Many other signs therefore did Jesus in the presence of the disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name.

—John 20. 30, 31.

THE UNDERWORLD AND THE UPPER

BY

CHARLES A. STARR

With an Introduction by

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To

THE MEMORY OF MY SPIRITUAL FATHER, THE REV. SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY, TO WHOSE WISE COUNSEL AND LOVING REGARD I OWE MY ESCAPE FROM MANY PITFALLS DURING MY EARLY CHRISTIAN LIFE, WHOSE TESTIMONY OPENED MY EYES TO THE LOVE OF THE MASTER FOR THE FALLEN, AND WHOSE GREAT HEART REACHED OUT AND MADE ME ONE OF HIS "BOYS," THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

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PREFACE

THE bringing together of these stories of salvation has been in contemplation for a long time. It has been the belief of the author that these illustrations from the "perpetual revival" will stimulate the Church to a deeper sense of its responsibility to the large numbers of unfortunate men and women who have drifted away from Christian homes to recruit the armies of tramps, criminals, and drunkards—all outcasts.

The Methodist Church was the first denomination to give official recognition to rescue work, by establishing, through its New York City Missionary Society, the Hadley Rescue Hall, on the Bowery. There were many rescue missions when Wesley Hall—as it was first called—was opened in 1904, in what had been successively a beer garden, pool and gambling house, and dance hall; but they were all under independent auspices.

To the Rev. Samuel Hopkins Hadley, whose name the mission now bears, belongs the credit of establishing the mission, for to his persistence and to others who interested two laymen of means and others in the under-

taking, may be ascribed the inauguration of the work. He has laid down his cross and taken the crown, but the work will remain as an enduring monument, not only in the mission itself and in the Old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, of which he was simultaneously superintendent, but in the lives of hundreds of men and women now scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. There is promise that other denominations soon will follow the example set by the Methodist Church; interdenominational and undenominational missions are also multiplying, but not in ratio to the increase in the army of the "down-and-outs."

The characters set forth in this volume are known to the author—many of them from the day of their redemption; their testimonies are not overdrawn, but in many cases do not tell all the extremes to which sin has brought them. They are not intended as biography, nor written to catalogue crime and depravity. Each character has his phase of evil and his peculiar approach to salvation. Hundreds more of testimonies might be written, some of which possess even more startling features; but the book is not sent out to thrill the reader with the narration of crime and degradation, but the rather to lift up Him

who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Doubtless many will wish they might have a part in missionary endeavor which promises such glorious results. To such the opportunity is open, for earnest, prevailing prayer is needed for the leaders and their work; many who need the offices of the missions do not know of their work, and by directing such to these places their salvation may be accomplished; then there is the always acceptable help through generous gifts of money.

If the Church generally, and Christians in their individual relations, can be interested in the salvation of the lost, and if the ministers and lay workers are stimulated to higher reaches of service, then this little volume will be worth while, and will have accomplished its purpose.

CHARLES A. STARR.

New York, January, 1912.

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE read a number of the stories in Mr. Starr's "The Underworld and the Upper," and am pleased to commend the general subject and Mr. Starr's manner of treating it. If I can judge by the effect that a similar book —"Twice Born Men"—produced on me and on others with whom I have conversed, there is a demand for such information as this book furnishes.

Those who have not visited the slums of a great city have no idea of the number of the wrecks that float about on their eddying currents. The average man and woman have little conception of the shameless depths to which drink carries its victims; they do not know to how many vices it is akin, and they do not realize how hard it is for the fallen to regain an honorable place among their fellows.

"The Underworld and the Upper" gives a few glimpses—a few only of the multitude that might be given—of the phases of life seen by those who are devoting themselves to rescue work. I say but a few, for at one meeting at Hadley Rescue Hall which I attended, nearly a dozen men gave experiences which

ran the entire gamut of sin and sorrow, and more than a dozen rose for prayers. The contrast between the two groups was striking: the prodigals had all but forfeited their right to claim a likeness to the Creator, while in the reformed the image had been restored. Both groups showed the need of One who can "save to the uttermost," and the reformed were living miracles. They testified to Christ's continuing power to regenerate; and the power to convert a polluted heart into a spring overflowing with love—a worse than worthless existence into a life of service—is as mysterious as the power that nineteen hundred years ago opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, and called back the spirit from the grave.

But the book will not only give renewed inspiration and new illustrations to those engaged in Christian work, but it will hold out hope to those who have been cast off by friends and relatives; to these it may bring a knowledge of Him "who sticketh closer than a brother." It may mean life to some in despair to know anew that man cannot fix a limit to God's pardoning power or close the door of mercy on a soul.

Allow me, then, to bespeak for "The Underworld and the Upper" a reception and a read-

ing. I am sure it will prove helpful to both those who desire to serve and those who need assistance.

I have recently read a poem by Walter Malone which is so in harmony with the lesson taught in "The Underworld and the Upper" that I venture to conclude with it. It is a splendid word of cheer.

OPPORTUNITY[1]

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances past away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

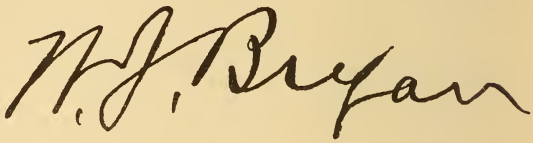
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

[1] Songs of East and West, by Walter Malone.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.



CHAPTER I

A Strong Arm Become Stronger

To Teddy the coming of a mission to the Bowery was a matter of life and death. True, there had been missions before that on the Bowery, and others came at a later date, but this mission really invaded Teddy as much as it did the Bowery. What right had a mission to start up alongside the gruesome Suicide Hall?

The block in which Christians planted the enterprise, which was in time destined to transform the entire Bowery, seemed to belong to Teddy. He had been born a few blocks away, it is true, but he had lived in it, or had been identified with the block for so long that it seemed as though it were all his. He had been a newsboy on one corner, had been employed at one time or another in one of the resorts on two sides of the block, and, when the mission arrived, he was doorman in another questionable place. He knew every nook and corner of the block, with its "get-aways" for those who would evade the police; he knew all the crooked hallways and secret doors of the very building in which the

mission was located. When its founders were inspecting the dark and forbidding recesses of the building before they had acquired it, they were themselves being inspected by Teddy, who had entered the building by the roof "to see what was going on."

It had been a dance hall for the élite of the section at one time; it had been a "respectable" beer garden, with a concert stage, retrograding into a resort for evil characters and vile deeds. There were a score of rooms where games of chance might be found in operation at once; still in place were the bars which had kept the police from raiding the poolroom which succeeded the concert garden. The little half-oval apertures in the hall were still there too. That was where the winner of a bet on the races put in his ticket to the cashier, whom he could not see, and obtained his winnings. What sort of a place was that for a mission!

"I'll have to go in and look those guys over," said Teddy, when the painter and carpenter were changing the dive into a gospel mission. He was there the first night and for many nights thereafter. You could see him glide into a rear seat like an apparition; before the invitation was given he would glide out in the same uncanny way ere one of the

workers could reach him. He was attracted, this child of the underworld, but he was as suspicious as a guilty crook.

Some of the wiser ones did not try to reach him, but left the shy one to a Higher Worker, who knows the way to the Bowery heart, as well as to the one nurtured amid more auspicious influences. But once in a while they found opportunity to get a hand on his shoulder, to make him feel at home, or to say a kind word, and, in time, to tell him of the love of the Master for Bowery boys. To such he invariably shook his head. He had been led to admit that his mother had told him about Jesus in childhood, but that he long since had forgotten all about it.

Teddy was weighing the case carefully. Schooled in the sharp practices of the underworld, he mistrusted everyone not proven to be "square." He took no one at his own estimate. The testimonies of the converts sounded so wonderful that he found himself unable to believe them.

"If that's all true, I wish I could be like that," he said to himself; then he reflected that it couldn't be true.

Meanwhile, he was watching those men. Many nights converts were shadowed by the silent one. Alas! he found many as he feared

they would be, not living on the outside what they professed within the mission. Some of them, however, stood the acid test of his sleuthing. They were pure gold from the fire.

"Those guys is all right," he said to one worker; "wish't *I* was."

He continued to draw his meager pay for doing the dirty work for a man whose "pull" at headquarters permitted him to continue his questionable resort.

Teddy was not a bad young man; there was no vicious element in him when the rough bark was peeled off. He was a creature of environment. All of his playmates had grown up to be tough, and he was no different. Fighting all the while for life against everyone else, why should he not learn all their tough ways—and go a little farther, if he could?

His godly mother advised him to be good, and tried to get him started right, but he chose the tough life. If there was a prize fight about the neighborhood, as was frequent in the days when the noted dives were kept by ex-sluggers, Teddy was there with his friends. They would all emulate the fight in some back room until all had more or less skill and some hitting ability. Teddy had a natural quick-

ness and learned to hit a sudden and heavy blow.

It was a very convenient blow when his victim called for the police, because he objected to the loss of his wallet, or watch, or diamonds. This was not what Teddy and his tough companions named them. They had a lingo for their underworld operations, which the police were not supposed to know, and as the latter are close students of languages—such as are used by crooks—the vocabulary was changing constantly.

The youth had developed into a gangster. When he worked it was a blind to conceal from the police his real business, which was to make money without work. It was so easy to follow the half-drunken man with money or valuables into a dark spot on a side street, to place an arm under his chin, and shove the man, half choked, into a doorway; it was the work of an instant for deft fingers to remove everything from his pockets that promised ready cash and then shove the fellow out on the sidewalk, with a blow which confused him. When he recovered his senses enough to cry for the police the strong-arm youths were out of sight.

Others of the gang were expert in picking pockets. Teddy knew the psychological

moment to land a blow in the victim's eye, if he discovered the theft, that in the confusion the confederates might escape; so he was a good assistant in this line too.

At one period of his career he was a "lobby-gow" in Chinatown, carrying messages, principally for the "white wives" of the Chinamen. Here he learned the ways of the almond-eyes, with their gambling and policy, and opium and cocaine-selling. He also met there many a man whose "roll" was entirely disproportionate to his wisdom, and usually the "roll" changed ownership.

This was his state when he came to the mission. One New Year's Eve a watchnight service was to be held. Teddy had been a regular visitor for many months, still unyielding, but with a battle raging within him between good and evil which no one suspected. He came to see what a watchnight service was like, for he never had heard of one before. After a season of singing and testimony all the converts were asked to gather at the platform to pray out the old year and in the new.

This was something new; usually the men Teddy knew would get drunk to celebrate the event, but here were men praying! When a plea was made for men to start the year right, Teddy refused to yield, but just before

the bells tolled the midnight hour Satan met with a severe defeat, for Teddy arose from his seat and started to join the others at the altar. He was met with open arms all along the way, and, amid the din from without which told of a new year born, a shout arose, heard above it all, and it told of a soul reborn.

The child of the streets was metamorphosed into a child of the King in a very short time, with a childlike faith that was a benediction to others on the firing line. Of course he gave up his job in the dive forthwith. Then he found out that his speech needed mending to conform to his new profession. He began to pray—and to watch—and awoke one night to a realization that he did not want to use wrong words any more and actually was not doing so. Other inclinations of the past dropped away in the same manner. He told one of his new friends after a time: "I saw a man down the street last night with a 'rock' as big as a dime. I could have taken it easily, but somehow I didn't do it. I don't understand what has come over me; I didn't want his diamond. I don't understand it."

It had not dawned upon him until his friend explained how old things pass away and all things become new to him who accepts Jesus; that this was why he no longer wanted to

steal. His testimony thereafter rang afresh as he told how God had taken away the desire to steal. A little while later he found that he no longer wanted to use his fistic skill to right his own or his neighbor's wrongs. Indeed, the hold-up child of the Bowery underworld had been transformed. From striving after "easy money" he had begun to work honestly at a trade, and became far happier than he had thought possible.

Others than the converts at the mission saw the change, however. Teddy walking down the Bowery, or some other East Side street where he was known, became a living epistle known and read of all men. His associates could not understand what had caused the change until Teddy told them it was Jesus, his new Friend; even then they wondered.

His old boss at the saloon wondered too. He had known Teddy for many years, and had he heard that the young man had been sent to jail he would have manifested no surprise. But to be changed into a clean and straight fellow, as different from his former self as the day is from night, was another thing.

He was forced to believe there was something in the religion he did not understand. He had scoffed at it, but there was Teddy.

There were many insincere Christians; but Teddy, he wasn't. He knew that Teddy was not a fakir; that while he might parry or evade questioning, he would not lie when it came to the test, in the old life. Therefore he was sure that there was nothing false about the new life. And it stood before him and troubled him more than he liked to admit.

One night, in the shadow of his side-door vestibule, where he was a lookout, because his saloon was open after hours, and men and women were entering the Raines law resort, he confessed that Teddy puzzled him and had him thinking very hard.

"I wish I could get out of this business," he said; "it don't seem right any more. But what is a man to do? Here I have all my money in this business and I can't get out. But isn't it great the way Teddy is holding out?"

That was the secret; Teddy had troubled him. Scarce a word he spoke about it to his former associates, but his life told the story of salvation as lips could not.

The saloon man has been lured within the mission more than once, and the workers do not think it beyond the limits of faith to expect his conversion some day. If it ever comes, it will not be from the missionary's

word or works, nor from what the other converts have to say; these may all have their part in the work of grace, but the chief factor will be a sermon writ in flesh and blood in the person of Teddy.

Teddy's old mother lived long enough to know of the wonderful change in her boy and to rejoice therein. Now Teddy has but two objects in life, to meet his dear old mother again one day, and to help others into the kingdom.

"If anyone had ever told me I would go to work at a trade and quit the crooked life," he said one night, "I would have told him he was 'nutty.'"

But the "strong arm" of the underworld has become the far stronger one of the upper; it is strong enough to labor honestly now; it is strong enough to raise a fallen brother.

CHAPTER II

An International Panhandler

"Panhandling," in the language of the underworld, originally meant the class of begging followed by the man or woman whose particular "graft" was to shove out a small tin pan before those passing elevated railroad stations or other much frequented places. This distinguished them from the ones who "sold" lead pencils, threw "sympathy fits" in the crowd, or plied one of the hundred other means of gaining a living without working which are to be found in any large city. It has come to mean almost any means of acquiring money "by the wits," as contrasted with criminal acts.

"Panhandler" was the title of a stalwart man who called at the American Embassy in London during the term of the late Thomas F. Bayard as Minister to the Court of Saint James.

"Mr. Bayard, I am an American and I am in distress. I am a native of Virginia. You have noticed that the name on my card is that of a former President. He was my grandfather. I am named after an ancestor of my

mother, who was chaplain to George Washington during the winter of Valley Forge. I have met with bad luck in London and I want to get home. Will you help me?"

This was the suave self-introduction of the stranger. It was followed by a story of twenty years of globe-trotting, couched in words that stamped the speaker as a man of education. The dark side of the twenty years was not referred to, neither was the fact that the "bad luck" experienced was only that his purse was not of equal extent with the drink supply of England and the Continent. He got the money, as he had from every other American representative with whom he had come in contact in the latter half of the twenty years; likewise from every American tourist who could be deceived by his blandishments.

He was not a tramp, though it was no novelty for him to "take the road." He was too well dressed for a tramp, and he would work—actually preferred to, between sprees—and no one yet has discovered a real tramp with a desire to labor, except it be to escape a severer punishment, and the emergency must be stringent.

If you had asked him why he was a wanderer, the answer probably would have been that he wanted to see the world. In his heart

he knew that was not the reason, but he could not have explained the underlying principle of the unrest which impelled him to move on and on. He did not know that he was seeking rest, peace of heart; how could he know that he craved a thing of which he had no conception? He called it wanderlust; it was more than that. It was soul hunger and thirst —not the thirst which caused his heavy and constant drinking, but that which only a draught of the living waters can assuage.

Thousands of men are drifting along the world arteries with no greater realization of the reason. On, on, always going somewhere, but never arriving; finding one town after another has no place for them, soon they take the "blind baggage" or car roof to the next place, only to repeat the experience there.

We have been slow to comprehend what is called the "tramp nuisance." We have studied it from almost every other angle, but we have failed to see a spiritual truth exemplified in the hobo, and we have failed to apply, except in incipient cases, the soul remedy, the only one of avail. It is not an evil to be solved by philosophy, or philanthropy, by soup-houses, or workhouses, or by prisons, but by applied theology. We must strike deeper to find the root of this disease of the body politic, and

must understand the yearning of a soul which sends him searching up and down the earth for that which Jesus Christ alone can give. There is need of an "Apostle to the Wanderer," to bear him the message of salvation as a satisfaction for that unutterable yearning. Millionaires who have become hobos that they might study causes have brought no solution of the tramp question; humble missionaries have seen it solved numberless times.

Native of the Old Dominion, reared in luxury, an "F. F. V." in his own right, the childhood and youth of Clarke gave no promise of life-wreck. From the ancestral mansion to the pauper's couch on the floor of a pleasure pavilion in a public park is a far reach, undreamed of in those days; but sin drives so many beloved sons into the far country.

While attending a private school in his native State, with other students he visited the Monticello home of Thomas Jefferson. There a drink of whisky was offered the lad—his first. He drank it with no thought that he would become a drunkard, or that forty-two years later he would be seeking a cure, and that he would find the only one.

In college he kept up the hot pace of the

fastest set. He had money and a strong constitution, and he emerged from college with a fixed habit. He still maintained his respectability, the high standing of his family covering his faults.

After the death of his father a large sum of money came to him. It was the signal for beginning a debauch which lasted for two years. Wine, fast company, luxury, and prodigality all contributed to the wreck which came at the end of that period, when Clarke found that he was broke.

Most persons start to see the world when the purse is corpulent. The reverse stimulated Clarke to that intent. He worked, "bummed," or panhandled his way around the world five times. Sometimes he was upon the pinnacle of prosperity; more often he was on the toboggan of defeat; always he was dropping lower in the social scale and that scale of self-respect by which one measures his own character.

The international tramp sometimes may seem to be, but actually very seldom is, in a hurry. With more time than money at his disposal, strange scenes allure him until the novelty wears off; then it is on to the pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp—something new—once more. So it was with Clarke; he became as

familiar with Whitechapel haunts in London, with the Latin Quarter of Paris, the fan-tan joints of Hong Kong, the Boca of Buenos Ayres, or the Levee of Chicago and China-town of San Francisco, as with the Bowery of New York, and he was at home in any of them.

In the bush country of Australia he became a "swagga" of the land; he earned and begged his way among the swarms of beggars of Bamboo Square and Flag Street, in Calcutta. Like Paul, but with different purpose, might he have said, "I am become all things to all men." Strangely, he never got into jail. They were plenty enough along the route; this universal institution had not lacked keepers nor incentive for utilizing their services. Perhaps it was his predisposition to work that militated to keep Clarke out of jail.

A rugged constitution refused to be wrecked by drink and neglect; abused mental powers came out clear from debauch after debauch. Sober, he preferred to work; drunk, he could not or would not work, and no person was high enough to escape his persuasive begging.

One day he saw an American flag in the harbor of a far-off quarter of the globe and it thrilled him more than anything he had seen

in years. He was sober at the time and he resolved to see his old home again. It was on the homestretch of this jaunt that his loftiest panhandling was accomplished, including the incident related. Foreign representatives of the United States furnished him a large part of the passage money to New York.

Arriving with but a few dollars, he sought and obtained work, taking the first thing which offered itself. As before, pay day was the signal for a spree. In foreign lands, where pay day comes once a quarter, he had been sober that long at a stretch. Where pay day came with Saturday night, Sunday found him maudlin—and broke—as a rule; generally, Monday or Tuesday he found a new job. Almost everything dignified with the name of labor fell to his lot, until there came a time when all avenues of employment were closed because of his habits and condition. Nor could he put on "a front" and beg. His friends understood him too well to be taken in by his blandishments; his stories lost their novelty, his appeals their force.

And none but the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Or how dark the night that the Lord passed through—

No one has been able to picture adequately the despair which engulfs a man when he first

feels himself *lost.* He does not come to that realization suddenly, though it always startles him. It has been seeping through the brain tissues, spurring at times an effort to escape the vortex into which consciousness tells him he is being drawn; but there is always hope ahead. Something will turn up, surely!

One day there flashes upon him the feeling which came to the prodigal son out among the swine. No man gave unto him! If he remember that story, perchance he will say: "Well, that fellow was not so badly off as I am; at least he had a job. No one wants me." Happy the man who remembers more—of the Father and his welcome; who simulates the prodigal and says, "I will arise and go unto my Father." Too often he thinks he will, but what he says is, "O, I never could face that brother."

Without money, friends, or work, if Clarke thought at all, it was to wonder how long the police would allow him to occupy a park bench at night, or the pavilion floor if it rained or snowed, or to wonder where he could get the nickel for a drink—and the free lunch. Sodden with drink, his strong frame impoverished, who would have given even a paltry dollar for the creature which lay prone on the stone floor of the pavilion, one of a hundred

once strong men, each more hopeless than his fellow, if that be possible?

Shambling about in the day, scanning the faces of the throng to find one of charitable mien; slinking into the cover of darkness at night to evade the too close espionage of the police—O, the wretchedness of it all! Is there hope for such as these? Are they of the "whosoever"?

One day Clarke missed a drink. "No man gave unto him" again. Soberness was not a fault but a necessity. From some deep recess of memory came a story once heard in a mission. Thirty years before, then a young Southern swell, he had piloted a party of ladies through the slums to a mission near the water front. Jerry McAuley had spoken, and then "Slippery Pete" had told how he was rescued from a life of crime. The stories had persisted, particularly the latter, and it was making him think on this hopeless day.

"I'll go down and see if that mission is still there," he said to himself. "Maybe I'll hear another story like that."

He heard a dozen; thank God that men who have come out of the fire are eager to tell the story of their redemption.

"Maybe there *is* a chance," he said; "I'll try."

With other "bums" he knelt and prayed. Praying, he felt the presence of Jesus Christ and heard him whisper of pardon.

There was a struggle for a time, for the devil was reluctant to lose so faithful a servant. But the God of all peace strengthened him in the inner man and kept him from being utterly cast down by temptations. His first job was as bed-maker in a Bowery lodging house, and paid seventy-five cents a day and lodging. Faithfulness won promotion to a clerkship at seven dollars a week and room. Then, as manhood returned, other opportunities opened. He became a painter in a hospital where he had been an alcoholic patient before.

One day he met an old-time friend whom he had "bummed" for the price of a drink many times. That man saw the change wrought by the gospel writ clear in his countenance, heard the story of the transformation, and, eager to help on the work which God had started, he told Clarke to come and see him. First as porter, then as superintendent of a big business block in the center of the city, the world tramp and panhandler of ambassadors came back to his own.

Night after night in some place he tells the story of his downfall and uprising, for he has

passed from the degree "Joy of salvation" to that of "Joy of service," and gladly takes up his cross. The men beside whom he slept in the park believe in him and give credit to the God who saved him.

Several years after his conversion Clarke forsook worldly occupation, that he might have more time to speak for his Master, and now is an evangelist, with a message to all, but especially to the lost.

The once proud son of the South has found a new country, of which he is proud—the Kingdom of Peace. Pride of birth? Yes, of the new birth. Of family? Is he not adopted as an heir to a throne? Yet he is one of the humblest men about the mission, and in this others see the sure sign of his sonship.

CHAPTER III

The Stowaway

Whisky had made Stanley a stowaway on an Atlantic steamship. His family had sent him money to travel in the cabin, but the ship did not sail for twenty-four hours; with a companion he went to get a drink, took many, and when the hour of departure arrived had no money for passage. So he stowed away, appearing, when the ship was well on her voyage, half starved and parched. The captain had no use for a stowaway, but he had work for Stanley and his companion when they discovered themselves. The ship had a short time before been under impress to carry supplies to the British troops, and had taken a cargo of flour to South Africa and then a cargo of coal for the battleships. Between the two the hold was incrusted with a thick cake of mingled flour and coal dust, baked hard by the heat of the hold. Stanley and his partner were ordered to scrape the sides. It was hard work, but they got across, which was the main thing they desired; also they were fed.

Stanley had been sent to England by his

wife and family because he was coming home drunk constantly and demanding money. He had been a drunkard for several years, so debauched that he could not be harbored by them, and went to the house only when he wanted money. Patience had vanished, and his wife told him she would send him to any other country he desired and forward regular remittances to him if he would only remain there. He had chosen England.

When the remittances came they were quickly squandered in the alehouses; until another arrived Stanley kept himself in drinks and an occasional meal by small jobs he was able to pick up. After a time the remittances ceased and he became a tramp. In England the tramp has no such easy time as is permitted him in America. He is looked upon with suspicion everywhere and few are charitable enough to feed him. It is usually a struggle to feed those in the home, without giving to the rough-visaged stranger at the door. A curse more often than a crust is his portion.

Stanley had found some work in the hop fields and elsewhere in the farm districts, but home labor had first call, and where there always is an overplus the foreigner stands little chance of securing work. Consequently,

he frequently had to apply at the workhouses for food and shelter. He earned all that he received, for picking oakum or other work is required, and the stint is not a trifling one.

On one occasion he had sat in a hall in one of the cities where he heard that "cobs" of bread were given to all who applied. Three hours were spent in addresses, intended to point the audience to a better life. Stanley was starving, almost, and so tired that he slept through most of the meeting; he roused up to hear that there was a shortage of bread and that all able-bodied men must pass out unsatisfied, so that the crippled or otherwise infirm might be supplied. Stanley had strength in spite of his starving condition, and he sadly left the place.

In desperation he finally begged the materials and wrote his wife of his condition, asking that money be sent for the return passage, promising on his part that he would keep away from her when he reached America. The money had been sent.

Stanley had been reared tenderly. The home was one of æsthetic influences, for his father, what time he had to spare from the bank, indulged himself with his books and with brush and canvas, with which he had considerable skill and local renown. He was also

a fisherman and wrote much of fish life and fishing. Both parents were Christians, and the children were brought under the influence of the Church in infancy.

When but sixteen Stanley had taken his first drink in a saloon. He was out with a party of his associates, who initiated him that night as "one of the boys." In the course of time the desire to shine in that capacity rose higher and higher, until his one ambition was that he should be able to drink more than any one of his companions—which ambition was gratified. Then came gambling with cards and on horse races and other forms of sin, which led to debauchery and profligacy and ruin.

He had been put in the bank as a junior, eventually rising to be a bookkeeper; but all the time habits were being formed which were to dominate the life for years. "Seeing life" was what he called the trips to the dens of vice in the great city. He became familiar with the phases of "life" seen in the low dance halls and dives, which were then scattered over the lower half of the city and flourished without molestation, some of them being old enough and notorious enough to have an international reputation.

The young bank clerk had a liberal salary,

but he was always in debt because of his habits, which finally caused him to lose his place at the bank. Stanley saw whither he was drifting and resolved to end his dissipation. As a part of this plan he married a godly young woman whom he had known from his school days; on the night of their wedding he imbibed freely, and for the first time the bride learned of his drinking habit. He promised her he would quit, but the influence of his companions was too much for his good resolutions and in a short time he drank harder than ever.

Of course he could not hold a position very long, though he tried many times to change his mode of life. The toboggan path is steep to such, and the end is disaster.

He had come naturally by a fine tenor voice, for both parents were choir singers, and Stanley became a soloist of reputation, adding to his income by choir and concert work. Drink and cigarettes and disregard of his vocal organs during his sprees obliged him at last to give up his singing.

