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MIRACLES of RESCUE

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WILLIAM E. DAVENPORT



Author of "The Story of the Cross"

Illustrated by J. H. DAVENPORT



MIRACLES of RESCUE

— by —

WILLIAM E. PAUL, D.D.

Call the Witnesses,
Present the Evidences.



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P R E F A C E

"Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud a witnesses. "—Heb. 12:1.

The testimonies written here were confined exclusively to men who were converted in rescue and Gospel missions. They answer the question — what results have been obtained among the type of men who have frequented rescue missions?

Testimonies selected were descriptive of gospel and rescue mission work. Mission fields have proven fertile recruiting grounds for the Christian ministry despite old-fashioned beliefs to the contrary. Gospel and rescue missions have been able to win a larger percentage of Christian workers to the ministry in proportion to the size and number of missions than any other institution. Each year, thousands have united with the church as a result of the capable and inspiring work accomplished in the rescue missions.

The author has written the stories of the lives and conversions of these men objectively to show the vitality and the almost unbelievable magnetic power of mission rescue work and not because it represents an ideal way for men to come to Christ.

I became a Christian at the age of fourteen and escaped the suffering and tragedies of a wasted life. I have enjoyed a half century of blessed fellowship in the church. As I have recorded the tragic events in the lives of these men, I have found myself wishing that everyone had begun life with Christ and continued steadfastly in the faith. I have heard every man whose life's tragedies are told herein express deep regret that they fell into sin at any time. The epitome of such regret was expressed by Jerry McAuley, "I was sick with remembrin!"

But even as I write I know that the sin which flourishes in the world will strike at fine people and a multitude of youths will grow up without Christian parents or the influence of the Church and many will fall away from the faith.

I have related these episodes and these remarkable conversions for a threefold purpose: 1. To show the unnecessary suffering, the wasted years that follow sinful living and the danger. 2. To show to men and women, however deep in sin, a clear and ready

way out through Jesus Christ. 3. To show to the Church and to the world that the day of miracles is not passed. "The arm of the Lord is not shortened." Isaiah 59:1.

THE WITNESSES WILL PRESENT THE EVIDENCE.

INTRODUCTION

A human being is the most interesting subject in the universe. None of the grandeurs of Nature are more awe-inspiring than the delicate mystery of the human soul. The inscrutable depth of the jungle and the unexplored regions at the floor of the ocean no more solemn challenge than the complexity in the caverns of the human mind the startling romance of living. There are lives that are far stranger than any tale of fiction and individuals who have the color and vividness of personality no artist could catch on canvas.

The Gospel story is interesting but never more compelling than when it is lived through tragedy, hardships and defeat to a glorious victory and becomes a living epistle to the Lord Jesus Christ, to be known and read of all men.

The Gospel story does not stand alone in words. It is ingratiated into human lives. Salvation never comes to the earth without the person of Jesus Christ living the Good News of Salvation in real life, tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. Just so, the Gospel never catches fire until it is lived in the lives of the redeemed as a testimony and as a witness. Redeemed lives are an answer to the skeptic who doubts the miracles of record. They stand as a modern miracle of God's grace. A redeemed life is an inspiration to the Church. Christ transforms liabilities into assets; failures into successes.

Of course, the Church does this also but the Rescue Mission reaches out and renews right spirits within them. Christ raises up men dead in trespasses and in sin, and with Him, they walk in newness of life, living testimonies and modern miracles.

To do this work, the Rescue Mission goes into dark places of great cities, into tenement houses, into prisons; yes, into dens of iniquity; wherever men fall and whenever they fall, the Mission goes with the Gospel.

The Rescue or Gospel does not seek to draw men unto itself. It has no creed but Christ, no law but love. The converts are directed to the Church of their choice. No

mission "liveth unto itself." Like the grain of corn, it dies that others may live. In churches, all over the world, are to be found twice-born men who found their Lord in rescue missions. The motto of many missions is "everlastingly at it, and thus, with mission services held every night in the year, the mission doors are never closed.

No one knows the number of souls rescued from the blighted areas of great cities for the rescue missionary has been too busy winning souls to make a tabulation. In the ministry alone a larger number of men have been recruited in proportion to the size and number of rescue missions than from any other institution. The rescue mission has been and is today, a great influence in the lives of the fine religious leaders of our times.

Call the witnesses!

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'CALL THE WITNESS'

It has been my privilege as a soul-winner, editor and publisher to see, hear and visit many great men of God. It has been my privilege to know a number of the Witnesses which Dr. W. E. Paul has called to the stand in this volume. Their witnessing to say the least is vivid, forceful and thrilling. It is more than that — it is revealing of what the grace of God can do in the soul of man.

As a publisher many manuscripts come to my desk for publication, which are varied in character and content. But if I were to make a conservative estimate of this volume it would be that "Miracles of Rescue" is one of the most unusual manuscripts ever to come to my attention. These are authentic first-hand testimonies of the "Miracles" themselves. They are told by one who personally knew everyone of them.

If anyone is at all interested in the things of God, this book will hold one's interest. If one be reprobate it still has an appeal, because it speaks of many who were reprobates, and such a one will find his counterpart described in these pages.

It is a book which all, who are interested in Rescue Mission work, should read and study. Those who are not interested in slum work will find pleasure in it. It ought to be read by saint and sinner alike.

For many years I have been interested in Rescue Mission work, and it is my hope and prayer that many who read these pages will become enthused about winning the lost among the "Forgotten Men" of the blighted areas of our cities. It has been gracious of the Lord to let us lead many men to the Lord Jesus Christ in Dr. W. E. Paul's superintended Mission in Minneapolis, some of whom might well have been included in this brochure.

To my mind, the author of this book, though he has related the story of many great mission workers, is himself the greatest of them all. And it might be well to remember that many of the present Rescue Mission workers who are superintendents of some of the biggest Rescue Missions in the world never went into sin, but were saved at an early age. It is not sin that makes men great. It is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Peter MacFarlane, Herbert Eberhardt, Matie Volstad, the author of this book, and a host of others belie the impression, that you have to a great sinner before you can become a great soul-winner.—Cyrus Osterhus.

JERRY McAULEY

A Story That Never Grows Old

Jerry McAuley went to live with the Lord sixty-five years ago. The buildings he erected are gone, all of them. Everything he wrote has vanished, except a worn leaflet of four pages, the story of his conversion.

Yet Jerry McAuley is the most talked-about rescue mission worker of all time. In conventions, district meetings and small groups the McAuley name is still heard, and his wonderful testimony is still used as an inspiration. And always, this name of McAuley is spoken softly, with great reverence. His methods have become a standard for he spoke as one having authority.

The funeral service of Jerry McAuley was one to be remembered. Announcement was made that only one flower should be taken to the service by each person. Men and women from many walks of life attended. Some came with a costly rose and others bore a faded, cheap blossom and poverty with proud humility.

The casket disappeared under a Niagara of flowers. No such funeral had ever been held in New York City. Nor has the great metropolis since witnessed a similar one.

The people wondered what strange power of influence Jerry McAuley possessed. He had no formal education. He learned to read and write in Sing Sing prison. He was brought up in extreme poverty. His father was a counterfeiter and escaped justice by running away. Jerry grew up in a large family and recalled his childhood in bitter statements: "I'd no schoolin', and got blows for me meat and drink 'til I wished meself dead many a time. Me mother was a devout Romanist and I got well beyond her or anybody else and many's the time me mother would be tellin' her beads and kissing the floor in penance for me sins."

America seemed like a paradise to Jerry McAuley when he came to this country. But sin is at home in paradise. Adam and Eve lived in a garden of extreme beauty which

has been likened to paradise and they went immediately into sin. So did Jerry. In recalling his misguided past he said: "I had no fear for any man livin', and I was a born thief. Stealin' came natural and easy, and I was soon in a den on Water street learning to be a prize-fighter. I had a boat on the river for thievin' at night, a bigger nuisance and loafer never stepped above ground. I made good hauls and it was fair and easy to board a vessel and take what you pleased. The fourth ward belonged to my kind."

By the time he was twenty years old, Jerry had committed enough crime to send him to prison forty times. Ironically enough, however, he was arrested for a crime he did not commit. He had made enemies and bred hate in them. These hastened to secure for Jerry a fifteen-year sentence.

Jerry did not take his sentence peacefully. When he was confined to a cell he knocked his head against the wall and tried to kill himself. As a prisoner he was ugly, and for punishment he was given a cruel treatment, now barred by nearly all prisons. The guards placed a leather collar around his neck, clamping his head in one position and stretched him up by the arms so his toes just touched the floor. In this torturous position he was left to hang until he fainted. Then he was exposed to a shower of ice cold water until he regained consciousness. To this treatment the embittered young man merely gritted his teeth and continued to sullenly take it, cursing God, meanwhile. He would have killed his keeper had he been given the opportunity.

Jerry McAuley grew weak. He had been accustomed to the open air. The confined prison life wore him down. The strong, husky prize-fighter of a few years previous vanished. McAuley became just another pallid "con." There was no desire for Christ in his soul. The very thought of religion revolted him.

One Sunday morning he dragged himself into the Chapel. He still hated anything that had to do with God. But the Chapel promised diversion. It was an escape from the confines of his cell. He heard a speaker he immediately recognized. It was a man with whom he had got roaring drunk. He recognized the voice, but it was difficult to believe the inspired speaker was his former evil pal. The man was talk-

ing about the Lord and he told the story of how Christ had redeemed him from a life of sin. He concluded that God could do the same for every man.

Jerry returned to his cell in a black temper. He threw the Bible on the floor and kicked it viciously about his small iron cage. He smashed his fist against the wall. He glared at himself in the shadows of his cell. He felt like an animal. He guessed he was an animal.

The following night Jerry could not sleep. Sweat rolled from his face and he finally gave in to a great urge, and falling on his knees, prayed over and over again, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Then, in his own language he described: "In a minute after that prayer somethin' seemed to be near me. I heard a voice and I heard it plain, sayin', 'my son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' To the day o' me death, I'll think I saw a light about me in the cell and smelled something as sweet as flowers. I didn't know I was alive or dead, but I shouted, 'Praise God, praise God!' The guard told me to shut up."

Jerry McAuley was released after serving seven years and six months. He returned to New York and went to work in a hat shop at good wages with every intention to go straight. He was unskilled and familiar only with hard work. He had no formal education and was a stranger to the three Rs of Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic.

There were, however, three other Rs with which he was very paley. These were rum, ruin and rebellion. These three have dragged men down to a far greater depth than any height to which the three Rs of education could lift them.

Yes, Jerry knew about rum, ruin and rebellion! Rum came first. He began with a glass of lager beer which, he was told, would not hurt anybody. A "good friend" gave it to him. The desire for alcohol flamed up in Jerry again and he turned his back on the Lord and went to drink. He also went back to a boat on the river, stealing and fighting, and drinking during the war in the bounty business. "It was a rascally business" he said. He bought stolen goods from sailors and sold the goods to other young men and then made them enlist for fear of being arrested. He also took the bounty reward offered by the government for every

draft evader.

As the appetite for rum increased, Jerry's stealing became bolder and was stepped up to smuggling and passing counterfeit money. Cops shot at him more than once and he was keenly aware that such rackets were exceedingly dangerous. Despite the fear of arrest and imprisonment the craving for liquor drove him deeper into crime.

Sometimes, at night, it seemed as if the three Rs were live ghosts returning to mock him with solemn warnings:

RUM!—"I was mad, I went home an' drank. I was sodden with drink an' as awful lookin' a case as you ever laid eyes on."

RUIN—"It's no use", says I, "dead broke and hungry, rememberin'."

REBELLION—"I'd a mind to kill me keeper! Wait, says I, to myself, even if I have to hang for it. I pitched me Bible down and kicked it around me cell."

Jerry was boarding in a cheap and dreary place on Cherry street. One day a missionary went to see him. On a former visit Jerry had thrown this missionary down the stairs. He hated everyone and he even hated himself so he didn't want any visitors; but, he hadn't been happy, and no man is sufficient unto himself. So on this occasion, the Irishman went with his visitor to the Howard mission. Here, the two, criminal and man of God, had a long talk. Jerry was broke and hungry and he was desperately ready to go out on the river again. The missionary didn't have any money, but while Jerry waited he went out and pawned his coat for fifty cents. Returning, he gave the money to Jerry. He had pawned a coat to redeem a life—a strange trade.

Here was a theology that Jerry McAuley could understand. He could figure out how Jesus Christ had pawned His life upon a cross to redeem a poor lost sinner. Thus, the hardest heart in the city of New York was softened and Jerry McAuley prayed through to God and with Jerry it was no half-way walk with the Lord. As Jerry often said: "A man who honestly wants the Spirit of God in him, has got to come clean! I tell you, he must come clean, inside and outside. He's got to shut down on all his old dirty tricks."

Jerry married Maria and together they made Christ the head of their home. Times were hard. The couple did day work and endured poverty.

"Why have we both been used to filth and nastiness and the bad side of life", asked Jerry once of his wife. "I'll tell you why! It may be so that we will know how to help others out of such existence. I had sort of a vision. I thought we had a house in the Fourth Ward. Streams of people came in and I washed them outside and the Lord washed them inside."

Following this declaration, the McAuleys rented an old rookery of a house. It had one room. They hung out a sign. It read, "The Helping Hand for Men." On Thanksgiving, friends of the McAuleys provided a good dinner, and after the dinner held what Jerry called a "meetin'." The meetin' lasted a long time, but it was successful and everyone was happy. It was moved that all the participants come again on the following night. It was further established by democratic procedure that they come every day on through the years. Rum, ruin and rebellion, the three Rs of sin, had given away before REDEMPTION, RESTITUTION AND RECOVERY, THE THREE Rs OF SALVATION.

REDEMPTION: "He followed me day after day—one night there was singin' and prayin'! I prayed myself an' believed—there was quiet and peace."

RESTITUTION: "Oh, if I could only do that for Jesus longin' to get every wretch an' bring him unto the fold—busy holdin' onto others—picking him out o' the gutter—I tell me story right out plain."

RECOVERY: "You'd never believe how many—an' now its hundreds an' then thousands helped to a new life—me soul is just on fire."

Jerry McAuley became a great personal worker. He was a man endowed with tremendous energy and enthusiasm. He was, above all, blessed with sincerity and his greatest work was accomplished among the so-called "river-rats." This was a name given to thieving, stealing and carousing hands, the toughest and most violent of all men on the water front. Jerry knew their lives and how to talk to them. He had their confidence. The re-born Jerry's interest was not in the application of the law, but in the grace of God.

He was a genius in finding ways to secure employment for men. As a speaker he was without any equal in moving audiences and bringing conviction into the hearts of men. He excelled in the ability to state truths in words which these men would never forget.

From the Helping Hand for Men other redeemed men began to go out to other cities where they founded Helping Hand missions and thus the rescue mission movement was spread throughout America and throughout the world. It was a movement which had faith that no case was too helpless for Jesus. It established the belief that the men who had the capacity to do wrong could, if converted, do great service for God and country. Under the mission influence men who had been river thieves became evangelists; redeemed men, who had indulged in great sin, began to testify in churches and to take their places as officers in the Sunday school and in the church. It has often been said that a little fire, or candle, in the old Rookery house on Water street started the fires of evangelism for Moody and Billy Sunday.

Jerry McAuley gave his life to the men of the water front. "Day and night we worked—you know how. My life is slowly, but surely, going from me. I feel it. But livin' or dyin', it's the Lord's. You see, when your soul is on fire, longin' to get every wretch and bring him into the fold, there is no time for tricks and no wantin' or wastin' of time. There's not a day when there ain't a bumner in the fourth ward so low down, but that the Lord can pick him out of the gutter and set him free. That's why I'm tellin' the story right out plain as long as tongue can move."

'Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

"Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the Joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 12:1, 2.

JOHN R. McINTYRE

Miracle Man of Mercy

John R. McIntyre slept in an alley with a brick for a pillow!

The fact that he was a member of the Royal Exchange of England did not make the brick any softer. Nor did the combination make sense. Sin never makes sense because sin is folly and folly has no sense.

John R. McIntyre was born in an English tavern. The tavern was owned by his mother, who eked out a living operating it. She never dreamed what it would do to her son. She could drink liquor, or leave it alone. Generally boys inherit their mothers' traits. John's mother was a strong character. She was honorable and she was a good business woman. With the earnings of her tavern business she set up her son, John, in the cotton manufacturing business in which he had earlier gained experience working as an office boy. Possessed with ability and a sense of leadership, McIntyre became the head of a company employing more than 1,000 workers.

He represented his firm on the Royal Exchange of Manufacturing for thirteen years. He became a successful man of wealth and influence.

But John R. McIntyre had one great weakness.

With all his fine qualities he had an Achilles heel—an inbred craving for strong drink. He tried to hide his weakness from his employees, members of the firm and friends. But the drunkard is a show-off. He made a fool of the head of the firm in the presence of the office staff during periods of sin and debauchery. He appeared drunk in the manufacturing plant and made himself the laughing stock of some and the pity of men whose employment in the industry was dependent upon the wise and intelligent management.

Disaster followed these repeated acts as it always does and resulting rumors spread through the Royal Exchange.

Soon McIntyre's business was in as bad a condition as he was. To save what little he could, McIntyre resigned his position. He made some provision for his mother, wife and children and sailed to America. Here, he determined to start a new life in a new land. But the "old man" of drink was still in control.

Promises to return, made to his loved ones, were the customary promises of the confirmed drunkard. They were made with good intentions only as he lacked will power to rise above his craving for liquor. However, strengthened by such intentions, he did make a start in Philadelphia.

He worked hard and became head of a department in the great Wanamaker store. For a time it seemed as if John McIntyre would be able to redeem his debts and re-establish his family. Possessing extraordinary abilities and personality, he could have risen as high as he had risen in England. But the snares of the evil one still followed him constantly seeking an opportunity to trap him and see the giant fall. And John McIntyre, bedeviled by drink, fell again. In the seven years which followed, he went down instead of up. He "hit the skids."

One cold night McIntyre lay in an alley in a drunken stupor. He was without a job, money or friends. With a brick for a pillow he fell into a sodden sleep. During his years of dissipation, McIntyre had occasionally passed the doors of rescue missions. Sometimes he stepped into these establishments to escape the cold. He told himself that missions were not his meat. They served a different class of men. He had been a proud member of the Royal Exchange of England and a department head with hundreds of employees and he was, therefore, above the need of such help. Nevertheless, he had heard some gospel preached. He realized he was a sinner. He also knew Christ saved sinners.

On this particular night after a few hours spent in the cold alley, sober thoughts began to stir in his mind. As his drunken state gradually wore off, he did some hard thinking. The cobble-stones of the alley and the hard brick pillow called for some thinking. Finally he roused himself and knelt in the alley. Here, in the dark and cold McIntyre asked

God to be merciful to him, a great sinner.

