me. It would not be forcing myself to love others, any more than the Savior forced Himself to love me. No person could be an enemy to me, because

I had been an enemy to Him before I was reconciled. If I live in the realm where He is, I live to have mercy, to be kind and to love others. Could the love of God in me do harm to anyone? I had left the world and its folly and been born into that kingdom where there is only the love of God—the most attractive life on the face of the earth.

Rees always spoke of this, his spiritual birthday, as the most outstanding day of his life. It was the day which brought his stay in America to a close. He never forgot that it was in the United States and through a Jew that he found the Savior, and that he owed a debt to God's chosen people which he was to repay in later years; but he felt that his first witness should be to his own folk, who had nurtured him in the things of God.

The thought of returning home was crystallized for him within a few days by a sharp temptation on the point of his previous weakness—the love of money. The manager of the works where he was employed had a high opinion of him and offered him a job at twelve dollars a day, quite a good wage for America in those days; but it would have meant more claim on his time.

He told his friend that he was leaving as soon as he could, “because the manager is putting a temptation before me, and I told the Lord I would never live for money.” The new life was quickly pushing out the old. As he said, he had gone out to do sightseeing, but had seen the greatest sight in the world—Calvary!