The time came when his wife, who had nursed and fed and clothed him after repeated debauches, felt that it was useless to try to help him any longer, and Stanley was shipped away.

The first day he was off the ship on the return he had found several friends, and they had provided him with the means to become very much intoxicated. He wanted to go home as usual. A companion took him to the home in the suburbs, stood him against the door and rang the bell.

The wife, though almost overcome when she saw the terrible condition of Stanley, took him in, nursed him back to health, fitted him out with presentable clothing, and gave him money to travel to another city to apply for a job being held open for him. He tarried by the way, drinking, and when his destination was reached, he found the job was gone—they had given up hope of seeing him.

Stanley's money went in a few days, his clothing was pawned, and the money was spent for drink. He had been singing in the dives along the water front for drinks and a chance at the free lunch counter, and one night went to bed in a sailors' lodging house. When he awoke to consciousness he was in a shipping office, his name attached to articles which bound him to go with an oyster dredger to the beds down the bay. In the shipping office he and others who had been shanghaied were kept stupefied with drink; what was called "whisky" was kept in a bucket, in

which was a tin dipper and all the men need do to get a drink was to help themselves.

In this condition Stanley was sent aboard the dredger and he was far down the bay when he awoke. This method of shanghaiing men after filling them with drink is still in operation in some ports; though efforts have been made to break up the practice.

Stanley froze his feet during one cold snap, and was set ashore with money enough to enable him to reach a hospital. When he was well he came North again, and at an addressing establishment he made enough to provide lodging, drinks, and—sometimes—meals.

The addressing establishment, where envelopes and wrappers are given a name and street address from a prepared list or from city directories, has kept many a drunkard in drinks and furnished a bare existence for down-and-out mankind. At seventy-five cents to one dollar a thousand from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day can be made when there is work. Many a former drunkard too has obtained a new start in life. A successful author of the present day began to remake life in one such place; likewise a man who has attained some prominence in Methodist affairs; and numerous cases might be cited. When you receive the circular and toss the

envelope carelessly aside, breathe a prayer for the man who addressed it. He may be groping in darkness; he may be striving to reach the light.

Stanley's love of music was the instrument God used to bring him to himself. One night he went into a mission to hear the singing, which one of his chums said was exceptional. When he sat down they were singing "Bring Peace to My Soul To-day."

"Can there be such a thing as peace?" he pondered; "certainly I have not had any peace for so long that I can hardly remember it."

He heard the stirring testimony of a man who had wandered about like himself, and a score of others who duplicated parts of his experience, and when the invitation hymn was started he was ready to capitulate. They sang,

> "I've wandered far away from God,
> Now I'm coming home,"

and home he came; and the God of all peace brought peace and pardon to his soul, and his wanderings were over.

He was destined to be tested of God. When his efforts to secure employment away from the old surroundings had proven futile, in sheer desperation he shipped to a Southern railroad camp, never dreaming of the hard-

ships before him. When he could endure it no longer he walked—most of the way—back to the North and made his way to the mission.

In less than a year from his conversion he had convinced his wife that the change was permanent, and for a number of years they have been together with their son, whose twenty-first birthday fell on the night Stanley found himself, a fact that had much to do with breaking up the stony heart for the ministration of the Spirit.

After an unusual struggle to rise again, he secured a splendid position, and though illness and other troubles have oppressed him, he would not surrender his peaceful, happy home life for all that the world has to offer. He never lost the desire to drink, but God gave him the strength to win out, so that it has not regained mastery over him.

His voice has been restored gradually, and rings out in songs of salvation instead of the melodies with which he once earned drinks and a welcome in the low dives.

Shipped now in the Old Ship Zion, he is earning his passage once more, though not as a stowaway, and one day expects to be discharged in the port of the Homeland.

CHAPTER IV

A Frat House Confession

"Believe me, fellows, I've played the game; it isn't worth the candle."

In the center of a group of young college men in the "frat" house of an Eastern university, reclining with them among the pillows in a cozy corner, sat a handsome young man, whose clean-cut visage betokened shrewdness and whose manner and speech gave evidence of refinement. He was talking earnestly with the members of the group, one or two of whom had evidently been indulging in recent dissipation, shown in flushed faces and disordered apparel. A slight discoloration of one eye of a slender youth gave "color" to the scene; shamefaced, the eyes of several of the party sought the rug, and all were thinking deeply and without remark.

There had been a supper. Wine had passed the lips of the slender youth for the first time; all had indulged enough to fire the boisterous spirit, and then had followed a "night of it." It was morning now and remorse was written on every brow. They had just heard that the winecup and the royster were not the highest

goal for a student. They had heard it from the lips of a college man, together with a story which told them that the speaker knew whereof he spoke.

He had recalled a similar occasion, while attending a Southern university, when his first drink of wine was taken; then he had sketched rapidly before their vision the ease with which he had gradated to the casual, then the moderate drinker, then to the fixed habit, on down until, a tramp, he had landed in a large city without a penny, reduced to sleeping in parks; homeless, friendless, and hopeless.

He had come of a Southern family of proud lineage. The blood of a Revolutionary general mingled in his veins with that of a man who will be remembered as long as the government school he founded. He was the cousin of a President of the United States. His father a lawyer-orator known outside the State where he practiced; his mother a sweet-voiced Christian woman with all the graces and beauty of the Southron; his home an ancestral mansion set beneath centuries-old trees; his every want supplied—surely there must be some mistake about that park bench—about the tramp!

There were heartburnings and heart-search-

ings as the story unfolded. When did the story of sin—and salvation—ever fail to thrill and to provoke introspection? The mother had gone from the home when he was twelve and the father was scarcely the one to nurture the lad in the teachings of the mother. His beliefs lay along a different course. He did not accept the Bible, and his chief delight was to find some new section to tear to pieces, fancying he was at the same time tearing down the Christian faith. Was there a flaw in the Christian character of a man or woman in the neighborhood? It served to bring a sneer about religion.

The children—five motherless birdlings left in the nest—were allowed to go to church out of respect for the one who had passed on. All were confirmed in their church, but their conception of Christ and his teachings was vague. His day was Sunday; the other days were theirs, except for the appointed feasts.

College days came. Young Merton was a virile youth to whom sin in repulsive form had not come. He was clean-lived, and never had had a drink; nor, stranger still, achieved to the usual vices of the idle rich man's son. With social standing, money, ability, he was welcomed by the blue-blooded youth of the university and was soon taken into the "frat,"

in whose house at another university the story was being related. Baseball was second nature to him, and he was chosen one of the nine sent to compete at a world's fair with the flower of the colleges of the nation.

In the "frat" house he had taken his first drink, while yet a freshman. In the rosy visions which the alcohol inspired there was none of the broken-down drunkard, of shame, or disgrace. Yet that first drink made him the drunkard, with all its accompaniments. As an athlete he was not allowed to drink more than casually; but this was enough. The habit was formed; chains were forged beyond all human power to break. As usual, the victim knew not of this. He did not realize that he already was a slave, so, of course, had not the slightest desire for freedom. In the estimation of his fellows it was gentleman; that he ever would drink as a gentleman; that he would ever drink as a "bum" never occurred to him.

Merton had all this in mind as he spoke earnestly to the group about him. He was determined that they should see in his experience the insidious power of alcohol; hating it with all his soul, he sought to point out the two paths and the sure destination of each. He knew that Christ was the only sure cure

for the drunkard, as for every other sin. Loving him, he sought to bring him into the lives of the young students.

When Merton graduated it was with honors—and a habit. He thought to follow in the footsteps of his father at the bar; but cigarettes and drink sapped his stability, and in the end he was attached to another kind of bar. To dance, or play tennis, or some other society good time, offered far more pleasure than the perusal of dry tomes of legal lore, and because of dissipation he could not pin himself down to study. The bar was abandoned for business. This prospered, so that he had a good income, but the gay society life had its attractions; he was in demand to lead the cotillon, and social engagements overshadowed business. After nights of the butterfly life—no, it is moths that fly when candles are lighted, to singe their wings—business had little to attract him and he drank more than ever to keep up his flagging energies. Gambling with his young-blood companions offered a means of supplementing his income, the demands upon which had grown faster than the salary given him. Yet he would have passed for the equal of any young man of promise in the town. The park bench was not even in the dim perspective.

Merton was a regular churchgoer on Sundays. The rest of the week he was drinking, racing, or playing the races or the market, frequenting prize fights, or being fleeced by some professional gambler. Several of the latter gentry forced the father to settle the son's debts. Whisky was too mild by this time; absinthe was required to steady his nerves. He had become a drunkard. One day his father, enraged by his hopeless, degenerate condition, ordered him from the home.

The boy had married, in the meantime, a charming Southern girl, and though for two years the husband had not drawn a sober breath, she refused to desert him, even when the father turned against his boy. The father advised her not to stick to her husband, but, when she refused, gave her a large-sized check, telling his son that he did not want to see his face again, and that the home was barred to him forever.

To another State farther north the couple traveled, he hoping to secure a position, she trusting that fate would usher in a new régime in her home. But it did not. Merton secured a position with one of the large trusts at a good salary. He strove and succeeded and was well liked. But he did not end his drinking. It had too firm a hold upon him to be

affected by wishes and resolutions, and he drank worse than ever. Night after night he awoke craving the drink that only brought a greater thirst. He kept a bottle under his pillow, or within reach of his hand, for he had to have it. He kept a bottle in his desk by day for the same reason.

One day while he was at lunch one of the officers of the corporation had occasion to look for some papers in the young man's desk. The bottle was found, there was a scene, and the clerk was discharged. Even soulless corporations have no use nowadays for the man who drinks; one who, at least, cannot wait until after office hours is impossible.

Long before this the wife's check from the father was gone. It had been put in a bank in her name, but under pleas that sums were needed for pressing claims, she signed small checks in favor of the husband. He raised the amounts and squandered the money in drink. Clothing, jewelry, and everything else with a pawnshop value went there to satisfy the demon within him. Some months before the end came the wife had returned in sorrow to her home in the South. She felt that there was no hope for her husband.

Existing for a number of weeks in another city, borrowing small sums from friends and

"hanging out" at a swell bar, he at length came to a point where those friends were tired of being "panhandled" and bade him begone. In another city, nearer the metropolis, he sought work vainly. Down to his last dollar, it too went for drink. Then his watch went, and he sent pleading telegrams to a brother at the old home and to another, a broker in the North. Of course neither sent a reply. They knew that the money asked, if given, would all go to the saloon man.

"Let him starve. Maybe, if he gets good and hungry, it will do him good. Let's see; the prodigal did not come to himself until after no man gave unto him. Well, we'll try that plan. Everything else has failed."

That was the way the brothers reasoned. Had there been a reliable cure for the brother, they would have given large sums for his treatment. They knew not that the Great Physician would heal him without money or price.

O, the irony of fate! Here was a man robbed of everything he possessed that was worth while, unless it be life—penniless, a wanderer, sleeping on the park benches in a county named for his illustrious ancestor.

At the railway station, where he sought the telegram which never came, he was accosted

by a stranger who first inquired the name and then said he had once been aided by the wretched semblance of a man he addressed. A small sum of money, sufficient to pay fare to the metropolis, was asked and given, and with it a cordial invitation to call on the friend when that city was reached.

It was cheaper by the trolley and the trip was made that way. What had been saved was represented in a bottle of whisky. On the verge of delirium, he felt that he must have drink at hand if that awful moment came while on the trolley car, else he would die before he could get the whisky.

When he reached his brother's office in the city he found him gone to Europe—sailed the day before. From college chums and other friends, and by the many devices of the drunkard, he obtained money to keep him in food and drink—principally the latter—for about two months. Then these avenues were closed to him. There was only one more to "touch up"; this was a relative in the financial district. He was a working Christian, a friend of the rescue missions, a coworker with the late Rev. Samuel H. Hadley, the "Apostle to the Outcast." Though he had shunned the cousin for that very reason, it was through him that the whole world was to be made

over to Merton and a human soul to be reclaimed.

When no man gave the cousin was appealed to. Warning had come before the visit, the family sending word not to give money to Merton, who was reported hopeless. But the cousin loved the Master and knew his power to save to the uttermost and was waiting for the visit.

When he came the wreck of sin was so complete that it was necessary to ask that he should not visit the office again, but meet the cousin elsewhere. Money was given, and with it a homily on the young man's duty to himself and others and to God, and a testimony that through Jesus Christ he might find release from his evil ways. Unlike the others, the cousin bade him "come again" to an appointed rendezvous. In a week he was back, worse, if that were possible.

"I wish you would go down to this place and bring me back a book," said the cousin, handing him a slip of paper with a name and address upon it. The address was that of Mr. Hadley's mission. The latter's assistant was there when the tramp arrived, and he knew what to do with such a case. He had gone through a like experience before becoming a soul-winner. The mission janitor, once

a train robber, welcomed the visitor and took him to the office. After a short talk, in which the assistant superintendent unfolded the way of escape from drink, the two knelt and prayed. Probably it made little impression on the one; it was the prayer of faith for the other—faith which knew how richly God fulfills his promises. To the down and out, anything which promised relief was welcomed.

The question is often asked in rescue missions how many of the thousands who kneel at the altar are really saved. Mr. Hadley used to reply to the query: "I don't know. We don't keep the books down here. I shall never know until we all stand before the judgment bar. But I know that enough are saved to keep me telling the story; that's my part of the work."

But he told his friends, also, that as many as could be brought under Christian influences were landed for eternity, usually, and he spent much of his energy in following up the converts. God speed the day when Christian men and women will endow the missions liberally enough to enable a work of conservation to be prosecuted on a large scale.

When the book was carried to the cousin a reluctant promise was obtained to attend the mission meeting that night.

Who can describe the act of salvation? What words can depict the influence which comes upon men in the presence of Jesus and his present-day disciples, filled like those of old with a love and a vision?

The meeting was starting as the relatives entered. God sent a prophet for the occasion. A converted gambler led the meeting, a man whose soul yearned after the lost and who told the miracle of salvation in his own life.

When he related how he had knelt in a mission hall and prayed God to give his wife a new husband and his children a new father, after whisky and cards had taken all he had and driven him from home, the young tramp thought of his wife in the far away Southland and wondered if he would ever see her again; wondered if some such change might not come to him. He loved his wife, but he loved whisky better. No! He loathed whisky, but he must have it, for the demon was in control.

Then, one after another, men stood up and told how a similar change had come to them by calling upon Jesus to save them. Some of the men told stories much like his own experiences of the last few years. Some of them he recognized as men of education and former social standing; others by their speech betrayed the lack of instruction and elevating

surroundings. But they all had the one tale. They had been Down and Out, and were now Up and Doing, and they looked it.

Not content with simply telling men of the power of God unto salvation, in a mission a chance is always afforded any who wish to pour out their broken hearts at the mercy seat. When the invitation was given, asking those who wished prayers to hold up their hands, one hand went up, and one heart almost stopped beating in anticipation. A moment later another invitation brought him to his feet, and with bowed head and streaming eyes he walked up the narrow aisle and knelt with a dozen other tramps, crooks, and drunkards. The college boy had reached the depths of humiliation; but he had reached the heights of hope also, and he prayed as though his life depended upon it, as it did. He had forgotten all about his pride of birth, had even forgotten his present misery in the realization of his sins, and he pleaded the prayer of the prodigal so sincerely that it reached the ear of the Almighty, with whom to hear means forgiveness for the penitent one.

His cousin and other friends raised up of God nurtured the newborn babe of the kingdom; the cousin was an almost constant companion, and for seven months they lunched

together at noon and went together to the mission at night. The mission converts received him cordially—lovingly—their friendship interpreting brotherhood to him in a new way.

This was the story which the college group heard; the result of the gospel power was in their midst. Flushed faces deepened in color, and a moistness of the eyes betrayed how deeply many of them were moved by the tale.

"Fellows, I have proved it. God can save the drunkard, but he can save you from being drunkards too, and he can make you clean and rightlived," said Merton.

In the quiet of the lounging place one after another of the boys decided for Christ and pledged themselves to tell of his power on earth at every possible opportunity.

Tramp no longer, his perpetual thirst overcome by the living waters of the promise, as an ambassador of a group of college men and under the direction of a religious institution, Merton speaks to thousands of college boys each year. From the very first he felt the desire to tell drunkards there was hope for them, and he spent much time in hospitals, alcoholic wards, and in prisons; then he was made assistant superintendent of the mission where he was converted. Being called

to speak in many churches, he saw the need of preserving the young men from the fate which had befallen him for many years; then he was called to his present field.

To Merton was reserved the great joy of leading his own father to Christ. The father could tear to tatters the Old Book, he thought, but he could not answer the transformation of his boy, and it melted his heart.

A letter from Merton tells of this joyful event. "He forgave my wayward past," he writes, "and when he died we were fully reconciled."

The remainder of the family were converted, as well. They had been mainly nominal Christians, but the revelation in Merton made them fall in love with the Master. His wife gave her life and service to him a year after Merton's conversion, as a thank-offering to God for giving back the husband, and she is supporting a girl missionary in India by her own efforts, and herself is leading others to Christ. The three brothers know the joy of sins forgiven, and all are proud of the redemption of the one whom they had thought hopelessly lost.

How many do the missions save? Who can tell the number who will reach gloryland through this one? Rescue missions perhaps

pay better on the investment than almost any other form of Christian work, for they turn out workers.

Honored by his fellow men and by God, loved by all who know him, Merton remembers the pit whence he was digged and has set his face to keep as many as possible from the miry clay, in the colleges and like places. None would ever suspect his past, except by his own revelation, for God has removed the marks of sin and he bears no resemblance to the park sleeper of a few years ago. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," wrote Paul. Doth not the proof lie here?

CHAPTER V

"He First Findeth His Own Brother"

Wallace was a good-for-nothing, drunken tramp. He had been fireman, saloonkeeper, gambler, circus fakir, and follower of cheap shows at fairs, and he had not succeeded very well at anything. Now he was a tramp, and he was not even a success at that. It required too much thought—and too little; too much in evading work; too little with respect to his past—for he had a memory and it gave him many anxious hours in his downward career —and, now that he was down and out, memory was still active.

It was the night of his birthday anniversary. Perhaps that was why he was so gloomy. He could not forget that once he was pure and the light of a mother's eye. That mother, he well knew, would wet her pillow with tears that night, and sobs would mingle with her prayers that God would save her precious boy. Fifteen years she had pleaded before the Throne for this boy and another almost as wayward; then she had committed them back into the hands of God in this way: "Father, I do not rebel because you do not answer my

prayers, but I can do nothing for my boys, so I give them back to you, and you must save them. I have done all I can."

She felt that her prayers had been uttered in faith and that it was now the Divine part to see that his promises were kept. Meanwhile she would trust and wait—and pray on.

Wallace knew this, or had a pretty strong conviction that his mother was praying for him; but her ceaseless love only made him sad, for he had no thought of ever turning to her God, or away from his evil life. He felt that he was doomed; that no power existed which could change him into a respected and self-respecting man. He knew he could not change of his own volition. Yet this birthday night how he wished that he might be back with mother! It was so long since he had seen his loved ones.

With such reflections the lodging house became strangely intolerable for one who had not seen a bed for several weeks. Fortune had been against him every way he turned. On this birthday occasion he found his cash capital to be thirty cents. For a birthday present he "bought himself" a lodging-house room. It was too early to retire, and the vile smoke and viler conversation of the office did not fit with thoughts of home and mother.

Leaving the surroundings, which disgusted him as never before, he strolled amid the throng until he saw a transparency before a building he knew well. He did not realize it, but that sign was the very thing he had been looking for, and he turned in as though he had been headed for the mission, which occupied the place where the dive had once been. He felt so lonely; perhaps he would hear something which would make him forget for a little while. Small thought had he that his hungering and thirsting after better things was about to be satisfied by his mother's God; that the blackness within his soul was but the denser because of the perfect day at hand.

Wallace was not brought up to be a tramp. The influences of a Christian home were his, and he was taught the way of rectitude. Sin, the destroying monster, early had come into his life, however. He had been given every opportunity, but the Evil One was in control. As a young man he had obtained the necessary "pull" to get into the fire department in a city of the Middle West. There he learned to drink and it mastered him. Often he went from his cot to drive the truck with a muddled brain. He was thought daring, but it was whisky, not bravery. Good fortune kept him from serious accident, but hair-breadth escapes were fre-

quent. It was a wonder how he kept his seat sometimes. One day he quit his job and opened a saloon.

Perhaps this step was taken that he might buy his drinks by wholesale; at any rate, he became his own best customer, and one day the saloon went into other hands. In another city down the river he became bartender-waiter in one of the toughest dramshops of the place, known locally as the "Sand Pit," whose proprietor, on the day the place was opened, threw the key away as a useless encumbrance. What Wallace made he spent on drink and gambling. When he "got through" with this job, and a few others as bad, he drifted, becoming the consort of gamblers, fakirs, and hangers-on of the circuses and county fairs, going into anything which offered a chance to make money off the unwary; one day on "easy street" and broke the next; living a happy-go-lucky, though not care-free, life, albeit careless.

It takes a good man to "follow the circus." He must have more than the average of wit; far more of shrewdness, and a daring that will abash the simple farmer or country townsman. Unscrupulous too he must be, it goes without saying, full of expedients to lure the coin from the pockets of the unwilling.

Had Wallace been able to leave drink alone he might have shone as a "sure-thing" fakir, as a star short-change man, or in almost any other of the many branches of the circus "game." But drink hobbles the crooked man as it does any other; it makes him uncertain in his "work" and takes away the money of which he becomes possessed. "Comes easy, goes easy" was the expression of a generation ago, but it is true of the underworld and half-world to-day. The wages of sin is death, not money; prosperity may linger long enough to enslave, but in the end comes death—the worse that it is living death, generally.

These are some of the things which led up to the forlorn condition of Wallace on his birthday. When he entered the transformed dive he had lost practically everything except his mother's love and his love for her, and the love offered by One whose arms ever are outstretched to the prodigal.

He heard songs once familiar to him, and some new ones, telling about Jesus, and then he heard a man tell in simple words and without attempt at oratory the story of a broken life which had been made new.

"He's telling my own life-story," groaned Wallace inwardly; "some one must have told him about me." He knew, though, there was

no one in the place who could know, but the unfolding story of sin made him wince. Finally he could stand it no longer and hastened away—almost ran out, as a matter of fact. The truth had pierced his heart, revealed unto him the blackness of his soul and afresh had told him of his lost estate.

Back he went to the hotel; but he was in no frame of mind to face such conditions, and he plunged out into the street again. If he only could get away from that story—from himself, from his lost condition—he felt as if he would take any sort of chance. His brain was awhirl, and he was not conscious of his path until he found himself again in the mission. The meeting was breaking up.

"I'll wait and thank that man for what he said," was the thought which ran through Wallace's mind. "It has made me think more seriously than I have in many a year."

How the Holy Spirit seizes upon the uppermost impulses of the sinner to lead him near the fountain! The leader felt the need of Wallace before a word was exchanged. As the latter faltered out his thanks, the leader asked: "What's the matter, my boy? Have you been drinking?"

He already had clasped Wallace's hand with sympathetic grip and one hand rested on

the weary one's shoulder. No one had been so kindly for years. It finished the heart-breaking and Wallace burst into tears. A moment later he was on his knees sobbing his plea to mother's God. In that Holy of holies, whose veil no third person can pierce at such a moment, the mercy seat was found, and mother's prayer and mother's faith found justification.

It was recognized that Wallace was an unusual man. In a few days the marks of sin had vanished, leaving a gentle, happy disposition, and—wonder of wonders—he was not only willing but eager to work. The "new creature" had lost the desire to live without work; anything honest was his sole stipulation.

When he had been on the way long enough to feel his feet upon the Rock, an intense longing came to send the good news to his brother. Another Andrew, he sought a way to "find" his wayward brother; to tell him, "I have found the Messiah," like that other Andrew.

The little band of converts counseled with Wallace over the means; three of them actually had a part in the composition of a letter which was written. A few others were asked to join in a series of prayers which winged

the letter every mile of the necessary journey. Simon was thus called.

This was many years ago. Wallace has prospered. His employers like him so well that some of them come to his anniversary each year. It is a pretty good test of the Christian character when one's employer and daily associates find something praiseworthy therein and come to express it publicly on such an occasion.

Despite overwhelming assaults by the adversary, Wallace has persisted. He has a happy home, with Christ enshrined therein. No longer a fakir, he has "played this game *square*" and God has blessed him wonderfully.

Upon the occasion of his second anniversary his mother stood by his side upon the platform and told her part of the story. Then, as she called on God to bless her boy, two loving arms clasped him as in the long ago. It was a scene long to be remembered. Scarce an eye in the room but was dimmed with tears; some who had not thought of mother for years were melted by the living answer to one mother's prayers, and in heaven were recorded other answers that night.

CHAPTER VI

Simon Brought to Jesus

John tells us of Andrew's call to Simon: "He brought him unto Jesus." If the answer to the later Andrew's letter was slow in coming, his brother was none the less brought to Jesus. Yes, and the parallel is even more marked, for the new Simon has been called to the service of the Master and for years has stood like "the Rock."

The letter which was destined to call the brother was read with misgivings. Emil smiled incredulously as he ran over the pages. Letters before that had told of efforts to turn over a new leaf, to try for a fresh start, or of struggles to win out. As a rule they wound up with a plea for money or were closely followed by others to that end.

"Nonsense," said Emil; "he's only getting ready to 'touch me up' for another ten-spot."

He read the letter through again, however, and its message lodged in his memory against the time when it should be needed, then unthought of as a prospect. Emil was on top when the letter came. There had been times when he had not been there. His family and

associates knew him as a heavy drinker and gambler. To such the need is never far distant.

The career of Emil had been of a different character from that of his brother. The younger one had gone astray along other lines. When but a youth he had obtained money from a bank on his mother's name. She had made it good and saved him from trouble. Then Emil ran away, going where his brother was located, thinking the latter had a fine position; instead he found him broke, and both almost starved. In the same city a business man gave Emil a chance, only to have his confidence betrayed, and Emil had to leave the State hurriedly for that affair.

In another city he started at the bottom with a mercantile firm and rose from porter to be a trusted manager. He was drinking and gambling all the time, and one day was called in to explain matters. He had to own to acts very humiliating to him; even more humiliating to his wife, who had to be told of his confession.

About this period of his life Emil had gone out on the road to sell goods and was successful, though his habits made him an uncertain factor. One day he disappeared from his territory. He was sought in many directions

to no avail. Many days later a telegram, dated in a city several hundred miles distant, came to the relatives asking for money to enable him to reach home. Instead of sending money, a nephew was sent, and he brought the wanderer back home. It was considered certain that the money would have gone to prolong the spree.

One time when Emil was brought home sick after such an escapade the family physician was called in. He assured the family that after his treatment was completed Emil would not want another drink. As though drugs could purge the soul of the sin which makes drunkards! The treatment was long; the effect may have lasted ten days.

"I didn't want *a* drink," Emil said afterward; "I wanted two for every one I formerly craved."

Friends backed him to start in the same line of business and for a time he prospered, to all appearances. But drink and cards lead only one way—down—and he who follows them must expect to travel that pathway.