An alley is not exactly the place a trained minister would go to hold a religious service, or prayer meeting. We are accustomed to think of a church as a place to pray and the sanctuary as the proper setting for a service. However, the record of John McIntyre's life through fifty years which followed, proved that the prayer meeting in that alley was one of the greatest meetings held in the city of Philadelphia in its long religious history.

In the morning light McIntyre walked the six miles from downtown Philadelphia to Germantown, where he remembered a little mission that had been opened in an abandoned saloon. The mission was new and he became its first convert—the first man to make a profession of Jesus Christ as his personal Savior.

In a short time he became the mission superintendent. Five years later he became the superintendent of the Whosoever Gospel Mission and Rescue Mission in German town. It grew under his administration to be one of the greatest rescue missions in the world. The value and influence of McIntyre's work developed to the point where the city honored him by naming him the outstanding citizen of Germantown.

The mission that McIntyre founded ministered over a fifty-year period to 1,000,000 men. Its converts were to be found in every profession and business. It is reported that a total of 67,128 men knelt at its altar.

Among the 67,128 who knelt at the altar within half a century were many who did not pray through. There were others who fell away. However, it is not to be forgotten that 1,000,000 men did seek shelter in the Whosoever Mission during those fifty years. There were duplicates, of course, but to this great aggregate number of nearly 1,000,000 souls the gospel was preached in testimony and message; in example and love. Now the gospel is seed, which, when sown, produces some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty" (Matt. 1:8). Studies of the rescue mission services show that as many men are converted after they leave the mission as are converted at the altar. Under conviction by the Holy Spirit, they give their hearts to God

in their rooms, on the street, even at work. John Galbreath, famous Canadian horse trader, knelt in a snow bank on his way home from a mission service and made his peace with God.

McIntyre became one of the founders of the International Union of Gospel Missions. He was elected one of its early presidents and for twenty years served as chairman of the executive committee. He was founder and leader of many missions in the Philadelphia district. He was loved and respected in his church and among mission groups and business men. When a certain great artist was looking for a model of the Good Shepherd in a memorial window in the Washington Episcopal Cathedral, he selected John R. McIntyre.

The altars John R. McIntyre set up in Philadelphia and throughout the east are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, laying aside at the cross all weight of the sins which so easily beset them—looking always unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of their faith.

John R. McIntyre was a witness.

HAYWIRE DAVIS

The Sky-pilot of the North

They called him "Haywire Davis."

Once he had been respectable Fred W. Davis. But now, in this gateway district of a midwestern city, he had forgotten the meaning of a respectable name. His abode was an old livery stable where he was allowed to sleep.

When a button broke from his dilapidated clothes he forced a bit of hay wire through the fabric and button hole and wound them together. That made a button. His belt was a long strand of haywire stretched around his waist. Thus, as he made his way through the saloons and along the streets of "forgotten men", he became known as "Haywire Davis."

In those days it was a long way from Pea Cove, Maine, to a midwestern city. But the distance that separated a young theological student from a respectable family and dilapidated livery stable rank with the odor of manure and dangerous with the menace of large rats was greater. The Bible tells us that in the future life there is a fixed gulf so deep and wide that no man can cross. In this life there is a vast chasm which can be crossed only by the bridge called the grace of God and Haywire was on the wrong side.

Fred W. Davis sang in the choir of the Methodist church in Pea Cove. He had parents who were devout Christians. He himself was a member of the church. He had entered the Christian ministry and had studied at a seminary to prepare himself for the ministry.

The scriptures speak of the "snare of the fowler" (Ps. 91:3). Fred contracted a cold and someone told this backwoods Maine boy that whiskey was medicine and would cure a cold. Whiskey is a snare laid by the fowler. "When you are cold, it will warm you up; when you are warm, it will cool you off. In the morning, it is an eye-opener; in the evening, it will put you to sleep. When you are depressed, it will brace you up and when you are happy and rejoicing it's an

appropriate celebration." For centuries the tempter has presented this cursed drink on every occasion as filling every need. The results have been disastrous.

Davis learned to drink and he drank too much. One day he came into the seminary class room badly intoxicated and was immediately discharged from that school. The officials acted hastily, and perhaps, without sufficient investigation, in so abruptly expelling the young man. However, their decision was final and Davis, ashamed to go home, made his way to New York City. Here, in continued remorse and prolonged despair, the young student turned to the cajoling tempter (whiskey). Then the tempter became his pal and fastened himself like a leech on the new convert to sin.

The records of jails and penitentiaries show that crime is often the product of liquor. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." (Prov. 23:31, 32).

Whiskey stung Fred W. Davis right into Sing Sing prison. It stung him repeatedly in the years that followed his release from this institution; with the result that he spent most of his time in city work-houses, county jails and similar lockups. The suffering this young man went through during this period could not be compared with the pain or distress of any known physical malady or disease. He suffered hunger and shame, humiliation, beatings and remorse, trying again and again to drown it all in drink. He also endured periods of sickness which threatened his life.

There is a shocking difference between a beautiful home and a foul livery stable where weather swept in through the broken windows. There is a terrible contrast between a soft bed, white sheets and wool blankets and a dank hole in the hay into which Davis crawled when the temperature dropped below zero.

The sad plight of the drunkard lies in the fact that he can't help himself and too many people ready to kick him lower. The great curse of the chronic inebriate lies in the fact that he is always vulnerable. Everyone may, and will, make him the scapecoat.

One bitter night it became too cold for Haywire to sleep

in the haymow. There **was only** one answer to this condition and Davis knew **what** it was. He must get himself "warmed up" if he wished to have any rest. So Haywire acted on this thought and **went out** to look for a place where he could get some warmth into his frail body. He searched for a few necessary drinks in the lobbies of several hotels. In each one he was ordered **away**. He was kicked out forcibly in one. Even the saloons were not open to him. He was a sample of their workmanship and the saloons were not proud of their product; in fact, they were downright scornful and chased him away.

Finally he saw the **open door** of a mission and in desperation slipped inside. He **took** the last seat in the rear and promptly fell asleep. He **slept** through the entire service. The movement of people as they stood up for the closing hymn awakened Davis. He opened his eyes to see young people singing in the choir. He muttered to himself, "When I sang in the choir I wore **good clothes**, I had a place to sleep, I had good food and I had friends."

When the leader asked, "Is there anyone here who would like to be remembered in prayer", Davis lifted his hand, but not very high. So far as the record shows, no one saw that uplifted hand, except the Lord. As Davis left the place, a kindly motherly woman handed him a gospel of St. John. Hugging the book Haywire stumbled out into the cold, dreading another night in the old livery stable. "God help me", he cried out.

Scarcely had he uttered this plea than Davis looked down in the snow and **saw a five-dollar bill**. He could hardly believe what he saw. He stood in the blizzard looking at the money. Finally he bent down and seized the bill as it was about to be blown away by the wind. That five-dollar bill was like the lifeline mentioned in the old hymn:

"Throw out the lifeline to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow."

With his new-found money Davis purchased a decent night's lodging. As he prepared for sleep he puzzled about what to do with the testament he had been given. He put it

on the table and got into bed. Then he thought he had better keep it closer to him, so he took the little book off the table and put it under his pillow. Even there it seemed out of place, so he laid it on the pillow. Several times the light shining through his window, woke him up and he would read a verse or two from the testament. Finally he knelt down and prayed for forgiveness for his many sins. When he arose he realized he had received an answer as to what he should do with the gospel. He took the text of St. John's 3:16 into his heart.

By this time Fred W. (Haywire) Davis had passed middle age. From a worldly point of view he had wrecked his life and most of it was gone. But the Lord was not to be denied. He had called this man into the ministry and by his wonders which He performs, God had marked for Fred W. Davis one of the most fruitful ministries in the history of the Presbyterian church.

Quiet and modest, Davis finally entered the ministry service. The National Missions board required a monthly report from him. His report made a good showing of faithful service and regular meetings. Every year a few Sunday schools were organized. Once in awhile a church, or chapel, was built. Now and then a promising young man would enter the ministry, or go into the foreign field. These incidents, scattered through the years, were not sensational, but they were outstanding. They revealed Davis to be a hard-working and energetic minister. When the National Missions board, at the end of twenty-seven years, compiled the records of his service from monthly reports, they discovered facts that were astounding.

A total of 10,992 meetings were conducted in the twenty-seven years covering Davis' service in the ministry of missions. A gross attendance of 2,000,000 persons was listed. Beginning as a missionary to the lumber-jacks of Minnesota, Haywire Davis had expanded his work through the states of Wisconsin and Michigan. He had taken charge of mission work in Montana and carried the Gospel of God's redeeming grace in three additional states from city to city. The reports totaled 73,312 requests for prayer; 86,429 personal interviews and 37,312 conversions. These figures

equalled the population of a large city. The distribution of Bibles and portions of the scriptures approximated 2,000,000 and were computed by the National Missions board to equal thirty tons of scriptures.

The records showed that the energetic Davis organized ninety-one Sunday schools and 172 Bible classes. He erected ten churches in the Presbyterian denomination and many of his Sunday schools and Bible classes developed into churches, not only of the Presbyterian faith, but of almost every other denomination. In addition Davis erected eight chapels on an interdenominational basis and personally received 7,863 persons into membership in churches which he organized. A great personal worker and congenial person, Davis found opportunities opened to him in colleges, seminaries, prisons, jails and lumber camps. He preached in silver mines 2,000 feet underground and in mountain camps 8,000 feet above sea level. Fred W. Davis had within his soul the qualities that inspire the foreign field and nine men were ordained to preach the gospel in the Presbyterian church alone as the result of his laborers. It is interesting to note that during the thirty years of his ministry Davis was annually invited back to the seminary in New England from which he had once been expelled, to address the students, and that the national missions board paid his expenses across the continent to deliver a message to the place from where he had gone in deep disgrace.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come; He will come and save you. The eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb will sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the habitation of dragons where each lay shall be grass and a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called "The Way of Holiness"; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. The redeemed of the Lord shall walk and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35:4-8. Fred W. Davis was a witness.

J. ARTHUR SCHLICHTER

America's Greatest Prodigal

This is the amazing record of a man who traveled the paradoxical path from capitalist to prodigal to the ministry.

Sin is a tragedy in the life of any man or woman, but it is most pathetic when it forces its vicarious way into the hearts of men who belong to the great or near-great.

J. Arthur Schlichter was an educated, cultured gentleman and brilliant orator. Observing him as a reprobate and sinner one felt like exclaiming, "Behold, how the mighty have fallen."

Schlichter's father was a distinguished minister possessing a beautiful character. His mother was a fine and attractive woman with a good education.

J. Arthur entered college at seventeen.

"If you are ever tempted to drink", said his mother, as the young student was about to leave, "you wouldn't do it, would you?"

"No!" replied J. Arthur immediately. And he meant it.

At college the young man became infatuated with a banker's daughter. He began to move with her in society circles. He learned to dance and gamble. At a party in the banker's home where the daughter was hostess, whiskey was served generously.

The young hostess brought J. Arthur a glass of whiskey.

"I want you to drink with me", she said, graciously.

The young student explained that he had promised his mother he would not drink.

"Well, if you love me as much as you say you do, drink this with me, the girl replied, tauntingly.

He did.

J. Arthur married into banking wealth. He became a famous man and resided in a beautiful home in Philadelphia. Life seemed to start off graciously in the exclusive and restricted area in which J. Arthur and his bride lived. He became the father of two fine children, girl and boy. He broke

his promise to his mother during those first college days, so now it was easy to continue drinking on the theory that he could drink, or leave it alone. He should have said instead, "I can drink and leave home!" For that was exactly what happened.

Somewhere in J. Arthur Schlichter's body there was born or developed, an unsatisfied craving for whiskey. He did not drink to escape his troubles, for he had none, except the unnatural desire for liquor. He drank because his physical senses seemed to demand whiskey. It was an appetite that could not be satisfied until he became unconscious.

Once a brilliant, handsome man, J. Arthur eventually became a sorry sight in his drunken states in spite of his good clothes. He promised his wife that he would sober up, but, in spite of these promises, he would get disastrously drunk and eventually find himself in the gutter.

"I returned after one of these episodes", he recalled, and I rang the bell to my home. My beautiful wife opened the door, she told me, frankly, that I loved whiskey more than I loved her and asked me not to return, or bother her any more. So I went upstairs and kissed my little girl and boy good-night.

"Naomi, will you say good-bye to me", I asked.

"No; just go", she answered, gently.

"I went out of my house that night and never saw them again for twenty-five years. I lived under an assumed name for twenty-three years and served two prison terms. I tried to commit suicide three times. In the cheapest sleeping quarters I could find, I gathered up rags in the corner and lay down to sleep. In the morning I put on the rags and went out to beg, to petty steal and to drink.

"I was sitting on a park bench one night, sober for once, when I heard church bells. They were chiming "Nearer, My God, To Thee!" I broke down and sobbed. Another man, sitting nearby and not quite as dazed, asked me what was wrong. I told him there was plenty wrong. 'My father is a preacher and his church bells are ringing!' I told him I had lost my wife and two children and had no place to sleep. He gave me some morphine. It was bitter to take, but it eased my mind for a time.

"From that time, until I was saved, I used morphine. One Sunday night I was sitting moodily in a lodging house. It was alternately raining, snowing and sleeting. I spoke to my friend, Sam, who had been a drunkard for nineteen years.

" 'This is awful, Sam', I said; and we haven't a dime to pay for an old bed! "

"Sam said we could get out of the cold in an old theater where someone was holding a meeting. We decided to try it. We put newspapers under our shirts and inside of our trousers. Neither of us possessed a coat or overcoat, but we went out into the storm. In front of the St. Matthews Lutheran church I collapsed in a snowdrift. I weighed only ninety pounds at that time. Somehow, Sam got help to get me inside the theater. He said I could sleep there until 12 o'clock.

"When I came to I heard someone singing, "Almost Persuaded." That was my father's invitation hymn. It took my mind back home. At intervals a kindly looking gentleman stopped beside me and looked me over. He would ask me how I felt. He was the man who had helped to carry me into the theater which was now used for a mission.

"Later that evening the same man carried me in his arms to a hospital. Here, on the following morning, doctors thought I was dying. But I didn't die.

"It was months before the hospital staff were able to nurse me back to life, but every day my rescuer of that stormy night, a kindly, almost saintly looking man, came to see me. When I was well enough to understand I learned he was John R. McIntyre, superintendent of Whosoever Gospel Mission, Germantown, Pennsylvania, the man whom the artist selected to be the model when he painted the Good Shepherd Memorial window in the Washington Cathedral.

"It was six months before I gained enough strength to leave the hospital. During this period of illness I had found great consolation and release in Christ as a Savior. I had accepted Him with all my heart. The craving for liquor left me. My thoughts naturally turned back toward my home.

"So after an absence of twenty-five years, I started out to find my loved ones. I went to the place where my father had lived and found the old homestead had been sold for years. My father had died. I located my mother in a little house with the blind drawn. I knocked on the door and the sweet old lady that answered said, 'Good morning, what can I do for you?' I stared at her, wondering if she could be my mother. She was bent with age and her hair was white. It was my mother and she did not recognize me. When I told her my name, she hesitated a moment and then almost fell into my arms.

"I learned my wife had divorced me and married again sixteen years ago. I found my son had no recollection of his father. No mention had been made of my name in the years I had been gone. My daughter was married. One morning my son contacted me and said they had taken his sister to the hospital and she had died following an emergency operation. Mother, too, passed away soon afterward. As I stood by mother's grave, I felt alone in the world.

"I thought: 'My God, the price I have paid for sin!'"

J. Arthur Schlicter gave himself to the ministry of his Lord in a desperate effort to redeem the days of sin he had squandered. He founded a number of missions in the east where men, as wayward as he had been, could find shelter from evil and disaster. He became one of the most eloquent speakers in the history of rescue missions. He possessed a resonant voice and a striking personality. When he told the story of how God could redeem desperate, wicked men; how he could save broken and sin-sick men through Jesus Christ, the Lord, men listened. He asserted in powerful style that there was no case too hopeless for Jesus and that God could take the broken lives of men and put them together again.

"Now, the bird with the broken pinion may never soar as high again."

J. Arthur Schlicter could never be what he might have been, but he could still preach the gospel with power and conviction. He could deliver graphic sermons in beautiful language in great churches, Bible conferences and evangelistic meetings. Known as America's greatest prodigal, he

came back to the Father's house, and the Lord placed a ring on his finger and said again in our day.

"This, my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." Luke 15:24.

J. Arthur Schlicter was a witness.

J. DAVID FRASER

Riches To Rags To Robes

The higher a man rises in the business or professional world the harder he falls, if he falls!

It is a rough, downward road from a prosperous business man in Wyoming to a bum in Montreal. A man must have physical resistance and toleration to alcohol to drink up \$75,000 in five years.

J. David Fraser, 26, was the youngest member of the state legislature in Wyoming. J. David Fraser, 36, was no longer a lawmaker. He was a guest in a cheap lodging house in one of Canada's largest cities. He had traveled that long, downward road in ten years. How could he do it? Well, it isn't hard. It is no trouble to go down stream if the current is rapid.

Five years of happy living are not long for the Christian. Five years are five long years to the man falling from the heights. Such years include 365 interminable, wretched days and nights. The fact that a man's mind is often deadened to consciousness by liquor does not shorten those years. Use of drugs does not speed up the shabby days and nights, nor quicken the evil hours.

"A man can do a lot of thinking when he is losing everything and such thoughts are not pleasant, they add to the wretchedness of time."

J. David Fraser said that later and he ought to know. He lost most of the things that men hold dear. Fraser and men like him who have ridden in de luxe trains, private compartments and enjoyed the comfort of Pullman sleepers, discover that the narrow, hard cots in a flop house make a bed of sorrow and pain. Fraser's existence during those years might not have seemed so tough if he had never known luxury. But he had known it.

Loss of wealth and position is a small part of the catastrophe, however, that sin brings its victims. Physical wreckage is inevitably the lot of sinful men. But to become

an outcast; to cross the street rather than to meet old acquaintances, this strikes deeply into a man's soul and leaves scars. There is no greater humiliation than the urge to walk away from someone with whom one has, in years past, associated, or transacted business. Spiritual bankruptcy is worse than financial bankruptcy.

J. David Fraser, at the end of five short years, found he had hit bottom. He had finally reached the lowest saloon and cheapest lodging house. Now, at last, saloon doors were closed and lodgings were not available at any price because he didn't have the price. This meant begging, stealing, sleeping in "jungles", deserted farm houses, or leantos in the dirtiest sections of tenement districts.

The scriptures not only make plain the way of salvation, but no book is more true to human nature. A careful study of the traits of human beings furnishes a complete course in psychology.

Fraser was the prodigal in the far country. He had to arrive at the place where he would have eaten of the husks that the hogs ate, but no man would give him that little. Sometimes a man goes so low even bums don't respect him and that is rock bottom in iniquity. When Fraser reached rock bottom he could look no lower. There was only one way to look, if he looked at all and that was up.