After he started in business for himself he braced up somewhat and, as he was very popular with the trade in his line, built up a good business. He might have made a fortune but for his habits. Gradually drinking bouts

were resumed, with worse excesses than before. Business suffered and he was heavily in debt. To continue his debauches he frequently issued checks which were returned by the bank with the significant words upon them: "No funds."

He had not quite reached this stage when his brother's letter arrived, telling of the latter's conversion and change of life. He was ready for the message in the letter, but not ready to accept the call. He did not realize his lost condition, and prided himself not a little upon his superiority over the brother. But he had read the wonderful testimony of Wallace, and the Holy Spirit safely might be left to see that its truths were stored away against the day of famine, when he should cry out in his despair: "Is there then no hope?" That day came soon enough.

One day he sat on the side of a bed in a hotel in his home town, pondering over such of the events of the previous ten days as he could recall. He had awakened from a spree which he knew had lasted that long. He knew also that his relatives were looking for him, and that probably every policeman in the city, who knew him, also was looking. Perhaps the detectives had been put on his trail by one of his victims. He learned that his

place of business had been closed, after his wife had failed to find him, and he knew that the wreck was worse than anything which had heretofore befallen him.

While he sat pondering and trying to find a way of escape from the appalling situation, and finding none, suddenly the letter he had received appeared before his vision and a voice seemed to say to him: "Why don't you go and see Wallace?"

He found, on counting the money left from his spree, that there was enough to enable him to "go to Wallace," and in an hour he was on his way.

The following night a messenger boy carried word to Wallace that his brother had come. He had essayed to walk from his hotel to the mission, but had stopped on the way to bolster up his courage. Not being used to the liquor sold on the Bowery, it had gotten the best of him. It never occurred to him that a drunken man was welcome at a mission—much less that it was a class particularly invited. He went back to his hotel and sent a messenger to say that he was in the city.

Half a dozen converts and workers that night received a great incentive to faith. They had prayed that God would touch Emil, and here he was to answer the petitions. Now

they prayed that God would inspire Wallace as he went to the brother—prayers mingled with thanksgiving to God for bringing the loved one thus far toward salvation.

The following night Emil was at the mission. An anniversary was being celebrated, the first held in that place. One of the converts had been faithful to his vision for twelve months, and he was on the platform telling his story of one year of joy and real life after twenty years of wandering. Emil wondered why the man would lay bare his life in such an open manner. He smiled at this and other testimonies, they were so unusual to him, but he would not yield. He was pierced to the heart, nevertheless. He had heard men stand and tell things which might have been parts of his own story, and all had linked up Jesus with the change. Jesus! No one claimed any credit for the change, but gave it all to Jesus. That was mother's Friend.

But he had cursed God's Church and his people and had reviled the religion which now he heard was doing for others what he realized he needed to have done for himself. Would he find forgiveness for his blasphemy, and was there salvation for such as he had been?

Two nights he sat and listened. He did not

smile the second night; on the third tears filled his eyes. He wondered why, and could not understand what had come over him. His brother and the others were wise enough to let God have full play with the prodigal. Their part done, he must save.

God always has an agent at hand; this time it was a dear woman, a mother, who had heard about this wanderer. When Emil did not heed the invitation, she went to him, and with her arm about him asked if he were not ready.

Satan had been telling him that it was too late; asking what he was going to do about all those bad checks and other things, but at last Emil threw himself upon the love of the Master and sobbed out his plea for mercy, and found Jesus.

A few days later he took a place as porter in his old line of trade—to begin over, as he had begun many years before. It was not long before God called him into his service and his powerful testimony and patience with and love for the man who is down and out have won many to Christ. He is a local preacher, and goes to many churches to tell of the work of the Master in the highways and hedges of the city and of his power to save—a real Peter with a true gospel message.

His wife, once so stricken that her reason was despaired of, because of his acts, has been restored to him, the bad checks and notes have been canceled, the old debts paid, and all the other "old things have passed away."

CHAPTER VII

Neither Jew nor Gentile

If you could have seen the forlorn little fellow the night he came to the mission, surely you would have pitied him, if nothing more. He had come there out of a living tomb; not directly, because when the invitation was given to him he was not ready. He had come, however; almost always they do, if the invitation be from the heart. His had been from a great soul which yearned after men, who had been invited to preach among the dwellers in the Tombs—the jail of a large city where prisoners are held pending trial.

The young man, Love, was there on a larceny charge for a week, one day of which was the Sunday, when the preacher came, and Love went to the chapel service, perhaps because it promised a relief from the lonesome confinement. God had appointed it, he knew afterward, that he might hear a message which was to bring him eternal liberty.

He remembered little but the invitation, and a few words about the way men were being straightened out in the mission. This was something new—an unexpected novelty.

Other men had told him that he never could be any better, and he half believed it—that is, if he believed anything. He did not believe in God.

Born of parents in affluent circumstances in a European capital, his every desire was gratified in childhood and young manhood. Every educational advantage was given him, also, even the great university at the capital; but sin had become so alluring and led to such excesses that he had to leave before he finished and acquired his degree of mechanical engineer. He was secured a place with an engineering firm, however, and plans were made to get him in the government service after he should have attained proficiency. Sin again intervened and that position was given up. Indulged at every turn, given money to spend almost as freely as he might desire, he went into fresh paths of sin.

"Sin" and "separation" begin with the same letter, and the one nearly always leads to the other. Love had gone so deep in sin that he could see no way out of his pit, which he had digged himself. Satan pointed to America and said: "You go there and start over again. No one knows you, and you can live right, there."

The father was ill of an incurable malady

and the mother needed the supporting arm of the only son in the home, for the other children had nests of their own. Love knew he never could get permission to leave home, much less to journey across the Atlantic. That was why he engaged his passage before he told anyone. Mother pleaded to no avail; father could not be disturbed. Love looked on his face, which he never was to see again, and left.

Some one has said that the prodigal son was a long way off from his father ere he left the home for the far country—far off in sympathy and far off from the other influences of the home. Love had been in that state for a long time. He loved his father and mother and others of the family, but he loved self more than all the rest, and that which catered not to self had little place in his life. It was selfishness which led him to a new world—that he might have his own way without criticisms from others, without even observation by others.

He told himself that he would go to work, and in a land where all made plenty of money he would earn enough to live like a gentleman. His definition of a "gentleman" probably would not compare with that of what we are pleased to term the "old school"; it would

more nearly correspond to the fast set of every large city. To live well, dress well, to travel in the gay crowd as one of the gayest, and above all to drink "like a gentleman" —these things went to make up the life of a "gentleman" in his vision.

It was realized. By degrees the old life of across the water was resumed and the white-light district of a metropolis had another moth singeing its wings at the candle. Promises made to mother on the eve of departure were forgotten, and the prodigal son in the far country was spending his money in riotous living with the usual result: at last "no man gave unto him."

Love secured a good position from the first, in a place where his ability could be made manifest. As he had dreamed, so he prospered. Had he been compelled to struggle for a time, to learn the value of money in the new land, he might have been weaned from the gay life; but with plenty of money in his pockets, the fascination of sin persisted. He might have murmured at privation and struggle; discipline never has been thought happy by the disciplined. Not until later does the blessing of not being given all we ask for loom before one to the glory of God.

One cannot live night and day for very long

without the pace telling; managers have a way of noticing when a clerk is lax and of ascertaining the cause. They know that a clerk cannot serve two masters—that either business or high life must suffer. After a time Love found another place, but he did not ease up in his prodigality.

There came a time when his income did not suffice for the life he led. He began to "borrow" from the cash drawer. There was nothing unique in either method or result. He was found out and discharged. The proprietor forgave him, with a warning against his method of life. Other employers allowed him to settle his offenses against them, but there was finally a man who would not relent and the law was called into action. Sin had been found out; its alluring prospects were no more. Instead, stone walls and iron bars and jail fare supplanted the luxurious home and "swell" restaurant. Hard as was the penalty of sin, in the providence of God it became a blessing, the prison bars a very gate to paradise.

He was classed as a Jew on the prison records, but he had no religion. Before he entered college he had become an atheist. Strange that the Spirit moved him to enter the chapel where his "great invitation" was to be

delivered. Stranger still that it impressed him sufficiently to make him curious. Curious he was, yet there was an underlying stratum of wonder as to whether the preacher had told the truth, whether it were possible to change the life of such a man as he was.

After being released under a suspended sentence, he decided to leave the city for a time, and was fortunate enough to secure a position as bookkeeper at a nearby summer resort. In spite of the multiplied opportunities for evil, Love stuck to his work and kept straight, returning to the city at the end of the season.

In a few days he engaged with a firm in the best position he ever held. He worked hard, became well liked, and gained the confidence of the firm members, so much so that when planning an extension of business Love was offered a place in the partnership. Correspondence developed that his family in Europe felt disposed to furnish the necessary money, contingent upon a satisfactory examination of the business.

Before a second letter came Love was no longer with the firm. He had been found out again and had to leave quickly. He had started the old fast life once more and, though he made fair wages, it was not enough to keep

up the pace, and after a time he had turned crooked again, despite the fact that a suspended sentence hung like a sword over his head.

One of his old bosses had told him he would see the time when he would walk the streets penniless unless he mended his ways. He had laughed at the prophecy; but it had come to pass. After a few weeks his means gave out. He had been walking the streets a week, homeless and friendless. Food had not passed his lips for several days. He did not mind that so much, for food often palled; but there was no friend. That was worse than the chill of midwinter.

None of the songs he heard that first night in the mission had a familiar sound, though something like the ones sung in the jail chapel. He was not particularly interested in the service until he heard one man after another tell how Jesus Christ could save from sin—had saved them from their drunkenness, thievery, and kindred sins. On that night the preaching of the cross, which before was foolishness to this young Jew, became the power of God unto salvation, for he went with others to the altar and prayed that God would help him to believe. Like the father of the epileptic boy, he wanted to believe if only it would

bring relief from a dreadful condition, and God honored the motive and gave him belief, like that other Jew of old.

There was a long period of struggle against adverse conditions within and without. He left the mission that first night without speaking to a soul. For several nights he continued to walk the streets and starve—for he would not beg—but continued to return each night to the mission. He was noticed by one of the converts, spoken to, and received into the aristocracy of the redeemed without a question and with a warmth of welcome he had not experienced for long.

There were other struggles before he knew that his feet were on the Rock. Remorse, particularly with reference to his own family, almost brought on serious melancholy. Three friends stuck by him, resolved to cheat the devil, and their prayers were united that God would save the young Jew and send him out as a messenger to his own people with the gospel of salvation to everyone who will believe. Perhaps it was to strengthen their faith that God answered the cry and restored Love fully.

He was never the same after that, for, though the Evil One struck him down more than once, this modern Paul had caught the

vision and no temporary defeat could wrest him from his new allegiance.

Already a lay minister, he is preparing for missionary work among his race and has developed a strong power in his preaching. His clear perspective of the problem of taking the gospel to his people has attracted attention of Jewish workers. They are praying that he may be another Paul, only with a message to the Jew rather than the Gentile. The God who changed Love from a crooked Jew to an honest Christian has proved that he is able to supply all his needs; even the love and confidence of the mother he left has been restored. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

CHAPTER VIII

Midnight and a Park Bench

Snow was falling fast on that dreary Sunday afternoon, whirling through the sky-scraper cañons, drifting into the corners of the buildings and dooryards and parks, and turning the trees into a dazzling lacework. On pavement and sidewalk it turned to slush as fast as it fell, slimy with the mud of the streets and treacherous to those who had to venture out of doors.

Ordinarily but one power could have drawn Waters out into the soggy footpaths trodden up through the side street; that power was the appetite for drink. It was so strong in him that he had repeatedly done things which he could not account for later—things foolish and useless. But he was broke on this stormy afternoon, and was afraid he could not get a warming drink to counteract the chill of wet feet. His shoes were "out" in more than one place and his clothing was none too warm for an old man—Waters was past sixty-five. There was every reason why he should draw his chair toward the radiator in the lodging house and doze away the hours.

While he was speculating on the chance of his getting a drink at the corner saloon where he sometimes hung out with genial companions—when he had money—a stranger handed him a ticket-like card, which proved to be an invitation to hear a former convict tell of his life experiences.

As he read it, Waters said to himself: "I think I ought to hear this man; I might learn something. It says he was a convict and a bartender and became a preacher. Here am I, a drunkard, of no use to the world, and this ex-convict has found a way to make the world better. I must go to hear him."

He did go; out into the slush, which wet and chilled his feet ere he had reached the corner, on through the wintry blast which penetrated to the marrow. He had not far to go, but he sank exhausted into a rear seat when the meeting place was reached. He dozed a few minutes before the singing started, and awoke startled, as the song was one long since forgotten, but which he had heard back in the church in England, and which his own children had sung many times. His heart warmed at this and other familiar tunes, and he was in harmony with the songs before the speaker began the chief part of the meeting.

He had come from his native land many years before and had achieved success in a large dry goods emporium in managerial capacity. He had held several other good positions, though this was the best one and carried a salary which enabled him to bring up his children comfortably. He looked for a change which would give him a junior partnership, or an equivalent, when the firm was reorganized after the death of the active head. Instead he had been notified that his services would be dispensed with.

He was not a young man then, and it was impossible for him to attain equally good employment. Young men were in demand, not old men, whose ideas had gone to seed, he was told. From that time he steadily went down. When he began to drink that helped the decline, and soon he could hold no job, no matter how humble.

His children tried to stay the tide of evil, but the effect of their pleadings was brief. Promises were made but to be broken. How could he keep a promise when a demon was in control? Some day we shall talk less about will power in dealing with the drunkard and more about saving power.

In time the children had to ask him not to come home. They saw that he had a place to

sleep and enough to eat, and visited him occasionally, but he brought disgrace to the home, and that was barred. They were justified in the eyes of the world. Had they not done all in their power to reform the father? And so he lived in a great lodging house erected by a philanthropist, his condition growing more deplorable year by year, until he was considered a hopeless case.

He heard the speaker that afternoon say that he had been a thief and a drunkard and was tending bar in a Western city when he was handed an invitation card at the door of a mission. Waters felt in his pocket to see if he had kept the one given him and was relieved to find he had. As the speaker told how astonished he had been to hear a prison acquaintance relate part of his past and tell how he had been led to give his heart to God, and then had done that very thing himself, thereby finding power to keep from whisky and crookedness, Waters felt a tug at his heartstrings.

"O, if only I could do that!" he said under his breath.

Yet, when the speaker asked for a show of hands for prayer and then invited men to come and ask for that same power, Waters sadly shook his head. He had just been debat-

ing the matter and had concluded that he was too old to start over again. Besides, had he not tried many times to quit drinking?

He could not get away from the story, however, try as he would; it seemed to say to him, "Why don't you try it?"

So troubled was he that night that he could not sleep and wandered out into the darkness. It had ceased storming and grown colder, and he walked along the fashionable thoroughfare, turning over his problem and endeavoring to find some solution. A three-mile walk brought him to a park, and he dropped into a seat to get his breath before tramping back to the lodging house.

"Why don't you ask God to help you?" came the still small voice.

"I will," his heart responded, and down on the snow and ice he knelt, out under the stars, not a soul near but a policeman on the corner whom he had expected to order him to "move on." But he was not alone. The God of the universe bent low to hear the cry of a penitent heart and turned the soul's anguish to joy as he bade it be free. The policeman looked through the park fence and, seeing the old man, would have driven him out, lest he freeze; but as he drew near he saw that the supposed "bum" was praying, and left him

there, with a mental note to look for him on the return trip.

Next night Waters hunted up the missionary whose story had upset his beliefs and pointed the way to better things and told how God had led him a solitary way to the cross, where his sins had been laid down.

Visitors to the mission said the chances were that Waters would not hold out, but, as usual, they were mistaken. The glib talker, the smart and confident one, may offer more of promise to the casual visitor, but the workers know that it is impossible to gauge the work done by Divine Power within a human soul, and that oftentimes the most unpromising cases, from an outward appearance, are the choicest miracles of grace, working out their own salvation where others stumble and fail.

Science has worked out various tests by which a man's character may be determined by the eyes, the nose, the droop of the ears, the curve of the mouth, or some other physical mark, so that one may read what is behind the mask; skilled detectives have perfected a system by which they can pick out a burglar, or a pickpocket, or a strong-arm man from the throng, one by the shape of the head, another by the size of his hand, a third by

another method, and they have demonstrated their skill. But no man ever has been able to look down into the souls of sinners while they kneel at the altar and tell who has been doing business with heaven. No one of experience would attempt it.

New life came to Waters with the heart change, and he lost his aged look. No wonder he did, for the burden of sin had pressed heavily upon him. It was but a short time when he was manager of a big department store in a neighboring city. When that place closed another place awaited him, and Waters prospered. He did not forget the place where he had found encouragement, and began to try to help others. He gave himself and his money and was always up and doing. Whisky had been his undoing; now he was doing all he could to remove the curse from the lives of others.

Very soon his children learned of the change in his life and welcomed him. After several years they took him from the bustle of trade and gave him a home along the seashore, where he could busy himself with chickens and live in the open, but they could not keep him away from his spiritual home, had they wanted to. Threescore years and ten past, he is possessed of vigor, and delights to

go where he can tell the story of his night in the park when God came down to meet him.

It has been declared that when a man has passed fifty or fifty-five in the down-and-out life, the chances are not one in a hundred that he will ever leave that life; that the salvation of such an one is practically impossible. Waters stands as a monument to the contrary. He has never even wavered in his allegiance to his Master.

Allen also came as an old man to God. He was a skilled artisan who, when his wife died, took to drink and became a doddering drunkard. He stopped at an open-air service to listen to a song, and heard that Jesus Christ could save a drunkard. "That's good enough for me," he shouted. "I'm a drunkard; can God save me?" At the mercy seat he found the power of God unto salvation and became a sweet Christian, who refused to allow the petty trials of life to mar the peace which had come to him. Somehow God seems to smooth the way for the old men; none who have put their trust in him have been known to find him lacking in strength or in blessings.

CHAPTER IX

Under Two Flags

Mother's prayers, mother's songs, mother's admonitions—how they cling in memory when everything else has gone! How often a tender recollection of the past woos a fainting soul back to the paths of rectitude, when such turning-about-face would seem to be beyond the limits of faith. I have known many men who have passed from darkness into His light and have heard thousands of others tell the salvation story; I cannot now recall more than one or two who did not confess to the tender influences of early days, when a sainted mother taught the name of Jesus to the child lips, and the simple prayers and lullabys which were a part of the long ago. Many rough men can repeat word for word the prayers and songs, though years have passed since mother taught them; many have confessed that never in their wildest days have the prayers been omitted.

A well-known rescue hall has an inscription on the wall beside the platform:

HOW LONG
SINCE YOU WROTE
TO MOTHER?

Bleared eyes have filled with tears as they read the question; sobs and prayers have not been infrequent; hundreds have been lured to the mercy seat by the message hidden behind the words.

Who can fathom the depth of the mother love, or the influence of her petitions for her boy? Doubtless heaven will be filled with the trophies of mother-faith.

A hopeless, helpless being, with little to recommend him to favorable attention, awoke to hear the chorus, "I love to tell the story." He had been sent to a mission meeting by a chance acquaintance who feared the man was about to die and knew that the mission helped unfortunates.

"That was mother's song," said the helpless one, telling of his experience on that night. "She sang that song to me on her knees when she was putting me to bed:

"I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

Lieutenant Richards, of her Majesty's lancers, the flower of Britain's troops, had been born of wealthy parents in the tight little isle. The old home was all that could be de-

sired. Three homes there were, as a matter of fact, a town house, a country seat, and a shooting box in the north, and there were all the luxuries which the well-to-do Englishman loves. Father was upright, if austere; mother—a beautiful mother who knew her Lord—loved her boy with a love that clung to him when all the rest of the world had turned against him.

Careful training, education, and every advantage which money could secure were his. He was kept free from the world's taint and came to manhood strong and virile, a perfect type of the English youth of good family. He had expected to enter the ministry, but later chose the military life and was secured a lieutenancy in the crack regiment.

Up to this time he had not taken a drink, and he promised father and mother, as he left the home behind, that he would abstain. He was well provided for, with all that a young officer might desire in the way of clothes and money, and there was never a thought that one day drink would rob him of all that is worth while in life.

He had hardly left home, however, before he began to take a little beer with the other officers; the transition to wine and then to brandy and soda, the British officer's favorite

tipple, was by easy steps. Before he knew it he was in the clutches of drink.

All over England and the Continent he traveled, with one object, the finding of new dissipations and new frivols, and when a fortune came from his grandfather, this was spent in like manner, part of it going into a house planned to satisfy his every whim. The parents were about the only ones who did not know of his excesses.

When the regiment was ordered to India for service there was but little social life outside the officers' club, and no drinking except in the club or the home of a resident civil officer. Here he learned to drink hard and to love drink; twenty-one years of life practically were given up to the destroyer. The appetite grew and in the end the commission was lost. While in Bombay he was operated upon for a disease of the liver brought on by drinking, and he was repeatedly in delirium from drink.

The parents learned of his excesses then, and, alarmed at the strength of the habit, resorted to so-called cures and specialists. The "cures" were as valueless as the white paper on which they were printed. Sanitariums in all parts of the world failed to take away the appetite. Possessing plenty of money, the

parents did not stint their expenditures and sent Richards all over the world in search of relief. New Zealand, Australia, Europe, and America were visited without success. Specialists found they could make no impression upon him. He only lived to drink. Yet he loved his mother and willingly would have been cured of his insatiable love for drink for her sake.

The father died broken-hearted, and the mother grieved over her boy, but still loved him and prayed on. The fortune which the father left was squandered by the son, the estates went the way of all else, and Richards at length sold the old home—his mother's home—and it broke her heart. She did not live long afterward.

Lieutenant Richards was finally bundled off to America by members of the family. He was promised money to live on if he would stay away. It was not necessary for him to join the ranks of the "remittance men," paid to stay away from the disgraced relatives. He found friends in one of the great cities and soon was in a good position. Though this was lost through drink, others were found, one paying as high as three hundred dollars a month; all were lost from the one cause. It got so at last that he could not

hold a ten-dollar job, and would have been glad to work for room and meals.

For eight years he drifted from place to place, a derelict, sodden and a total wreck, sleeping in the back rooms of saloons, on park benches, under trucks, wrapped in newspapers if the night proved cold. He shipped on oyster boats, regarded as the lowest employment one can have, traveled as a hobo from city to city, panhandling everywhere for drink. Every trace of the English gentleman was gone.

"I walked the streets winter and summer carrying signs," says this scion of the English gentry, telling of his lost estate. "I was actually in the gutter for drink, and I could not even hold that job. I served as a 'supe' in theaters and delivered circulars; I have stood in the bread line, and know what it is to be refused a crust of bread at a kitchen door."

For a long time the former lieutenant slept in a saloon, was kicked out of that as no good, and then slept in a nearby park. Many times he was sent to the alcoholic wards of various hospitals.

Waking one day, he tried to beg the price of a drink from his nearest companion. He was told that he had better go to a mission.

He had never heard of the place and inquired about it. His curiosity was aroused when he was told that people in the mission would help him. It seemed too good to be true; but it was too good not to be true, and he went, though he cannot tell how he accomplished the distance. When he staggered in the door he realized that no other door was open to him. Ragged and filthy, he almost feared to attempt to enter.

No one is more loyal to the Church, yet I fear that this man would not have been permitted to enter many of our houses of worship. He scarcely would have been welcome at a large number of others. Yet here was a man seeking the only relief possible for his lost condition, the very thing the Church has to offer. Why should we separate the sheep from the goats when the Word gives that office to a Higher Power?

The hopeless one dropped into a seat and almost immediately went to sleep; but he heard some of the testimonies, though he did not believe them. He felt that he was sold, body and soul, for drink and it was too late to break the bargain. He awoke to hear mother's song. After awhile they sang another of mother's favorites, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and in his confused visions he saw his mother

kneeling beside the bed in the old room where so often she had cuddled him up as she crooned the songs of hope and trust.

He staggered to the altar as they sang "Though like a wanderer," and knelt and sobbed out a plea to mother's God to take him. When they came to the words,

> "So by my woes to be,
> Nearer, my God, to thee,"

they became a prayer upon his lips, and then and there in the providence of God the burden of woes rolled away and peace came that never had been dreamed of.

Ragged he was, and dirty, but once more he was sober, after many years of continuous drinking. His brain was not entirely cleared up, but he had the consciousness of a great and wonderful change within him, which he could not fathom, and a new hope had dawned when life had been hopeless so many years.

As soon as he was able to work, a friend of the mission offered him a job beating carpets. He earned three and one half dollars and meals. He wondered why, with that much money, he did not want to rush to the saloon; but he did not go. His first wages in the new life kept him until another job came. Ere long he had a responsible position and a bank account and many creature comforts long

denied. He has regained his military bearing and the traces of sin have been obliterated.

Far more important to the world than the rehabilitation of a man once a menace to society has been the spiritual change which has come into this life. There is no fight against drink; that desire was taken with the other sins. A cultured mentality restored to its former vigor, God has been able to use the former army officer, and instead of fighting under the flag of his native land—under the king of the greatest world power of to-day—he is enlisted under the banner of the Kingdom of Righteousness for the King of kings.

Night after night, wherever the opportunity, in church or mission, upon the street, or wherever he may be, the story of salvation is told with power that carries conviction and that has won many men from the mire in which he once wallowed himself. He has learned to love the mother song with a deeper love than before—"I love to tell the story."

The outcast—cast out—of society has become the soul-winner, the scum of society the very cream of the kingdom. The man worthless has been transformed into worth while—into an ambassador on behalf of God, beseeching lost men, "Be ye reconciled to God."

CHAPTER X

A Man's Undoing

Stelle had gone so far down in the social scale, had become such a heavy drinker, and bore such a burden of sin that night, that he could not conceive that the world had another chance for him. It had no other chance; but God in heaven had what the world refused —was it the seventh or the seventieth?— though Stelle did not know it. He had always tried to make his own chance or turned to friends in his extremity. Now he had come to a place where he could not help himself and where repeated offenses had made his friends turn him down. He had not a friend left, except mother; she never turns her boy down. Mother is always lifting him up to her God in prayer.

Stelle had come of a godly father and mother. They were earnest and active Christians, and the child learned to lisp the name of Jesus at his mother's knee as she knelt with him at the bedside after the little white nightie had been put on; then, when "Our Father" and "Now I Lay Me" had been said, mother tucked in her boy, smoothed out the

coverlet, lingering at her task. Then she bent low over the bed and kissed her boy good night, as she breathed a prayer that God would bless him and make him a good boy and a great man. He never became great except in mother's eyes, and it was so long before mother could feel sure that the remainder of her prayer had been answered.

Father too tried to help the boy into a knowledge of right and wrong and give him strength and character to choose the former. One of the earliest recollections which come to Stelle in these latter days is of going to Sunday school in the little old-fashioned white church on the hill. It was under the shade of the pines and looked up at the mountains and down upon the broad basin of the canal, and beyond that the river rippled over the shallows and swung round and round where the eddy swept the rocky barrier which had turned the course of the stream.

No, it was not *going* to Sunday school, after all; it was when, hand in hand, father and he, homeward bound, had turned to look back at the old church. Somehow it seems to Stelle that he was always going away from church after that. Until he went from high school into the world to wrest from it a living he had kept to the Sunday school and church,

and teacher and preacher had been sowing seed which they hoped would spring up and flourish. Alas! that for so long the wayside, the stony soil, and the thorns were to prevent a harvest such as they hoped for. Harvest there was, but it did not come from the seed sown in the church and home.

Once in those childhood days father had let his boy taste beer at the store on settlement day. Father did not drink it often—almost never—and the boy did not like the first taste. He little dreamed that one day the drink would dominate his life. At twelve he had sought membership in a boys' temperance order, in a year or two becoming one of its officers and learning every word of warning in the Bible concerning strong drink. He was sure he never would be like the one or two drunkards the town knew.

Then the revivalist came to the old church, and under the influence of the weeks of special meetings, Stelle had been one of the mourners. Who can tell what work of grace was done then? Certainly one; the boy learned that God heard and answered prayer. He had seen the answer as he knelt with a chum during the revival and saw the power of the Spirit do its work in the heart of a scoffing man for whom they were praying. No

one could ever make him doubt, after that, that God heard the earnest appeal. In later years, when agnostic and atheist influences beset him and made him waver, always he would remember that night in the church, and faith persisted.

When he left school Stelle went into a newspaper office to work; then he left the Sunday school and speedily forgot the lessons of that place and of home. There were dark spots in his memory already; things which he thrust away quickly when they rose before him. Once he had stolen from his baby brother—and had been found out speedily—and there were other things he hoped no one knew about. Then, just before he went into the newspaper office, he had come into conflict with the law in a way that might have put him behind reformatory bars if the man involved had been harsh.

When he began to work, Stelle claimed the right to remain out at night, and to go about the town with his boy friends. He really did not want to go into the pool room with them, and he had no intention of joining in their play. He watched them shove the balls over the table and grew fascinated with the game. Almost before he knew it he was learning to play; soon he was the leader at this diversion.

By this time the youth had become the correspondent of several New York, Philadelphia, and other out-of-town newspapers, which earned him more money than his salary at home. Before he was twenty he was earning in excess of a thousand dollars a year and he had from the then greatest New York newspaper unlimited authority to use the telegraph wires in its behalf. He had become editor of the home paper also, and one would have said that Stelle was destined for an honorable and prosperous career.

One night after a game of pool with his chums there were drinks due; this was a part of the lure of the place for the youths of the town. The pool room had no right to dispense alcoholic drinks, else Stelle would not have ventured inside; but instead of the soft drink he ordered that night a glass of beer was set out for him. He was warm and gulped down at least half the glass before it dawned upon him that it was a new drink. There was a scene, but his companions and the proprietor chaffed him and bade him be a man, and foolishly he yielded to their urging. He never had to be urged again.

No man becomes drunk on one glass of beer, but that single glass made Stelle a drunkard. In a year or two he could drink more than

any one of his companions, and led them in revelry and dissipation of all sorts. He had set out to have a bank balance of one thousand dollars on his twenty-first birthday, but he had not counted on this drinking habit. He was making money enough to keep up his end, but the hundreds did not pile up in the bank.

To a young man of Stelle's habits the town grew too small one day. It was convenient to New York, and trips there to "see life" became a regular thing. Strangely the "life" he sought to see was that of the night side of New York—down where the white lights and red lights glistened to lure the unwary and wary ones. In those days—more than a quarter century ago—the Bowery and the cross streets had many places of notoriety, and Stelle found them all. Billy McGlory was in his prime on Hester Street, Owney Geogheghan on the Bowery, Harry Hill on Houston Street, and "The" Allen on Bleecker, and because of introductions and the fact that he had money Stelle became known to them all, and was a welcome visitor there and at many other resorts. Many hours of riotous living were spent in the section, and in that further uptown, where the Haymarket, Cremorne, and other like places flourished.

The day the Brooklyn Bridge was opened Stelle and two companions drank heavily and at night wound up in a beer garden on the Bowery. They left about midnight, just about able to walk to a car which would take them to the ferry, on the other side of which a train was to be taken for home. Stelle little thought, as he staggered out with a companion on either arm, that the next time he entered the place ribaldry would have given way to the gospel message, the suggestive songs to those about mother and Jesus, and that he there would hear that which would change the entire current of his life. It was many years before that came.

Stelle had felt the coils of the serpent growing about him. Conscience was alive still, and it told him he ought to change his habits. He noticed that old friends showed their disapproval of his ways by holding aloof. At first he tried to overcome his appetite for drink, but eventually went deeper than ever into sin. Never a word of censure came from the home; all was love, but Stelle knew that the old folks were grieving.

At last, feeling that he could not break away from his habits, Stelle resolved to go to another town to try over. He had it figured out that, once away from his environ-

ment and associates, he could brace up. He actually believed these to be responsible for his downfall. In the other town he found the temptations much the same and in less than a year returned home, for the first time in his life discharged for drunkenness.

He wanted to get away from drink, and if some one had pointed the way to salvation as the way to cure his habits, years of sorrow to himself and his friends might have been spared. Jerry McAuley had just begun to preach the gospel that Jesus Christ would save a drunkard; but little was heard of this outside his immediate neighborhood. Stelle did not know even that there was such a thing as a mission for the drunkard and the crook.

Back in the old home town Stelle struggled to keep straight, and failed over and over; he saw that while he had plenty of money, he was losing all his friends except his boon companions; he saw too that his father and mother sorrowed helplessly. His sister lay upon her dying bed, wasting away with disease. She called him to her bedside, talked to Stelle about his evil ways and got him to promise upon the open Bible that he would not drink again. He meant it and kept the promise a week or two; then he was drunk again upon the streets. Great remorse came

over him, and he resolved that he would not disgrace the old folks longer; he would go away. If he had to be a drunkard, at least he would go where no one knew him.

He stole away from the home town by night. He had drawn from the bank all his deposit and cashed checks for a considerable sum in addition, which had to be made good later, and went west. In one of the lake cities Stelle proceeded to squander his substance in riotous living, drinking, gambling, and carousing, until his money was gone. Then he walked the streets, slept in a cheap lodging house—when he could borrow the price—lived on free lunch, when a nickel or two was secured for the necessary drink. He had thought it an easy task to get employment, but all doors were closed to him.

Stelle resolved to go further west, hoping that a friend in a Missouri River city would be able to get him a job. He had written the friend about it, but did not wait for a reply; he started to beat his way over a railway, but his clothing was too good for a tramp, and the trainmen suspected him for a spotter and put him off at every chance. He reached his goal, however, and found a job waiting for him.

He had hoped to brace up and change his

mode of living in the new place, but he had come to a city where saloons were plenty, where gambling was open and promiscuous, where Sunday, if anything, was more unbridled than the other six days, and what chance was there for a young man to mend his ways by the exercise of will? To tell the truth, Stelle did not try very long. Soon he was gambling and drinking and carousing with a wild set. All made plenty of money—too much for their own good—and spent it freely. If they ran short before pay day, credit was unlimited everywhere.

Less than two years of this and Stelle, whose work had won him favor with his superiors, was thrown out because his drinking offset his merits; had grown unendurable, as a matter of fact. He secured another place immediately, at better wages, and though for a few weeks he kept sober, in time he succumbed once more and again was discharged for his drinking. Another job was lost for the same reason a few weeks later.

Then, believing that the town had gone back on him and that he must break away from the associations once more—the same old story—he went further west and, under the shadow of the continental backbone, where nature's cathedral spires continually point to-

ward heaven, he made a new start. A man he had met before put him behind a hotel desk and gave him opportunity to become a manager, but just as the appointment was due, he was found out to be a drunkard and worse, and was dropped summarily, being told what he had lost.

Stelle might have been one of the editors of a great daily newspaper of the same city but for his habits, his drinking being considered a bar to promotion. At length it got so that no one in the city wanted him, and he turned back eastward. Fortune directed him to the headquarters of the largest railway on the continent, where he secured employment. For the greater part of a year Stelle remained sober, though most of the time he was indulging in an occasional glass. Then, under the inspiration of a young woman who afterward became his wife, he ceased altogether. Shortly afterward, when a vacancy occurred in the official staff, Stelle was given the place, a highway to preferment, had he so chosen. He had previously made good in the general office, when the officer under whom he worked died suddenly; then Stelle conducted the office and wound up all the unfinished matters and prepared the way for the coming of a new man.

In the new place, which required him to travel, he was thrown among a free-and-easy class of men, fine fellows, but mainly given to drink. Stelle held out for six months and then began to drink again. Soon he was as bad as ever, and when at last it could be endured no longer, he was dropped. Once more he knew that had he kept sober, opportunity for advancement was near at hand.

His entrance into another position was smoothed for him, but the power of drink was upon him and but for the influence of a friend he would have been dismissed. Finally no power could save him. He was dismissed in disgrace.

This continued for several years, opportunities being opened over and over, only to be thrown away for drink, just as it would seem that great success was at hand. At one time, realizing that his promises and pledges were of no more power than his resolutions in breaking up the habit, Stelle took a gold cure, which nearly killed him. But inside of three months he had begun to drink again, believing it was the sudden cessation which was affecting his health. At that time he kept from heavy drinking for nearly three years. Had he been told of the power of Christ to take it all away, he in all probability would

have turned to him. He knew that many times, when in dire extremity, sometimes when expecting arrest, sometimes when down and out, he had cried unto God out of his despair and speedily the help had come; but uniformly the pledges he made to heaven at such times were forgotten as readily as they were made. From a backward view Stelle realizes that at such times God really visited him and would have saved him had he surrendered.

When his health gave out he returned to his old home and was received with all the love that fond parents could bestow; but though he made a pretense of religion, it was no more than a form, perhaps not wholly sincere. When he went west again he soon forgot it, and other forms of sin led to the drink, and in a little time he was as bad as ever.

A great many times he had been led into crooked deeds to secure money to keep up his dissipation, but now the adversary seemed to take full control of his will, and he plunged into evil hard to realize now. He had been placed in a position of trust, where he was under a ten-thousand-dollar bond, and had accepted the responsibility, though he had said to himself that he never would handle money for others, knowing his weakness when the drink was in control. In an emergency,

when he needed a considerable sum, the first step was taken. Restraint seemed let loose then, and his debauches were frequent and frightful. Still he held his job, and it was several years before his superior learned that he drank at all; how it happened Stelle could not fathom, since he kept a bottle in the office constantly.

About this period he was chaffing over a friend who found it necessary to provide a large amount of whisky to last over Sunday, when the bartender interrupted and declared that Stelle drank as much as the other man, and proved a consumption of over a quart of whisky a day. It staggered but did not stop him.

"I was so completely under the power of drink that I would have robbed myself to get it, failing any other way," he says. "I could scarcely pass the saloons where I was in the habit of going; in fact, I had a regular route that I visited every day, hoping in this way to conceal the amount I was drinking. But I could not deceive myself." Of course there was an end to this. In time he was discovered, both in his drinking and his crookedness. The latter he settled, but the drinking went on. He had been placed in a more responsible position in the meantime, in

which he handled large sums of money, though not in cash. At one time he signed a check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the course of business; sums of one third and one half that amount were frequent. He also directed the expenditure of very large amounts, something like one hundred thousand dollars a year. At this time he had ceased his crooked dealings and declared he would be straight, but out of the past years his crookedness rose up to undo him and his chances of promotion. One day he faced a charge of forgery and was forced to admit that it was even worse than was known. He was allowed to settle, as has been stated. To settle he had to "borrow" from funds in his possession belonging to another—a trust account—which he hoped to make good, with other sums he had taken from the same source. He was never in a position to pay back a penny; instead he took more and more until it was practically all gone.

Stelle had gone into business after losing the place of trust, with bright prospects; but he kept up with the drink and that soon put him out of business. Then began a long debauch which ended only in disaster and ruin, and, blessed be His name, in salvation, for the transition was sudden.

One day Stelle thought some of his "borrowings" had been discovered. The Evil One told him that if he did not clear out quickly he would get into jail. Really there was no such impending peril, but "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," and for the second time in his career he fled from home by night. He had a large sum of money in his possession which did not belong to him, but he was too much under the influence of liquor to care. Besides he needed the money to get away. The memory of that flight is hazy, but it ended in New York city. The devil kept telling him that if it came to the worst there was suicide. Many times in recent months Stelle had longed for death, but had not dared to attempt it. But he had prayed God to take him out of the hell in which he was living.

"I was in such a nervous condition that awful hallucinations came to me," said Stelle. "I had dreadful visions and dreams and would awake with a start, imagining I was on the brink of an abyss or that some horror was hanging over me. I would lay awake for hours, tossing about in bed, and the devil suggested frightful crimes, from which only the hand of God could have saved me. On my flight I kept a bottle of whisky constantly at

hand. It was my custom when traveling to have a bottle in the hammock of my berth; when I awakened, if I did not have whisky I suffered agonies. In those hours many times I asked God to take me out of the world some way."

The devil thought he was driving Stelle to a place where he must end his miserable existence, but he overreached himself. Really he was driving him to the gates of heaven.

CHAPTER XI

Up and Doing

When Stelle arrived in New York city he sought a hotel where he had been accustomed to stay years before, for he thought no one would know him after twenty years, and he registered under an assumed name, taking that of a former chum. He did little but drink, sleeping off one drunk after another. In a few days he met an old-time friend who did not recognize him. The man was a millionaire, but had been on a continuous drunk for a year or two, with no thought of stopping it—without desire to do it, and without the slightest idea that it was possible to stop. He had tried various cures and knew their impotency to take away the appetite for strong drink.

By degrees Stelle worked himself into the confidence of the man, calling up things from the past to prove that they had once been friends and drinking companions, and from that time he was a fairly constant companion of the millionaire drunkard. Many a time he helped the man home. On such occasions his friend Gillen grew confidential and re-

marked that Stelle had better let up in his drinking or he would go broke.

"I cannot possibly spend all my income," Gillen would say, "not even if I paid all the bills for all our crowd and kept it up year in and year out. But you have no right to spend your money to buy diamonds for the bartender."

As a matter of fact, Gillen usually paid all the checks for drinks and lunches for the crowd which hung about him, including Stelle. The latter soon learned that all but one or two were grafters, who were after the old man's money. He learned that several of them had already "touched" him for sums in the hundreds and were planning to get more. Gillen, in spite of his drinking, had some idea of all this, but under the mellowing influence of the cup he was loquacious and generous.

After a couple of weeks of this Gillen told Stelle that one of the men wanted to borrow a considerable sum to put into a small business, but that he doubted whether it would be a good investment.

"Will you go in there and look after my interests if I make the investment?" asked Gillen.

This was the very opportunity Stelle had

been awaiting. "Sure thing," he replied; "if there's anything in it."

Then Gillen asked Stelle to look over the business and report as to its possibilities, and an appointment was made for the purpose by Gillen.

Stelle thought he saw a way to handle that cash, and perhaps some more, and also thought he knew who eventually would have the money if all went along smoothly.

There were some things he had not counted on, however. To carry out his plan he felt that he must keep a clear head—at least that was necessary to successfully investigate the business. That was the sole reason why he went to bed early one night, that he might awake semi-sober and get through with the investigation before Gillen put in an appearance. Gillen had been put to bed early, in bad shape. He had confided to his friend that he felt that he would have to "cut out" his heavy drinking.

"I'm beginning to see things," he said, "and I guess after a few days I will go up to my country house, where there is no whisky and where a doctor can pull me around into shape. If I don't, I'll die," he said.

Providence ordered that next day Gillen should be kept in bed and in a condition such

that he could transact no business. Because he was nearer sober than he had been in months, and because he was impatient when Gillen did not appear to hear the report, Stelle began to reflect, and came to a realization of his condition, of where he was, of what he had been doing, and of the awful sins against society and individuals of which he had been guilty in recent times. When he consulted his purse he found that "the roll" he had brought out of the West had so far been spent that unless it were replenished quickly he would be down and out. He fully expected to do that as soon as he saw Gillen. God ordered otherwise.

Learning that Gillen was too ill to see anyone before morning, Stelle concluded that he would look for a position, never doubting that he would get one at the first newspaper office he visited. To fortify himself for the interview he took several drinks on the way—so many, in fact, that when he reached the office he realized, with his hand upon the doorknob, that it was useless to enter, such was his condition. He groaned as he turned away and bemoaned the habit that bound him. That was an opportunity for the adversary.

"You know you came down here to end your life when your money gave out; why

don't you do it?" This was the way Satan argued with Stelle. "You cannot hope for any more chances; there are none. You have had more than most men in your time and you threw them all away. Life does not have any more for you. Besides, you couldn't keep sober. The best thing for you is the river or some other way of suicide. Better do it to-night, while you are in the mood for it."

Stelle had to admit that he had tried over and over and had failed as many times; that life itself had been distorted, had become a hell upon earth, and while he meditated, torn by conflicting emotions, the devil said to him: "Now just take another drink and then go down to the river. You can get on a ferryboat and slip overboard in the middle of the river and no one will be the wiser, and it will be over quickly. There is no need for you to suffer such remorse."

Poor, foolish Stelle! Bargaining with the worst enemy he had! But then, he had sold himself long before. So he took two drinks, instead of one, and went upon a ferryboat over which he had traveled many times in years past while en route to scenes of riotous living where he could see "life." And here he was, seeking death.

But when the boat was in midstream his

courage had vanished. The river was full of floating ice, for it was midwinter, and an exceptionally cold season.

"It would kill me to jump into that cold water," he said, forgetting for the moment that this was what he wanted most of all.

That night he drank heavier than usual and went to his room at midnight vowing that he would not leave it until carried out. Sitting on the bed half dressed, Stelle sought a means whereby he could fulfill the devil's orders, and finally a plan was suggested which he thought he could carry out, since there was little pain to it. He arose to finish disrobing, but before he had finished this he was on his knees sobbing out to God his desire to have another chance to live, and this time to live right.

"I never can tell what made me do that," he said afterward; "why from a contemplation of death should spring such a strong desire to live. I do not know whether it was some reflex of the youthful days in church and Sunday school and the precepts fastened in my heart by teacher and pastor; whether mother was praying for her wandering boy just then and her petition reached the Throne; but I know that Jesus was out on the mountain that night seeking the lost sheep and

that a cry went up to heaven, 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.'

"I do not know how long I was on my knees; I only know that as I pleaded with God a panorama of past evil flashed before me, revealing all the awful deeds, appalling as I beheld them. I know too that the lesson of faith learned as a boy could not be swept away by the adversary, who, you may be sure, kept near me, and I know that there came a time when I could stand up and say, 'Praise God,' for I felt that he had given me one more chance.

"I did not know then that God had saved me from being a drunkard. I knew that I did not want a drink; but I supposed with the morning the thirst would return. When I went to bed, for the first time in months I slept peacefully. Not once did I awake with a craving for whisky, the regular thing with me. There was a bottle on the table within reach, but it was not molested. When I awoke in the morning I had no 'big head,' and *I didn't want a drink.* I thought it was strange, but it had not dawned upon me that this was an answer to my prayer."

Before Stelle met Gillen that day he had changed the form of the report he was to make. Somehow he realized that he could

not do what he had contemplated. When they met an adverse report was made in a few syllables and all chance of getting a part of Gillen's money vanished.

"Do you want a drink?" asked Gillen.

Usually the invitation had been "Come on," but there must have been something about Stelle that made Gillen change this. When a negative reply was given Gillen took Stelle by the arm and started for the bar, telling him that one would not hurt. But when it was served it did not taste right, and more than half the drink remained in the glass. Several times later Stelle allowed himself to be urged to drink, with the same result, and finally he decided that he had better not tempt the old appetite.

Being nearly broke, Stelle left the hotel for a room in a cheap lodging house, paying for three nights. At the end of that time he was flat broke and learned what it meant to walk the streets in midwinter, cold and tired and famished. By pawning a few trifles he had with him he kept from starving, feeding on a two-and-one-half-cent loaf of bread for a day, when nothing better offered, on free lunch, or going hungry. Work he could not get, try as he would.

One stormy night, when there was nothing

left to pawn and the bitter cold pierced him through and through, and he was discouraged by the disappointments of the day, Satan came again and told Stelle: "You see; it wasn't any use, after all. You think you are going to live right, but there is no chance for you to do it. You had better carry out what you planned the other night."

It did seem as though no chance remained. That night, as he walked through Washington Square and up Fifth Avenue, his customary route—for in his misery Stelle shunned others—there was another struggle, and again heaven sent its forces to his succor. At last, after many blocks were traversed, Stelle was able to hold up his hand to heaven and exclaim: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

And as he looked up the clouds parted for a moment revealing a patch of blue and a brilliant star. Half in a dream he looked to see where he was and saw that he was before the Methodist building, and that brought recollections of home and the old church there. Half an hour later Stelle had money in his pocket, come by honestly, in return for a slight service of courtesy. The money came from a young swell, who, with a woman companion, had been lingering over the wineglass

in a high-priced restaurant, and whose tongue was thick as he asked Stelle, by way of return courtesy, if he would not have a drink.

"No," was the reply, "I don't drink. I used to until it robbed me of everything, and I've quit, with God's help."

"Guess you are right," said the stranger, who was taken aback by Stelle's first testimony. The next moment he was peeling off one of a roll of bills, which he handed to Stelle with the remark that he hoped it would do the latter good, and he was welcome to it.

The next day Stelle found a place, humble enough, in an addressing establishment, and the night he drew his first pay—just about equal to what both before and after he had earned in a single day of fewer hours—he went to a mission to which he had been invited by a card given out at a church to which he had gone. During the week he had attended a Salvation Army meeting and gave a second testimony by inviting a forlorn man to give his heart to God. The man refused, with thanks, but months later stopped Stelle on the street and thanked him for the invitation; then he revealed who he was, a criminal of international reputation, who was trying to live honestly.

When Stelle went to the mission he found

himself in a room in which he had spent many hours drinking; the one from which years before he had helped out two companions; united the three were able to walk; it is doubtful if either could have done so alone.

Familiar songs were sung in the mission, some of which he had not heard since childhood, but there was not much else to interest until a man stood up and declared that he was a redeemed drunkard. Then he told a story which paralleled Stelle's history in many particulars. It was Rev. S. H. Hadley, for whom the mission has been named since his death.

To Stelle this seemed like a revelation of Jesus's love for him. "Now I know why I don't want to drink," he said; "yes, and I will never have to drink again," he continued.

As the story unfolded a great joy came into his soul and he received a great draught of the living waters, and the very gates of heaven seemed to unfold as in a vision.

That is many years ago. To-day Stelle is a member of a Methodist church, restored to almost all that sin had taken from him, is prosperous and happy. The old church in which as a boy he was nurtured has made him a local preacher and he is never ashamed to tell the story of his redemption. Under

God his ministry has been blessed as he has told of what Jesus did for him when he was a sinner and an outcast of society, and he has had the joy of leading others to the same Saviour. His favorite song is that which Mr. Hadley sang that first night in the mission:

O, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All his grace so rich and free;
O, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All his love and grace to me.

CHAPTER XII

Cowboy Baronet Turns Soldier

"Young man, do you ever give a thought to your soul's salvation? Suppose you should drop dead in such a place; what do you think would become of your soul; what would your mother think when she heard of it?"

A Salvation Army soldier with a bundle of papers under her arm had pushed through the swinging doors of the resort, which was not of the highest type, and approached one after another of the loungers with request to buy her wares. Before one, who patronized her, she paused long enough to put her pointed questions; then, when the one addressed manifested embarrassment, she gave him a card with the address of one of the halls of the city, accompanied by an invitation to come and see what they did in the Army.

"I'll be —— if I—excuse me, young woman —that is—I'll come."

He was a handsome young fellow, tall and of rugged build, bronzed by contact with the sun and wind and storms of the plains and of the sea. He looked every inch a man, as he leaned on the bar rail, but of a man gone

wrong, for there was no mistaking the fact that his rollicking spirit came from the bottle behind the bar.

Next night found him at the meeting place. He had left his companions rather abruptly the night previously after the Salvation Army girl had passed on, and had gone to his room without taking another drink. Nor did he feel like eating his customary lunch before retiring. Thoughts of retiring, in fact, had not come to him, for he was troubled—troubled as he had never been before in his life of ups and downs as sailor, soldier, and cowpuncher, among other things. He could not forget the question put to him in the saloon, try as he would. He was not accustomed to think of such things, but he could not think of anything else now. The frank face of the girl and her earnestness as she addressed him, as well as her strange interrogation, had completely upset him.

He mused over the matter long and decided to attend the meeting. For two weeks he sat and listened to the simple presentation of the gospel by officers and converts. It surprised him, for he had never heard personal religion so dealt with. As he listened he came to realize that, though religion such as he had come in contact with before had not appealed

to him, yet there was something very attractive about the gospel of the lowly. It had in it something he had never dreamed of in all his wild and varied career.

One night, in the solitude of the hall room he occupied, he knelt beside his bed and with tears in his eyes and tears in his heart he uttered the prayer of the penitent, and a new song, begun in heaven, echoed within his breast. The following night he stood up in the meeting and told what he had done and of his desire to become a soldier at once. Shortly afterward he was enrolled in another corps, located more conveniently, and soon was made janitor, his business being to clean the place, with the help of converts, to dust the benches, distribute the song books, and, as he had a good voice, lead the music, and tell the story of his conversion, both in the open-air service and that within the hall.

This man is a baronet, of the bluest of England's blue blood, twelfth in succession to the title and estates, but preferring an officer's title in the work he has chosen for his future occupation. He became a candidate for a commission with every prospect of receiving it in due season.

The baronet was born into one of the finest of the English noble families. His remote

ancestors had come with the invaders under William the Conqueror, from Normandy. More than two hundred and fifty years ago the crown created the baronetcy, which is fifth oldest in the list of all England. The ancestral estates were ample and highly valuable, and beautifully situated, but heavily encumbered. One of his ancestors had been a spendthrift and plastered on the mortgages.

Pride of birth counted for naught with the lad who afterward became celebrated the world around as the Cowboy Baronet, for he was born with a roving disposition—a wanderlust far in excess of that which possesses all boys—and he gave it full sway. At fourteen he became a cadet on a training ship of the British navy and might have been an officer to-day; but it was too slow for the spirited boy, its monotonous routine, and the stern discipline too tedious, and so he stole away. He shipped for two years on a whaler, and before he left the vessel had been twice around the world.

His father thought him hopelessly bad and despaired of making anything out of him. At sixteen, after his world trips, he had become familiar with the worst of every port where the ship touched; he had lived among a set of men of the hardest type of sailors

for two years, had learned to drink and to participate in all the other vices to which Jack Tar is habituated.

Next he enlisted in the Hussars under General Baden-Powell, and served five years in India. He had grown to be a brawny young man, a hard drinker, and his own father would not have known him, or, had he recognized him, it would have been to disown him.

When his enlistment was over a gold excitement was in progress in the hills of northern India and the baronet went there. He worked at Kola for several months, living the life of a miner, drinking and carousing with the oldest and toughest of the lot, ready for a scrap at any time and quite as likely as not to come out best man. He seemed to love to fight for the fight's sake, and used to say that he enjoyed being knocked down more than any other man he knew.

In spite of his prodigality he returned home with considerable money. Lavish expenditure upon himself and liberality with others soon took it all. When his last pound was gone he enlisted for home service, but it was too quiet. He borrowed money on his prospects from those who make it a business to loan to the nobility and bought his freedom from the army. Strange that to-day he is

making his way into another army, paying for his training to become an officer.