There are rescue missions near the modern Pools of Siloam in nearly every great city. Here, great crews of impotent persons gather.

Now, the sound of singing and the message of faith and hope are music to the ears of men like J. David Fraser, who have gone as far down as man can go without stepping into the bottomless pit. A descendant from a long line of honorable and upright people, Fraser, as a youth, had known something of the love of God. He had forgotten much and a great deal of theology he did not understand had disappeared from his recollections. There were, however, two things that he did not know: One was that he could not go any farther down into sin than he had gone. He told himself he had reached the end. Secondly, he knew equally well that he could not help himself. He had tried to exercise will power during the mad descent from power to poverty.

In this he had failed so completely that his self-confidence was gone. He had no more faith in self and his experience as a politician had taught him to have no faith in men. He realized then, if he was to be helped at all, God would have to do it.

So from the far depths into which he had plunged, David Fraser turned to God in the simplest kind of a prayer.

Prayers can be simple, but effective.

"Lord, help me"; prayed David Fraser, "save me, I need you!"

This desperate plea, if it had been recorded, would not have differed much from the outcries of someone already half-dead, sinking in the mire, calling feebly to a strong man on the shore for help.

In the following years J. David Fraser's life became a story as miraculous as many of the miracles in the scriptures. Within six months he became superintendent of the Welcome Hall Mission. This mission was destined to become outstanding because David himself was to become one of the finest mission workers of Canada. He was sought as a speaker and preacher in the principal churches of Montreal and within an incredibly short time, recognized as one of the spiritual leaders of the city. He also became a man of magnetic personality who looked the part of a leader, a witness in whom men believed.

Welcome Hall Mission soon became the center, not only for the down-and-outers, but for prominent business men and leaders in the civic and social life of the city. Any troubled soul, rich or poor, found the doors of Welcome Hall always open. It became a place where the hungry were fed and the homeless sheltered; the naked clothed and the sick healed.

It also became a center of prayer life. J. David Fraser became known as The Man of Prayer.

In many of the great conventions held in Montreal, the one man selected to open such a convention with prayer was J. David Fraser. At civic functions and in legislative sessions he was the man who could pray. His prayers were not long, pretentious prayers. They were not used as a fill in on programs. They were gems of prayer outstanding in

their brief clarity.

On one occasion in a large evangelistic meeting in Montreal, Fraser opened the service with prayer. The congregation, blest and made happy in the Spirit, continued in singing and reading the Word. When the time arrived for the message, leaders of the meeting and the evangelist decided to change the order of the service. They asked J. David Fraser to pray again. Fraser responded and gave as simple and direct a prayer as was ever heard in Montreal. It was void of any suggestion of emotionalism and sinners started up to the altar before the prayer ended. Thus, one of the most successful meetings of that campaign was the one in which the principal address was a prayer.

“Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come.”—Acts 26:22.

JOHN CALLAHAN
Bishop Of The Bowery
Chaplain of The Tombs

This is the amazing story of a man who became chaplain of the prison in which he once served punishment for his crime.

Troubles do not come singly, but in battalions. This is strikingly evident in the stories of misspent lives. Over and over again, as men tell the tragedy of their lives, one finds a combination of circumstances and misfortunes in which the individuals break under the stress and pressure of adversity. This accounts for the fact that one finds a surprisingly large number of strong virile, capable men, shorn, like Samson, of their strength, treading the bitter wine press—blind slaves to the oppressor.

Little Johnny Callahan was a wide-awake, husky boy. He was all boy, too! The Callahan family was large. This meant there were many mouths to feed. Johnny came into the world during a period of depression. A newsboy could make only a few cents a day, or shine shoes for a nickel. This was good pay in the late seventies. Such tasks kept Johnny out of school at times when competition among newsboys and bootblacks was keen. Such youths hardened under the rough life they lived peddling papers in the rain, blizzards and fog of New York's East End.

Following the death of Johnny's mother, the large family seemed to fall apart. John Callahan found that the job of raising a large family was too much for him. He did not have regular employment and the result was a broken home.

Johnny grew to be a street waif because of the life he was forced to lead. He slept in hallways, sheds and under wagons. Occasionally a transfer man would let him sleep on the spring seat of his wagon. Johnny thought this latter incident was a rare treat. He bought food on a penny

basis or stole from the free lunch counters of bars and saloons. He grew up, in other words, like a savage. He learned to fight his way. He hated the law because it seemed to offer resistance to his method of obtaining a livelihood and breaking the law was the only method he knew of survival. Johnny was reported to be the youngest boy imprisoned in the Tombs. The records of that period were somewhat unreliable, but certainly Johnnie was too young when first arrested and subjected to imprisonment. Later he made frequent trips to the Tombs.

So Johnnie established an early police record and was accordingly watched until he found it uncomfortable to continue life in New York City. He decided to go West. When he crossed the state line he found himself once more in the custody of the law. The judges made an example of him because he was too young, had no address or references and was a hard and tough-looking, as well as tough-talking boy.

Released from jail again Johnny resumed his journey west. He was arrested in Pittsburgh and this time police decided to "break" the tough kid.

Johnny was exposed to a form of punishment which has since come under the bans of prison reform. He was hung up cruelly by strapping his hands high on the bars of the cell. In this position Johnny's toes just touched the floor. He was left suspended for several hours. When they let him down he fought back and spit in the faces of the jailers. So they hung him up again until the sweat rolled off his body and he was in a state of collapse.

The tough kid left Pittsburgh and was able to reach Chicago before law enforcement officers spotted him. The Chicago police did not have any records on Johnny. They recognized him as a young toughie with no job, family references, or permanent address, and jailed him. Johnny served a year in Joliet state penitentiary because of his association with a notorious bank robber.

Johnny's brother worked in Minneapolis as a bartender. So Johnny came to Minneapolis, convinced there was somebody to help him fight his battles. The brother secured a job for him as a bartender. Young Callahan was under age

for such a job, but he looked older because of his size. Rough living and hard treatment as a boy had aged him beyond his years.

John Callahan, the bartender, was a good worker. He kept the bar clean and attended to little jobs other bartenders slighted. But soon he became the saloon's best customer and, of course, the drinks were on the house. Off duty he followed his practice of petty thieving and robbing for now he was hardened in crime. As a result, he was caught and served a term in the city work-house. To Johnny, imprisonment did not mean reform, it meant only bad luck and the dumbness of getting caught.

Following his release from the work-house, Johnny ganged up with two robbers and was again arrested. On his way to jail he broke away from the arresting officer and dashed down an alley. Police fired at him, but Johnny ran on unharmed. However, the alley into which he darted was a dead-end, and when the youth was cornered, he dropped to the ground. At first the officer thought he had killed Callahan, but discovered that the boy was playing possum and took him in.

Minneapolis police were not able to charge Johnny with any specific crime, although they concluded he was bad. The judge ordered the young miscreant to leave the city within twenty-four hours.

Johnny took this order from the bench literally. He decided to remain the full time. He was walking along Washington avenue that night when a man stepped out in front of him.

"Young man", said the stranger, "you are on the wrong road. It is a pity to see a young fellow like you throw his life away, won't you come up into the mission? We have good singing and we will tell you a better way to live your life."

The Christian Workers Mission, to which Johnny was led by his new friend, was located at 35 Washington avenue south, on the second floor. It was conducted by W. A. Petram, an honest, hard-working Christian man. Johnny was "broke" and had nowhere else to go, so he decided to go along with the stranger. He entered the mission and had comfortably

seated himself when the choir began to sing, "Abide With Me." Instantly Johnny remembered that as a little boy he had heard that hymn sung at his mother's funeral. He recalled himself dressed in a black velvet suit which his father had purchased for the services. He had been seated among his older brothers and sisters. The best friend he had in the world was there in a box.

The Minneapolis mission service was the first religious program Johnny had attended since the day of his mother's funeral. There had been one exception. While Johnny was detained for a time in a Chicago jail, mother Clark of the Pacific Garden Mission, and her workers had held a meeting.

But the meeting in the Minneapolis mission was quite different. To Johnny it was the funeral service over again. He remembered some of the things they had told him about God in the jail service. Now, the story was news. It was also the most unusual story he had ever heard.

As he sat there John started to do some clear thinking. He knew that his life, since the day of his mother's funeral up to the present, had been a ghastly mistake as well as tragically unhappy. The years had been filled with bitterness and exposure. So when the altar call was given John went forward and prayed the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner and save my soul for Jesus' sake."

John did not leave Minneapolis at the end of the twenty-four hour period. The "old man" (the sinful nature) has been driven out by the Lord Jesus Christ. John Callahan was a new person and the rescue mission superintendent was determined that he be given a chance, and he was given a chance.

This time John turned his back on former habits and types of low friends. He made the most of his new chance. He got a job in the flour mills where he earned wages for honest labors. He worked without fear of the law and without fighting for his living.

Eventually he organized the "Star of Hope" Mission in Duluth. Here he became a lay preacher in the Methodist church. Later he was called to be superintendent of Hadley Hall, in New York City. John told the story of God's redeeming love, of respect for law and order, and upright liv-

ing; in the same streets in which, as a street waif, newsboy and bootblack, he had known only the law of survival, he pointed out the right way to live in peace and harmony.

Finally John Callahan became the chaplain in the Tombs, the prison in which he had been committed. As he made the rounds of the cell blocks (plural) in which he had served time, he won many a man to the Lord by the simple assertion—"I once occupied this cell. The Lord cleaned up my life and set me free."

On the thirtieth anniversary of his conversion John was invited to return to Minneapolis to be a guest at an anniversary banquet. All the Minneapolis municipal court judges (four in number) and seven district court judges united in welcoming back to the city as a Christian leader, the man whom the court had ordered out as a sinner and outlaw.

The banquet was held in the largest dining hall in Minneapolis. It was attended to capacity by representatives from civic and religious institutions. Many tributes were paid to John Callahan and to his work by court, civic and church leaders.

When he was introduced John Callahan stood up like Paul, the Apostle, and declared unto them the Gospel. He told how the Lord Jesus Christ had come into his life, cleansed his soul of the many sins; melted his heart of stone to one of love, gave him courage to right the wrongs he had committed, straighten out crooked ways, and preach the unsearchable riches of God's grace.

The hotel bar where the old John of younger years had sold liquor and indulged in sinful practices had been taken over for a rescue mission. There where sin once flourished, grace now prevailed. "What mean the testimonies, and the statutes and the judgements which the Lord our God hath commanded you? Then thou shalt say—we were pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand and the Lord shewed signs and wonders." Deut. 6:20-22.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WHITTEMORE

A Chain Of Influences

We hear a great deal today in connection with the atomic bomb of chain re-action, where influence is passed from one atom to another. Shakespeare had one of his characters say: "How far that little candle sheds its beam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Sidney Whittemore and his wife, Emma, were persons enjoying both wealth and influence. Such people are seldom seen in rescue missions and seldom observed at the altar or mourner's bench.

But one night the Whittemores went down to the Bowery Mission to see the place. It was not just idle curiosity which prompted their visit. They had made contributions to mission work and wanted to observe the Bowery Mission in operation.

So the Whittemores watched the service and listened to the message, the selected hymns and testimonies. And as the service was unfolded to them they became conscious of an urgent need in their lives. If God could work such wonders with hardened, sinful men, He could do the same thing in their own hearts.

Thus it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore went forward and knelt when the altar call was made. Beside Whittemore an elderly, sickly man who had been a petty thief most of his life, asked the Lord to help him keep the eighth commandment—thou shalt not steal. Beside Mrs. Whittemore a shabby alcoholic (chronic drunkard) uttered a prayer for his needs. The altar front was lined with all types of the men known as "down-and-outers." For, in this mission, well-dressed people and wrecks prayed together, cultured men and illiterate men sought the same light. They all had exactly the same need for Jesus Christ as a personal Savior.

From that simple and unpublicized incident, two chains of influences started. One came from the heart of Sidney

Whittemore who became known as one of the most consecrated men in New York City. In September, 1912, Whittemore became the founder of the International Union of Gospel Missions. This Union was destined to bring into its organization a fellowship of rescue missions throughout the world and to become an agency that would found missions in needy cities that, in turn, would train rescue mission workers and raise the standard of care and administration of missions outside, as well as within, their own organization. Mr. Whittemore became the first president of the new body.

From the heart of Mrs. Whittemore a second chain of influences was forged. She became founder of the Door of Hope Missions throughout America. These missions offered service principally to fallen and wayward girls. Her chain of influences had many links.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was the pastor of an influential church in New York City. One Sunday he invited Mrs. Whittemore to tell the story of Delia, the "Blue Bird." The "Blue Bird" was a girl who had been rescued from the depths of sin and had won ninety-seven persons to Christ in the few months she lived following her conversion. Mrs. Whittemore told the story of her experience in the Bowery Mission and the Door of Hope Missions.

These two stories made a great impression upon the congregation and also on Dr. Chapman.

Following the service, Dr. Chapman invited the Wittemores to his study. Here, a long conference took place which lasted late into the night. When the Wittemores left Chapman remained to pray through until dawn. The prayer that was in his heart concerned the giving up of his church and going into the world as an evangelist. Dr. Chapman made his decision that night and thus became one of the best known evangelists in America. He lifted evangelism to a higher standard. Probably next to Bill Sunday, this one man, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman led more souls to Christ than any other evangelist in these latter days. A chain reaction!

A little mission on a busy street . . . two curious, wealthy people came to see it. . . . "Doors of Hope" opened through the land. . . . A Union of Gospel and Rescue

Missions was brought into being. . . . A minister became a famed evangelist. . . . Souls were rescued from the depths of sin. . . . Congregations of converted people were organized throughout America.

It cost \$7.96 to keep the Bowery Mission open the night Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, seeing themselves compassed about by witnesses, laid aside every weight and the sin of easy living and began to run with patience the race the Lord set before them.

WILLIE KELLY

A Wild Young Man In A Wily Old World

The great majority of men who finally hit bottom in sin either fall or drift into it. Such men form an unhappy group. Sometimes a young man may seem to be enjoying the "pleasures of sin for a season" (Heb. 11:25). He eventually discovers that "first you play with sin and then sin plays with you."

Willie Kelly began such a game at an early age. He was twelve when he drank his first booze in an alley with a gang of boys. Juvenile delinquency flourished in Liverpool, England. The problem was everywhere. Kelly's first theft victim was his mother, who was sick in bed. The money he took from her he spent for liquor and cigarettes.

Kelly was fifteen when he planned to get away from his home-town gang. He was somewhat involved in his own community as a result of the gang's reputation. So he took passage for America. When he kissed his mother good-bye he promised that he would write every week and pray every night. He even vowed he would attend church regularly. He landed in America with new hopes and energy to take advantage of opportunities. He couldn't see the two demons who followed him as they always followed their victims.

In America, Kelly began to drift from place to place. He soon became a boy tramp. He left some cities because he was ready to leave, but in other communities he was forced to leave in a hurry. He lived a hard life and the uncertainty of it made him a nervous, fidgety youth. As a result he smoked cigarettes constantly. His fingers became black from this habit.

Kelly was an intelligent boy. He had received good school grades. He did not wander into trouble, he planned it. He planned thefts and robberies. He worked each crime out carefully. He worked alone so no one could squeal on him. If suspected of a crime he would manage to appear

innocent. He was boyish looking and usually succeeded in escaping detection. He "got by."

It was the case of the wily young man playing the game with the wily old world and the odds were against Kelly. The wily old world always had the majority. Each time Kelly was caught he planned the next crime while he was doing time. The next one he always planned as the perfect crime. He didn't make the same mistake twice and for a time the new plan worked. It worked until something slipped up. In seven years Kelly made four trips to jail. He wasn't playing with sin now; sin was playing with him.

During one of his ninety-day periods of imprisonment and cell thinking Kelly decided to attempt a new plan. He would steal on a smaller scale. He would never take anything valuable enough to make it worthwhile for the owner to prosecute. Petty stealing would get him a living without working, he thought, and it seemed safer to steal a quantity of small things and not more than enough to meet his needs at the time. He figured that any small article from a spoon to a jack-knife would bring a few pennies.

So the wily young man came to the conclusion he had figured out a fool-proof and safe way to steal. The plan worked until one night police threw out a routine dragnet. It was the old and favorite method used by police. If the department wanted a man for a certain crime and they didn't have an adequate description, they would gather in all of the men in his age bracket and load them into wagon after wagon. Sometimes a police department would haul in fifty or one hundred men and search them.

On such an occasion Kelly, the wily young man, got caught in the dragnet. He had a larger collection of articles in his pockets than seemed reasonable and many concerning which he could offer no explanation. So Kelly took another trip to jail.

When Kelly came out he was a beaten man. The wily old world was too much for him. His clothes were dirty and torn. He looked gaunt and appeared bitter. The fun was gone. He cursed constantly. His friends had all disappeared, or were serving sentences—"doing time."

Kelly finally arrived in St. Paul on a freight train and

received a reception which was unpleasant. So he moved on to Minneapolis, across the river.

"Here", he recalled, "I replenished my wardrobe. I found a pair of shoes in an old ash barrel. I lifted a pair of overalls from beneath another fellow's bed."

On the evening he secured these clothes Kelly entered the Union City Mission. "It was the only door open to me", he admitted. "The saloons didn't want me anymore. They had always taken my money and never asked where I got it. They didn't care; but I didn't have any more coin and I sure wasn't welcome. The pool rooms didn't want me, either, anymore. Certainly I could say, 'No man cared for my soul.'" (Ps. 142:4).

"During the service my mind wandered back to my home in England, to the promises I had made to my mother. These promises I had broken. I hadn't written to her in twelve years. As I was leaving the mission, the "Little Mother", a kindly and saintly woman, who had given her life to the work of redeeming men such as I, stopped me and called me 'my son.' She put a Bible in my hands. It was the first time I had touched the Book in a dozen years. She asked me to pray. She really had to teach me how to pray. I knew well enough what I needed, but I didn't know how to put the words together so God would hear. What will-power, jails and friends could not do, God did that night in answer to a few broken words put together and called a prayer. I was born again August 20, 1906, at 10:15 p. m. I weighed ninety-eight pounds."

From that time on the Lord wonderfully blessed Willie Kelly; but, no one called him "Willie" anymore. He was Will Kelly. The name "Willie" had been one associated with illegal escapades and mean, irregular acts. Will Kelly went to work in the Mission. He was a cheerful person who had a real love for the work. Hours seemed to mean nothing to him. He worked day-time hours and served every night in the mission. He did not miss a service. Within a short time he was elected assistant superintendent and given charge of the relief department by Rev. C. M. Stocking, superintendent and co-founder.

Will Kelly married a fine Christian girl who was a tal-

ented pianist and singer. They made a great team. After some years had elapsed Kelly entered the service of the Volunteers of America and rose to the position of major. He made an excellent record in Detroit. During a lifetime of service Kelly won to the Lord seven missionaries for the foreign field and six ministers of the gospel in addition to scores of workers, both business and professional men as Volunteers. "Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me, His prisoner; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; who hath saved us with an holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purposes and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." II. Tim. 1:8, 9.