Then he borrowed more thousands from the same sources, lived at the clubs and endeavored to play the society man. He was encouraged by some anxious mammas, who did not know his history, nor that his prospects were hopelessly involved. Though he cut quite a dash for a time, it palled on him, for pink teas, the idle gossip of the drawing room and the dawdling of the club, though relieved by nights of dissipation and revelry, soon became too tame to the man whose red corpuscles had been set tingling by the adventure of a whaling ship and the excitement of the mining camp. He left again.

This time it was to Africa he went, but his inspection was brief, as he did not like the country; and so he came to America. He had heard weird tales of cowboy life on the plains and it attracted him. It was but a few weeks before he was astride a broncho, clad in sombrero, blue shirt, and "chaps," a red bandana knotted about his neck, a brace of revolvers and a cartridge belt completing the picture, precisely as depicted by Remington and Dan Moran.

When he was not "working" the cattle, breaking ponies, or engaged in the roundup,

or shooting up some frontier town, he probably was in Denver, at one of the best hotels, showering his money about as though the supply were unlimited. Despite the uncouth dress of the plains, his undoubted gentility and his money gained him an entrée to hotels and clubs, and society even sought him. Then back to the cow camp on Half-Circle-B ranch until he was ready for another whirl.

He outfitted with the Arrowhead ranch in Wyoming for a time and transferred his attentions to Cheyenne. After a time he moved to Arizona, and, while he was foreman on the G-bar-C ranch, he was made sheriff of Cochise County, than which no more lawless county existed in that period. Renegades, outlaws, horse thieves, and train robbers infested the county, and gun play was frequent. The man who could draw his gun first survived; they planted the other man beneath a cactus. The baron maintained order as well as any of his predecessors.

The breaking out of the Spanish-American war offered fresh opportunity for excitement. He tried to get in the Roosevelt Rough Riders, but had not been on the range long enough, and the best he could do was to enlist to command a pack train going to Porto Rico, under General Miles. He saw little of real

war, but it kept him supplied with adventure, and he remained in the service until the war was over; then he returned to England.

A few days sufficed to satisfy his longing for the old home; then he obtained a place as quartermaster on an Oriental steamship and returned to India. He enlisted again and was sent to the Chinese border, where there always is unrest. He had hardly settled down to the post routine when the Boxer rebellion broke out across the border. The garrison was too small to fight the fanatical Chinese, but did good service in its retreat by gathering up the scattered missionaries and other foreigners and protecting them while en route out of the danger zone. He saw more excitement before the Boxer trouble had ended, when he was discharged from the service.

A year in the Burmah jungles, hunting wild animals for the mere sport of killing, was his next diversion. It was said that he slew more wild game than that other former cowboy who spent some time in Africa more recently and was celebrated as a "mighty hunter." When this thirst for blood was satiated the baronet returned to India, but a longing for more American adventures came upon him and he was soon back in the cow

camps of the West. He drifted farther and farther away from the frontier of civilization, hid himself in the remote camps, and was lost sight of; when he wanted extra excitement he went to some mining camp instead of the large cities.

Because he hid himself away, when his father died, in 1907, it was months before the news reached him through an English paper which had been sent to another Englishman, a neighbor, sixty miles across the range. Several years before his elder brother, heir to the title and estates, had died, so that the cowboy was now a real baronet. He made a spectacular trip to England to claim his rights, but found that he could hope for but little income from the estates, owing to the encumbrances, which absorbed the rents for interest. The ancestral home was leased and he set out to acquire a fortune large enough to pay the mortgages and redeem his property. He stopped in London, however, until he had spent the money made by selling his "life story" to a newspaper syndicate, and then attached himself to a Wild West show as a rider. This did not go very far toward paying off the mortgages, and he hit upon a new plan.

Arriving in state on an Atlantic liner at

an American port, he summoned the ship news reporters and bade them announce that he had come to marry a rich American girl. His requirements, as printed by the reporters, were so absurd that not one girl nibbled at the bait: the ancestral halls, the title of Lady and her recognition at the English court.

A moving picture photographer hired him to do "thrillers" before the camera, giving him a salary large enough to keep him in drinks and permit of a considerable amount of high life. One of his more recent stunts was to ride into a city saloon dressed in cowboy costume, bringing terror to all within, for he blazed away with his revolvers in a harmless way and everyone thought a real holdup was in progress.

This was the life he was leading when the Salvation Army girl crossed his path. After his conversion his whole life changed. He lost his desire to drink and carouse and led so quiet an existence that he was forgotten except by a few. His only appearance in the lime-light of the press was when his connection with the army was discovered by a reporter who had met him years before. When he was given a minor office in the Army he celebrated it by an "English Evening," which was attended by several of noble birth

and many others of his countrymen. He hopes when he has earned a commission to be assigned as a missionary to visit some of the places and classes with which he has become familiar during his wanderings. He no longer prizes his rank, preferring to be a soldier of the heavenly kingdom to occupying a place in the court of the greatest earthly king.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though far from my home, yet still I can sing,
"All glory and praise! I'm a child of a King."

CHAPTER XIII

Got What He Wanted

"I WANT some of that."

"That" happened to be salvation, and the speaker had just heard a man tell how he had been saved from his rebellious life.

He had not come for salvation, but money; he had been sent, with a letter of introduction signed by the leader, to see a man earlier in the day, but God had ordered that his errand should fail. The one he would see was away, they told him, but would be back in the evening. Having drank heavily before the call, he started out to find some one who knew him, to get enough money to last until evening. Then he expected to ask for ten dollars.

Burns had been a prosperous business man, but became a failure because of his habits. However, he had many friends and had been able to secure five or ten dollars a day from them while he was on the spree. He was much disappointed not to find the missionary at home, for he had been told that the latter never turned anyone away. He must have drink, however, and he went to find a man

who had been his foreman a short time before.

Somehow God had placed many obstacles in the path of Burns that day; he had missed one man, and now his foreman was broke. He had paid out his last dollar for appliances for a shop he was opening, but gave a quarter. When that was spent for drinks—his last—Burns went back to wait for the missionary. Just how he got there Burns could never figure out. He was not accustomed to the locality, and he was so under the influence of liquor that his mind was almost a blank, except for the purpose of his errand—to borrow.

He awakened, nevertheless, in a room with many others, most of them in bad shape, some of them as drunk as himself; but he did not even then realize fully the nature of the place he was in. He had not been told that this "easy" man was the superintendent of a mission.

Sitting close to him was a red-headed Irishman, whose one plaint was that he "wished he could get a bed ticket." Still expecting to get the ten dollars, Burns volunteered to see that his neighbor was sent to bed. He held on to his letter of introduction and later had an opportunity to present it, for the mission-

ary came to him when he learned Burns wanted to see him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked after the letter was read.

"I have been drinking too much," said Burns, "and I want to sober up and go back to my business. I think I can do it on ten dollars."

"Is that all you want?" said the missionary.

"O, if he only knew how impossible it is for me to get sober, or stay sober, he wouldn't say *all,*" thought Burns. The next moment the missionary in tones of love and sympathy said:

"What you need, my dear brother, is Jesus Christ as your Friend and Saviour; He will sober you up so that you will never want another drink."

But Burns did not believe in Jesus Christ. He had scoffed at things religious for a number of years. Although his early training had been from Christian parents, in England, he had become more interested in the theories of Darwin and the speculations of Paine and Mill and Ingersoll, and had said that there was no God. Then, a few years later, he had found a god of his own in the form of alcohol and worshiped it faithfully. After a time he had shifted to America to see if things would

not go along better there. His idol came on the same steamer, and, being a jealous god, demanded constant service.

A brother in America was prospering in a line of bakeries in two adjoining cities, since made one. Burns went with him, mastered the business, and, on the death of the brother, succeeded to the ownership. He was making money faster than he had ever dreamed of doing. But his habit was growing, too, and demanded a larger and larger quota of the profits and time of the owner.

There have been wars because of tribute levied on a subject people and bloody battles fought ere the tyrant nation was ousted, for mankind ever has hated to be subject to such rule. Yet without opposition, almost, we permit King Alcohol to demand a tribute which even the wildest vagaries of ancient potentate never conceived of, tribute not alone in money —incomprehensible heaps of gold—but in quotas of slaves each year far in excess of any in history, to say nothing of the maimed and dead in long lists. Who will sound anew the tocsin for the fight to throw off this terrible yoke?

Finally Burns had to give up business, or it gave him up—which is much the same under such circumstances—and now his idol

absorbed all his time. He was a good servitor. This was his condition when God led him after something he did not get—money—and gave him something he didn't want, but which he found, to his amazement, was the very thing he had been seeking all along.

No one but the man who has gone through the experience can understand the abject slavery of the rum curse. What a mistake to think that men made in God's own image, and endowed with many faculties, are drunkards because they prefer it. At some stage of the habit they would run if they thought they would never want another drink from any reason. But when the habit has become slavery, not one but writhes and cries out for freedom. Happy he who finds the Author of Liberty at this time. How Burns would have hailed some specific which offered to cure him of drinking! He knew he could prosper when sober. It was equally apparent that he could do nothing worth doing while a drunkard.

A man in such a state is between two fires, both of consuming intensity: his every fiber demands the drink, every nerve demands its stupefying solace. He simply must have the drink. One drink, however, will not still the nerves; there must be another, and another, and

then more, until the narcotic brings cessation of consciousness. On the other side the flame of remorse burns brightly. When the brain is clogged with alcohol frightful visions come; when thought runs free terrible depression comes, and but one way seems open—to drown the sensibilities by more drink. To use a gambler's phrase: "Either way he plays he loses."

The man with the demon within may struggle to free himself, may try cures of many kinds; but "this kind cometh not out save by fasting and prayer." None but the Great Physician can heal in such extremity, and Burns at last was in his presence.

When he heard men tell of the miracles of healing he wanted to be made whole, and cried out. O, the soul agony in that cry, the faith —believing for the very work's sake—embodied in his appeal. And He who spake to another unfortunate, "According to your faith be it done unto you," heard the cry. Quicker than the utterance came the answer, and the hungry soul had found what he wanted at last.

He had not been freed of the demon, as yet, and the penitent form was assailed by doubts and fears.

"You praying?" said the Tempter; "why,

you know you don't believe in prayer. What good is it going to do you?"

Burns got up from his knees several times before the perfect work of the Spirit was accomplished within him and the victory gained, with all the deliverance and joy which the knowledge of sins forgiven brings.

A doctor who had studied the effect of alcohol upon the human system for a temperance organization sat through a meeting one Sunday and heard men tell of instantaneous release from the drink curse, and heard the man on the platform promise rum-soaked men that they could, if they chose, go from the room and never want another drink. She approached the missionary at the close of the meeting with a request for an interview. When they were alone the doctor said: "How can you tell those poor men what you did? I am a physician and have studied alcohol's effect on the stomach." Then followed a detailed description of the ulcerations in the drunkard's stomach and other conditions and the declaration that no power could still the cry of that stomach for alcohol until long treatment had healed its sores.

The doctor was very earnest. She talked rapidly and with considerable vehemence, closing with a repetition of the question:

"How can you tell those poor men these things when you must know it is not so?"

The missionary knew little of medical science, but he knew that in the twinkling of an eye he had forgotten the desire for a drink. As the doctor rattled on, the marvel of the miracle grew upon him. When she had finished he burst forth: "Praise the Lord! I never knew before that he had given me a new stomach."

The doctor fled.

So it had been with Burns. While he knelt the bonds were removed and he never again felt the desire for drink. Science said it was impossible, but with Him all things are possible, and the deed was done.

For many years the unbeliever has been telling of the power of God unto salvation. He is the head of the mission where he found release and is constantly drawing men toward that same fountain of power. Gathered around him in the work is a strong band of men who have come up from bondage into the promised land under his ministration and have proved that He is the power of God unto salvation unto everyone that believeth.

He has never made as much money as he did before he became a drunkard, but he is laying up treasure incorruptible, and, what

is far more important, others are profiting by his work. He has some of the noblest Christian men in the world behind his work—men whose names are known in financial and commercial life. Somehow, drunkards and crooks seem to gravitate to the mission, led by the Spirit, whose seal of approval is, after all, the most important feature of the work.

CHAPTER XIV

A Life Sentence

Roberts had not been born a thief, but he had gravitated into that life very naturally, and for half a century he had kept the police of many cities alert—when he was not in jail and, therefore, the cause of no alarm.

He had entered the world in an Eastern city, had been orphaned early in life, and had been forced into the thick of the struggle for existence when wholly unfitted to cope with the problems which he must solve day by day, and was handicapped by the lack of the loving counsel of father and mother. Thrown into the streets, he became a newsboy, bootblack, errand boy, doing that which came nearest to his hand, and, somehow, managed to wrest from the world a meager living. But often it was a hallway or a truck for a bed, and often a lingering look in a bakery window was as near as he came to acquiring a meal.

With this beginning, it was small wonder that he grew into a sneak thief and pickpocket. It was easy to snatch a handful of peanuts, an apple, or an orange from the pushcart, and then to run, giving the cart a push, to make

sure that the owner would be fully occupied in keeping his stock from the street, and so could not give chase. It was easy to slip through an open window, or an unfastened door, or over a transom, and hide under his coat some article negotiable at the pawnshop.

One day, looking for an opportunity to plunder, he saw a safe he thought he could open. That night he did the job and found it was easy.

"What's the use of working when there's easy money like this?" he soliloquized. "What's the use of doing petty thieving, when in one night I can make as much opening safes as in a year at the old game?"

The police had a new force to deal with. A new hand was at the game, a new yegg breaking safes. It was some time before the trail led so close to the culprit that he decided that his health required a change of climate.

The genesis of the crook is rapid and easy; the turning away from the crooked to the straight path seldom comes early in his career. Many a weary day passed before Roberts was ready to mend his ways.

It was not long before the police of the West found that a new safe burglar was operating here and there. There is such a distinct individuality in the work of this class that the

police always know when a new man blows open a safe, by the workmanship. Immune from arrest for a long time, Roberts was brought to bay at last, and a prison term was given. Reform? His experience in that prison brought no lasting desire. True, like the devil of the poetic fable, with monastic desires when ill, the prison bird had declared over and over that this would be his last time behind the bars; but once freed his first thought was where he could raise some money. Soon another safe was wrecked, and again the police were hunting the robber. Yet there was a difference: this time they thought they recognized the handiwork and they had a description and photograph of the suspect—it was before the days of the Bertillon system of registering crooks.

For fifty years this had gone on. Roberts was not caught always, and he made many big hauls. Were some of his crimes enumerated the man would be recognized as one of the most daring and successful of his calling. The police were baffled more than once; more than twice they got their man, but could not prove their case, nor find the loot, though feeling certain that he had it. There were other times when a term in jail followed the trial.

Prison, in time, will break the nerve of any

man. All safe robbers, after a few arrests, lose some of their confidence in their superior ability and attain a higher respect for the police; also, an intense hatred for such natural enemies as the plain-clothes men. Roberts had tried his hand as highwayman and in second-story work, when a safe job was not pending, and he was in need of money. He was known to the police of a score of cities as a slick grafter and all-round crook. It was many years before he lost his nerve, but the time came when he felt himself no longer a match for the police.

He changed his residence often, and, except when forced to do so by the police, rarely lingered long about the scene of his exploits, though return visits were not infrequent. Up and down the country, from coast to coast, from Lakes to Gulf, committing one class of crime here and another there, he moved along with the ceaseless tide of the criminals and the unemployed.

Nearly twenty years ago he reached a Western city and was broke. He had been up in Minnesota grafting and it had become too warm for him, so he took what is known in the underworld as a "side-door Pullman," which is a stock or box car, bound for Chicago. He was put off the train in a Mississippi River

city and was arrested at once by a policeman, who recognized him as an old-timer. The judge heard his story, but, there being no crime alleged, he was freed with a warning to leave the city immediately. He was willing to leave. He walked across the bridge to another city and was arrested again, the same program was repeated, and he walked to the third of the tri-city group. He saw that arrest awaited him there too, for the police were watching him. He knew that the justice of the peace in that place was a strong churchman and never let off anyone, and so he slipped into the railroad yards and took a box car again. He landed at the other end of the division with forty cents in his pocket and sought a former pal at his usual hanging-out place.

"Gone out of town on a little job," said the bartender. "He'll be back in the morning."

Roberts spent fifteen cents for supper and a quarter for a room in a lodging house, somewhat below his usual standard. Next morning he went out and "bummed" the price of a drink before going to locate his friend. But he knew that one of his reputation could not remain in the city many hours without being picked up by the police, so he decided to go

to headquarters and obtain permission to linger twenty-four hours. As he stood before the chief of the detective bureau he pleaded: "Chief, give me another chance, won't you? I'll get a job and go to work. If you won't do that, give me twenty-four hours so that I can find a friend who is out of town to-day. I can get some money from him and will go away and start over somewhere."

"Roberts, I'm afraid to trust you twenty-four hours. When you come into the city you make trouble for us always. We cannot keep track of you. As for your going to work—bah! don't try to 'con' me."

The chief was not hard-hearted, nor desirous of hounding a man whom he had tried to keep track of for years, but he did not believe that the man before him was really desirous of reforming. He had heard the same plea many times before, and where were the reformed ones? Though hardened by years of contact with the criminal classes, he had a heart within him, and willingly would have given the permission asked had he believed the applicant to be sincere.

He thought he knew the man and could not see where there was a possibility of reformation to one who had preyed on the public for fifty years. He knew the result of prison life

in dwarfing a man's capabilities also, and knew the handicap of the man with a prison experience and record.

Roberts was crestfallen as he left the building. What could he do and where could he go? He did not have a cent; it was midwinter and he was wearing still his last summer's clothes, and he pondered upon his hard lot. Whatever argument may be presented that there is no hell hereafter, the crook knows that there is one here; he lives there. Hell-fire sermons make little impression upon such; it is love that never faileth.

Making for the railroad yards, expecting to leave the city, Roberts happened to meet—no, there was no happen; it was God's appointment—a man now a national character. Roberts had known him for years, first as a newspaper reporter, who had sought from the crook news of the underworld and had acquired a number of "exclusives" from that source.

"Help me get a job," was the crook's plea, as he told his predicament.

"Why, you do not want to work; what are you talking about? You would not take a job if I got one for you," said the friend.

He thought Roberts had been a crook so long that his was a hopeless case. There was

one man who thought the prodigal son was in like status. The plea was strong, however, and the crook and newspaper man started for the latter's office to consider the matter. Several detectives eyed Roberts on the elevated train, but his companion was known, and a nod reassured them.

Going up in the elevator, the proprietor of a great enterprise located in the building was encountered.

"Mr. Cole, I want to introduce you to an old friend of mine. He has been a crooked man, but is a pretty good sort of a fellow, and he says he wants to reform."

This was the introduction and the crook's heart sank within him. "Surely," he thought, "this man will telephone to the police, and they will get me again for not leaving the city as they ordered."

In the office the three sat down to talk it over.

"I want you to put this man to work," the newspaper man said. "Give him a chance for my sake."

"Come in to-morrow and I'll see what I can do for you," was the rather reluctant reply to this appeal. "I have no job that I know of, but I'll put you on the payroll for seven dollars a week, and every morning you can

come in and get your dollar until I find a place for you."

"I would have died before stealing a cent from that man after that," said Roberts.

That night he met a former pal who had great news to tell him; how he had gotten into a mission and found out that there was a way to get out of the evil life. Roberts went with his friend, and for the first time heard the gospel of salvation for a crook. Men told how they had been drunkards and thieves and had become sober and honest through faith in Jesus Christ. Some of them he knew, and he could see that they were different. That night Roberts sought the same salvation and found it.

The crook who had prided himself on his keenness of vision, and his ability to spot a detective two blocks away, had his eyes opened as truly as the blind man on the Jericho road, and what he saw was the same Jesus, with arms outstretched, much as he must have stood in that other day, ready to forgive all the dreadful past. He who had been in six different prisons for breaking the law became a prisoner again, but this time of One whose bondage is easy and whose burden is light. This time he received a life sentence and has never asked release on parole.

In a few days he was installed as porter by his new boss. A week later two detectives called at the office and told the proprietor the kind of a man he had in his employ. But Roberts had told first, what his friend had not, and the detectives were sent away disconcerted, with the information that the proprietor knew more about his new porter than they did, and was satisfied.

In time Roberts was advanced until he became receiving clerk, handling thousands of dollars' worth of goods each month and accounting for all. Nearly twenty years he has served of his life sentence, and everyone about him soon knows it; some of them he has led to the Master. He has told the story of his redemption to thousands, from platform and pulpit, being in demand for revival work; rarely has he failed to see men won to Jesus by his recital.

Roberts now lives in a fine house on one of the boulevards of the city where he started his new life. He owns another and has a line of mortgages and a bank account, sufficient to keep him in his declining years, though he has given away as much more to help others like he once was. He still holds his position, but with assistants to make it easy, and there is no more respected man in the

city to-day than the ex-safe-blower. The police know he is "on the square" and have a good word for him. The man who ordered him out of town is dead, but for years he was accustomed to drop in on Roberts occasionally, at his office, not to ascertain whether he was keeping straight, but to keep alive his faith in humanity and to remind himself that the Divine could do more than the strong arm of the law for a fallen man. "He is surely a Christian, and he has got the goods on him," was his rather slangy way of expressing his confidence in Roberts.

The crown of life earned through faithfulness rests upon him who once was a menace to society, his misspent and distorted life has become a thing of beauty and his presence a benediction to all with whom he comes in contact.

> As far as the west is removed from the east,
> He banished my sins, both the greatest and least.

CHAPTER XV

Sunny Jim

Early Christian era painters depicted Deity or a saint with an aureole. No one who knows Sunny Jim will have the slightest doubt that they were warranted in placing a halo about the head of a Peter or a Paul, nor wonder how the practice was conceived by the artist.

Sunny Jim—that was before he received this name—was a bartender, a waiter, a man of all work, a dishwasher, in turn, until he could not hold even the humblest place in a cheap restaurant. Undone, he was a wretched semblance of humanity, ragged and dirty, always drunk or dry, homeless, friendless, penniless, forsaken. When a few hours' pay sufficed to get him drunk and leave enough over to buy a cot in a lodging house, the night clerk had another "drunk" on his hands. There may have been an aura about him, but not the kind a painter would care to depict upon the canvas.

He was born of German parents when many respectable, well-to-do families still were living within the shadow of the Bowery, though

that street was noted for its dives. He was not content to drink like most Germans; that was too slow. Early in life he drank heavily, though he was warned that his conduct would lead him to the state of the men in a lodging house upon which the family could look from their rear windows. He laughed at this possibility. But he spent many nights in that very lodging house later on.

He became bartender for another German of enterprising ideas, who sent him on Sunday mornings to a German church in the neighborhood of the saloon, to win patronage from the members of the congregation. Cigars and jovial greetings were the bait used; he says this advertising cost little and brought big returns to the saloon, which opened when church was over. The proprietor had been to another church with like results.

But, being a good customer of the bar behind which he served, in time he was discharged as "no good." He never used religion as a cloak thereafter, but served many saloons behind the bar, until there came a time when no one would employ him in that line, because of his drunkenness. Then he became a waiter and followed this line until his condition prevented him from securing more than a few

hours' work at the dinner rush—if he was sober enough.

With one large restaurant corporation, for which he worked on and off—generally off in his later days—he might have become a branch manager, for he had the natural ability. He chose to continue his drinking ways and dropped from a waiter to omnibus—man of all work—and finally to dishwasher, the most menial work in that line, and even then they had to let him go many times for incapacity to do this work.

This did not come to him all in a year, but so gradually that he scarcely noticed the gradations down to the place where he knew nothing but to live for the day, with misery sure to end it.

During this period he became estranged from his family, and for ten years they sought him in vain. Though separated by but a few miles, he was lost to his relatives. When there was a death in the family his sisters searched the city without result. Prisons, hospitals, and every other place where a "lost" man might be, were visited. When he was not found, and the morgue gave no clue, it was feared that he had enlisted for the Spanish-American war and had been killed. The departmental records did not bear his name,

and they wondered if he had enlisted under an assumed name.

It was midwinter when he came where the gospel message was given out. He had been in the bread line and heard that a supper was to be given at a mission he had never known of before, and he went, because he was hungry for the sandwich and coffee to be served. He was so filthy that he feared he would not be admitted, but no questions are asked at that mission, and no conditions attached to the coming, for it is almost the only place where the drunkard and thief are more welcome than the sober man and the upright, and where the highways and hedges are searched, if need be, that there may be no vacant seats at the feast.

Siestas after the supper are not looked upon with favor in this place. Though the hot coffee and warm room woo slumber to the tired men, it is customary to keep them awake that the message and testimonies be not lost. Sunny Jim was prodded several times; this resulted in his hearing about every word uttered.

The fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was read: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

"That fits me," said one hearer. "That is

what I have done all my life; it is time I made a change."

With a large crowd of men he knelt and obtained forgiveness. Of all the number he was the only one to return, though he was the most hopeless-looking case of all. A bed ticket and a meal ticket supplied immediate needs. He never needed help after that first night. A few hours' work the next day, secured after he told a former employer what he had done, supplied his wants for that day and the next, and then he secured a steady job.

In recounting the experiences of the first few days he said that his first temptation came when he was paid off for the first day. With not a cent in his pockets he had no temptation to buy a drink, but the minute there was a half dollar there the suggestion came to "take one." But a voice within told him that unless he wanted to be dependent upon others he had better spend the money differently. He listened to the good promptings of the Spirit and paid for two nights' lodging, got a clean shirt from the laundry, and bought a paper of tobacco. This took all his money, and, broke, his temptation was gone.

To those who have never had the struggle with sin in its virulent forms all this will

seem petty; but to Sunny Jim it was the beginning of character building, and if you had heard his testimony that first night it would have been very apparent that he had gained a victory, and that he had learned a vital truth —that while he might not be free from temptation, yet there was a way to circumvent the adversary.

In two or three days soap and water had made him shine; he was clean, his clothing had been made presentable, and he stood forth a transformed man within and without. In another week his happy testimony won him the name "Sunny Jim," and it fitted his disposition so well that it has clung to him since.

One of the first things he did was to hunt up his sisters and tell them of the change which had come into his life. They knew something had happened, for he had not come to them asking for money—declined it, in fact; they were rejoiced that their prayers had been answered and received him joyfully.

Another brother was missing from the home. Sunny Jim began to pray on every occasion that he might find that brother and importuned everyone he met to do the same. One night he was greeting the men entering the mission, one after another, as "my brother," when he turned and found himself face to face

with his own brother. There was great rejoicing that night, and ere long he had the great joy of leading his loved one to Jesus, and this was followed by a happy reunion of all of the family.

To crown his blessings God has given him a life partner, whom he met while trying to help others.

Sunny Jim developed into a constant worker for his Master. Wherever he may be, in street car, restaurant, or elsewhere, he bears witness to everybody of the power of salvation. He is thoroughly practical and believes in interpreting the gospel message in terms of food and lodging and clothing, though making it clear that it is all given because his Master loved him well enough to save him. He who as bartender broke down character, is now an upbuilder; dozens of his old associates have followed in his footsteps through his testimony and life.

If you should see him stand in the presence of a crowd of sinners, telling of the love of Jesus which lifted him from the depths and made a new creature out of him, while impressed with his earnestness, you would be startled by his glowing countenance, for he fairly seems to shine on his Mount of Transfiguration as he talks. "Sunny Jim" is only

a nickname, but one seems to see the Sun of Righteousness shine forth in him.

If you give your heart to Jesus,
You will shine as the sun,
You will shine as the sun,
You will shine as the sun;
If you give your heart to Jesus,
You will shine as the sun,
As you walk the golden streets on high.

CHAPTER XVI

Sunshine

Sunshine had lived a rough life. It was not environment with him, but choice that led him into the darkened paths. He suffered for it far beyond what the average man is called upon to endure, and, though he strove to get away from evil conditions and influences in his life times without number, yet always he was unequal to the struggle. He had no Helper in his straits and his sin persisted.

Yet he had not been born amid evil surroundings. His home was that of the American gentleman, his parents were church folk, and Sunshine was not left ignorant of the Bible and its purpose. In his early life he attended one of the aristocratic churches of the city, then not so exclusive as now in its congregation. This was after the family moved in from the country, though what then was called country is scarcely out of the city to-day.

It might be difficult to point to the one thing which started Sunshine on the downward path, for sin has insidious ways of entering

into the life and the retrospect is not always illuminating in the far reaches. For more than thirty years, however, there had been little in the life which was commendable.

Drink, of course, was there; that was the solvent by means of which almost all the other sins were carried into the life current, until the stream was polluted.

One of the first effects of the drinking was to drive Sunshine from home. He was not called Sunshine then—that is a product of his later life. He traveled with a fast lot of youths who needed money to keep up the pace, and there were many pawnshops handy. It was easy to dispose of property, and easier still to appropriate that which belonged to another. The law calls that stealing, but they did not; they were simply taking from the world that living which they claimed as a right. That God had prescribed the manner of attaining the livelihood by the sweat of the brow did not enter into their ethics. If they had any ethics it might be summed up in the words, familiar now: "We need the money."

The law has an eye for such, and one day the law stepped in and in the course of time one of the private rooms in a State hotel, located on the banks of a beautiful river, had a new occupant. There was no sunshine there.

It does not take many lessons of this kind to compel a man to stop and think. Alas! that they seldom follow the promptings of their better judgment and turn away from evil. Sunshine heeded in part, for he resolved that the things which brought him into contact with the law were to be shunned; he told himself that he did not like State board, and he did not propose to be a free boarder again. Had some earnest Christian touched the life at that juncture, Sunshine might have been saved from all of his sins.

When he found that he could not break with the old crowd, and could not mend his ways with their help, rather than again become involved in their work he went into a little office before which were an American flag, a pacing soldier, and a placard telling of the need of Uncle Sam for men to fight. In those days there was still some fighting going on in the land; there were marauding Indian bands in the Bad Lands and down along the Mexican border, and occasionally the Utes of Colorado broke from their reservation and ravaged a section. Sunshine did not think of the Indian fighting, else he might have chosen the navy, where no sort of war cloud was in sight.

The atmosphere of the barracks at an army

post is not likely to aid in a man's reformation, at least it was not so in those days. Now, with the branch Young Men's Christian Association influences, there is a chance. There was no reformation for Sunshine in the army. In Rome he did as the Romans did, which, translated, means that when his comrades filled up at the fringe of saloons surrounding the post, Sunshine was likely to be in the middle of the festivities. There was the guardhouse, of course, and extra duties imposed for the infringement of the rules when one stayed beyond leave, but one can mark time or march and shoulder a musket pretty well, though all the world seems to be revolving in several directions at the same instant.

All posts are pretty much alike in their evil allurements. One or two, far from a settlement, are better in this respect, but most of them are at or near a large city, and soldiers are welcome at all the dives after pay day. Still, with all his failings, Sunshine was an average soldier, and his irrepressible wit under adverse conditions made him a favorite.

There was that excursion into the Bad Lands of Dakota in which he participated, which also helped cover a multitude of

transgressions. He was in the command which swept over the plains and into the lava beds when the Modoc massacre wiped out the little band of General Logan, and he was present at the capture of Sitting Bull. Sunshine showed that he had the right stuff in him in those days of fighting; that counts for much with the officers.

When the term of enlistment was over he came back to the old haunts. A new leader of the old gang had appeared upon the scene, and he had grouped about him a band of the toughest men to be found outside of a prison. Sunshine traveled with the gang on his old reputation. He did not participate, however, in their raids. Almost always he had a guilty knowledge of their crimes; he shielded them when he had the chance.

The gang was one whose name inspired terror among the police of the city. The leader since has been sent to a penitentiary and the gang scattered, but in those days it stopped at nothing. One of its members boasted that up to a few months ago no man who looked as though he had money or other valuables could pass through certain streets without being stopped by one of the gang. Holdups, burglaries, shootings, and cuttings, and various other evil deeds were perpetrated.

When the gang was out no one was safe, not even the policeman on the beat.

Although Sunshine did not engage actively in the crooked work of the gang, he was with them on every drinking bout. The habit had grown upon him until it completely mastered him. The grade of the work he was able to do steadily dropped.

Then came a period to which he does not often refer; when reason gave way under the persistent abuse to which he submitted his physical being. His vitality and mentality sapped by drink and its train, the doctors thought him hopeless. In the gospel days probably he would have been another dweller among the tombs. But God restored him and for a time he was careful. Then gradually he lost control of himself, and his habits were such that the only place he could hold was at cleaning windows; at last he lost even that. He dwelt in the saloons, foraged where he could, and took in all the free suppers at the missions. A picture taken one night of a supper crowd contains a good view of Sunshine, though neither his appearance nor condition suggested this name at that time.

One Sunday afternoon he heard the story of the raising of Lazarus, and some of the utterances of the leader brought recollections

of other days. When it came to the passage, "They took away the stone," he said to himself, "I'm going to let Him take away the stone from my life."

That day a Lazarus came forth from the tomb.

It was not long before he gained the sobriquet "Sunshine." It seemed to fit the old man, now nearing sixty. His white hair and fair complexion, aided by a tendency to baldness, made his countenance fairly shine as he spoke. His sunny disposition added to the simile, and Sunshine he was named. No likeness is there now to the man pictured on that supper night. Those who remembered the forlorn individual who had been present nearly every Saturday night during the winter could hardly believe that he and Sunshine were identical. No longer a denizen of the underworld, he claimed a place in the upper kingdom.

There were many stumblings, many mistakes and wanderings, but having once enjoyed the sunshine of His love he could not do without it, and he invariably returned. After a time he landed firmly on the Rock, and he knoweth its foundation is sure.

CHAPTER XVII

Her New Husband

Long-suffering womankind does not receive its meed of praise from men always, nor is it frequent that the husband will admit that he is responsible for the ills which have come upon his home, though he be drunkard or worse. The life of evil, most of the time, seeks to find in others the cause of the woes which come into it.

Johnson, however, had not the least doubt that he was blamable for the hardships his wife had to endure, and for the fact that his children had scarcely one to call father, for he was away from home except what time was required to eat and sleep, and not always for that.

Perhaps it was only natural that he should pray that God should give his wife a new husband and his children a new father. That was all he asked when he came seeking salvation, but the God above saw that back of this were sin-sickness and heart-weariness and longing for real life, and gave all that was yearned for.

Johnson had been a prosperous business

man once. He had married a sweet Christian woman and they had been blessed with several children. His home was happy and supplied with the good things of life until sin fastened its grip upon the home's head. He had learned to drink and play cards and other games of chance, at first as a means of diversion, then because it furnished the excitement which his nature craved more and more, and at last he could not remain away from the gaming tables, if he had a cent to wager or his credit was good with the proprietor of the place.

This was not accomplished in a year, nor in several years. His business provided him with a substantial income, and when the drain of constant playing told, the bank account covered it; and then he did not always lose. The hardest gamblers are those who make frequent and big winnings. He became known as one of the most confirmed poker-players in the lower part of his home city and as a man who would buck any "tiger" layout, for faro was still permitted, if not run too openly. Poker, the national game, was rife and rarely interfered with.

One cannot neglect business and home without suffering for it. His business dropped off, the bank account dwindled, and then he

had to settle some of his debts by giving his notes. By this time the home began to feel the pinch. Usually this is the first place hit, for, while gambling makes a spendthrift of the man who wins largely, it turns into a miser the man on the losing side, when he sees his ill luck persist until it seems as though the tide never would turn. Of course the player believes that the next hand or the next turn of the cards will bring the change of fortune. Alas! too often there is no change, and the devotee of the god of Luck finds himself broke, with no chance of mending his fortune or ways.

With such a man the first place where he begins to save is in the home expenses. The wife has less for the household and for dress and little things for herself and the children. The more the gamesters demand as tribute, the less the family gets; for the infatuation is so complete, and the victim so sure that to-day, or to-morrow, or perhaps the day after, he will make a big winning and be "on easy street" once more; so it is important that when luck turns he have enough to play the game out.

When Johnson went broke he found many willing to stake him for another try; he was able to borrow large sums from those who had

known him in prosperous days and did not know that he was about "all in" financially. These sums were but flea-bites to the demands upon him and the losses at cards. Soon he stared ruin in the face, and there were transactions of so grave a nature that he feared arrest—warrants indeed were issued. He fled to escape the consequences of his sins, for he knew that his sins had found him out. He did not abandon his wife and children, but had to leave them to subsist as best they might until he was settled in another city and able to send money home. The wife prayed and trusted. For many years she had not failed for a single day to ask God to save her husband; in the fufillment of time her faith was justified.

As life in the Western city was wilder than the one he had left, it may be imagined that Johnson did not materially improve in his habits. He drank heavily at periods closely coincident with salary day and for a short time each month was a bright light in one or more of the gaming halls; but his money did not hold out long.

God had willed that he should be under influences for good, and a Christian woman for whom he worked often advised him for his own good. Though no result was apparent

from this, the seed had fallen where the soil was fertile, to spring up in due season. She talked to him much about his wife and children, and saw to it that he sent a portion of his wages regularly to them.

One day she came to him and said: "Johnson, you had better go home. I don't know why I am thus advising you, but I feel that you ought to go."

It had been several years since he left his home city, and he felt that probably his troubles there had blown over. He also had been yearning for a sight of the home faces and, without knowing why, he started to see them.

He did not go home until it was dark, for he was uncertain which way the land lay, and did not care to meet his old friends or a deputy sheriff until he knew what to expect. He was received with joy and the wife prayed again that the rest of her prayer might be answered. Neither knew that God was soon to reveal his wondrous power unto them.

Not long after his return from the West, on a sultry Sunday afternoon, Johnson was walking on one of the main streets when he was handed a small card, which he found to be an invitation to a meeting in a famous old

church. He was in his shirtsleeves because of the heat and did not suppose he would be welcome at the meeting. He had been sitting at cards all night, the game lasting until after the noon hour, when he was broke, and he was "indigo blue," as he has expressed it. He did not want to go home and confess once more that he was broke, dreading the patient, sorrowful face of his wife. He loved her and willingly would have died for her if necessary; alas! he could not live for her, of his own power.

As he looked over the card handed to him, life's failure was revealed to him. Yet as he went into the meeting he had no thought that the keynote of success was to be made manifest unto him. He did not expect anything from the meeting; he wanted to sit down and think things over before going home.

As he pondered over his condition snatches of songs as gentle influences stole into his heart, and then he heard a man speak, whose voice he recognized, and he put away his meditations to listen to his words, wondering, betimes, what that man could have to say in such a meeting. To his amazement the speaker announced that he had been saved from cards and whisky. Part of his story relating to the past was common knowledge

to Johnson, for he had been concerned with some features of it. As he listened he could see that there was a change, a something different which he could not define, though it was plain to see.

"Can it be," he thought, "that there is something in this religion that I have not found out? Is it possible to change a gambler like me into a respectable man?"

When the invitation was given, without a direct suggestion from anyone, Johnson arose from his seat in the last row and walked down the aisle, kneeling with others at the front seats. And then he prayed—thinking more of the effect on his home than upon himself—that God would send a new husband and father there to right things.

There was a happy wife in the home that night, for Johnson had hurried away to tell her that her prayer had been answered at last. The rejoicing that had been going on in heaven over the repentant sinner found echo in the home, and with children about them father and mother knelt together for the first time and both lifted up their hearts to the throne in thanksgiving, and thus set up the family altar, whose fire has never been extinguished.

Though that is a score of years ago, Johnson has never ceased telling the story of his re-

demption, which seems so wonderful to him yet that he speaks with an enthusiasm which is infectious. He has prospered until he has a fine manufacturing business, and owns a beautiful home and has everything else in keeping. He has seen many of his old gambling companions take the step he did that Sunday afternoon.

"There's no game of chance about this," he tells them; "it's the only 'sure-thing' game in the world."

CHAPTER XVIII

A Workhouse Valet

Kaleidoscopic had been the life of Fuller who from the highest-paid pulpit of an Eastern city dropped down the social scale until he was literally a valet to three Negroes, who with him occupied a cell in the workhouse, but who has been restored to the Christian pulpit.

Life began fair with him. Nurtured in a home where every kindly influence was thrown around him, he graduated in the course of time from a well-known university with the degree Ph.D., then from a divinity school, and entered the ministry in a Pennsylvania town. He was successful from the first. His preaching had the stamp of earnestness, its logic was clear, and tangible results evidenced the seal of the Holy Spirit upon his ministry. In two years a larger field opened in a growing city. He was looked upon as a rising young preacher. Soon his fame spread to the chief city of the State and he was called to one of its best-paid pulpits. He took rank at once as one of the leading pulpit orators of the city.

Fuller had married and two beautiful girls

came into the home. Then the death angel entered and the light went out of the family circle. He had become accustomed to take a glass of wine occasionally—indeed, had taken his first drink at the urging of a fair parishioner and found wine upon the tables of some of his congregation with whom he dined. In his grief, poignant and insatiable, he turned to the winecup for solace—rather to still and steel the racked nervous system. It grew to be a habit, with the chains of intemperance forged about him.

One summer day, sitting in a resort hotel, he was overwhelmed with the realization that he had become a drunkard, was disgracing his cloth, and was unfit to enter his pulpit again. Worst of all, he could not see that there was any chance of escaping from his thraldom. He wrote at once to the officials of his church, resigning the charge, and to the governing board of his denomination, confessing his fault and asking to be permitted to withdraw from the ministry. He was his only accuser and the permission was given.

Sin had robbed him of his sacred calling, had driven him from his Father's house, and, like another Jacob, was about to make him a wanderer.

Drink drew him on. His intention was to

turn to teaching for a livelihood. He did secure a school in a Western city, remained sober through the school year, and fancied he had conquered the demon within him. One day, however, as he stood on a corner waiting for a car, he turned about to see that he was before the entrance to a saloon, and was impelled to enter. The demon was still active. His school work was lost because of this spree and others which followed. Newspaper and magazine articles brought in a little money, but when the fires of rum are burning in a man's veins he has no time for painstaking work. If he be a genius, rum may glorify his work for a time; whether he be or not, the end is certain.

Fuller roamed the country as a tramp, mingling with the unemployed and criminal classes "on the road," weaving back and forth over the country. He lectured at times, but even though as a temperance lecturer he told the horrors of the liquor traffic, he spent the proceeds of his oratory drinking in some dive. He wound up "on the Bowery."

Scarce a city but has its equivalent of the Bowery, but only the initiated appreciate the utter hopelessness of the phrase "on the Bowery." "The jumping off place of humanity," the "last end of man," the "mael-

strom of sin," it has been variously called, this hiding place of the vicious and home for the disheartened outcast. These do not tell all.

The title of "Dr." had been forgotten by now. The consort of the hopeless and friendless, life was an unending round of "panhandling" for drinks, for food, and for lodging. Panhandling is not as remunerative on the Bowery as it was once. There are too many panhandlers for one thing; there are not so many "sports," with their free-handed ways, for another. The man who is "on the Bowery" must expect to spend many a night walking the streets, or on a park bench, or in the meager shelter of a truck, with newspapers for sheets and blankets; must expect many days of hunger, many days of drought. What an awful gulf between the fashionable pulpit and the back room of a Bowery saloon!

Such of his clothing as was pawnable, or salable, had gone for drink; the coat he wore was minus one sleeve; underneath it was an undershirt whose description had best be left to the imagination; tattered trousers, gaping shoes—not mates, and one soleless—and a battered hat completed the make-up. One June night he was arrested in Chatham Square for fighting. Locked in the same cell with him was a Negro, the most repulsive he had

ever seen. From one of the West Indian Islands, his face was scarred with the fetish marks of some barbarian religious rites, which imparted a hideous cast to the countenance.

Both were given workhouse sentences. Handcuffed to his terrifying cellmate, Fuller was driven through the streets to the Island ferry. Business was good in the court that day, and the "Black Maria" was crowded, and the ill-assorted pair occupied an outside seat. Children ran alongside the prison van to jeer at the unusual spectacle of a white man chained to a Negro. His eye, from the evening fight, had turned black. God! that human lives should be so cheap that the rum traffic can barter in them thus!

At the workhouse the two were assigned to a cell with two other Negroes. The "Dr." did not look as though he could do any manual labor worth while in the workhouse, and he was ordered to take care of the cell he occupied with the Negroes. He made their beds, and his own, swept the floor and mopped it, and performed the other chores. He was made, in the prison terms, "valet and bedmaker" to the Negroes.

Two weeks after his release from the workhouse he entered a mission, much to his own

wonderment. He was tired and hoped to rest, unmolested by the police. What he heard set him to thinking. Men told of their own salvation, but he could not believe it was all true. His theological training either had not taught him that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin," or he had not grasped the *sin* of drinking. Why will not men see that intemperance is not a "failing," not a "weakness," but SIN?

Reluctantly he went to the altar under the persuasion of the mission superintendent and for the first time in ten years felt that he did not need to take a drink. And, as it dawned upon him that he was free from the curse of drink, he marveled that he had not thought to seek this source of power before.

The following Sunday afternoon came a test of his sincerity and of the depth of his professed conversion. As he sat with other converts in the mission, to his amazement three ministers entered who had been his classmates at the theological seminary. What should he do? He knew he would not be recognized if he sat still; he could escape a possible meeting by leaving the place; his inner self told him to stand by his guns and trust the Lord.

Trembling with suppressed emotion, at the

proper time he arose and told in simple phrases the story of his downfall and the old, old story of redemption. Watchful men and women who had seen his agitation, and half guessed the reason, were praying that God would give him grace to arise; now they prayed that the Holy Spirit would touch his tongue.

His story was brief, yet it disclosed the entire gamut of a sinful life, of a new birth, of new hopes, and, as it came in measured phrases, it thrilled the audience. His classmates recognized, after the first sentence, the wreck of the theological student and preacher; but they saw something more—the new life come to the repentant sinner—and after the service they pressed forward to encourage him and welcome him back into the fold.

Four years later his church restored him to the ministry. He would not return save as a probationer, and served his year as such, and then was ordained as though he had never been in a pulpit. In a little time he was installed as pastor of a metropolitan church, and with success has ministered unto the congregation.

The interim had brought a complete restoration of all his powers. In the first year he was invited to preach in Old John Street,

"Mother Church of American Methodism," of which he was an attendant; he lectured and preached elsewhere, went out to tell the story of his conversion in behalf of the missions, and conducted a Bible class of redeemed drunkards and crooks, several of whom were inspired to enter missionary work under his teaching. A little later a philanthropist placed him in charge of a charitable institution which seeks to help unfortunate men until they can find work. Into this he put the experience gained in his ten years of wandering.

Some time later he was invited to become the State head of an agency which is fighting the saloons and in this field finds his "down and out" experiences helpful.

No trace remains of his fallen estate. The power which removed the appetite for alcohol made the change complete. One crowning joy remained for him. Invited to the city whence he had fled by a merchant prince whose name also is known everywhere as a Prince of the Kingdom, he was surprised to see a large delegation from his former church, whose pastorate he had resigned, and among the two thousand to whom he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on that day there were many of his former parishioners.

He has since preached in the old church and was given a reception such as few pastors receive.

Yet the proudest moment in his life—the sacredest—is that when, kneeling in the mission with other forlorn men, he learned the meaning of the old hymn:

> Amazing grace! 'Tis heaven below
> To feel the blood applied—
> And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
> My Jesus, crucified.

CHAPTER XIX

Rebel, Then Regular

"Is this one of the regulars?"

The questioner, superintendent of a rescue mission, placed his hand upon a ragged and bleary sleeper in a rear seat. He had not recognized the man and the janitor declared him to be a newcomer. The man had been awakened by the incident and the meeting was about to start. Having heard the question, he wondered what a "regular" might be. At any rate, he thought, there is nothing regular about me; I must be a rebel.

It was a long path which led this man off from Sunday school and the kindly influences of a Christian home. Not so far measured by feet and inches, for the old church was less than a mile away; but the life trail had been tortuous.

His parents had been members of Methodism's mother church on the continent. Mother's boy had been taught to pray when he went to bed and he had memories, even more remote, of being rocked to sleep to the hymn, "O happy day, that fixed my choice." Many times mother's voice had been heard in

prayer that God would save her darling boy; how could heaven refuse the petition of faith? Yet for many long years hope died out for the boy, grown into manhood, and none of his loved ones believed that mother's prayer ever would be answered.

Mother took the boy to Sunday school with his penny for the plate, while she attended the class meeting. Perhaps she dreamed a little of the day when her boy would grow up and in God's providence be made leader of that class. Well, mother's dreams sometimes come true. The boy later was leader of the class for a number of years, and it should be known that in this church the class meeting is not thought old-fashioned, and is attended usually by as many as are able to crowd into the room.

Mother did not dream of the sin and sorrow and suffering which were in store before that vision should be fulfilled; she was spared the agony of soul that such foreknowledge would have brought to her. She died before Sin entered. Her boy, not yet on the threshold of manhood, without the loving restraint and care of the mother, was left to his own devices by the father, who did not linger long after mother went, and grew fond of the theater, the dance, the city picnic or outing, and other

worldly attractions. School became irksome and he went to work for a banking house. In eight years he had gained the confidence of his employers and had a splendid position, but he had become infatuated with the race track also. Violating every trust reposed in him, he robbed his employers to play the races, pawned everything he could lay his hands upon for the same purpose, and lived only for the excitement of gambling.

At the race track he learned to drink—to look upon the ability to drink a certain amount of whisky as an evidence of manliness. It became a fixed habit. His excesses caused his friends alarm, but expostulation was unavailing. When he lost his job they helped him get another, and then several others. He was aided in every other way possible, but at last the family was forced to abandon him with the remark, "He is no good." He was now in rebellion against his family, the Sunday school, and the whole world.

One night, when he was drinking in a gilded café, the bartender saw that rum had its hold upon young Miller and cautioned him: "If you stick to that stuff, young man, you will come to rags; better take my advice and quit while you can."

Believe it, dear reader, that all agents of the devil in the sale of liquid damnation are not soulless. Down in their hearts, beyond all peradventure, many, many of them are sorry to see a young man become a drunkard. They may conceal this for business reasons, but it is there. Men who frequent the saloons often hear the bartender advise customers to "go slow" and others to quit absolutely; have seen them refuse to sell, telling the youth they would not be a party to his inevitable downfall.

Miller laughed at his adviser, just as thousands of young and "wise" men do to-day. He never forgot it, however.

From that time the downward pace was more rapid, and at the end of ten years of drinking the bottom was reached. Home was broken up long before, and money and position gone, and Miller became a wanderer and outcast. Of this period of his life he says:

"Often I wondered why I was born to such a hell upon earth; wondered why God did not remove me. I was dead in all but the physical and longed for release from existence. Slinking about in unfrequented parts of the parks or water front, I avoided those who had once been my friends. By day I wished it were night to draw a mantle about me; by

night I wished for the light to drive away the fears which were upon me. Hungry, tired, homeless, and hopeless, I could see no chance of ever getting away from that kind of a life. Remorse and anguish filled me when my senses were not steeped in alcohol.

"Sometimes I wandered into a mission to sleep, where a policeman would not drive me out. I heard men tell of salvation, but it made little impression. I wanted to be sober, but I could not imagine anyone being happy in the Christian life, and I was not ready to give up the world, not knowing that in the former true happiness and peace is to be found, and there alone.

"I became more hardened and reckless and did not hesitate at anything to get money to buy whisky. If the police had caught me I might have been sent away for a long term of years, but the only charge I ever had to answer was drunkenness, thank God.

"One night I was discharged for drunkenness and dishonesty—a polite way of saying that I was a thief. That night I spent in a saloon playing cards, and at daybreak I was stone broke. I commenced to drown my sorrow in whisky and succeeded so well that I slept off two drunks that Sunday. I do not remember anything from the middle of the

afternoon until I was awakened in the mission. I do not know where I had been in the meantime, but that night I ended my rebellion and became a 'regular.'"

When Miller started up, as he was awakened, his forlorn appearance moved the missionary; his eyes sought the man again and again during the evening. Strangely the waif did not go to sleep again. God had a vision prepared for him, and, if necessary, legions of angels would have been sent to prop open the eyelids lest he fail to see it.

There were songs, and many of them brought reminders of the old church, and then there were stories of salvation—fresh chapters of the gospel story, told by the subjects of miraculous deliverance. It seemed to sober up Miller, for over and over again he heard his own life story. Men who had been in his present condition told how they had been saved, were happy and prosperous as Christians, and said that Jesus was ready to do the same thing for any man. The vision had appeared—a vision in which Jesus and mother were seen pleading for the boy, and at last he yielded.

At the close of the meeting the missionary looked straight at Miller as he said that it was on a Sunday evening that he had been born

again, and he wondered if anyone in the room wished for the same thing—to live a Christian life and start for heaven that Sabbath night. He invited such to stand up.

Miller sprang up, eager to end his old life. With ten others he went forward, but when he knelt he knew not what to say or do. He was dazed by the debauch and by the revelations of the stories and the hope which had come to him, and prayer would not form. Prompted by the missionary, he prayed, "God be merciful to a sinner, for Jesus' sake," and over him came the consciousness that his petition had been heard at the Throne, and in the after testimonies said that he believed he had been saved.

The fact that everyone wanted to greet and congratulate him on his salvation was another revelation to the man who scarcely had received a kind word in years. A dear woman won him by a gentleness that brought memories of mother, and he got a foretaste of the joy of salvation.

"If this is Christianity, why didn't I know it before?" he said to himself. "Why didn't some one tell me about it?"

The next morning he awoke without craving a drink of whisky. It was so strange a sensation that he said to himself that he really

must be saved. He had been planning to leave for the West to hide himself from his relatives; now he wanted to go and tell them what had happened.

He was not yet "cleansed from all unrighteousness," and in the interval of a year or two had several battles with the adversary, being worsted through drink; but he could not keep away from his Saviour. God had set his seal upon him and one day he fell in love with Jesus. Since then the devil has lost dominion over the dear brother, whose life is a benediction to all so fortunate as to know him.

Eight weeks after his first experience at the mission Miller obtained employment with a banking house, whose manager stood by him in the days of testing. He became the confidential bookkeeper and trusted employee in the course of time, and for many years has prospered.

He united very soon with the Methodist church he had attended as a boy and became one of its officers. The happiest days of his boyhood were spent in the old church; now he is living them all over again, to his great joy. His mother must have been a gentle woman, for a sweeter type of Christian than Miller is seldom met. His humility and

his love—especially for a fallen brother—are like those of the Master whom he loves.