CHARLES LANGSMAN

Where Is Mr. Christ?

Charles Langsman of the Chicago Bible Rescue Mission, was the greatest personal worker this author has known.

One day we were riding together in Langsman's car and stopped at a highway gasoline service station to replenish the gas supply. In this particular station the fuel tanks were made of glass above the surface.

Therefore, it happened that both Langsman and myself were able to observe that the attendant had started the gauge one gallon short. The man became confused when his attention was called to the disparity. He reddened and started to make excuses inasmuch as he fully expected to be accused of dishonesty.

Langsman was an expert in bringing men to the Lord.

"Don't be embarrassed", he counseled the fellow at once. "When I was a sinner, I would have started the gauge two gallons short."

Following this, my friend gave a brief testimony as to how God had saved him from a life of wickedness far greater than the attendant at the gas station had known. Before I realized what had happened he had taken the service man inside the station and they were down on their knees in prayer. He had led the man who was trying to cheat him, to the Lord.

One verse in "Lead, Kindly Light", has been written as follows: "I was not always thus." This tells the story of Charles Langsman.

Langsman was born in Russia in a small port town on the Black sea. He was brought up on revolution, black bread and sour milk. As a boy he had loved the sea. The tang of salt breezes in his nostrils stirred his lust for adventure. So at fourteen he ran away from home and joined the crew of a trawler plying trade along the African coast. As a sailor he learned the sordid gruesome things of the world. He took the bitter with the sweet. However, as

time elapsed there was less of the sweet and more of the bitter. He was a drunkard at sixteen. For twenty years he sailed the seas around the world drinking up his earnings.

In stature Langsman was a big, powerful man with splendid physical stamina. He therefore engaged in many drunken brawls. Most of the seamen were a tough lot and when the boat Langsman was on came into port, most of the crew headed for the low dives of the city. Sometimes the ship could not sail until its officers bailed out the jailed crew.

All in all, it was an exceedingly tough life. At Buenos Aires young Langsman got hopelessly drunk and was shanghaied onto another ship. Most of the members in the crew of this vessel were dirty Mongolians. He was locked in the hold of the ship until it sailed.

A typhoon struck the ship on the second day out and Langsman fell overboard. He was lost before the ship could change its course. An old sailor's Scotch tam o'shanter he was wearing saved him. The ship circled around three times and finally one of the crew spotted the bright headgear 'bubble' on the swells. He was two hours in the water before he was rescued.

Langsman was a good sailor and when steam took the place of sails he secured employment on the private yacht of John Jacob Astor. Here, he put up a good front and through some trickery was promoted and entrusted with the keys to the store-room where the liquor was kept. What followed may be surmised and Langsman's career on the yacht was short.

Langsman was like other men who wander around the world to try their hand at different jobs in that he was restless. Life was not satisfactory and he became one of the breed that make up the ranks of the world's most discontented men.

So while in port Langsman would leave the ship and get a job as a bartender or work in a gambling house. He was a fighter, violent and impulsive and thus became involved in several shooting scrapes. He was shot twice in gang warfare. This made it necessary for him to get out

of New York. He started for Chicago. His right leg had been broken in a fight.

When Langsman reached Chicago he limped into a pawn shop where he "hawked" half his clothes to get a pair of crutches. It was while he was hobbling along the street following this crippled beginning that he saw the open door of a rescue mission. Inside he observed an empty chair. He did not know at that time what kind of a place it was. In fact, he knew nothing about churches, with the exception of the Greek Catholic church and he knew little about it.

Langsman was curious, so he entered the mission and seated himself in the empty chair. He listened to the stories that were told. Those were the testimonies of twice-born men whose lives had once been unhappy and miserable. God had changed their lives. Still under the influence of liquor (for he was always able to get liquor even when he could not get food) he realized that life did not always have to be the kind of existence he had endured.

Langsman's conversion was a simple and primitive one. He knew nothing about theology, except that there was a man called Jesus Christ who could take the sin and sorrow out of the poor and beaten men's lives. He raised his hand for prayer with those who wanted the help of this man, Jesus Christ. When he went forward and was asked to kneel and pray he was told to talk to Christ. He answered in bewilderment. "Where is he? I want to see Him and talk to Him."

"He is not here", was the reply.

Now Langsman's bewilderment was complete.

The personal worker told him that Christ had been crucified almost 2,000 years ago.

"That's not true", declared Langsman, thinking that the personal worker was simply putting him off. "I heard those men say when they stood up that they had met Him. They said that He had done things for them and I can see that He did. Now I want to talk to Mr. Christ!"

The personal worker immediately saw his own mistake. Jesus could be "at the right hand of God, the Father, making intercession", but could also be present in that mission that night. The personal worker got a new conception of

Christ as a personal and present Savior.

Thus, as Ripley expressed it: "Believe it, or not!" The man who led Charles Langsman to Christ was led to Christ by Charles Langsman.

Less than an hour had elapsed since Langsman, a foreigner, had first entered the mission. Yet this man who had never been in a gospel service during his entire previous lifetime, was able to comprehend the simple principles of salvation. He insisted through it all that he must see and talk with Mr. Christ.

It was explained to Langsman that Christ died upon the cross to pay the debt of sin.

"Why did they do it?" he asked.

The answer was given.

"He died for you, to take the burden of your sin away and set you free."

Langsman was more correct in this theology than the personal workers who pointed him to Christ. This dissolute sailor expected a living Christ, not one hanging on a cross 2,000 years in the past and thousands of miles away. Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, was in that mission that night knocking at the hearts of wicked men. He was there to save them from their sins and ready to go in and dwell in their lives if they would take him.

Charles Langsman became superintendent of the Bible Rescue Mission. Co-workers and men he served knew him to be one of the most successful and executive personal workers they had met because of his sincerity. He told the story of his redemption in Chicago and was loved and respected by business, professional men and educators.

Professor Anderson of Chicago University, who wrote the book, "Hoboneia", described Langsman as "The Apostle of Love."

"Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not; and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and

the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah 55:4-7.

ROBERT E. HICKS

From Penury To Millions

Robert E. Hicks started out in life as a smart young man who took no one's advice.

"I am going to live my own life", he asserted.

He did.

The trouble was that he made a mess of it.

If ever a scripture verse was true, "be sure your sins will find you out", was exactly true in the life of Robert Hicks.

All of Robert's plans were carefully planned. All of them failed. Each time he thought he had learned a lesson from experience, but as soon as he attempted to travel a new crooked road it seemed to lead him right into jail or the penitentiary. One day he humorously observed to his cell keeper, "it's funny, all roads lead to the big house." He was a complete failure as a forger, thief and confidence man. Following a final "big deal", a fraudulent mail-order business, Robert was indicted and convicted. He managed to escape to Europe. He wandered through the countries of Europe for years, but always as a hunted man.

Some years later Robert returned to the United States. In this country again he led the life of a vagabond tramp—a hard road. It was the way of the transgressor. (God ordered it should be hard). This road led him to the Port of Forgotten Men, the Bowery in New York City.

One day, intoxicated by cheap liquor, Robert entered a vacated building. Inside, he lay down and fell asleep. The temperature outside was falling rapidly. Already groggy from the effects of the cheap liquor he had consumed, he became fully unconscious from the cold. It was the end of the line for Robert Hicks, as he was slowly freezing to death.

The superintendent of the nearby Manhattan Mission was told that a ragged drunken man was sleeping in this vacant building and went there to investigate. He found Robert near death and half frozen. Summoning help, the

superintendent carried the unconscious man from the place and took him to the mission. It was late in the evening after the service. The rescuers rubbed his numbed, half-frozen body for an hour to bring the poor derelict back to life.

Robert Hicks did recover. For several days he remained at the mission listening to the testimonies and thinking over the hard experiences of his past life. His indictment was still on the books, even though his physical body had been temporarily saved. A Christian knows that the price for his misdeeds of the past must be paid. It was a severe test, but the Lord had already revealed Himself to Robert as a Savior and a keeper. When he went to the altar Robert had a firm conviction that he would pay the price, whatever it should be, in order to embrace "So Great Salvation."

After his conversion, Robert voluntarily went to the police. He admitted his lawbreaking and was sent to Blackwell Island. President Wilson signed his pardon in recognition of the marvelous work of Jesus Christ, thirty-seven days after Hicks' commitment.

Robert Hicks then determined to make restitution for the wrongs he had done to others. He entered the publishing business where, in an incredibly short time, he was able to build a large publishing house, distributing monthly magazines. Intimate friends reported he made \$1,000,000, but gave a large share of this fortune to pay back every dollar with interest to every man he had defrauded. In some cases the interest amounted to several times the principle.

Robert Hicks cleared the debt he owed as Jesus Christ had paid for him, the debt of sin.

"And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him." Acts 5:32.

CARLTON PARK

The Price Demanded By The Tempter

“God is no respecter of persons.”

Neither is the ruler of darkness a respecter of persons. He lays his snares to catch the young and old alike. He has no scruples about ruining the lives of middle-aged men even during their most happy moments.

This is a story about a man to whom the tempter came in early middle-age. He was head of a happy home, success having crowned his early efforts. He was a contented and well-established man.

Carlton Park was born of Christian parents. He grew up in the Methodist Sunday school and became a leader in the Young People's Society. When he was seventeen he joined the church and later became one of its officers.

Carlton developed good habits. He had a splendid appearance and an engaging personality. Endowed with such blessings he soon occupied a position of administrative importance and in his heart there was a love for the work of the Lord. On Sundays and during week-day evenings he gave voluntary service to his church. He was a gifted personal worker and as opportunities in the service of the church were numerous it seemed the Lord was leading him into full-time service.

To this leading, Carlton gave his heart and soon was preaching the grace of God to redeem lost sinners. God's book warns that “no man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.” Luke 9:62.

Carlton Park looked back. The Old Testament tells us that the wife of Lot looked back towards the city of Sodom and was turned into a pillar of salt (Gen. 19:26). (Lot's wife looked back to her past sins with longing eyes). Just as history repeats itself, so do many of the incidents of scripture find repetition in the lives of people in our times.

True, Carlton Park was not turned into a pillar of salt.

He was transformed into something worse. Figuratively speaking, Park looked back into the city of Sodom, back into the world. He turned his plans from plowing the fields for the harvest of the Lord, to take a position which seemed to offer honor and leadership.

There was nothing wrong with the position Park accepted. It was an honorable and worthy one. But it was clearly outside the calling of the Lord. He had been chosen for the position because of his good character, sterling integrity and reputation. He prayed about the position before he took it, but he did not listen to the answer of the Spirit.

Soon after Park entered his new office he was compromising. He was not made for compromise. He could not be both good and bad. Having stepped out into the world of sin he went all out—a road that led into outer darkness. The whiskey he consumed was not salt, but the tears he shed were.

In rapid succession Park lost his savings and position. Friends disappeared and his home was wrecked. These were not all of Park's losses. The tragedy of sin has always been that it multiplies the losses. Mistakes in business may ruin capital. Mistakes in farming may destroy the crop. But the tempter has always been hungry and greedy. The tempter has always wanted all—self respect, health, peace of mind and physical comforts.

The losses which Job suffered were small compared to the ruin Carlton Park sustained for sin and folly. Job kept both his self-respect and his standing before the Lord. Therefore, nothing in Satan could touch Job. Not so with Carlton Park, for the tempter wanted everything and that meant Park's life. This the tempter almost gained.

One day Park staggered into a dingy, dirty room with his thoughts bent on self-destruction. He was drunk, ragged and sick. He emptied his pockets of all identification, closed the windows and turned on the gas. He wanted to pay off with his life for a soul lost forever—the price the tempter demanded.

However, God had other plans. God always has. In this case the hotel proprietor, going through the hotel, detected

the gas fumes and broke down the door. Resuscitation aid was applied and the half-dead man was brought back to life.

The rescuers sent Park to the mission. The mission was the place to send men when there was no other door open. The mission was the place to send men when there was something to be done for a man that no one else could do and particularly if he was a man for whom nobody cared.

The mission to which Park was sent was the famous Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission. In this rescue place Carlton Park heard the message with no uncertainty—the call to come to the altar and to go right with God—and Carlton Park did.

He spent that night in the mission. He was unable to go anywhere else. In the morning God had a job for him. This job was not difficult or heavy work. It was the kind of labor that a man, weakened in body, but fresh in soul, could do.

It was made clear to Carlton Park that he must take hold of the handles of the plow again. The field to be cultivated was a difficult one, downtown Brooklyn, in the Kent Avenue Mission.

Carlton Park was admirably equipped by personality, training and life to be a rescue mission worker. He was a kind person with a wealth of sympathetic understanding. He was courteous and respectful. He knew that men who had gone deeply into sin could not be driven to the Lord. Such men needed love and a willing, helping hand.

Park's success in this work resulted in a call to the great Williamsburgh Rescue Mission in Brooklyn. With his home re-established and his strength renewed, Park could "mount up with wings as eagles, he could run and not be weary, he could walk and not faint." Isaiah 40:31.

No one who has ever seen Carlton Park making calls, feeding the hungry and visiting the sick could question the power of God to redeem and recreate a life through Jesus Christ the Lord. In his late twenties Park was called by the Lord to his eternal reward and the directors of the mission changed its name from the Williamsburgh mission to the Carlton Park Mission.

"Nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in

that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Acts 14:17.

HARRY MONROE

You Don't Belong Here

Harry Monroe, who served many years as superintendent of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, started life as an overgrown boy. He was too big for his years. In school he felt out of place with smaller boys of the same age.

The boy felt so maladjusted that he finally ran away from his New England home, which adjoined Philip's Academy. If he had stayed, Harry would have entered the academy and enjoyed as good an education as could be secured in Massachusetts.

For twelve years Harry roamed the country as a boy tramp. Although but a lad in years, he was a man in size and appearance. He fell in with a gang of counterfeiters who used him to pass the "queer"—a term used by counterfeiters to describe their phony money. It wasn't long before the federal authorities rounded up the gang and along with them, the overgrown Harry.

The judge serving on the federal court, before which Harry was brought, was a Christian man. He surveyed the gang of counterfeiters, called the youthful Monroe out of the crowd and observed, "Boy, you don't belong with this crowd!" The keen eyes of the Christian judge had detected Harry's age and something in his manner that differed from the rest of the gang.

It was the first kind word Harry had heard since he left home twelve years earlier. He had endured a hard life mixing with rough men and rougher guardians of the law.

"I'm tired of all this", he declared to the judge with tears in his eyes. "If I had a chance I would go straight."

The judge leaned over the bench and placed a kindly hand on Harry's shoulder.

"God is going to give you a chance", the judge said. "I'll trust Him for that and you go straight!"

Harry Monroe left Detroit and went to Chicago. When

arrived in Chicago he went directly to a saloon and ordered a beer. As he stood in front of the bar looking at the beer he remembered the kind words of the judge and thought to himself, I'll be right back where I was."

The thought filled him with dismay and he left his beer untouched and walked out of the saloon. Around the corner the open doors of the Pacific Garden Mission seemed to welcome him. He heard singing such as he had heard when he was a child.

Inside the mission Colonel Clark was explaining the Bible and how people could be saved. After the sermon, as was his custom, Colonel Clark made his way down through the audience. He came to the place where big Harry was seated and stopped.

Harry did not intend to be rude, but for twelve years he had associated with men who were brutal and he spoke sharply to Clark. "Tend to your own business", he snapped.

Colonel Clark assured him that telling lost sinners there was a way out of their sin into an abundant life which God through Jesus Christ could give, was his business.

To anyone who has seen Harry Monroe it would not be difficult to visualize him walking down the aisle with determination in his face and bowing at the altar. He was tall, wide-shouldered and a most powerful man. He had a handsome face and features that showed strength. One could imagine immediately, seeing him walk to the altar, that he meant to accept God and he did.

On the wall of the Pacific Garden Mission was the sign, "How Long Since You Wrote To Mother?" With Harry Monroe the answer was twelve years. His mother had given him up as dead. But he wrote that night telling his mother of his conversion. So the story of the prodigal son was re-enacted, except in Monroe's case, a mother said, "This, my son, was dead; he is alive again."

Harry went to work in the mission as a helper. He could sing and knew how to lead a song service. He was a persuasive soul-winner and he understood men. When Colonel Clark was called to his reward, Harry Monroe became superintendent of the great Pacific Garden Mission, working with Mrs. Clark, the mission's co-founder.

The new superintendent became a man who carried the respect of all who knew him. Although lacking in formal education and often speaking in the current slang of the street, he was invited into the largest pulpits to tell the story of God's redeeming grace.

"Where did dese men come from?" he often began in his great strong voice. Then he would repeat the question and finally answer it. "They come from their various rendezvouses."

Harry Monroe takes his place among the great Rescue Mission men of all time, compassed by so great a cloud of witnesses whom he led to the Lord.

"For thou shalt be His witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Acts 22:15.

JOHN TYLER

The Metropolitan Menace

A lean, handsome man sat starkly brooding under "suicide tree" in old New York some years ago and contemplated the taking of his own life.

Why not? The tree wasn't really there, but its evil shadow remained.

The fact that he bore a proud name and was distantly related to a president of the United States did not inspire him or retard the thoughts of self-destruction.

He was dirty and discouraged and sinful and the river could have him for all he cared.

But the river didn't get him.

A rescue mission got John Tyler and snatched him from the depths of despair. It put him back into a vital and worthwhile life.

Let's go back and get the real story.

"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn", is a title of a book and a play.

A tree also grew in New York City on the crowded East Side tenement district in Mulberry Bend. It was called "Suicide Tree." It got its name because, during the draft riots of the Civil war frenzied mobs of draft evaders hung negroes from this tree and it became a place for suicides to end their lives.

It once stood like a sentinel of folly and degradation beckoning men to their last final hell. It marked the end of the trail.

Today the tree is gone, but its memory lingers on as the old East Side remains. Through the years—a dangerous, dirty tenement slum, a center of sin and poverty, it flourished in shabby, shameful wickedness. In its center, where "suicide tree" once leered at the end of misfits, a park now stands.

One cold evening John Tyler, distantly related to President Tyler, sat almost alone in this park. Above him hung

the shadow of "suicide tree", for he sat directly where it once grew and his thoughts were bitterly fixed on his own destruction.

Tyler not only bore a good name, he had an excellent background. In his family were many fine and noteworthy people. The story of "Dives and the Rich Man" tells us that there is a fixed gulf in the eternities between the saint and the sinner, and no man could pass across. Luke 16:26.

The gulf between John Tyler and his family was deep and wide. Tyler's family would not have been able to recognize the tall ragged man slumped on the park bench. If they had taken away the newspaper which he had wrapped mummy-like about him, they still would not have recognized him.