He has led many precious souls back to the Saviour and, though years have passed since he entered the mission, he is a regular attendant, always praising God "for saving him from whisky, tobacco, and everything else that is wicked and bad." The seed sown in his life has brought forth more than a hundredfold and the harvest is not yet ended.

CHAPTER XX

Arrows and Stripes

He came for the cup of coffee and sandwich—and got them—and not for the spiritual refreshment—though he also got that. He had been sleeping in the parks, from choice, that he might have more money to spend in the saloon. He was working, but the bartender got all his wages; indeed, his chief reason for working was that he might satiate his thirst, for he was dry always. Another reason was that as a furniture mover he might be able to get into people's houses without breaking in doors or windows.

Henry had been a thief by profession—had deliberately chosen it in preference to the honest trade of a bookbinder, at which his father bound him as an apprentice. He came from the shadow of Saint Paul's, London, his home being toward the Whitechapel district, and he chose the leadings of the latter rather than the training of parents who were true worshipers. All about him in the home were influences which ought to have saved him from the awful life into which he plunged headlong because he thought it was easy. How

many think a life of sin is easy, because the beginning generally is, and awake one day to a realization of its slavery and the fact that they have had to work hard for the Evil One.

The schools claimed him until he was old enough to go to work under the English law; then his father took him to the bindery and apprenticed him to learn the trade of a journeyman binder. He was bright and quick, learned rapidly, and was a favorite with his employers and fellow workmen. He might have become a master binder in time, for the father was able to set him up well in business had he so desired.

Before he had finished his apprenticeship he fell among bad companions and into evil ways. As he began to get a little pocket money over the sum he paid into the family treasury for board, he felt that he must put in his evenings away from home. Any place away from father and mother is bad for a youth, but when that place is a den where thieves congregate, it becomes a true portal of hell for him.

Hearing his associates boast of the easy way in which they made money, he marveled. They told him that they could go out any night and make a good haul, and they showed him from time to time the "roll" of easy money

thus acquired. They told him, too, that he was a fool to work, when it was so easy to live without working. So he joined them. Burglaries, holdups—garroting and knocking men down for their valuables—and other crimes were committed; he still held his apprenticeship, but that was only for a blind and that the parents might not learn of his other "business."

Often he came home late and was wept and prayed over by the mother, who saw that he had changed for the worse and who knew that he was drinking and frequenting evil resorts. One night the police caught him redhanded and locked him up. Henry sent word home and his mother came to see him in his cell. She wept and prayed for her boy to no avail. When she offered to get him a good lawyer and spend money to get him free from the charge, Henry spurned her offer; she might pray for him, but he did not want her money and did not want her lawyer. He told her he had gotten into the scrape himself and would get out of it himself.

He actually thought he would be able to talk himself out of court when the trial came. He was the most surprised man in the court room when the judge, rejecting his defense altogether, sentenced him to prison. In a few

days he occupied a little room all by himself in a State institution, his cot a plank with the pillow nailed fast to it and no softer than the plank. His clothing bore upon it the "Broad Arrow," famous as the English prison trademark.

When he was released he went home. His mother pleaded with him to break away from his evil associations and be warned by the lesson he had received, advising him to go back and finish his trade. Henry told her that only fools worked and he did not propose to be a fool. He went back to his evil life instead of to the bindery.

This was kept up for a number of years until he had become so disreputable that the family felt the disgrace and the odium cast upon them. A family consultation was held, when the ultimatum was delivered that Henry must go away from home.

"We will give you money to pay your passage to America and enough to last you there until you get a start," they told him. "You have relatives there who will help you."

He bade his mother good-by and sailed with her blessing and advice to change his mode of living. He cared little for either. When he landed in America, a stranger in a city almost as large as the one he left, the only

guide posts he knew were the beer signs, and he followed them. They led him into Hell's Kitchen. There he met the same kind of companions he had left across the sea, and they told him there was plenty of "easy graft" in the city.

He lived with a relative for a time, until failure to get work or pay board brought the suggestion that he hustle for a job. He got mad and quit the house and never lived with the relatives after that. Though he flourished on crime for a time, in the end the police got him in the act and a trip "up the river" followed. He returned after serving his "bit" and continued his lawlessness and again and again was sent away for a rest at the State's expense. In this way he earned his "stripes."

Then some one told him how to evade the police. This was to be accomplished by securing a job as a furniture-mover. It sounded like real work, but he was tired of the board served at the prison, and he found a place with an owner of vans. His companions were men who had as unsavory reputations as himself, and when not moving some one the chief diversion was "rushing the can," slang for sending a tin pail to the saloon for beer.

When several of them were sent out with a van to move a household, opportunities for

thievery came often. The men "moved" many things which were never again seen by the owners; they were enabled to get the lay of houses where there were many valuables, and got a share of the loot secured by others, if the "job" was not undertaken by the van's gang.

Every cent gained in this way, whether as wages or "graft," went to the saloon. Often, he says, he would not spend even fifteen cents for lodging, for fear that he would not be able to buy a drink in the morning. He was in blue shirt, jumper, and overalls, with a winter cap, when he came to the mission to get a sandwich and coffee. He heard the superintendent say that he had been a thief and highwayman and a drunkard before he was converted. He heard other men tell tales of broken and misspent lives, made entirely over through salvation.

Sin had palled on Henry. Long before he was willing to confess that he did not know quite so much as he thought he did when he started the evil life. Prison had broken his nerve also, and he wanted no more of it. He was ready for the message, and when the invitation was given he was ready for that, and went forward.

He went back to the furniture van next day

and speedily forgot that he was going to live differently. Five times he was led back to the mission, however, and one night came to the realization that he must cut loose from his job, so long associated with wrongdoing. Once more he confessed his sins and declared openly his purpose to leave everything belonging to the past. Surprisingly soon he had another job in a factory, which he still holds.

The old mother, left on the other side of the ocean, had not heard from her erring son since the day she bade him good-by and gave him her blessing as he was about to sail. He always was "too busy" to write, even when behind prison bars. The mother had heard of the boy in a roundabout manner, from the relatives, but the letters were not calculated to cheer her heart.

One thing which impressed him at the mission had been the query on the wall, "How Long Since You Wrote to Mother?" It had been more than ten years and he made up his mind to write. He called on the relative to learn the London address, which had been changed. Before he could ask he was startled with the news that he never could write her again; that she had passed to her reward, still praying for her boy.

Years have passed since Henry turned from

his sinful ways. He has found that it pays to live right. He has a home of his own, is prosperous, with a bank account, and has found that the path he once thought too narrow for him to travel is broad enough now, since he walks straight, not crooked. He is constantly telling other men how, though he once wore the "Broad Arrow" in England and the stripes on this continent, his distinguishing badge now is a white cross on a red shield; that instead of helping himself to other men's possessions he is able to help the needy in conformity with Paul's admonition: "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need."

In the early days of his Christian life it was a problem with him whether he would be able to lead the pure life, until one of the leaders repeated an admonition of the late Mr. Hadley to young converts:

"If you are saved, tell it. Tell it as often as you can get anyone to listen to you. After awhile maybe you will believe it yourself."

Henry saw that the speaker meant that reiteration would bring to him the witness to a full grasp of salvation; he began testifying everywhere, and found it to be as recom-

mended. He has grown into a knowledge of his redemption that no man can take from him, for, as he told the story, it dawned upon him by degrees that the words he was saying were true; that he no longer wanted to drink and steal. Then it became a joy to bear witness on a street corner, in a mission or a church—anywhere he could get the chance. They call him an evangelist now, because of his earnestness and constant work, and his old companions marvel at the transformation of the furniture-mover.

Is it not wonderful, strange and so wonderful,
Jesus so gracious should be?
Yes, it is wonderful, marvelous, wonderful,
That he should save even me.

CHAPTER XXI

A Matter of Politics

"My good man, pray; if you don't know any other prayer, pray the prayer of the publican.

"I'm no Republican, I'm a Democrat."

This was Ben's beginning as an evangelist. Unpromising, he seemed, from every point of view, on that night when he came. He was so ignorant of the Bible that he did not know what publican meant; he was drunk and ready for the hospital, and it seemed improbable that a permanent work of grace should be done in his heart.

He had been born in the shadow of the mission, on Cherry Hill. As a lad, in the early days of the mission hall, he had stoned the windows, pulled off clapboards and tried to break up the meetings. His father and mother were respectable tradespeople of the section, but they had no influence over Ben, who was brought up in the streets and was with a tough gang from babyhood. The Cherry Hill gang was the terror of the police; some of the oldtimers shiver when they hear the name now.

Ben would not go to school or do anything else the parents desired him to do, through

stubbornness, for he wanted to have his own way and do as he pleased. Little wonder that he grew up to be a thief and drunkard. The gang swarmed over on to adjoining sections of the city, Ben being among the migratory branch. He wanted to go where there was more money to be had.

With such ideas and his drunkenness it was to be expected that he would be in constant conflict with the police. He was arrested many times in the twenty-two years he was a leader of a gang of crooks which had its meeting place at a corner dive on the Bowery. He was in jail many times during this period of his life. The police had him marked as a bad man; when they saw him coming they looked for trouble, and, if it came, clubbed him into submission.

He was warned by the policemen many times to keep off the Bowery. Several precincts center about the corner where the gang met, which was precisely why they met there. It was so easy to slip over into another precinct when there was trouble. But the police of all four precincts united in the warning. So, when Ben wanted to go down the street—which he did about every time he attained a fighting load of whisky—you could see him in the middle of the street, careening along like

a ship laboring in rough seas, howling his defiance to the police and everybody else.

When, finally, it was either move or go to jail indefinitely, Ben left for other fields. From New York to San Francisco not a city of consequence but has some reason to remember his presence there, though not all his victims knew the culprit. Always on the go, marauding and living off his stealings, he was an awful example of the perversion of man; he was a thoroughly "bad man."

Even to a crook there comes a time when he longs for the old familiar scenes of youth. "Home, sweet home," with the memories of mother, and of companions and the happy time before sin entered into the heart, have a lure which draws the crook back. So it was with Ben. He longed for a sight of his native city and some of his old pals. He had no thought of changing his mode of life, but supposed most of the old policemen would have been shifted to other sections and the rest would have forgotten him.

When he reached the city he sought his old companions and started in again on crooked work. Among other things he held up a man, took his roll of thirty dollars, and had what he called "a royal good time." When the money was all gone he was in bad shape, sick

from the debauch. He met an old friend and stopped to talk over former days. To his surprise, the friend confessed to being broke and said he was going to a mission where they gave men sandwiches and coffee. It was in Ben's mind to boot the man for inviting him to go to a mission; what he wanted was whisky, not coffee; but he was too sick to carry out his thought.

The friend started for his coffee, however, and though he never could tell why he did it, Ben followed along the familiar way, back to the place where he had played as a boy and stoned as a youth. He had never found out that they served coffee and sandwiches at the mission in those days.

Ben was just sober enough to be sensible of what was going on around him. A man sent of God and whose name was John was on the platform that night. He was deaf, and on the pulpit was a small box with a cord leading to an earpiece. Ben thought it was a telephone when he saw it.

The leader told what seemed to Ben a wonderful story. The man had been a gambler and a drunkard, which together robbed him of family and business and made him an outcast, without the least idea that there was a means of getting out of all his difficulties. He told the

whole story of his excesses and how he had tried to beat everybody, had to leave the city until the troubles blew over, had come back and was dodging the police, when he drifted into a meeting place and heard that God would take away all the past and give him a new start.

He said he had prayed to God that day to give his wife a new husband and his children a father; that God had heard his prayer and brought him out into a new life, prospered him, and brought him down where he could tell the other fellow how to find what he had found.

To Ben this was amazing. Before it was through he jumped up and called out:

"Tell that guy with the telephone to send word to heaven that I am coming," and he marched down the aisle. From a seat near the platform he heard a score or more of men tell other stories of salvation for the lost man, and when the invitation was given he knelt with several men at the altar.

When the prayer of the publican had been explained to him, he hesitated, but finally cried out: "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake." At this the floodgates of his heart broke and he sobbed out his sorrow for the soul guilt. He had not shed a tear

since he was a child. But He who can read all hearts looked down in this poor soul and touched it and healed it in loving-kindness. He whom they thought too tough a case had come face to face with his Saviour, and the case was not too tough for him.

Several weeks passed before Ben really felt sure of himself. He knew he had not wanted to drink from the moment he knelt and began to cry to God for help, but he was ignorant and helpless and thought he could not win out against such odds. He had not learned yet that God could supply all his needs.

One of his great burdens was that he could not read the Bible. He attended a Bible class regularly and committed to memory many helpful verses; these only made him long the more to delve into the treasures of the book. But his education had been more of the street than the schoolroom; what he had learned in the latter he had forgotten. In the prisons they do not encourage reading and long disuse of the faculty, which never had been well-developed, had taken from him all his knowledge of words on the printed page. He sought diligently to learn, with the aid of those about the mission, but despaired of ever being able to read. One night a teacher expounded a chapter and Ben declared that he must read that.

A comrade found the place for him after he returned to the mission and Ben began to puzzle over it; after a long struggle and with a little help he finished the chapter. So great was his joy that it seemed a miracle to him, and he is fond of telling how "God taught me to read."

Falling in love with the book, Ben studied it constantly; before he had been converted a year he was enrolled in a Bible school, where he studied on certain nights during the school year. Then a way was opened whereby he might begin a course of study and practical work to fit him for evangelistic work among the men with whom he had once associated. The school is located in a Western city, which once was the scene of many of his exploits, and from pulpit and platform many times he has told of the change which has come over him, sometimes recognizing old pals in his audiences.

And, while Ben is carrying the message of hope directly to many men and seeing large numbers turn to God through his efforts, in an indirect way he is influencing many thousands of others, for his conversion has taught all Christian workers who know of him that no one is ever too low for salvation and many a seemingly hopeless case is yearned over, fished for,

and, thank God! in many instances won for the kingdom by the persistence inspired by the salvation of Ben.

He has attended a number of conferences of missionaries and Christian workers, and his addresses, mainly the story of his conversion, bring tears and smiles alternately, and spur those who listen to renewed effort for the lost.

No one knows what became of the man who invited Ben to the place where coffee and sandwiches were served to hungry men. Doubtless he was filled and went away less starved than when he came. But there is no question about Ben. Not only did he satisfy bodily hunger, but the Bread of Heaven came down to satisfy his hungry soul.

He who stoned the mission has become one of its chief corner stones; he who once brought trouble wherever he went, now is an evangel of peace; instead of being warned away by the police, they are glad to see the change and tell him so. Every time he walks through one of his old haunts, without uttering a word he preaches a more powerful sermon than most pastors can prepare; and if men would not believe the utterances of the preacher, they have no argument against Ben's life before them, and believe for the very work's sake.

CHAPTER XXII

Barroom to Bank

Rayner had been handicapped in early life and there was less wonder that he drifted down the wrong course and had wound up in the very swirl of the maelstrom of drink. The wonder was that he had ever been rescued from its grip of death, which had fastened upon him.

He had been apprenticed to a printer by his father when but a youth. Before he learned the trade his father changed his mind and took him from the shop and put him behind the bar of a family hotel, or boarding house, with saloon attachment, which a friend of the father conducted, and the two worked side by side. The father drank, but young Rayner, even while in the midst of it, kept free from it; drink amid such surroundings as were present was very repulsive. He loathed a drunkard and had no use for the stuff which made men drunkards.

This was why he resolved to get away from the saloon and find more congenial daily companions. His former employer, the printer, had been fond of the boy, and a hint that the

latter was ready to come back to the shop brought a hearty invitation to start in again. So he learned his trade, after all, and for thirteen years continued in the man's employ.

With other young companions Rayner joined a local militia company for the social life it afforded. Though he had once declared that he would never drink the stuff which made fools of men, at twenty-seven the social call induced him to abandon his resolve and in a purely social way he began to take an occasional drink because others did it. He did not care for the drink for itself.

Rayner went into business for himself several years later, but drink and cards obtained such a hold upon him, and were so dominant in his life, that his partner at last announced that Rayner must either buy or sell. He sold and went to work for a lithographing company in another city, as superintendent, at one hundred dollars a week. He did not stop drinking, but tried to be respectable about it. There were periodical lapses, and then one day he awoke in a hotel on the Pacific Coast after a debauch and had to inquire where he was.

His advertisement for work in a trade journal was recognized by the firm he had left and he was telegraphed money with which

to return and was put on his feet again. For three years he held out; then came another spree and he quit. He never held a job long after that. Like many another, he would work until he had a little money and then proceed to spend it in drinking, until finally no one who knew his reputation would hire him, and those who did not know found out speedily.

He had come to the great city where the multitude of printing shops made it easier to earn, by a day or two of labor, enough to keep him in drink the other days. He lived in a lodging house and dined on free lunch or at the cheap restaurants when he had money; at other times he stopped in a park, or, in cold weather, in some all-night saloon.

Back in his prosperous days he had married a lovely woman of his home town, but she had been left by Rayner over and over when on a spree; she scarcely would have known him in his condition at this period, and she did not know where he was. He got so he could not work and then he went to live in the back room of a saloon; that is, he slept there and subsisted on the drinks and free lunch when he could raise the price, or when some generous person shared with him. Often, however, he did not have the nickel necessary to insure him a chair in the back

room at one o'clock in the morning, when the doors were locked and had to pass out into the night and seek shelter elsewhere.

Early one Sunday morning, after such a night, he had gone back to the saloon at six o'clock, when the side door was opened, hoping that he would find some kindly disposed person there who would take pity on him and buy the drink he craved. Rayner had spent many dollars there and felt that he had some right to hang around until better days came; worse could not come to him. As he entered the door and went down the dark hall to the inner door, he was but half way within when a hand was laid on his shoulder, accompanied by the declaration: "Now, old man, I don't want you here any more. You are a disgrace to the place."

Rayner was not old, even by the Osler scale, but he was so beaten and battered by sin that he looked like an old man and by reason of his life he felt like one. He was dirty and unkempt, his clothing consisted of an undershirt and a pair of overalls, relievers from a slop shop, where his other clothing, including shirt and suspenders, had been sold for a few pennies so that he might buy drink. His shoes were tied on with cords, to complete the dilapidation, and another cord served as

belt to keep trousers and undershirt from parting company.

The saloon man was too wise to use violence in ejecting Rayner; he was careful that no harm came to him within his walls; that might attract the attention of the police. But he would not have given a second thought to it if Rayner had dropped in his tracks out on the sidewalk. Rayner looked up at the man, wondering if it could be true that his last hope—his final harbor—was to be taken from him.

Unsteadily he walked through the dark hallway of the dive and out to the corner, and, as the rays of an October sun filtered down through the lattice work of the elevated railroad, he asked himself what more there could be in life for him.

"If I am a disgrace to that place, surely I am to my family," he argued. "Then there's no use of living. I might as well end my life."

As he stood against a pillar deliberating what he should do, feeling that he had reached a critical point in his life—his home gone, friends gone, everything worth while gone, hope itself dying within him—he felt that there was no way he could turn out of his dilemma and that life had nothing further left for him. To every question he asked himself,

the tempter answered with the words which have come to many thousands in their despair: "Go to the river."

"Well, I will; I'll go down there and finish the job," was the response of the baffled soul, beaten in a fight with the world and its allurements—and sin. Lost!

Unsteady still, he went, never a doubt in his mind that this was the only possible way of ending a rum-sodden existence, which long had ceased to be living. Quietly, but in earnest as never before in his life, he staggered along, thinking of his decision, wondering what the sensation would be and conscious that soon all would be over; but a few minutes and the world would be rid of an "undesirable."

Down the street he moved to where the tide flows swiftly just beyond the end of the coal dock. Had heaven hidden away the watchman? Was there no hand to stay the passion for suicide? Passion it had become in the half a dozen blocks he had dragged his lagging feet; for, as he shambled along, he had meditated: "Yes, you are a disgrace to everybody. You have reached the limit and it is time for you to drop out of sight forever; no one will be the wiser, and the world will be better off without you."

There had come also snatches of the past; of its bright boyhood and promising young manhood; of the successes and failures and successes again in maturer years; of the home and wife and family, who knew not where he was; of his awful, lost condition. Surely the world were better off without such.

Without interruption he slunk down the dock, wriggled through a gate and paused on the outer edge of the pier. In a moment a few bubbles on the tide would mark the spot where he had sunk and all would be over. This was his thought; but while he hesitated the watchman had detected the intruder, stopped him with a cry of alarm, and ran to the place. Catching the old man by the arm, he remonstrated: "Say, old man, this is no place for you. If my boss found you here I would lose my job."

Wondering why a poor, forlorn man was denied even the right to die, the old man was hustled off the dock. By impulse he turned back up the street and as he reached a corner noticed the sign of a mission hall. But surely no mission would admit such an one, he said. He knew not that this mission existed for just such men as himself.

All that Sunday he lounged on a warehouse platform opposite the mission. During the

afternoon he noticed a large crowd enter the place. Some of them were well attired, some almost as forlorn as himself, but he noticed that nearly all walked with head erect, token of hope and life, and he wished that he might be like them.

Toward nightfall a sympathetic youth brought him a nickel, saying: "Old man, you look tired out. Buy something to eat or drink and then come back to the mission."

A drink was bought, but it did not give him courage to enter the mission that night. He walked the streets as he had the night before, sleeping part of the night in a truck which was one of his homes. It was cold and he moved to the steps of a newspaper office, where some heat came up through a grating from the engine room. In the early morning a fireman climbed up a ladder from the depths and handed him a sandwich, remarking that he looked as though he needed it. He marveled that one would be so good to him and wondered if there was not something better for him—some way of escape. He remembered the kind words of the youth who gave him the nickel; here was another who seemed to care about him.

When daylight came he wandered into the park, but, fearing arrest on account of his

condition, he went down to the river again, where he could walk about and forget—if he only could forget! That night he entered the mission.

Songs that had been familiar in childhood were sung and Rayner tried to join in. He had been cordially received and felt at home. During the meeting men stood up all about him and told how they had been saved from lives of drunkenness and evil.

He said to himself: "These men are telling about my life. I wonder if possibly there can be a chance for me."

Not one of the men but had been in as bad a condition as he was at that moment; they said they had been drunkards and thieves before they came to the mission, and had been converted—by God's grace. If it were true, it was the thing he had been looking for.

When the invitation was given he went forward and knelt and prayed for the first time in twenty years. He asked God to save him if it were not too late. His appeal reached the ear of the Almighty and from that moment all things had become new. When he arose from his knees his load was gone; he had been born again in a twinkling, becoming a new man in Christ Jesus, and from that instant he has never wanted a drink. He had the con-

sciousness that never again would he need to go to the back room of the saloon from which he had been thrust, as one who disgraced the dive.

With a bed ticket—for the mission workers know what it means to get between sheets, even though it be in a lodging house, after nights spent in street or park, with no chance to rid oneself of clothing for a brief period—and with a ticket for a five-cent meal in the morning, the outcast went forth, friendless no longer, since he had found the Friend of friends. There was no mark of change in the outward appearance, but within had flowed the crimson stream which cleanseth the sins of the whole world. A newborn babe of the kingdom went from the mission with an invitation to return the next morning, and he was there early.

Newfound friends helped him on the way to strength and to securing presentable clothing. The following night a trembling testimony told of one day's freedom from rum and sin.

Very soon he was in the employ of a large printing firm as superintendent, and steadily advanced until he was put in charge of the printing plant of a large corporation, at a high salary. While in this position he helped to organize a national bank in the city where

he was employed, and finally was induced to become its president. This was within five years of the time when he entered the mission helpless, hopeless, and undone.

Rayner had been very active in the affairs of the mission, and had gone about speaking in its behalf, and also wherever he could get a chance to tell drunkards that there was hope for them. He had spoken from the pulpit of many churches in the city where he lived, telling of his past and urging the church members to help the missions and to reach out for their fallen brothers. His activity was destined to bring to him a severe test.

When he was elected president of the bank he did not cease his mission work; he was in greater demand than ever. A bank president who had come up from the depths was a novelty. Soon some of the bank directors asked if this were wise, and urged Rayner to cease telling of his past.

"It will not do the bank any good," said one of them. "People do not understand this matter as we do. We have confidence in you, but now that you are in a place where you are handling other people's money you had better forget the past in favor of the present—and future."

Rayner did not cease, however, for he felt

that he owed to his Saviour every spare moment. The friction continued, and then Rayner did what they could not force him to do: he had an overpowering majority of the directors with him, had been elected by the stockholders, and so was not amenable to the directors, but lest some one who did not know the power of God might get scary and imperil other depositors, who had intrusted to his care nearly one million dollars, Rayner resigned. His friends could not understand his voluntary retirement, but when they learned that it was because his new religion had taught him to give in meekly and trust in God, they said, "Now we know beyond all peradventure that his religion is the real thing."

Rayner at once was made president of a manufacturing concern of large promise, perhaps even larger than the bank, in a financial way, and he still is telling the story.

Long before this his wife had been restored to him and he had established a home, earned by himself, with its comforts, and it has become a center of helpful ministration.

From sinking sands he lifted me—
With tender hands he lifted me—
From shades of night to plains of light,
O, praise his name, he lifted me.

CHAPTER XXIII

Tacks Versus Taxes

He had walked into a shop to beg a few tacks with which to mend his shoes, for the soles had parted company with the uppers for much of the way around. He was cold and hungry and it goes without saying that he was dry—that condition was perennial. You would have classed him as a hopeless hobo had you seen him sitting in a park in a Canadian city, trying to drive in the tacks with a cobble stone for a hammer.

If he possessed anything worth having, except life, it was not apparent from his appearance. He had a tremendous thirst, it is true, but that was hardly an asset. He had not a friend, not a penny, no home—nothing; there was not even a friendly saloon where he could hang out, for such things are found in Canada only where the "States" idea has been introduced. One thing was certain: he had no hope of ever being any better.

Sandy had come from "within a mile o' Edinboro town," and in his youth and young manhood had been given advantages that others of his age did not have, and when

school days were over was put in a business which had been in the family a century or more, to which he was expected to succeed when the father should pass on to his reward. His mother was an earnest Christian who strove to have her boy become a shining light in the "auld kirk"; but a shadow came over the young man—he learned to drink.

Had Sandy been content with an occasional "wee drap," he would have been but little different from the majority of his companions, by the custom of the land, but he was not an ordinary young man. He did nothing by halves, even his drinking. The old folks were grieved beyond measure at his waywardness and pleaded with him again and again to let the cursed stuff alone, but, try as he would, he was unable to do so. Eventually he turned a deaf ear to their appeals. He could see no way of doing what they wanted, so what was the use of trying?

He was continually disgracing his family, and there came a time when they felt it was no longer endurable.

"If you will go away," they told him, "we will give you enough to start life over in Canada or the States, but we can't have you around here any longer."

That was why Sandy landed in a city on

the Saint Lawrence, several weeks later, well fitted out and with a comfortable roll of money in his pocket. Letters of introduction secured him employment, and for a time he kept straight; the sea voyage had helped some, and his resolution not to get drunk again was responsible for an effort to do right. But it was not long before Sandy was going a merry pace again, and not much longer before he found that he was not wanted as an employee. The descent to the park was swift.

As he sat in the park that Sunday afternoon he thought over the past and wondered what the future had in store. He did not care much what did come. He felt that he had lost out. Many thoughts ran through his mind as he labored to bring sole and upper into cordial relations once more, and there came over him a great longing for something he could not have defined. He saw well-dressed men and women walking to church with their children, happy and provided with all they needed, while he was a tramp, needing everything and finding nothing. If he only could lead a good life like those he saw—and then, also, if only he could get the price of a drink somewhere.