Through Tyler's mind passed thoughts he had entertained many times. Between him and the life he once knew there were forty years of wandering throughout the world. He had circled the globe five times. He had thought about the wealth and position he had possessed. He recalled the his former good life on many occasions. He had remembered gay parties he had enjoyed. Often, in his wanderings and loneliness he would remember the society in which he had moved. The images of the lovely women he had escorted and the excellent friends with whom he had worked and played haunted him. He dreamed over the joyous days of boyhood. All these fine things were gone and forever, he thought.

Tyler had visited the major cities of the world, but wherever he went he found himself invariably in the lowest, dirtiest and vilest part of town. Poverty took him there. Sometimes the police drove him out of better sections and in his drunken, unkempt condition, the Bowery was the only environment in which he seemed to fit.

In England, with its East London; South America with its Buenos Aires, it was slums, and in Australia it was Sidney and the Flats. Always, Tyler's footsteps had taken him to streets of degradation and now in New York's East Side he sat in the park and over him hung the ghost of "suicide tree." He had really hit bottom.

But John Tyler was still capable of thought, for Nature

had endowed him with a brilliant mind. It was a twelve cylinder engine in a small chassis. He could easily have been one of the greatest orators of the country and his name could have carried the honored degree of L.L.D. Instead, he often heard himself referred to as "long, lanky loafer—L.L.L."

On this particular night John Tyler's thoughts carried him back to an evening when he had escorted some people through the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission. They were only slumming. Tyler never dreamed at the time that the day would come when he would be like the men he had seen on this occasion on the Bowery. Now, he was in worse condition than any of them.

As Tyler's mind recalled a few of the details of that trip through the mission when he had acted as a guide and sponsor he remembered the word "prayer" referred to again and again and a request from the leader for "hands for prayer."

Now in the bitter rawness of the night and in the depths of despondency he pondered the significance and real meaning of that phrase and request. Hands for prayer! Books for prayer would have fitted into his childhood memories more appropriately.

Night had rolled her dirty, drab carpet across the city and Tyler sat there enshrouded in gloom and overshadowed by the past evil of "suicide tree." It had been a long time since he had felt a tender touch or the caress of a kiss. Now it was the river which might ask for a kiss, the final cold salute of failure and death. He stood up with brooding eyes fixed toward the East river. Well, he wouldn't be missed.

Then as he stood there alone with thoughts of death as his way out, he remembered again those significant words, "hands for prayer. The words seem to burn like fire across his mind and blot out the thoughts of the river.

"The Lord is always nigh unto those who are of a broken and contrite heart." (Psalms 23:18). While John Tyler did not have a friend in the world, the Holy Spirit was in the little park where "suicide tree" cast its ancient spell. Something moved John Tyler and with no decision on his own part, he found himself shuffling down to Water street. There where he had paused in younger days, Tyler, the long,

lanky loafer watched the strange moving of man when the leader started the meeting. He recalled then vividly the request of "hands for prayer" and the men reacted.

Suddenly Tyler reached a decision. He entered the mission. It seemed like a long time before the speaker requested "hands for prayer." He heard testimonies, many of them similar to his own life. He watched in amazement as well-dressed men who apparently occupied good jobs relating their stories of a great redemption.

Finally it came. John Tyler knew it was what he had been waiting for. Not the river, not another drink, not further sin. He wanted to wash all those things away. He knew what he wanted. He wanted this.

"Hands for prayer!"

Like a bright lance, Tyler's hand slashed upward and he went forward and gave his heart to Christ.

Soon afterward Tyler secured a position in Bellevue hospital and quickly rose to be the superintendent of a large office building in New York City.

An excellent speaker and a born orator with a convincing personality, Tyler spoke in churches every Sunday before large audiences. He was regularly heard in great Bible conferences of the east. He was a monument to the saving grace and redemptive power of the Lord Jesus Christ and in Tyler's life is demonstrated again the scripture: "Where sin did abound, Grace did much more abound." "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies. For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Psalms 25:10 and 11.

JACK AND ADA JEAN BENNETT

We Are Three

"Mother, where were you born?" asked a small girl who was studying the map of America as part of her geography lesson.

"In Boston, Massachusetts", replied her mother.

The girl located Boston on the map away at the Atlantic seaboard.

"Where was Daddy born?" asked the girl again.

"He was born in San Francisco", answered her mother patiently.

Again the child studied the map. It was difficult for her to find San Francisco. It was not anywhere near Boston. After considerable searching both east and west, the girl finally located it on the Pacific coast.

"Where was I born?" she queried.

"You, dear, was born in Chicago!"

The girl was puzzled, but she finally located Chicago and exclaimed, "Mama, how did we three ever get together?"

The mystery of how Jack Bennett (a street beggar on the Bowery of New York) and Ada Jean (a lovely wholesome country girl) and their child, the Central Union Mission of Washington D. C. and expansive Camp Bennett ever got together was a miracle as mysterious as the problem the daughter puzzled over in her first geography lesson. "God moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform."

Jack Bennett began his business career under favorable circumstances. He was a clothing salesman in one of the best men's shops in New York City. He was an attractive, intelligent, witty salesman who made friends quickly. "Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper."

The tragedy of drink has existed in the fact it has developed devastating habits in strong and capable men as well as weak ones. Often such habits have destroyed such

men's happiness, usefulness and finally **their** lives at the beginning of promising careers.

The addiction to liquor, often referred to as "Demon No. 1", fastened itself on Jack Bennett at the beginning of a promising career and refused to release its deadly grip. The young man sensed what was happening. He knew as well as his advisors of which he had many. There occurred long talks with the head of the clothing department in which he worked. Jack was a valuable salesman. There were also conferences in the private office with his employers. These meetings held out advice and counsel and finally a warning. All such advice to give up alcohol Jack took to heart and tried to carry out. But the cords of habit which bound him were too strong.

So Jack Bennett lost his position with that firm. At first he succeeded in obtaining others. But his record was bad. Soon he lost one job after another; then he started to lose one friend after another. Finally all jobs, as well as all friends were gone. Some of Jack's friends tried hard to help him, but they did not have the remedy. They did not know there was a deliverer; that "taper off", "brace up", "swear off" and a multitude of other axioms did not go to the root of the evil, for "the heart is desperately wicked, who can know it?" Jer. (17:9). So was the craving for drink. Who can resist it? Some think they can and some know they cannot, but even those who think they can are in grave danger.

It was a sorry sight to see a strong, intelligent, young man like Jack Bennett staggering along the streets, drunk; to see him descend to begging, not for bread, but for money with which to buy more of the liquor that was speeding his destruction. Despite his begging Jack had a streak of honesty and integrity. One day while he was begging for money, a well-dressed man asked him what he wanted it for. Jack answered, "For my enemy, the Good Book says we should love our enemies. I love whiskey."

No matter how long the rope may be, men inevitably reach the end of it. The end of Jack's rope was the bottom of the Bowery.

The Jerry McAuley Mission was located in the Bowery

at 316 Water street. Jack learned that Sam Hadley, its superintendent, was a soft touch. Jack, therefore, went to this mission to borrow money, and like many another sinner, he received something one doesn't need to borrow because it is a gift.

While waiting an opportunity to make a soft touch, Jack heard testimony of men in the mission who had found that Christ saved drunken men. Christ could lead such men to victory in their lives and over their temptation to throw everything away on booze.

So when the invitation for prayer was given, Jack went forward and knelt to pray. Once he sobered up, Jack was too proud to take a cup of coffee, or a roll without paying for them. Therefore he insisted that he work for his bed and meals.

Ada Jean, a young Christian girl, was vacationing in New York City. They visited the Jerry McAuley Mission on the Bowery out of curiosity to see how other people lived. To Ada, a country girl, it was a strange sight to see men so shabbily dressed and poor. She had never seen such men before and here they were gathered in one place.

Ada Jean's re-action to the meeting was drastically different from that of the men at the penitent form. To her, it brought a realization of how thankful she should be to God and how much she owed to Christian parents and to her church. She realized she had accepted all these blessings with little gratitude. While men knelt to pray at the penitent form she knelt with the workers and asked God to forgive her for taking so much for granted. She returned to the small Pennsylvania town with a new zeal for her work in the church and an interest in missions. The only mission she really knew anything about was the New York one down on the Bowery.

Meanwhile, with the curse of drink taken away, Jack Bennett was taken back on his old job. He continued to devote his interest and energies to the mission as a personal worker.

Each time Ada Jean was in New York she went to the mission where she first got a vision of God's saving mercy with lost people and where Christ had awakened in her

heart a desire for a closer walk with the Master.

Three years later Jack and Ada Jean, who met in the mission, were married and called to the Central Union Mission in Washington D. C.

What a mission it was! It was located in an old rickety building, the floors of which sagged. There wasn't an attractive thing about it. Jack and Ada Jean asked themselves: Was not Washington the capital city of the United States? Did it not have the great wealth of a great nation? Was it not a beautiful and magnificent city? Why did Washington need a mission? They knew the answer to the latter question, but it was the prevailing opinion of Washington's Christian people. The basement of the old mission was infested with rats. There were many holes and some of the rats were so bold they came forth during the service and raced about.

But Jack and Ada Jean knew that in spite of Washington's surface beauty there were many poor and desperate people and many souls which needed the humble approach of the mission for salvation. Yes, Washington was a beautiful city, but it needed inner beauty everywhere.

Thus, these two didn't see their first mission place as a dismal, gloomy, rat-infested place. They had received a vision of what God could do with wrecked lives, so they reasoned that God could do the same with wrecked buildings. They began to build a mission for the Capital City on the sound and solid foundation of testimony, first of all. Around the mission there were buildings which once had been apartments, but through the years of use, passed into the tenement house class.

Ada Jean's interest lay with the children, with families and their homes. Jack's work in the mission was with the men. Support from the churches came slowly, but it came. A children's emergency home was established. The work among men grew and in twelve years a new magnificent, seven story Central Union Mission was built. It had facilities to house and feed men. It offered dormitories and special rooms for converts. In fact, all facilities necessary for the rehabilitation of men were present. Paralleling the men's home was a seven story children's emergency home.

Thus Washington, the beautiful, did respond to the dreams and ideals and faith of the Bennetts that God wanted a good mission in the capital of America.

Today, the new building, an attractive modern, fire-proof mission structure, is an example to the capital cities of the world. Members of foreign legations and visitors from other countries visit the Central Union Mission to study its up-to-date rescue mission work.

Out on the hills, a farm of more than 200 acres furnishes work which builds men up in habits of industry and thrift.

The Bennetts had the rare gift of associating with the poor, yet retaining the social graces which enable them to mix also with the high and mighty. The Christmas party given by the Bennetts at their mission has been attended each year by a president of the United States. The wives of United States presidents have invariably taken part in the mission work.

Ada Jean Bennett became a leader in women's organizations in Washington. She rose to be the national president of one of the leading associations.

But like all success stories, the growth of the Central Union Mission had a humble origin and went along a difficult steep path. When opportunities arose, the Bennetts saw the hand of Providence reaching out to help them and quickly responded. Thus it became an ideal and exemplary mission.

When the International Union of Gospel Missions was a small and struggling organization, these two faithful and capable Christians, together with a few other mission workers, kept the organization together until it grew to be a power and influence in rescue work throughout the world.

Jack and Ada Jean worked faithful and hard. When the Lord called Jack Bennett to his eternal home Ada Bennett became superintendent of the Central Union Mission, Camp Bennett and the Children's Emergency Home—one of the largest missions in the world.

So the three, Jack, Ada Jean and Jesus got together on earth. Jack and Ada Jean are now living in heaven and Jesus is also there with them. So are a host of twice-

born men and women there with them. Numbered among the converts who have been led to Christ in Central Union Mission are people from other countries and many races, and when they are all gathered before the throne, no one will ask, "How did they get together"—for the Lord Jesus Christ "doeth all things well."

We are three—compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses. 'Long time, therefore, abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." Acts 14:3.

MR. BUM BEGGARY

A Man Without A Name

A boy cannot grow up to manhood and advance past middle age without acquiring a name. If he doesn't have a name, someone will supply one.

This is the story of a man who reached middle age without knowing his name. He had no recollection of a father or mother, nor could he claim any relations.

During his youth this boy without a name had responded to a nickname which his playmates had called him on a ball lot. The nickname stuck, although in the school-room, it was refined somewhat by his teacher.

So the nameless boy had many aliases during the lonely, tragic years that followed. On one occasion, when he was arrested for drunkenness, he gave a name, but in the morning, before the court, he substituted a second name. Therefore, the judge gave him two sentences in one—that is, he doubled the sentence.

Bum is a harsh name to call anybody. It is the faith of the mission that men are diamonds in the rough; that no man can be lifted or helped by giving him a bad name. It is the purpose of the mission to bring out the best there is in a man. But for the reader to understand the condition of this boy who grew to manhood without a name, he must be described in every sense of the word as a bum, a down-and-outer and a drunkard.

At first for the purpose of narration, the author will refer to the principal in this story as Bum Beggary. The law made many attempts to bring Bum out of his fog of sin and correct his faults and weaknesses. He had been arrested many times. He served in the work-houses of cities from coast to coast and was committed to many jails.

"I was arrested so many times I was getting round-shouldered from climbing in and out of patrol wagons", he said, commenting on his own wasted earlier years.

Bum beggary was a wanderer. He moved from town to town and was unsteady and unreliable when he did attempt to work. He was, in the final analysis, a piece of human driftwood. Of course, he was without friends because he didn't stay long enough in one place to acquire any and furthermore, he didn't make himself interested enough in anyone to sustain a friendship. He never was in the mood to make friends and no relatives showed up to claim him. "No man cared for his soul." He cared for no human soul, either. He was without life.

So without money and without a destination, Bum Beggary came into a certain mission. He came in because it was cold and not because he had any confidence in the place. In fact, he had no respect for missions. He was cold and the warmth of the rescue place served his selfish purpose.

Now it doesn't matter why a man comes into a mission. It isn't important why he goes to church. The important thing is what he gets from it.

Once a man came to the Union City Mission in Minneapolis to pick a quarrel. Instead, this man was saved. He did not get what he was seeking, but he got what was best for him.

So Bum Beggary came to the Union City Mission in Minneapolis to get warm. The superintendent gave him a friendly greeting. He went further than that and gave the lonely, lost man a bed for the night and tucked the covers around his shoulders. This was a very unusual experience for Bum Beggary. Usually people cursed him, or put him to sleep with a rough fist, or a night club.

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

The following night Bum Beggary came into the service of the mission and sat close to the door so he could conveniently slip out. He came out of curiosity. (It doesn't matter what a man comes for, it is the purpose of the mission to see that he goes away with the right relationship to God and an honest purpose in his heart.)

Bum Beggary was told that his sins would be forgiven. He also received the welcome information that such for-

givenness would include past crimes for which he might be punished.

As a result this man knelt at the altar, following which he lived a fine Christian life for two weeks. He was getting along well. The Bible has stated that new Christians are babes in Christ. But babes learning to walk, more often than not have fallen and after a few weeks Bum Beggary, as a new Christian, fell in a moment's weakness. He became a victim of liquor and went down again. The skeptic said, "There is nothing in it; it doesn't work."

But anyone who has tasted the Bread of Life from the Table of the Lord, will hunger and thirst after righteousness. Mission records show the proof that such unfortunate persons never get away from it—at least they never forget it—they want it, although in weakness they may never attain it.

Soon Bum Beggary returned to the mission service. He came to the altar at the close of the testimonies and prayers and knelt before it. Tears ran down his cheeks. This time his emotion was genuine and he wasn't to give himself to God.

Once again Beggary began to live a good and straight life. This time he made it for one month. But his wicked past caught up to him with all the past temptations and he sinned again. This time he went down in drunkenness apparently worse than he had done previously. Again the skeptic said, "there's your Christian."

One night, in a semi-intoxicated state, and looking for the familiar mission, he made his way around the corner. (Now it isn't important what mission a man seeks, it is imperative that men get right with God and live honest and faithful lives in this present world), Bum Beggary made his way into another mission nearby. He waited for the altar call. In his lack of understanding, as only a babe seeking Christ, his thoughts and his faith were in the altar—in going forward. He went forward and again wept his way through to God.

This time Bum Beggark succeeded. This time he withstood the temptations of his former evil life. He got to his feet and went out with a great light shining within him. He knew that his feet were upon a rock and that he had a

firm grip upon the realities of life. He had found a mighty friend, a Defender and in days of sorrow and disappointment a Comforter, the Christ.

As a Christian. Bum Beggary needed a real name. He was going to live a decent life and such an existence necessitated a surname and a given name. Therefore, the mission named him, Walter. The scripture stated, "They were called Christians first at Antioch" (Acts 11:26). So the mission gave him a complete name, Walter Christian. "There was a new name written down in glory."

Walter Christian began to earn an honest living and establish himself as a useful citizen. He eventually became cashier of one of the largest mercantile houses in the country. During one year Walter Christian handled \$13,000,000 of that company's money. Throughout evenings and Sundays he sought to give young men a start on the right road that they might avoid the suffering and anguish which come to the wayward and fallen.

Author's Note: One day I saw Walter Christian standing in a congregation. He was dressed in a gray-tailored suit. It was hard to believe he was the same man who had once, only twelve years earlier, wandered into the mission to get warm. He had a splendid voice which could be heard above the singing of the congregation. He seemed to be enjoying the song more than anyone else. How much it meant to him one may imagine, for the congregation was singing and Walter Christian was leading:

"What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought
Since Jesus came into my heart."

"To him that overcometh will I give him a white stone, a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Revelation 2:17.

EDWIN C. MERCER

The Educated Failure

"There arose a mighty famine in the land." Luke 15:14.

The dictionary defines famine as privation, want and scarcity, or destitution of food. It says the word, privation, is often used as the "scarcity of material things."

Edwin C. Mercer stood just outside Trenton, N. J., one day looking at the statue of his great grandfather, General Hugh Mercer, a commander in the Army of the Revolutionary war. As he looked at the statue, remembering a heritage that was his, he thought.

"I am as the prodigal son whom Jesus told about in the scriptures."

The fourteenth verse was foremost in Mercer's thoughts.

"There arose a mighty famine in the land."

Mercer faced the bitter realization that work was now difficult to obtain. There were many unemployed men wandering from city to city. He was an educated man, a graduate of the University of Virginia. He had held good positions. He was reared in a refined family and knew that the mighty famine in the land was something more than lack of food, or scarcity of provisions.

Knox, the great reformer, wrote, "I could not forget my native country, England, and lamented under the famine of God's Word and sacraments, the want thereof I found greater than all earthly wants."

So Mercer knew the famine in his life was something greater than any earthly one. It was not material. Sin, in its devastating power, had wrecked his life.

As he gazed at great grandfather's statue on this occasion, Mercer had gone two days without food. He had slept that night on a bench in the capitol square. He knew that if he could only be free from the chains of habit that bound him, he could get food and shelter.