In this his attitude was not different from thousands of men who desire to be rid of the

effects of their sin, but want to continue in the enjoyable part of it, losing only its misery and woe. They are unwilling to give up the pleasures of sin even while deploring the depth into which sin has driven them.

A missionary once told a great audience of men that a "whole lot of you fellows don't stop drinking because you don't want to. A lot of you, if you thought you were going to be converted and never want another drink, would make a stampede for the door." There is hope for every man who wants deliverance badly enough to pay the price.

After church was over a young man went through the park, stopping here and there to speak to a man. As he approached Sandy he greeted him pleasantly and handed him a card. When it had been read Sandy knew that a meeting for men was to be held in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms a little later, to which he was invited. He had not supposed he was welcome anywhere.

"That's the place for me," he said to himself, and when the time for the meeting drew near he arose to go. Much rather would he have sat still, for he was weary, stiff, and sore from sleeping outdoors, and his dissipation had made him feel as decrepit as a man of sixty. He could hardly move along the

street and was glad he had only a short distance to go.

Sandy sat through the service, hearing hymns that reminded him of home, and a salvation talk which gripped him. Then he listened to the story of a man like himself, but who had become a new creature through the power of God.

He sat as in a dream, wondering if it could be true, if, after all, he had not misunderstood things before, vaguely hoping that it was not too late to change even yet. When the invitation was given for those who desired to start the Christian life to arise, Sandy jumped up quickly. He always described his experience in that hour in this manner: "The minute I got on my feet a great change came and my heart was filled with heavenly joy. When I came in I was like an old man, hardly able to walk; when I went out I felt like a young man again and as though I could run twenty miles, if need be."

Very soon he had employment. A former employer, when told of the change in the life of Sandy, gave him something to do, and in course of time he prospered as never before. He had not wanted a drink from the moment he had stood up to declare himself a Christian, was a member of one of the big churches of

the city and, instead of being a park "bum," he was respected by all.

A severe test came a year or two after his conversion, when an employer called upon him to put through a business deal which would have been dishonest. After praying, Sandy declined to do it and was discharged and derided for his stand in the bargain. When he secured a place with an opposition house, the old boss tried to secure his discharge there by innuendo, but was unsuccessful. He had the satisfaction later of having the old boss come to him and beg him to come back, apologizing for the slurs and the trouble he had sought to make.

In the course of time Sandy started a business of his own, which extends to several other large cities, and has built up the most prosperous business of its kind in the country. He owns much real estate in the city where he once was a park habitué, and has amassed a comfortable fortune, though he has given liberally to the Church and religious interests.

While he has been gaining wealth, Sandy has not forgotten the source of it all, nor has he forgotten that other men are as ignorant as he once was of the fact that there is a method by which they may get rid of the incubus which weighs them down. Therefore

he constantly is going to the missions and other places where he has an opportunity to tell of his redemption. He has been an invaluable ally to more than one leader in rescue work, while the number of individual men he has helped lift up and start on the way to heaven will never be known until the accounts are squared "in that day."

He has put himself, his time, and his money into Christian work with gladness, and has found that it was a profitable investment in many ways; spiritually it has made a heaven on earth; he has laid up treasures where thieves break not in and steal; he has brought joy into many other homes, and not the most important, but equally interesting has been his material prosperity. He pays taxes on a long list of properties, and tells with pride how Jesus took him when an outcast and made him rich that God may be glorified and sinners be converted.

From the same town in Scotland came Wallace, whose drinking disgraced his parents so that they shipped him to America, where a brother had established himself. Though he had promised the mother he would not drink any more, he slipped a bottle of whisky in each of his suitcases and had a fine spree on shipboard until the liquor was gone.

Drink had prevented him from making success at anything in this country, though he had tried many lines, and it brought him down so low that he was glad to get anything, even as cook, waiter, or dishwasher in a restaurant, but could not hold any of them. He married a Christian girl, but they separated several times because of drink, the wife earning her own way in a factory.

He had just come from the workhouse, whither he had been sent to sober up and become able to support himself. He had been in a fight and his jaw was broken and bandaged, his clothing had been pieced out at the workhouse, and was meager; his shoes were those furnished by the prison. He had slept a night or two in a park, had found old friends who bought him drinks, and his condition was deplorable as he came into a mission hall for the first time, looking for the food and drink served there. He was a picture of woe, a fact commented upon by a number of visitors; but he drank in the songs and testimonies as eagerly as he had consumed the coffee and sandwich. That night he went forward and called upon God to save him.

Next day he found work, and ere long—just before Thanksgiving, it was—he had saved enough to buy a turkey and started to

find his wife. He waited on a corner near the factory until she came out. Of course she would not believe him, but he walked home with her, talking the matter over, and gave her the turkey, agreeing to come and see that it was cooked. Very soon they were reunited and have never been separated since. Wallace has had many slips, but he has always come back, and Satan has little chance of winning the persistent one.

Several years after his conversion the aged parents crossed the Atlantic to see the place where Wallace had been reborn. Previously they had heard from visitors to Scotland of the change in their boy and could not withstand the yearning to see him and the mission. He was able to point out exactly the spot where he had knelt, and there the little family party lifted up their hearts to God in thanksgiving for a salvation which is able to raise the fallen.

Tamas was another Scotch boy who became a drunkard on the other side and abused the confidence of his family until they shipped him to America. The family was in comfortable circumstances, the father in trade, and Tamas was his assistant; after he became a hard drinker he frequently took from the cash drawer enough money to go away on a

long spree. When this could be stood no longer they sent him away.

In America he went the pace that kills until he was down and out, unable to hold a place as a waiter or even dishwasher, for he had gravitated into the restaurant business. He was going along the street one night and, seeing a former companion standing on a chair speaking, noticed that there was something unwonted about him and stopped to listen. He heard the story of his conversion and was forced to believe the evidence before his eyes. That night he started to live the new life himself, has prospered and persevered, and is on the high road to heaven. He is a singer of the gospel, as well as an exponent of the salvation message for the lost, and his sweet Christian character has won many friends for the one-time outcast.

CHAPTER XXIV

Bread Line to Breadwinner

You would know that Mac was patient and faithful the moment you came in contact with him, but you would never suspect him for a man with a "past," for his calm and steadfast ways would indicate that he had been plodding along the narrow path from the very beginning. Nevertheless, a few years ago Mac was found in the bread line and invited to come and partake of the bread of heaven.

He came from the North of Ireland, where Protestantism reigns, and, like all boys of that section, godly parents strove to direct him into the right paths. He was still a young man when he landed in America to seek the fortune denied him by circumstances in his homeland. Unfortunately, he had learned to drink, and the Scotch-Irish working classes among whom he lived were fond of "a little sup," and ere long Mac learned to love it too.

It was not drink alone which brought him to the bread line, but that probably was at the bottom of all his hard luck. He stood bowed with the weight of care, ragged, dirty,

penniless, friendless; on his face the sodden look of the hopeless drunkard. A woman missionary, traversing the line waiting for coffee and bread to be distributed, saw that he was not one of those who are in the line night after night, and year after year, for that matter, and spoke to him. Though she received little encouragement, she told him where there was a free supper the following night.

Probably Mac was the most hopeless case among the more than four hundred homeless ones there. A great number of them went forward for prayers at the close of the service, Mac among the number, though he was a reluctant seeker. He was the last one who would have been selected as the lone leper to return with thanks, but prayer was answered that night, and God heard the cry and the word of pardon was whispered.

What a wonderful alchemy is salvation, which takes in base metal and turns it out pure gold! Mac was soon recognized to be firmly landed on the Rock, and his regularity with presence and testimony gained him the title "Old Faithful," which he held until he earned that of "The Evangelist from the Suburbs."

But if his load of sin had disappeared, it seemed as if he was fated to have a continuous

performance of trouble. Without a trade or education, little was open to him except work as a laborer. He has never attained to employment of a very remunerative character, and his faithfulness has been tested by the most trying circumstances; yet in the midst of his adversities, Mac has stood firm. Yes, he has done more, for out of his poverty he has helped others, and his regular attendance at his spiritual birthplace has been an inspiration to the leaders and workers when the adversary hit one after another of the converts. Old Faithful there, he was saved, and, seeing what God had done for him, fresh courage came for the fight.

After a time he secured steady employment with a large corporation in a suburban city. He found a mission the first week and soon became one of its workers; but he reserved Saturday night for the mission where he was saved, and that night without Mac would be lacking in power to many.

He found entrance to the churches of the neighborhood for many miles around also, and told there of the salvation which had come to him. He had a happy gift of telling with remarkable directness how he had been led to God, and he has been a welcome visitor wherever he has gone.

Refreshing simplicity and humility have marked his Christian walk and conversation. No possible provocation could make him say aught against his neighbor, nor will he tolerate it in another. This one thing has made him beloved of his fellows. His employers believe in him; his fellow employees respect him; he is revered by many to whom he has pointed the way of salvation. He no longer haunts the bread line, for he is able to support himself by the labor of his hands; nay, he has enabled many to keep from the bread line by his generosity, and has he not ministered unto three—himself, his fellow, and the Master?

Fowler also came from the bread line in much the same manner, and, like Mac, justified the labor of the missionary who went out at midnight to call men from the highways and hedges guests for the feast. Fowler was of a different type. He had come from London and had been started right in life, but gravitated to the gay life early. At eight he was in training for acrobatic performances in a noted music hall, not of the highest type. Its audiences were made up for the most part of drinking men, and the lad was encouraged to drain the glasses. It was thought to be smart to permit it; the lad thought he was making himself a man by learning to drink.

Here he acquired a habit which wrecked his life for many years.

His father had been a successful business man, as had his father before him, and Fowler was the successor, upon the death of his father. Had he been freed from his drinking, he might have been a well-to-do merchant to-day, but in a few years he ran through the entire fortune, and the business at last was lost, too; every penny he could get was spent for liquor.

He came to America resolved to start anew and remain sober. His uncle had come over the ocean a number of years before and was a stevedore on the water front. Fowler was put to work as a longshoreman. His first week he made almost thirty dollars, and after paying his board spent the last penny at a resort then notorious as a sporting center. The next week the process was repeated. His sin had followed him across the water.

Twenty-four years he was a longshoreman, foreman, or stevedore, drawing union wages when he was an employee, making more when he was the boss himself; but no matter how earned, the saloon received it all. Probably of all the types of a seaport the hardest set of men are the longshoremen. Working at high tension when there is something to be

done, in the moments of relaxation from labor they take their pleasure as strenuously. They are not ordinarily vicious, but the brand of liquor they consume makes them "crazy drunk," and they fight and are boisterous. The tenements where they lodge are in constant uproar; their surroundings are degraded, their women are as dissolute as themselves; their life is one of endless turmoil.

But Fowler got beyond this stage, even, for he was drunk so much of the time that he could not earn bread for himself, let alone for a household. And so he got into the bread line. A Salvation Army lassie got hold of him first, led him from a street meeting to the hall, and then to the altar, where a start was made for the better life. For several years he was a faithful soldier, but his work kept him from the meetings, and in time he fell away. He went down lower than ever and the bread line again claimed him.

He thought his case was hopeless; believed that after he had once fallen away God no longer cared for him. Supper night in a mission lured him there, and one of the testimonies, from a backslider, awakened hope once more and he went forward. Since then there has been no inducement strong enough to cause him to swerve.

One night Alexander, the evangelist-singer, came to the mission. While conducting the music his ear caught a clear baritone and, selecting it from the many before him, he asked the owner to arise and sing the chorus of a song being learned by the men. It was Fowler, and thereafter he was in demand as a soloist at the mission.

About a year later he joined the Salvation Army once more as a soldier, and night after night, on one of the downtown corners, his voice may be heard in song and testimony, repeated in the hall later. He has charge of the hall and frequently ministers to some of his old companions in the evil life. They all know of the change in his life and that he is a Christian indeed, for it stands out so that all may see.

Though often urged to apply for a commission in the army, he has steadfastly declined to seek preferment, that he may remain among and try to help those with whom he once associated. He has learned to know the truth of the chorus he sang for Alexander and to apply the words to his own life:

> Lean on his arms, trusting in his love,
> Lean on his arms, all his mercies prove,
> Lean on his arms, looking home above,
> Just lean on the Saviour's arms.

CHAPTER XXV

A Prison Apostle

No one familiar with the temperament of the thief could have failed to see in his furtive glances and shrinking manner, when he came to the mission, that he had been behind the bars. He bore the stamp of a man hounded by the police to the last stages of desperation. As a matter of fact, this was the very thing which made him so welcome to the man at the door, a converted thief, who saw in the man his own condition a few months previous.

Brink was on the way to the river when he heard music and was attracted to the meeting, which had just commenced. He was hard pressed by his past record, turned down everywhere, hounded by the police, and unable to provide food or shelter for himself, unless he turned back to crime. He had spent twenty-two years altogether behind the bars for bank robbery; if it became a question of the river or another chance at prison, he felt that there was but one choice.

He was not a drunkard—drank very little, in fact—for he knew that if he was to have

a chance of escape after a crime he would need a clear head, and so he had foresworn intoxicants, except perhaps for an occasional drink.

He had always felt, also, that he was not a common thief. Banks were in his line, but, somehow, the police or sheriffs got him, and his long prison life had brought the conviction that he was not much of a success as a bank burglar. He could get in the vaults, but could not get away afterward.

He had just come from a Southern prison, where he had been caged up for a long term. After his release he had thought to get a fresh start in the North, where he was unknown, but he found that his record clung to him, and that no one wanted to employ a thief.

"Once a thief, always a thief" was what they hurled at him in some places where he sought work. Others felt sorry, but couldn't do anything for him. No one would trust him.

When the small sum given him at the prison door had been exhausted he was in dire straits. He had been turned down so often that he was completely discouraged and so had turned toward the river.

Twenty-five years before, almost to a month, he had been graduated from the University

of Georgia, having been born in that State just before the Civil War. In college he learned to gamble, and by the time he was ready to go out into the world it had become a passion which mastered him. In a remarkably short time he found himself a criminal. To recoup his losses he had turned thief and the bank at a Southern town was minus a large sum of money. He was traced, caught, tried, and convicted.

His prison was a living hell on earth. For trifling infractions of the rules the lash, shackles, solitary confinement, the water cure and many other modes of torture were applied to him, and he saw others receive even worse treatment. While he was confined his mother died, his last living friend, and between grief for her and rage at the punishments inflicted upon him he became desperate. He emerged a hardened criminal.

His liberty was but short, and again he was behind the bars; again and again they caught him. He was looked upon as a confirmed criminal, though he had had but three years outside of jails to do all the things with which he was charged.

This was the wreck of character which drifted into the mission. He heard songs he had heard in his childhood.

"This is no place for me," he meditated; "the likes of me is not wanted."

Several times he started to leave, but something held him and then a strange thing happened which riveted him to the spot. A man told how he had been a thief and a drunkard and had been saved from that life, and he looked the part. Others told of their experiences, and while they talked hope began to bud and he wondered if there was a chance for him.

When the testimonies were over a former highway robber and jail-breaker put his arm around Brink and led him to the mourner's bench, and he arose a free man.

Within a year he spoke from a platform at one of the large universities in the North, and members of the faculty were so moved by his story that they organized a mission work for the down-and-outs and released prisoners and put Brink in charge. During the four years he was superintendent the work grew to be very effective in reclaiming men. His stories of prison conditions in the South, as he had seen them from the inside, aroused no little discussion among reformers. There had been stories printed before, but their source had not been reliable; yet they had induced a number of men to form an asso-

ciation to study the conditions and find means of remedying the evils discovered in the State corrective systems. The information possessed by Brink attracted their attention and he finally was called to be secretary of the association and to direct its work.

Thus from under the lash he had come, perhaps to abolish the lash in prisons; from the water cure to tell the people that it is effectual only when the Water of Life is used. He is expected to recommend to the various State governments measures which will alleviate the sufferings of prisoners under the present system—a prison apostle, whose work will last long after he has been forgotten by those he helps.

Thomas, who greeted Brink at the mission and pointed the way of life to him, had been through long prison experience himself. He was a son of a saloonkeeper, who left considerable money at death. Thomas resolved to see the country. He had been traveling with a tough set in his native city, but he left them behind and became a "gentleman" when he went West. He thought he had enough money to last him forever, but in this he was mistaken, for he came to the end of his money on the Pacific Coast.

He turned highway robber, his gang ex-

perience fitting him best for that method of getting money. Success made him too bold, and the police sent him to the prison most hated by criminals, San Quentin, on San Francisco Bay. He was released in eighteen months. There were other charges against him for holdups, but by some oversight he was allowed to depart from the prison. He made quick time into a neighboring State to avoid complications.

Montana next claimed him and cared for him for five years in the State penitentiary. On his release he went to Washington, and the Tacoma jail soon held him on charges of robbery and burglary. While awaiting trial he broke the jail and turned all the prisoners loose with him. The authorities recaptured some of the men, but Thomas had made good his way out of the country.

He next appeared at the State capital, where the police caught him for robbery. Once more he escaped, taking all the other prisoners along. In Seattle, the scene of his next exploit, while awaiting trial on two charges of highway robbery, he nearly escaped again, but was detected. He was sentenced to seven years in prison.

A demon seemed to possess the man. Before he had been in the State prison long he

planned another escape. A railroad siding into the prison grounds provided means of switching in coal and supplies and taking out carloads of bricks, made by the prisoners. One day, when an engine was shifting cars within the prison, Thomas got into the prison yard, where the warden was superintending the work. Thomas seized the warden and used him as a shield while he carried his plan into effect. With two companions he captured the switch engine, made the engineer and fireman dismount from the cab and gave the signal for a dash to liberty.

One of his companions, who was supposed to know enough about a locomotive to run it a short distance, became confused by the uproar and excitement of the daring exploit. He pulled the reverse lever back instead of throwing it forward, and when the throttle was opened the engine ran further into the yard instead of crashing through the gate to the main line. Guards shot the two men with Thomas, but he escaped death and was sent to the dungeon for eighteen months, on bread and water most of the time, but not always getting even that.

While he was in prison he heard of a missionary who was glad to help a criminal to lead a different life. He emerged more dead

than alive from the "solitary" and returned to his native city, knowing that he did not dare stay in the West. On the way he recalled the missionary and sought him when home was reached. Lawlessness found an end in his life that night, for he gave himself to the great Lawgiver as the price of his eternal pardon and citizenship in the kingdom.

From that time he entered the service of the Master and began to lead others to him. He never cared for any other employment, and God was pleased to call him into one and another branch of Christian work. He has been a city and prison missionary in another city for a number of years.

Both men have developed into lovely Christian characters, with the traces of the prison and the former desperate natures wholly removed. They can never repay those who suffered through them, but they are trying to prevent others from suffering by preaching the new life to the criminal classes. The saved thief on the cross is a favorite theme, and it has caused many another thief to plead for pardon from the same source.

CHAPTER XXVI

Blind Eyes Made to See

What time Billy had been an "old salt," he also had been, to use his own words, "an old soak," and it took long to remove both the bilge-water and water-front whisky odors after he was converted.

He had sailed in and out of the port for many years, a typical seafaring man, hard-working when afloat, and good for nothing when ashore. The lodging house shipping office and the groggery claimed him most of the time he was in port, except when he had signed for the season; then he slept aboard, or lay around the saloon all night, spending the wages for which he had risked his life on the sea many times a day on some voyage.

He was not so much to be blamed as pitied. He knew no better. Had not sailors done the same things for generations? Why should he set aside the traditions of the forecastle? He did as others of his calling did when off the deck.

He had been born to the sea and had taken to shipping naturally as a youth, had been into many out-of-the-way corners of the globe

before the mast, and there was every prospect that he would pass his days there, until a wave hurtled him into the churn of the sea during a storm, or a harpy of the docks laid him out for what money he had at the end of a voyage, and then tossed the body off into the river. This seemed to be the usual end of his calling, unless the ship struck a reef, or was cut down during a fog.

It can hardly be said that Billy deplored his lot in life; he drank and cursed his way through the world with no thought of the future and no murmuring as to the present; the past was something to be forgotten; it would never be seen again by him, he figured. In his latter days aboard ship he had married and called the squalid tenement rooms home. Home got whatever the barkeeper did not; his wife's exertions kept her from starving when the ship was on a long voyage. She had been favored with few opportunities in life, but she was a faithful wife, with a leaning toward religion, and she prayed, perhaps not possessing much faith that her prayers would be answered, even if the great God heard them.

One of the diversions of the seamen about one part of the harbor was to spend an hour or two occasionally listening to a former river

pirate who had turned religious and had meetings in a ramshackle building just back from the docks. It was considered sport for the sailors, when they had taken aboard the requisite amount of drink, to listen to the helpers of the pirate tell of their past lives and conversion; it was a good substitute for the cheap show. For this reason Billy found himself within the place more than once.

As for taking heed to the exhortation of the leader or the others, such a course never entered his head. Some of them labored with him, but usually he was either too drunk or too sullen to be impressed.

"I'm nothing but a drunken sailor and always will be, I reckon," was all they could get out of him. But he continued to visit the place occasionally.

"If I can only get men nibbling about the hook, I'm bound to get them in time," said the ex-pirate who had turned fisherman—for souls.

One Sunday afternoon Billy was among the seekers. He never could tell just why, but there he was, to the joy of the fisher and to the effectual turning away from his evil ways for a time. He came back full, of course, after a trip; that had been expected, for the Evil One seldom permits so faithful a servant

to escape without several hard tussles, but he was landed at last and became a changed man.

About the first thing which troubled him was that he could not read his Bible, and he set at it with the help of his wife to commit to memory verses he heard at the mission and others which she read to him. The more he learned the more he wanted to read these things himself, so the wife undertook his education in the alphabet and one-syllable words. No more hopeless task had ever been set before her. Billy seemingly could not learn; he had almost no foundation in the rudiments of education and old eyes do not acquire skill easily.

He had been employed as night watchman in one of the noted downtown banks and had a large amount of spare time on his hands, all of which he spent poring over his Bible, but unable to read a word of it. Longing became desperation, and he felt that his life depended on his learning to read.

One evening his wife read to him: "If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not."

"That surely means me," he said; "I lack wisdom to read my Bible, and it says that God will teach me. I will ask him."

"That night," he often relates, "I said to myself that God must teach me to read. I went into the teller's cage and sot myself on a stool, opened my Bible before me and told God I'd never get off'n that stool till he teached me to read his Word. I guess he know'd I was determined and meant what I told him. 'T any rate, all of a sudden I see words stand out in the book and I began to read and I have always been able to read the Bible or anything else. If you don't believe it, come over to my house some time and *I'll read whole chapters without ever looking at the page.*"

Of course his story is always laughed at, not because men doubt that he can read, for usually he has previously demonstrated that, but at his quaint expressions. One can readily understand how his wife's teachings found fruitage under the strong spiritual stress of the old sailor, becoming to him a veritable miracle. Those who know him understand also why he can "read" without looking at the pages. He has read them over so many times that he knows them by heart—truly are they written upon his heart.

He is still at the bank, faithful guardian of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the vaults, and never a dollar has been lost through him.

Ignorant? Yes, in arts, or sciences, or literature as ordinarily meant, but is he not versed in the greatest literature of all ages? Browning and the Rubaiyat may be unintelligible to him, if he ever heard of either, but he luxuriates in the matchless songs of David; he knows the history of the famous kings who changed the course of nations; the prophecies are his and the gospel message is upon his tongue. Ignorant? In the knowledge of the world, but he knows the secrets of high heaven and holds converse with the King, and the wisdom of the kingdom makes all the rest seem as foolishness unto this guileless sailor.

Of a different type was Gustav, who had left his native Deutschland because he drank too heavily to suit his people and had made a failure of everything. He could speak no word of English when he landed, and, as he lived among his countrymen and worked where English was rarely spoken, he made little progress in the language of the land. As long as he could make himself understood at the bar, it sufficed, and its language seems to be universal. Most people are understood too well there—for their own good.

Gustav had not made any improvement in his habits in the land of his adoption, and it

did not take a long time to make him, he declares, a "bum." The bakeries, the bread lines, the places where the willfully idle congregate found him often. He slept in trucks and parks for long, and finally took up his abode in a freight car on a siding, sleeping there all one winter. He was discovered and the watchman swung his club menacingly and threatened to "knock his block off" if he did not leave his quarters in the railroad yard; then he went back to the parks.

He heard a song while passing along a street one evening and crossed over to listen. To his surprise, he heard a man he had seen before talking from a chair. But what the man said surprised him even more. He said there was hope for a drunkard, an outcast, or a thief. It interested him, for he could claim all three titles. As he listened it dawned upon him that there was something he had not learned while knocking about on two continents; it was worth inquiring into.

He was too far under the influence of drink to philosophize about it, but it reminded him that he was in an awful condition; here was a man who said that there was a way to get rid of evil conditions. He would hear more of it.

He listened to what was said in the open-

air meeting and followed the crowd within the hall, where he heard more of the same kind of talk. He also heard that on some nights they gave away sandwiches and coffee at the mission. He had never heard of such a thing before.

Of course he came back to get the "supper," for it was easier than begging. When he was fed he was in condition to listen to what was said. Then he decided that if half of what he had heard was really true, it was what he was looking for, and he went with others to kneel for prayer.

He proved to be a good workman, when his nerves had been soothed and his body fed into strength, and soon he had a steady position. But he was not satisfied, as he heard others tell how much joy they had in reading the Bible and as he got a glimpse of its treasures at the meetings, so he prayed that God would teach him how to read it. He had never been able to read English—could scarcely speak it —but a friend began to help him pick out the words. It was an impossible task, it seemed to him, but God honors honest endeavor always and he found a way, and now Gustav can read. If you were to ask him the news of the day, he would be likely to say: "I don't read the papers; I've no time for such

foolishness." But if you ask him the news of the kingdom, he will open his Bible to some precious promise and tell you that is the best news he ever heard. And he has found none to dispute him.

NOTE.—For the information of those unfamiliar with the rescue mission field, it may be said that the larger number of the foregoing stories are of converts of the Old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, 316 Water Street, New York city, and of the Hadley Rescue Hall, 293 Bowery, New York city, to the superintendents of which may be addressed any communication concerning the work.

IS HOLDING OUT HIS HAND TO YOU [1]

Written by a convert and dedicated to John Callahan, Superintendent of Hadley Rescue Hall.

When your life seems dark and dreary,
Every hope from you has fled;
When your heart and soul are weary,
Every happiness long dead;
Just remember there's a Saviour
Looking down from heaven's blue,
Watching o'er the strayed and fallen,
Holding out his hand to you.

CHORUS

He is holding out his hand to you,
He will help you if your faith is true,
To every sinner in the land
Christ is holding out his hand,
He is holding out his hand to you.

When by friends you've been forsaken
Left alone in sin and shame,
Then your spirit must awaken
To the glory of his name;
There is hope for all his children,
Every lost one gets his due,
For the Lord above is beckoning,
Holding out his hand to you.

When at last the battle's ended,
All the storms and strife now gone,
Peace and joy in rapture blended,
'Tis the birth of a new morn;
Then your soul takes flight to glory,
Filled with gladness thro' and thro',
With his angels Christ is waiting,
Holding out his hand to you.

[1] Used by permission.