Mercer had taken his first drink at college. He drank

at that time to be a good fellow. He was told that you can drink or leave it alone, but he found to his sorrow that liquor was to be his master and a hard tyrant. It proved to be the one that caused him to be discharged from his job and substituted desirable friends for undesirable ones. This latter disaster was true, not only of men, but also of women, for everything a cruel master like liquor wanted, he got and Mercer lost. He lost his wife, social standing, friends, self-respect, health and everything else worthwhile. Even as the prodigal, "he went into the far country."

One day, by what seemed like providence, he met an old college chum who still had enough interest in Mercer to pay his transportation from Trenton to New York. The former chum cautioned Mercer not to see any of his relatives or old friends as these persons wanted nothing to do with him.

But Mercer remembered a distant relative in New York who was a director in the Water Street Mission. From him, the desperate man asked for food. The mission director knew at once what to do with Mercer, a prodigal, who had no father's house to which he might go. He directed Mercer to the mission, told him exactly what would be done for him and explained to him how the Lord had saved many men in worse circumstances than himself.

In the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission Mercer found many friends. Everybody connected with the place seemed glad to see him, but they were also introducing him to the great friend of all sinners; One who was able to save and One who was able to keep men from falling and One who was able to present them faultless before the throne.

Mercer's redemption reads like a story book, but there was nothing fictitious about it. He determined to give his life and ministry to the students of America, and lectured in many universities and colleges from coast to coast. In one year he spoke before 100,000 college men and numbered among the converts several thousand each year.

When he spoke before college students Mercer told the story of his life humbly. He described the temptations into which he had fallen and the great redemption which the Lord had brought to him.

"But arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared

unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee.”
Acts 26:16.

FRED G. BECKER

Fun Or Folly?

A few great men have been born in log cabins. Abraham Lincoln was born in one. Some wayward boys have come from log cabins, too. It isn't the log cabin that makes the difference. The logs are just the shell to shelter an earthly tabernacle and the earthly tabernacle is just a house in which the soul dwells.

Fred Becker was born in a log cabin. He ran away from his home near Bowling Green, Ohio, when he was twelve. He joined the circus and thought it was great fun. It was for awhile. He enjoyed the free and easy life. He thought he was seeing a lot of the world. He did for thirteen years. He roamed from town to town and from city to city. During this thirteen-year period, while Becker was seeing the world through rose-colored glasses, the world and all its temptations were fastening a grip upon him. His principal enemy was a demon called "whiskey." He had other evils which preyed upon him. All these took advantage of the weakened condition in which Mr. Barleycorn left him.

It seemed like a long road from a circus hand to hobo. At least to a boy of twelve it seemed far away and something that would never happen. But Fred Becker forgot one thing. It was a down hill road and one could make good time. Becker made good time.

In fact he traveled so fast that soon he was no longer sleeping under the proud big tent, but under the big blue sky in summer and in dens and haystacks in the winter. And he was not seeking a night's rest from hard labors as a respected and trusted employee of the big show. He was seeking cover as a tramp whom nobody cared to wake up. One entire winter he spent in a deserted barn with only the creaking timbers as circus music and only the mice and rats as clowns and acrobats.

During those vagrant years Becker did know some periods of prosperity, followed by periods of want. There was a peculiar thing about the sort of life he had chosen and the habits he had allowed himself—the periods of prosperity shortened and the desperate times of privation increased.

Fred Becker was big for his age when he left home. He developed into a large young man. When he was dressed decently and sober he made a good appearance and during one of those short periods Becker married a Christian girl.

Becker got dead drunk immediately following the wedding. Shocked by his condition, his bride knew she had to meet an emergency as her new husband was in no state to be taken to a church. By subterfuge the new Mrs. Becker got Fred into a rescue mission at Grand Rapids, Michigan. She took the seat next to the aisle so she could offer resistance if he started to make a disturbance. Thus he was not in a position to jump up and run out. In such a manner Becker heard a new story that night. He had not spent much time in Sunday school or church. He had always figured the Sunday school was a place to go at Christmas and for picnics, or on bad days to escape the cramped quarters of the log cabin.

The sermon did not impress Fred because he didn't understand it. But there was something in the testimonies he did understand. When a well-dressed, middle-aged man stood up and told how the Lord had saved him, when he was a homeless down-and-outer, hungry and alone, tired and forgotten, Becker could get the drift quite clearly. In fact, he understood all about such plights. He had been through such sufferings. Another man told how he fought the thirst for liquor many years; how he wanted to get away from it; what it had done to him and to his family. There was a theology in the man's testimony that Becker understood. Each one told how "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles" (Ps. 34:6). The speaker explained how it was done. You raised your hand for prayer if you were interested. Fred Becker raised his hand. The speaker then explained that if a man wanted to know more about the way of salvation,

the way of escape from sin, the way to abundant life, he should come forward and make his wants known.

So Fred Becker went forward. That same night he made a complete surrender and dedicated his life to Jesus Christ as his own personal Savior. He turned from fun which he had found to be a failure, to a life full of glory.

Fred Becker entered business and remained in it for eight years, during which time he was active in rescue missions, witnessing to the power of Christ to save men who were like he had been. In 1909 he went to Milwaukee as assistant superintendent of the rescue mission there. Three years later he went to Memphis where he acted as superintendent and was also ordained as a Baptist minister. In 1914 he returned to Milwaukee to be superintendent of that great rescue mission.

When the Chicago district was organized in 1923, Becker became president. Four years later he rose to be president of the International Union of Gospel Missions.

"And I will come near to you to judgement; and I will be a swift witness against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts." Malachi 3:5.

FRANK M. A. ZAJAC

Caverns Of The Underworld

A mission hall filled with forlorn, forgotten men is a strange place to recruit men for the ministry. It is the last place from a worldly viewpoint to recruit outstanding talent.

However, rescue missions, in proportion to their number, have contributed more able men to the ministry than any other institution, not excepting colleges. One mission, over a period of twenty-five years, recorded more than fifty ministers that God had called to leadership in the church. Six of these men occupied the pulpit in churches of over 1,000 membership.

The reason for this seemingly paradoxical fact is that men who have the ability to do wrong have, when they are converted, the same ability to do good.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waft its fragrance on desert air.”

“Perchance in this neglected spot is laid some heart
Once fragrant with Celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or lift to ecstasy the living lyre.”

A rescue mission is more often than not a place of the highest inspiration. “Hearts are set on fire in missions. Faith is quickened and a rich experience is obtained.”

Frank Zajac, of Polish ancestry, grew up in a family of eighteen children in the Goose Island district of Chicago. The family income was not sufficient to provide food for the twenty mouths, so Frank went out in search of food. He hunted for a livelihood in the wrong place—the underworld.

In eight short years, sin broke Frank’s will-power, heart and body. Satan bound him with the most cunning kind of evil ever devised, namely narcotics. Like all narcotic users, the more Frank took to ease shaking nerves and

give him courage, the greater became his toleration for it and the more he needed. The habit consumed all his wages and stealing and burglary could not supply his demands for the drugs.

There is a period in the sinful lives of men when they seem to enjoy this so-called narcotic pleasure, but it is a short one. Most men wish to escape from the net of the tempter, but they want to do so in their own way. It is true and according to the scripture that preaching is foolishness to the carnal-minded. So men go down in the flood of sin with the lifeline of the gospel within reach.

Zajac attempted to take his own life more than eight times. Once he nearly succeeded when he threw himself into the icy waters of Lake Michigan and suffered exposure before being dragged out. In each case God had someone nearby to rescue him.

In Detroit one cold December night in 1931, Zajac walked through an open door. He did not know where he was going—a bar, an employment agency or a poolroom. He thought the place he entered was just another “joint”, and it was filled with people like himself.

Mrs. Lulu Roe Curry, a mite of a woman, had established the place into which Zajac had drifted. She had started it with Herculean courage at the beginning of the depression.

“What kind of racket is this?” muttered Zajac.

For the past eight years he had encountered only rackets. This was a new racket for him and he decided to stay through and see what it was. It was a mission and the stories Zajac heard were startlingly convincing. People who testified talked about old things that were passing away. They told of deliverance, freedom, release from temptation. The testimonies were conclusive and could be accomplished, they said, through Jesus the Christ.

“Who is this guy they are talking about?” Zajac asked himself. “If I only knew where he was I would go to him and try to buy these things he has to sell.”

He was puzzled and baffled because no price had been set. There always had to be a price. Yet nothing had been said about the cost of such remedies.

"I'd give five grand for that cure", he boasted, knowing that he didn't have five cents. "But it's no deal; I couldn't buy it, if it only set me back a nickel."

So Frank Zajac got up and started to leave the place. At the door one of the workers stopped him and Frank asked him:

"How much does it cost?"

He was told it was free. He replied that there must be a catch to it. There was always a catch to anything that was free in the world in which Zajac had been living. But he was willing to take a chance and find out.

Returning to the prayer room Zajac asked many questions. He was told how and what to pray for. The prayer the mission taught him was short. So he had time to think. Then he prayed again and then he thought some more. He continued to offer short prayers and paused to think between each one. Finally a ray of light broke through the cloud that had settled over Frank Zajac's soul.

Still hungry, and tired in body, when he arose from his prayers, nevertheless into Zajac's heart had come joy unspeakable. He was filled with glory. He was free! Jesus Christ, whom they talked about, had broken the glory. He was free! Jesus Christ, whom they talked about, had broken the chains of cancelled sins and set the captive free.

Frank M. A. Zajac has been pastor of the Polish church in Philadelphia for many years. He has been a successful evangelist as well as a faithful pastor. The story of his life, clothed in deep convictions, has been one that thrilled many audiences.

Rescue missions have produced a larger percentage of gospel ministers, such as Frank W. A. Zajac, than any other institution and the record of their service is outstanding in pastoral work, personal counselling and evangelistic fervor.

"Unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead. And he commanded us to preach unto the people and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead." Acts 10:41, 42.

MEL TROTTER

A Sour Grape

Alcoholism is not always inherited, although drinking fathers and mothers often set a pattern for the lives of their children. Sometimes the suffering of children in the home as the result of a father's drunkenness causes his children to hate liquor and to resist any inborn thirst they may have for alcohol.

Family drinking also establishes a certain standard in a different way. In homes where liquor is served as part of everyday living, the children grow up believing alcoholic beverages are as proper as coffee and tea and should be accorded a place.

Mel Trotter's father was a saloonkeeper and the father himself could be ranked among his ten best customers. Three sons followed his example. One expected the Trotter boys might tread the path of their father.

Rescue mission workers have had an old adage that sin kept men on the move. This seems to be borne out in the case of the Trotters. The family moved from Orangeville, Illinois, to Polo and from there to Freeport. Mel took up where his father left off. He drifted from Freeport to Pearl City, Iowa and then moved on to Davenport, becoming finally a wanderer without any post-office address.

Between periods of drunkenness Mel managed to learn the barber trade. He was an attractive young man and readily secured jobs in his new trade. He immediately lost these same jobs because of his drinking.

Mel married well, like many hard-drinking young men, despite his habits. Like others of such dissipated habits he chose a fine Christian girl. Perhaps he was seeking a way out of the clutching hand of the tempter who was already wrecking his life. This marriage was to encounter additional hazards and defeats, however, as King Alcohol

did not work alone. Gambling went along as a companion to Mel's drinking habits. (Note: Stealing is often a sideline accompanying booze addiction and bad company is always the aftermath).

In the years which followed, Mrs. Trotter made a desperate effort to win her husband away from the tempter. They became the parents of a baby girl and Mel pledged mother and child that he would never take a drink again. That evening he sold the baby's shoes for one drink.

All the known remedies for alcoholism were applied to Mel's case with intelligent understanding. All of them failed. There was a remedy that had not been tried. Perhaps no one had suggested or thought about. Redemption of Mel's soul had not been tried.

Mel Trotter was also trying to cure the malady in his life, or at least check its insidious march to his destruction.

"I used to think of a booze-fighter as a prohibition agent", he declared. "That was before I went into the rescue mission work. Later I discovered the booze-fighter was the man who was fighting temptation and going down to defeat, but still fighting. We sometimes called them 'mad-drinkers!'"

During one of Mel's long, drunken brawls the baby died. When he came home and stood beside the small coffin Mel Trotter promised he would never touch another drink. After the funeral he went out and got drunk. The psalmist says, "He that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." It has been observed that drunken men had great temptations.

Most men who became confirmed drunkards have gone to great cities and lost themselves in crowds. Invariably they sought their own kind. Mel Trotter was a confirmed drunkard, so he re-acted as other men enslaved by booze. He went to Chicago. He figured he had nothing more to lose anyway, as his baby, friends and home were gone.

Alone in Chicago he made a devastating discovery. Liquor had wrecked his nervous system and he could no longer control his muscles. His hand shook so badly that to work at his trade would not only be disastrous, it would be impossible.

Harassed by his plight and shaken in body as well as in soul, Mel's thoughts turned on suicide. He became increasingly desperate and started for the lake. This was characteristic of nearly all alcoholics who have suffered extreme depression. Most of such men and women have undergone such terrific despondency at some period in their drinking careers that they have contemplated self-destruction. Some have made a feeble attempt and failed; others have gone through with it, but most of them have lacked the courage to do much about it all.

The Pacific Garden Mission was located on the street Mel chose to reach the lake and accomplish suicide. He passed dispiritedly by the mission door and stopped when he heard a kindly voice. The doorkeeper said, "Come in."

The next chapter in the life of Mel Trotter was also characteristic of the men who have sought a way out of the devil's gloomy garden. He listened carefully to the testimonies and inspiring songs and the invariable "hands for prayer." As a result on the same night and within a short time of the period when he was seeking the coward's way out and dooming his soul forever, Mel accomplished a complete about-face and found the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior. Men who have had the capacity to do great wrong can, through Jesus Christ, have used equal resourcefulness to accomplish great things on earth.

Mel Trotter founded the City Mission in Grand Rapids, Michigan. This mission became the center of evangelism for the Midwest.

The day of miracles was not past, for the time came when Mel Trotter became the superintendent of the great Pacific Garden Mission in which he was converted. Great as was his success in the field of rescue missions, Trotter gained national reputation as an evangelist.

(God is still able to save to the uttermost all who call upon him in faith and believing).

King alcohol was overthrown and cast from Mel Trotter's soul when Jesus Christ, the Captain of Salvation, took command. The revolution was complete. Chains of habit were broken. The captive, Trotter, was set free. Mel Trotter carried the gospel into army camps during the first world

war, reaching a quarter of a million men. He founded a chain of missions through the midwestern states. (Almost a score of these remain in operation). He was a witness before Bible conferences from Northfield, Massachusetts, to Winona Lake, to the Pacific. In evangelistic meetings over a period of forty years, he gathered to the church a great crowd of witnesses.

JOHN MacDONALD

From Jail To Yale Hope

In a vine-covered cottage in Scotland a faithful Christian mother hung a motto on the wall in a gilt frame. The motto was Psalm 37:4, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

That text was the cornerstone of a happy Christian home consisting of a father, mother, brothers and sisters. It was a happy, contented family. The motto was suspended on the wall of an old-fashioned parlour where the family gathered Sunday nights. Here, led by the mother, they sang the old gospel songs. Following the singing father read from the scriptures.

The parents saw in this text, security as the gift from God, peace in the land which they possessed and provision for every need. But there was more strength in that motto than human beings could see. There was atomic power in every word in the scripture; power that reached out far beyond the community around the cottage and far beyond the knowledge of the guests that visited this Christian home.

One can name only a few results of the atomic power in that single sentence in the Psalms. The text was destined to save a son from earth's greatest tragedy; build a repair shop for human lives; feed many thousands of hungry men; prepare cots for the night with clean linen and warm blankets; stop many wandering boys on the downward road to perdition; lift thousands of men from the depths that no earthly power could reach; influence a great university and start spiritual re-actions which would spread throughout the world.

John MacDonald, the central figure in this story of a scripture's power began life under the most favorable circumstances. He was a healthy wide-awake boy who enjoyed happy school days, church life, football scrimmage and

military service. Everything a youth needed to make a success in life, John MacDonald possessed. Upon the death of his father and mother he came to America.

Discontent, if allowed to flourish, often sprouts into symptoms of a sinful life. In the early stages of sin a man is prone to covet green pastures. Sin moves a man on; having failed in one city he moves on to another city.

In the case of John MacDonald this wandering habit indicated an inward struggle to get away from the gang, trouble or unpleasant conditions. Sometimes he was lured only by the love of adventure. Without restraint of home and church MacDonald became an ardent drinker and eventually felt each American community in which he stayed was an unbelievable place. He sailed to Canada and his appetite for liquor sailed with him. In Canada he moved from city factories to lumber camps many miles away. But when he reached a lumber camp, the tempter was there.

John MacDonald was not a man who was easily conquered. He possessed family pride. He also remembered a better life. He returned to the United States to "straighten out." (That is the fatal mistake all men deep in sin make. They want to "straighten out" their own life). Never was there a truer statement made than one made by the Lord Jesus when He said, "Without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.

In the United States once again MacDonald improved and secured good jobs, but his "straightening out" was not permanent. He soon found himself in New York City where he drifted to the inevitable Bowery—the place where misery liked company. This place, MacDonald later called the "Sewer of Iniquity." In this surrounding he made his last desperate fight on his own strength. He loathed the cheap lodging houses, bad food and maddening crowds of people so different from the people of Scotland.

The Scotchman picturesquely described his slow descent to the Bowery and its hellish invironment. "For five years I literally crawled through this sewer of iniquity with its cheap lodging houses where one had to be either drunk or drugged to get any sleep. I endured nights filled with ghostly figures, petty thievery from unconscious sleepers,

flare of candles where morphine fiends and snow birds plied their awful practices and verminous beds.

"There were nights when I fought threatening delirium tremens. I survived on free lunches. I had irregular working spells. I made spasmodic struggles to get back on my feet."

The devil was more than a tempter for MacDonald. He had moved in as an opponent and taken over as a master. The awful effects of alcohol made such inroads on his body that sound sleep was impossible. He could not keep solid food in his stomach. Sometimes he would sit on park benches and watch well-dressed, respectable people walk by and wish for escape from his misery. John MacDonald was fighting a losing battle. He was a sick man, weakened in body and suffering the results of disturbed sleep and a stomach upset from eating bad food and drinking bad liquor. (All liquor is bad).

With a companion in misery, John MacDonald boarded a seamboat for New England. To MacDonald, the section was just another part of the country. He could not realize that in the providence of God it was to offer a new life.

Author's note: (I shall let John MacDonald tell his story of an eventful evening—an evening which was to prove the turning point in his frightful downhill slide).

"It was a stormy day on April 18, 1914, when another chap and I came to Bridgeport from New York on the afternoon boat. Both of us were well under the influence of liquor and soon spent what money we had in the dirty hell holes of Water street. Around eight o'clock my pal suggested that we beg money out on the streets for our night's lodging, and while I had done a lot of things during my previous life which were not very creditable to me, this was something that I had always drawn the line at. So we parted, he making for the Main street and I staggering up Band street.

"The door of the Bridgeport Christian Union was open and from within came the sound of singing. The effect of drink on my system made it imperative I should rest somewhere and so I wandered in and sat down.

"Most of the service was hazy to me, but I remember

the leader reading Psalms 37:4, 'Trust in the Lord and do good so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.' That text brought me memories of my good Christian home in Edinburg. It had hung in a gilt frame in an old-fashioned parlour where we gather Sunday nights and, led by mother, sang the early gospel songs after which father read the scriptures."

"Other memories than came flooding over me. I remembered my happy school days, church life, the football field, military service, the death of mother and father, the latter years of wild drinking, the opportunities missed, the positions lost, the gradual sinking to the Bowery of New York with its lodging houses, filthy saloons, park benches, times of hunger and the sinister streets at night. A full realization of my awful condition to me as I sat in that mission hall.

"At the close of the meeting I knelt down and made my great decision, which was to ask God's help and trust Him. Since then it has been an uphill, but a winning fight. It began with work in the mission wood yard to pay for my bed and board, beating rugs and cleaning windows at twenty cents an hour and finally a permanent job at twelve dollars per week.

My progress was sure after that. I spent two years in one concern with some promotion. I changed to a manufacturing plant with better opportunities and had a rapid climb from a minor position to an appointment as assistant superintendent of the Bridgeport Christian Union, secretary of the Men's club and superintendent of the Sunday school, and farther on—joint superintendent of the mission. Then I assembled my thoughts about rescue mission work and wrote a book called, "The Repair Shop for Human Lives." Finally, I received calls to other and larger missions—New York, three times; Springfield, Massachusetts, twice, and then to New Haven, Connecticut.

"From then on it has been prayer and hard work until today we have a grand fire-proof building with modern equipment, governed by a representative board of directors, city pastors, Yale graduates and business men. It has been a long way, but I have always looked to the Lord for guid-

ance and remembered that I was saved to serve. Added to my many blessings is a Christian wife who helped me and a fine young son, and the superintendency of the most unique rescue work in America."

Conversion has been defined as turning around, a forward step and an upward look the reverse of procedures, peace of mind and soul. John MacDonald began a new life by conversion.

There was fulfilled in the life of John MacDonald a great many promises in the scripture. One was "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." Isaiah 40:31.

For more than thirty-four years John MacDonald, the new man in Christ Jesus, with a new name written down in glory, worked with tireless energy in the building and maintaining of one of the finest missions in America.

John MacDonald would have died prematurely despite the fact that he was once an athlete. He would have gone to an early grave with a tragic death brought by years of hunger and privation had it not been for the saving, keeping and restoring power of the gospel. The records have revealed that it was only through renewed strength with the recreating power of the gospel, a new man could do such tremendously hard work as MacDonald. He put in long hours of service at the Yale Hope Mission for many years and at no time spared himself.

A rescue mission has always required day and night work, self-sacrifice and carrying in one's heart the burden of a good many people. Thus, the text that hung on the wall of vine-covered cottage in Scotland has been engraved on the heart of a thousand redeemed men. "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and thou shalt be fed."

"How far that little candle throws its beam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world." Shakespeare.

ALFRED B. JOHNSON

The Village Blacksmith

“Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With strong and sinewy hands.”

There was slight resemblance between the village blacksmith described by Longfellow and Alfred B. Johnson, a blacksmith who came to the mission farm in Minneapolis for a place to stay and food to eat.

This twentieth century smith was by no means a strong and mighty man. On the contrary he was weak in body and spirit. Instead of strong and sinewy hands, Johnson's hands were thin and wasted. There was little flesh on any part of his tall body and he was hungry looking.

However, as a blacksmith, Johnson was better than average. He had skill, genius and understanding. Given a helper, he could do wonders with iron and steel. He was a good worker, the will to work was there, but the strength to execute most of this will was missing.

Such physical strength had been dissipated through long years of drinking and bad living; intermittent sleeping and irregular, unbalanced meals. At times during those years Johnson had gone entirely without eating. He had been a strong, husky giant, but he had been whittled down by the destroyer. His heart and soul had also been cut down. Johnson could have been a fine, upstanding man and a “workman that needed not to be ashamed.” (This text is used advisedly). If he had lived a life in which he had rightly divided the Word, and forged, in the spiritual realm, good deeds, as he forged the iron and steel on the anvil, he would have been a man who would have done all things well.

The pattern of Al Johnson's life, its sin and suffering, was outlined in a decree of divorce. Statistics have shown there were 2,000,000 homeless men in America and 40 per cent have come from broken homes. Sometimes,

it is true, such homes were broken by death, but most of them were dissolved through a process of law. Among those millions an additional thirty-five per cent came from unhappy homes. Studies show that approximately seventy per cent of all crackups in family life are caused in homes where emotional conflict and disagreement has existed and therefore, that seventy per cent of homeless men are victims of parental quarreling. When a homeless man was asked why he did not marry he usually replied that he had seen enough of the kind of life where his own father and mother fought at meal times and into the night.

Thus the home-making instinct was destroyed in the homeless man by two people (father and mother) who should have put the best interest of their children in the foreground and restrained their own selfish feelings.

Al Johnson was fifteen when his mother divorced his father for drunkenness. Subsequent events showed that the divorce was unnecessary, for the father became converted. He eventually became a fine man. But with such a break in his home Al left his parental place as well as school, and went out into the world to make his way alone. The years were lonely and hard. He suffered far more than his mother had from a drinking husband.

Al was like a lion in a cage, forever looking for a place to escape and always meeting, in whichever direction he paced, the inevitable bars. Al paced from city to city, looking for an avenue of escape, but meeting, in whatsoever direction he traveled, the inevitable bar. He discovered the saloon bar was well named. It barred the way to success, happy home life and paths that would have led to manhood for Johnson.

Al Johnson tried to escape. He tried many devious ways and methods. He always ended behind bars and when he finely arrived at the mission farm he had bags under his eyes, a sorrowful look on his face, streaks of tobacco juice down the sides of his mouth, a red and a haunted appearance.

But Al was game and he wanted something different from life. He worked at the blacksmith's forge for three months. He attended mission services. He listened to ser-

mons and stories without apparent conviction and certainly with no degree of decision.

A few months following Al was to be seen as a man. He stood erect and there was a gleam in his eye and a beam of happiness on his face. He wore good clothes.

In those few short months a great transformation had taken place in Al Johnson, restless, unable to stay more than a few months in any one place, Al had gone to St. Paul. Here, in the Union Gospel Mission, he heard the story of Christ's redeeming love. He had heard it before in the Sunshine Mission at Cedar Rapids, in Salvation Army Halls and at the mission farm. But he belonged to that great multitude of men "who having ears, hear not, and who having understanding, understand not. Somehow the gospel story had not gone through the fog that beclouded his mind.

But one night in the Union Gospel Mission (where Peter MacFarlane has proclaimed the gospel for many years), Al Johnson came to the altar and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Savior. He became a new man, truly re-born again.

Al Johnson was a nervous type of man who wanted to see things accomplished. The last ten years of his life were an example of how God could make use of an earnest and loyal soul at any age—for Johnson was not a young man when he was converted.

A rescue mission was needed in Superior, Wisconsin, called often the "Twin Port." Rescue missions had not been successful in that community. They had sprung up and prospered for a period, but finally closed. So with limited funds, not much more than transportation, Johnson opened a mission in Superior.

The former blacksmith discovered a vacant store and rented it with a payment of five dollars down. He solicited a few chairs and a citizen gave the new mission founder an old piano valued at fifteen dollars. From a church, Johnson secured some song books. He had but one Bible, his own.

The new mission opened and a few stray men attended; but half of Johnson's audience was converted on the opening night when two men raised their hands for prayer and came through for the Lord.

However, Johnson was not discouraged. He was seeking converts and was after souls, not attendance in large numbers. He wanted an outpouring of the spirit rather than a big audience. The road he had elected to travel was not lined with roses. He was to see and experience hard times. But Johnson did not complain. He had bucked up against tougher circumstances in the devil's service and had received no reward. Now he had precious souls for his hire. The rent was only fifteen dollars a month and he solicited the fuel. There were times when the income, especially with a depression existing, was meagre. In spite of hard times the little mission grew and he gained experience in the work of the Lord. Soon, almost every church in the city was open to him.

The property which made up Johnson's mission was old and in a section of the city where values were depreciated. Finally the owner lost the building for taxes. The time came when the commissioners offered the property for sale. They received a bid of \$2,800. Johnson did not have such a sum of money. The mission had existed from hand to mouth. When operating funds were exhausted, he had distributed relief as best he could.

When the bids on the property were in and opened, one of the commissioners asked. "What are we going to do with Johnson? What is going to become of the mission? The highest bidder will want the building for his own use!"

Upon inquiry it was found that Johnson could raise less than \$1,000. They decided to reject all bids (which they could do legally) and after six months advertise again.

At this sale the commissioners arranged that only one bid be received. This bid was for the amount of \$800 and was placed by the People's Gospel Mission.

The mission in Superior, Wisconsin now owns its building, completely remodeled and redecorated. Al Johnson has the enthusiastic support of the city authorities and the endorsement of the churches.

"The smith, a mighty man is he." But the strength of Johnson, as a servant of the Lord, was not in strong arms, but in a great loving heart in which the Lord Jesus Christ dwelt.

"The testimonies are wonderful: therefore, doth my soul keep them." Psalms 119:129.

A. L. JONES

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Study the case histories and tragic life stories of lost and fallen men to find a significant fact. The tempter was not satisfied with the suffering of the drunkard. Case after case has shown that others suffered more; for while the drunkard was often lost to consciousness for long periods, or was drowning his troubles in drink, his wife or children, father or mother, brothers or sisters endured conscious sorrow, humiliation and worry. In such cases no one tabulated the innumerable prayers made for a drunken husband and yet no other meter has been able to calculate heartache and anxiety.

Further study of such cases have shown that a drinking man has usually married a Christian girl of good habits. This was probably due to the fact that such a man knew too much about bad or evil women. He learned to avoid marriage with them, although he gave in to their dissolute ways. It has been revealed that Christian girls have married inebriates to reform them. Sometimes this has been accomplished. Often the drunkard has feigned reform. The wife has finally discovered that her mate was Jekyll and Hyde. Jekyll was the outward appearing man, the good man with the excellent background. But the wife could not see into the dark recesses of her husband's mind where the devil was hidden. Hyde was the devil who came out later and took over. He eliminated the nice Jekyll. The wife was confronted with an evil stranger. He didn't even look the same in the clutches of drink. He was Hyde, a man she could neither tolerate or love.

Take the case of A. L. Jones, a young man who worked hard at his job in a railroad company. He married a wonderful girl. Why not? He was attractive and dressed well. He had the best recommendations in the world, a good reputation.

Mrs. Jones, the new bride couldn't know about, or see, the two besetting sins buried deep in her husband's subconscious. He had a hankering, or weakness, for two vices that go together, drinking and gambling.

Why did A. L. Jones change from the Jekyll-type man he was to the Hyde character whom no one loved or wanted. In other words, why did he start to drink and gamble at all? He had every reason to behave and conform to the decent laws of society. He had a good job and a lovely wife. Why did he listen to the tempter? Why did he become Mr. Hyde?

For one thing drinking stimulated Jones' imagination. Like other men, when he drank he felt like a big shot. He was king for a day. It gave him "Dutch courage" and made him believe he could do things which, in his sober judgment, he would not have attempted. In this respect he was no different than hundreds of other men who have turned to drink as friend and drink turned out to be a traitor. Drink sold them out. It sold Jones out.

When he drank, Jones thought he was quite a gambler. Gambling has always been a poor profession, and by the law of chance, the losses have always exceeded the net gains.

But drinking made Jones a Hyde, and as such a man he could gamble and play fast and loose. People never like a Hyde man. The Jekylls of the world have always gone forward. The Hydys have always perished miserably, dragging others down with them. A drunkard has always been a poor gamble. Drinking and gambling did not go with railroading and so A. L. Jones lost his job. No one wanted him as Mr. Hyde in business.

Jones concealed his addiction to drink and his weakening condition from his wife for a short time. He told plausible stories. During periods of drinking he offered the excuse that he was seeking a new position, or was called out on a job.

Jones' wife believed such stories at first. But the truth finally became apparent that she had married a periodical drunkard. She saw Mr. Hyde for the first time and Jekyll, the man she had loved and married was nowhere in sight.

Mrs. Jones kept these things in her heart until it seemed ready to break. It wasn't easy to give up hope, or admit even to the most intimate members of her family, her husband's tragic condition. That no story he told could be believed; that he was a stranger, a Hyde and not Jekyll, the man she thought she had married—such abnormal facts were seemingly unexplainable.

Many nights, the once-happy bride fell asleep in her chair waiting for Jones to return. She prayed constantly. Always she protected him. It was not her faith in her wayward husband that kept her spirit alive; it was her faith in God. And because of this faith she believed that some day, somehow, the Lord would restore the man she thought she had married. Thus unknowingly, Mrs. Jones had conviction that right would triumph over evil as it always did and that the Jekyll in her husband would become the victor over the Mr. Hyde.

But many years of poverty and loneliness followed to challenge the faith of brave Mrs. Jones. Sometimes Jones would not come home for months and she did not know where he was, or what became of him. Often he lost himself in New York and returned home broke and wearing shabbier clothes.

At times Jones sobered up. He was a capable man and as a result secured new positions, saved some money and re-established a home. Through the years he established many homes. These however, were usually rented apartments, poorly furnished. Nevertheless, they were homes where family hopes and life could be rekindled. But with each new home there was not only hope, but a resulting wreck, another home, more hope, another wreck—the familiar story of the periodical drunkard.

Jones awoke one day in the dirty, rear room of a Bowery saloon and in desperation turned to God for help. It was a strange place to pray. Christians are accustomed to praying in church. They have been conformists and followers of convention as well as creatures of habit. ("Lord teach not only how to pray, but when to pray and where to pray; that prayer can be made anytime, anywhere; wherever there is human need").

The room in which A. L. Jones turned to God was filthier than the pig sty in which the prodigal son came to himself when he saw the hogs eating the husks. He had no food and no man would give him any.

But Jones finished his prayer and left the dirty room behind him. He went directly to a mission and sought out the mission altar. He went to "the Mercy Seat where God forgives and recreates within the hearts of a man a new life in Christ Jesus."

A letter to the patient and faithful Mrs. Jones described the story of what Jesus Christ had done for her husband. It was the most welcome news she had ever received. In her own words, it was "joy unspeakable and full of glory." A. L. Jones soon after reunited with his family and through application to new work rose to a position of authority.

It was one of the traditions of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission that a convert became a superintendent. A. L. Jones was selected to be superintendent of the mission in which he had been converted. He was the 356th convert to gain this selective honor in the Water Street Mission.

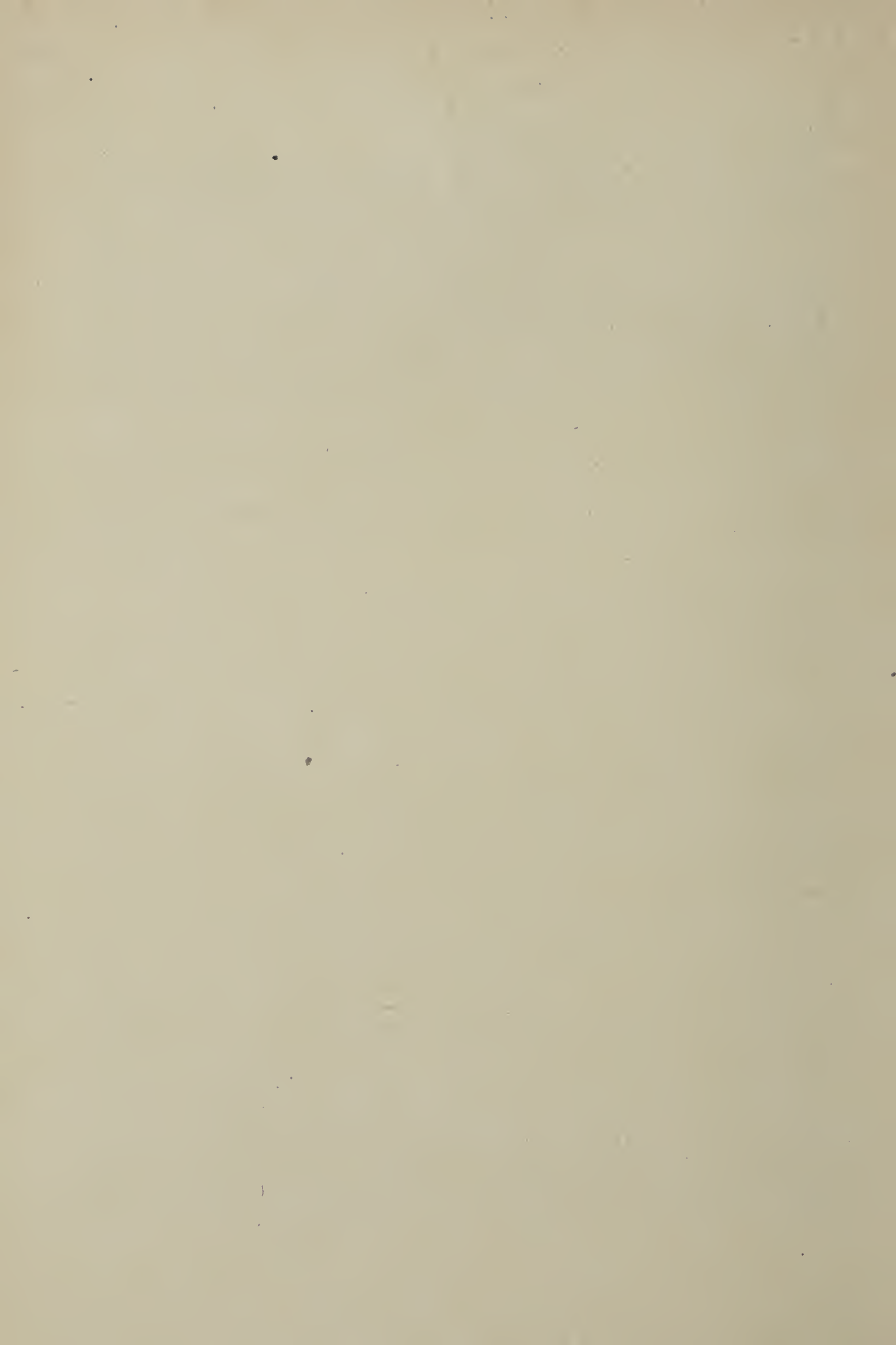
Jones administered the affairs of the mission for twenty years. He also acted as treasurer of the International Union of Gospel Missions. Mrs. Jones became assistant superintendent. She was an efficient, motherly personal worker. Many rescue missions have been conducted by such a team as the Jones. The long record has revealed that husband and wife have worked efficiently together in rescue missions.

When the Lord called A. L. Jones to his eternal reward, Mrs. Jones became superintendent. Women have been advanced to the position of superintendent in many missions. Their record of service has been good. As a result mission executives have recognized that women may do as good a job in leadership as men. Some of the finest gospel and rescue missions in America have been founded by women. Mother Clark of the Pacific Garden Mission, mother Ross of the White Light Mission in Buffalo, and Mary Angove and Matie Volstad of the Children's Gospel Mission in Minneapolis, have been outstanding workers, in leading missions. It is therefore conclusive that among the exemplary and

noted rescue missions of this country there has been an outstanding woman in a responsible steering position.

The psalmist prayed, "Lord, make me to know joy according to the days wherein I have known sorrow." Mrs. Jones' years of prayer and patient waiting, notwithstanding heavy sorrows, were rewarded in the years in which she saw a periodical drunkard redeemed by the Lord Jesus, rise to be one of the greatest rescue mission workers of the land.

"And we are his witnesses of these things." Acts 5:32.



HARRY C. WHITE

Youth Begins Wrong

Josh Billings, one of the homely philosophers of the past century, had a saying that if you give a child a pack of cards and a spelling book, he would learn to play a good game of Hilo Jack long before he learned to spell a word of two syllables. It is easier to do wrong than right, because it is natural. The natural man is carnal.

Harry C. White was born in New York state and he began life wrong. He didn't need to start wrong for his mother was a Christian woman and led an exemplary life. She taught her boys to pray and took them to church. She was an intelligent woman and instructed them carefully in the ways of life.

Harry made a shipwreck of his life because he did not anchor it safely to the Rock, Christ Jesus.

"I simply drifted", he confessed.

Harry did not plan his life and as he drifted he took on the ways of the world and they were not good ways. He was youthful, a fact which might be offered as excuse for his mistakes. He was too young to be knocking about in big cities without an objective. He didn't mean any harm, nor did he intend to sow wild oats. He just wanted to be a "good fellow", and so he did the things older and more experienced men taught him to do.

Harry's education in wrong living was complete. He drifted from job to job, from town to town. As a traveling man he traveled through most of the large cities in this country. Everywhere he played the role of the sport, betting at race tracks, gambling at cards and drinking in bars. He was a free-lance sport. If he didn't like a job, he secured another and if he lost that one he found something else. He lived from hand to mouth as he drifted.

One night this reckless young man wandered aimlessly along one of the principal streets in New York City. He was

not sure where he was headed. Finally his attention was attracted by a crowd of people on a corner. These persons were singing and playing musical instruments. They were dressed in ordinary civilian clothes and wore no uniforms. He approached them out of curiosity to find out who they were.

To Harry's amazement they were singing church hymns such as he had heard his mother sing. Hearing such songs took his memory back to his old home in upstate New York. He visualized again the old church, his friends and recalled the happy days he had known as a boy. He remembered the promise he had made to his mother as he sat on her bed shortly before she died. He had told her he would meet her in Heaven. He had promised to be a good boy and attend church and stop drifting and being a wanderer. The meeting broke up with a suddenness that startled him and the crowd commenced to move toward a hall. Harry went along with the crowd. This time he was not drifting, nor was he yet moving at his own volition. It was as if an unseen hand propelled and guided him into the West Side Mission.

The message Harry heard that night was based on the text found in I. Samuel 10:6, "Thou shalt be turned into another man." The text also included in the same chapter, verse 9, "God gave him another heart." That was just exactly what Harry C. White needed, and it was exactly what he wanted.

He could be a new man in Christ Jesus, he could have a clean heart if he wanted it, and he did; and God supplied his needs. For a few months Harry went every night to the service. He had found a port where the ship that had drifted so aimlessly for so many years, might anchor.

Soon Harry became the doorkeeper of the mission. He had an engaging personality. He was a courteous gentleman. He was cordial in his approach, pleasing in disposition and kindly in voice. The psalmist said he would rather be a doorkeeper in the Courts of the Lord than to dwell in tents of wickedness. Among the missions of America, a more courteous, cordial and efficient doorkeeper was not to be found. The doorkeeper was important to mission work. As the

holder of that position, Harry, like other mission door-keepers, played an important role in increasing attendance. If he is good and faithful to his work a man in such a position may double the attendance, particularly among folks who are in need.

The West Side Mission was less than 100 steps from the Great White Way. The hotels and lodging-houses which surrounded the mission formed, in the main, the homes of actors and actresses. The names of the actors and actresses who have stepped into that mission through the years Harry kept the door would read like a directory of theatrical people. Among them were names still famous in the annals of the stage.

Harry married Miss Ellis, superintendent of the mission. She was Rev. Clemme Ellis and a successful teacher in the public schools at one time. She had given up her profession to open this mission in the heart of Great White Way. The mission has been a testimony to rescue work located as it was in one of the most strategic spots in the world. It has sounded forth the gospel where the great and the near-great on the earth are making a play with the material things of the world.

Harry White became assistant superintendent of the mission. He became prominent in the International Union of Gospel Missions and was assistant treasurer of that organization.

“For thou shalt be His witness unto all men, of what thou hast seen and heard.” Acts 22:15.

LUCIUS BUNYAN COMPTON

A Modern Pilgrim's Progress

John Bunyan wrote Pilgrim's Progress as a work of fiction telling a parable in which Christian struggled through the slough of despond carrying a mighty burden. He lost it at the Cross from where he journeyed over a rough and dangerous highway to the Heavenly City.

The story of Lucius Bunyan (Christian) Compton was a modern, real-life version of Pilgrim's Progress. It was a story stranger than fiction. Bunyan's Christian began in the slough of despondency and every thing from there on was upward—up from the depth, up the Cross, up to the Heavenly City. Christian Lucius Bunyan Compton's life story began in the mountains of North Carolina and the direction was down into a slough of despair and then up towards a Heavenly City.

Lucius was born in a one room log cabin on a stony and unproductive mountainside. The Compton family was large and their poverty was great. The log cabin was poorly constructed and the table bore scanty food when spread for a meal. Through malnutrition (a modern word for hunger) Lucius Bunyan very early became a cripple. He also had an impediment of speech which resulted in stuttering.

Because of these handicaps, Lucius' family thought he was feeble-minded and consequently he had less than six months of formal schooling in his youth. The school was located some miles distant from the Compton cabin with the result that the crippled Lucius was forced to walk only in favorable weather. It was a difficult journey under ideal weather conditions because the mountain roads were rough and steep. With a great deal of time on his hands the boy hobbled through the mountains employing the aid of a home-made crutch.

Lucius soon began to associate with the moonshiners. He learned to steal their illegal liquor and peddle it for pen-

nies or share it with other mountain boys ("be sure, your sin will find you out.")

When Lucius was fourteen he decided to get out of the mountains before the law overtook him. The story of the following six years proved too sad and tragic to relate in detail. He became a boy tramp hobbling from city to city. He begged and stole for his livelihood through the panic of '93 at a time when strong and able-bodied men had difficulty obtaining enough to eat. No doubt the mountain boy's crippled condition and stuttering speech awoke sympathy in the hearts of some people who helped to keep together the body and soul of a boy some day destined to become a useful man.

There was one big drawback to this sort of survival. The kind of people who should be allowed to associate with any youth. They were, for the most part, saloonkeepers, brothelkeepers and operators of gambling, and petty underworld criminals. Therefore, as a rule, the motives of such persons were not strictly philanthropic. The criminal element demanded a "cut", and for the shelter and food they gave, they used the crippled boy as a "lookout", "plant", or "stooge." As he grew older and bolder, Lucius could "hold the job" for them. But his "cut", nevertheless, was always the smallest piece of the loot. Honor among thieves was a myth in those evil days. The underworld expected service and loyalty from every member and gave nothing in return unless it was to their interest.

Lucius submitted to such exploitation because he had little choice. There was no organized public relief in the 90's. Charity, outside of the rescue missions for homeless men, (known in those days as "tramps"), was haphazard.

"I drank", Lucius admitted, "not because I had any taste for liquor, but because it was the only thing that would drown the realization of my sad condition."

One extremely cold night in Cincinnati, the mountain boy wandered into a rescue mission because he was attracted by the sound of singing. He recognized the hymns which he heard as the same ones he had known in the mountains. So he went to listen.

The story unfolded in the hymns, the testimonies and the preaching was stranger than fiction to this crippled and

stuttering mountain youth. These people talked about lives that could be made over. If Nicodemus was bewildered at Christ's assertion that man should be born again, one could imagine the confusion and bewilderment in this boy's mind when they talked to him about being born again. He wondered how such a thing could take place.

But it was not difficult for Lucius to distinguish the difference between people in the mission and the kind of people he had associated with in saloons and dens of iniquity. These mission folks were sensible, honest and kindly and they were all agreed that God could make a life over again—to be born again. The service was long, but not for Lucius Bunyan Compton. That night he saw the first ray of hope which had ever come into his soul—a way out of his misery, sin and loneliness.

However, this light seemed so far away, he couldn't believe it was for him. He would always be a cripple, always stuffer and always be considered feeble-minded, he thought. So seven months elapsed before Lucius finally made his peace with his Creator.

The conversion of Lucius Bunyan followed almost literally the experience of Christian as described in Pilgrim's Progress—the Cross, the burden of sin that fell from his shoulders, the joy and ecstasy, as he saw, by faith, a new life and a new pathway leading to the Heavenly City.

Lucius began to testify in the street meetings and to urge boy tramps to come to the Savior for redemption. He was amazed, as were his acquaintances, that as he preached, he ceased to stutter. Large crowds of people gathered to hear this young man tell the story of God's redeeming love and there were many who said, as in John 9:8—"they which saw him aforetime, that he was a beggar, said, 'Is this not he that sat and begged?'"

Lucius Bunyan thus redeemed, eventually turned to his old mountain home. He wanted to do something for mountain children whose physical condition might not have been as bad as his own, but whose spiritual condition might become worse. "The end thereof are the ways of death." Proverbs 14:12.

There were seven forward steps in the service record

of Lucius Bunyan Compton. He founded the Eliada Orphanage and Home at Ashville, North Carolina. This was a home for unwanted children. In it, neglected children were adopted and cared for until they became of age. The home furnished education through high school and special Bible training. More than 600 boys and girls were raised in this one family of father and mother Compton and among them were men and women who became prominent in business, the ministry, professions and home-making. They were mountain boys and girls such as Compton.

He also founded the Faith Cottage Rescue Mission in Ashville where, through many years, thousands of unmarried mothers found shelter and friends. These same girls received the inspiration of the gospel. Many of these have embraced God and become mothers in happy homes.

Lucius founded a Bible Conference Grounds which annually invited the plain and simple folks of the mountain to come down to a ten-day Bible conference with board and room furnished free. Through the years many thousands of mountain people have journeyed to this annual camp meeting to carry the gospel of redeeming love and honorable living back into the mountains.

He established a farm and stocked it with a herd of cattle which became the prize herd in the state. He was elected president of a stock-raising association, bringing to the boys of Eliada the pride and thrill which came from outstanding accomplishing in livestock breeding.

Lucius became an evangelists and preached the gospel in every state in the Union and in a number of foreign countries. He told the story of his miraculous conversion and called youth from the folly of sin to the joy of Christian living.

This former vagabond stutterer developed a powerful, steady voice without any trace of speech impediment and was recognized on all sides as a fine and capable orator.

On the fiftieth anniversary of Compton's conversion the International Union of Gospel Missions, holding its annual convention in Cincinnati, elected Lucius Bunyan Compton president of the association. There was no man among the rank and file of rescue mission more loved and respected

and honored than this man who came down from the mountains a crippled, stuttering boy tramp to kneel at the Cross at the foot of the mountain and to be lifted by the Lord Jesus.

“He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord’s, and He that set the world upon them. I. Samuel 2:8.

WILLIAM ASHLEY SUNDAY

Leader of a Million Souls Down the "Saw-dust Trail."

One Sunday afternoon at State and VanBuren streets, the busiest corner in Chicago, where thousands of men gather, a gospel wagon drove up and stopped for a street meeting. In the wagon were young men and women with musical instruments, an organ, trumpet and horn and the inevitable speaker or preacher.

Shortly after the meeting had been organized and attracted by the immense crowd that had gathered that Sunday afternoon, a group of professional ball players sauntered up to the curb, interested in what was to them a most unusual service, a church out-of-doors. These men had seen other street meetings—the patent medicine show, the antics of slight-of-hand performers and magicians, but there was a new kind of pitch, this was something different. The group conducting the service sang old songs of the church—"At the Cross, at the Cross where I first saw the Light, and the burden of my heart rolled away."

Out of this revival group stepped a young man who related some of his experiences. He told how Christ had come into his life and driven out old habits. The rest of the Gospel crew called him a witness. Another young man told how temptation had come to him and he had been able to resist it. Then the gospel group sang, "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone, dare to have a purpose firm, dare to make it known."

Harry Monroe was leading the service. He told the simple story of his life. He was a witness, he said. He invited his audience to come to the mission and hear other witnesses tell how God could deliver men from sin. The meeting closed with the singing of "Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

The singing of these hymns on this particular Sunday appealed to one of the young ball players seated on the curb. This young man's name was none other than Billy

Sunday, later a word-famous evangelist. He was not drunk, although he had been living a fast life. The majority of ball players drank in those days.

Some became addicted to heavy drinking and, as they started down hill, their professional skill as ball players faded. Some drank at the height of their career and when they had reached the top, went down on a veritable toboggan slide.

Billy Sunday knew this. He was an intelligent young man and his powers of perception were keen. He had gone through high school while doing odd jobs for Col. Scott, Lt. Governor of Iowa. He had studied at Northwestern University during winter months. He had seen many a splendid career ruined by drink. He knew, from observation, that sin had cost many a professional ball player his career and altogether too often, a ball team, its victory in a game.

As he sat on the curb listening to the short talks of witnesses and the singing of hymns, Billy's memory took him back to the old log cabin at Ames, Iowa, where he was born and to the years of poverty during the Civil War. He thought of his father who had enlisted in the Army of the North and was killed in heroic action. Billy had never seen his father but he knew the toil and suffering his mother had endured and the sickness brought on by malnutrition that almost cost his life.

A young man can do a lot of thinking, stimulated by memory. He thought about the Soldier's orphanage; his first job as porter in a hotel; the pasture lots where he played ball for fun. Now he, Billy Sunday, was a professional ball player, cheered by the crowd one day and booed the following day if he made a mistake. Sunday was a fast fielder and a poor batter. In a single game he would be applauded for his fielding and jeered at all the way back to the bench for his batting. He was one of the fastest men on bases for his time—perhaps for all time. He could run one hundred yards in ten seconds and he had a record of circling the bases in fourteen seconds, a record that has never been broken. Because of his great speed on bases, he was the most publicized fielder of his day.

As the gospel wagon drove away, Sunday turned to his

fellow players and declared cryptically—"I'm through!" His team mates accepted this brusque assertion because they knew Sunday to be a man of his word.

Sunday was born in a good family. His grandfather was one of the pioneers in Iowa and a founder of the State Agriculture School at Ames, Iowa. Sunday's father was a hero of the Civil War and his mother was a righteous hard-working woman.

So the popular ball player, Billy Sunday attended the humble mission meeting that night. He followed up this initial visit and was present regularly for several nights. Contrary to popular opinion, Sunday was not intoxicated the night of his conversion. He had thought about redemption carefully and had made his decision. He took his time, and the night he decided it was clearcut resolution, as was his custom. He arose suddenly, pushed the chair out of his way, walked rapidly to the altar and gave his heart and life to Jesus Christ.

The next day, as Sunday walked on the ball field, he was surprised to find every player extending a hand in congratulation. Some of them declared they wished they had the courage to do the same thing.

Billy Sunday became a better ballplayer. On the first day following his conversion he made one of the greatest catches of all time—away, deep into center field and through a crowd of men on the outer field. He played ball for five years following, three for the White Sox (now the Cubs) and one year for Pittsburgh and one for Philadelphia. When he announced his retirement to go into Christian work, he was offered a salary seven times higher than the wage the Y.M.C.A. could afford to pay him.

The great ballplayer had within his heart a definite call to fulltime service for his Lord. Billy never did anything by halves—he worked wholeheartedly or not at all. He started in the Y.M.C.A. in charge of religious services. His reputation, as a ball player, attracted large numbers of men who admired an athlete.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was the leading evangelist of his time. He took young Sunday into his evangelistic party as an assistant. Billy preached in shops, street meetings,

and special men's meetings. He was a fluent speaker, good-natured, and possessed a sense of humor coupled with a great earnestness.

On the day that Billy Sunday made his sensational catch out in center field, the crowd went wild and at the close of the game they gathered around him with great enthusiasm. Helen Thompson, one of the fans, threw her arms around him and kissed him. Helen, in the years that followed, was to be known, throughout the Christian world, as "Ma" Sunday. She became a part of their evangelistic campaign; looking after Billy's health, protecting him from curiosity seekers, and assisting in the administration as the meetings increased in size. God provided for Billy Sunday an ideal helpmate.

In 1896 Dr. Chapman felt led back into a pastorate and Billy Sunday was "on his own again." Mr. and Mrs. Sunday debated whether or not he should return to professional baseball. While this question was under prayerful consideration, Billy received an invitation to Garner, Iowa, a little town near Ames. He was to preside and speak at a union meeting to be held in the theatre and while it was a new venture in faith, for Sunday had never held a meeting of his own before, he felt it was definitely a calling of the Lord.

The meeting proved to be a big success. Farmers came in from the surrounding countryside. There were delegations which attended from Ames and other points. More than 250 persons professed conversion. It was the beginning of the "Sawdust Trail"—a trail that was to lead from the Garner opera house to the great New York Tabernacle seating 25,000 people.

To the great unchurched masses, Sunday had a message that bewildered theologians and often offended their sense of propriety. But it compelled the attention and convinced the "common man." They could understand such terminology as "The devil's called you out! He's caught you off base!" He used words that the man of the street, the worker in the shop, and the clerk in the store could understand and appreciate.

Sunday never lost his interest in rescue mission work. In every city through which he passed he told the story of his redemption. He urged the founding of a mission. He

pleaded with business men and ministers to build a mission in their city's poorest section. He called many men into mission work. In their tabernacle campaign, he invited an outstanding rescue mission superintendent to take part in at least one night's program. Sam Bradley, John Callahan, Glory Faced Card, Sunshine Ward, C. M. Stocking, J. David Fraser, and many others, all fathers in the rescue mission movement, appeared on the platform in Billy Sunday's campaigns.

This former ball player did not forget the pit out of which he was dug (Isaiah 51:1) or the Rock upon which the Lord lifted him. All through his marvelous ministry he was deeply impressed by mission work and concerned for the poor and the outcast. He often quoted Psalm 40:2, "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth . . ." Only in this case God gave him Homer Rhodeheaver, who became the greatest evangelistic song leader of the day.

William Ashley Sunday now rests from his labours but his works follow after him in rescue missions, in Billy Sunday Clubs and in churches through the land. The "Sawdust Trail" leads on! "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." I Tim. 6:12.

